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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME II JANUARY - JUNE

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS LONDON

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TROW'S
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NEW YORK.

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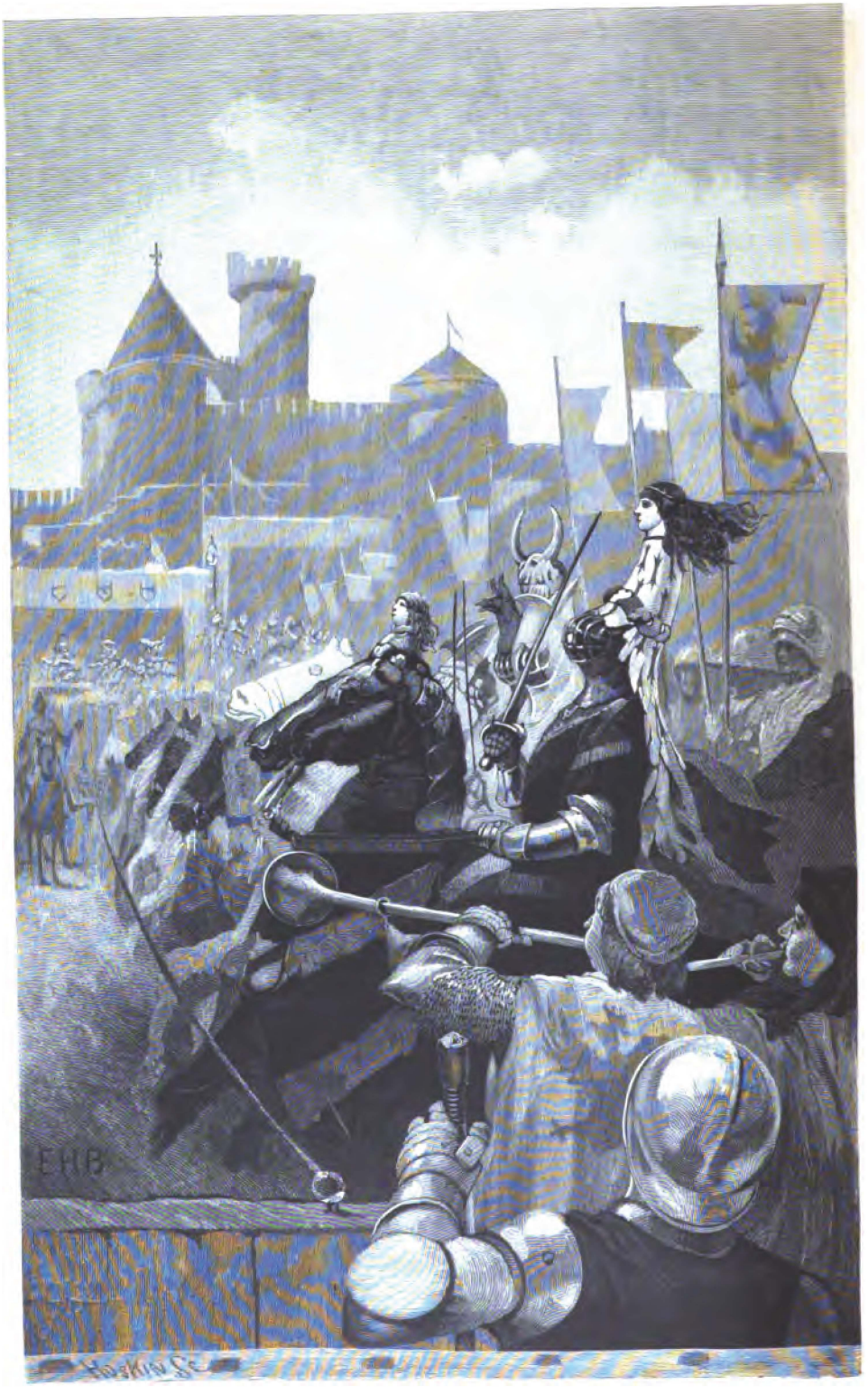

DISPOSITION OF ONE SIDE OF A TOURNEY FIELD.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. JANUARY, 1888. No. 1.

THE MAN AT ARMS.

By E. H. Blashfield and E. W. Blashfield.

I.

Blazon from the Palace of the Podesta at Pistoia.

IN the earlier middle ages every man was his own soldier; our ancestors, and every untonsured man of the time, could and did strike with lance, sword, or club according to their degree. There was no functionary paid to kill and to defend—leaving the civilian to litigation and arbitration for the settlement of private quarrel; but sword and shield hung at hand for the outgoer, who, though he had little news from the outside world, could generalize from experience that, once over his threshold, there was peril and chance of blows. The dark centuries which followed the fall of Rome were lightened only by the flash of weapons. The ship of the Church, indeed, made its way over troubled waters to the civilization of the barbarian; but in the agitated sea which gradually beat Europe into the shapes of mediæval geography every wave-crest was tipped with steel. He who would use the keys of Peter had to wield the sword of Paul; and it was often the argument of the white steel that enforced the worship of "the white Christ." Undoubtedly there were brains within the helmet now and then, and behind the walls of the city there was evolution of law and order in consiglio, witenagemote, and parliament, till the mediæval peoples became nations; but powerful as were Church and State, they called in the sword to cut the Gordian knot; and if we would know the man of the early times we must know him under helmet and shield. It is thus that we must see the makers of Europe in their "'prentice garb," butchers maybe, but they carved provinces and kingdoms. We can find them from the princes of the Holy Roman Empire to the hosiers of Ghent. Popes rode fully armed, bishops in mitred helmets fell fighting; patriots like Montfort at Evesham—poets like Dante at Campaldino—artists like Michael Angelo, all classes of men knew the life of the camp. Thus the development of armor becomes a long portrait-gallery of the heroes of history and romance.

The armors of antiquity, the elegance of the Greek, the severity of the Roman, the richness of Egyptian and As-

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syrian harness, would require a separate article. The purpose of this paper is to treat of the man at arms from Charlemagne to the disuse of armor.* The earlier time may, for convenience, be divided into the epochs of Charlemagne, of the conquest of England, and of the crusades. The one hundred years' war between France and England followed, with the changes from chain-mail harness to the perfected armor of plate. Then came the period of the Reformation and wars of religion, during which the use of gunpowder first modified and eventually did away with armor, its last expression being found in the New England forests as a protection against the imperfect weapons of the savage. Through all this we can trace the gradual extinction of feudalism and heavy cavalry, the rise of infantry and of the commons.

I., *a*.—Armor of 800. Time of Charlemagne.

(Plates riveted on leather coat; tunic, pleated leather; steel casque; leather crest; leather hood, rimmed with steel; breeches and straps round leg of leather; mantle of wool; shoes, leather.)

b.—Armor of 950. Time of Hugh Capet.

(Trellised coat and hood; casque, steel; breeches, gloves, shoes, leather.)

N. B.—In most cases shields will not be specified, as all in the series are of wood covered with painted leather, and generally shod with metal.

From the ninth to the fourteenth century the warrior was a horseman, like his ancestors who had ridden over the Ural and out of the German forests. Infantry, the strength of the Roman, is useful only when acting as a disciplined unit; and the rush and weight of the horse overmatched the undisciplined mediæval foot-soldier. In the armors of the eighth century antique memories were strong, memories of kilted legionaries on cenotaphs in Gallo-Roman cemeteries, of laminated thorax and the head-piece with jugulars, and though the sword had grown longer (for the "riders of tall horses" struck with long blades to reach their enemies), the knights of Charlemagne, the Rolands and Olivers and Ganelons as we see them in the famous chessmen of St. Denis, seem like clumsy souvenirs of Pharsalia or Philippi (I., *a*).† When the grandson of the mayor of the Merovingian palace came back from Rome Carolus Magnus and Emperor of the West, he brought with him the tradition of the Roman in armor and weapons; and the harness of those ironclad (*fer vestu*) soldiers whom the monk of St. Gall saw from the walls of Pavia advancing like a river of steel through the rich Lombard plain was modelled on that of the cohorts of Trajan.

This Roman influence, based on tradition, soon declined in the dismemberment of the empire which followed, as the battered imperial crown was trundled over the battle-field from German to Frank, and back again. In the chaos of the iron century only one figure stood out clearly—that of the Norseman, the sea-wolf in his painted snaker, and, above the clash of weapons, the saga was heard. These ships of Rolf the Ganger, or Canute the Dane, or any other "land thief and sea thief" "from over the swan's bath," heathen pirate and typical hero of the time, brought nothing Roman

* The term armor is used here and throughout this paper in a general and popular sense. It can only be correctly applied to the war-harness composed entirely of plates, that is, of pieces of forged iron or steel fastened or riveted together; technically, therefore, it should not be used in describing any equipment earlier than that of the fifteenth century. The chain mail of early times and the mixture of plates and chain mail worn during the fourteenth century were known only as harness.

† Most of the illustrations to this paper are based upon the unique collection of "military manikins" in the Paris Museum of Artillery, made by Colonel Leclerc, and continued by Colonel Robert. Others are from specimens in European collections—from manuscripts and old prints. The letters *a*, *b*, *c*, etc., refer to the armed figures as counted from left to right in each illustration; and wherever a distinct historical name is given in the caption the original armor from which the drawing was made has been reconstructed after the seal, tombal effigy, portrait, or actual armor of the person named.

with them. Before this new and living force from the North, southern tradition vanished, and the knights who followed Otho the Great and Hugh Capet to battle (I., *b*) no longer suggested the Roman legionary. The bull's hide that covered the old Goths again took the place of the Roman plates, and became the trellised or latticed coat of leather, crossed with a checker of thongs studded with iron rivets. Rude as was their armor, these knights saw the dawn of chivalry, established its code and ceremonial, and laid the foundations of the stronghold of feudalism which has not yet crumbled away.

After these founders of feudalism came the knights, who (II., *a*) so enlarged its field in the eleventh century by conquests in the South and West of Europe. Like their predecessors, they wore the leather coat, but in II., *b*, it is covered with metal rings—sewn upon it, and touching at their circumferences, not interlaced as afterward in chain mail. The shield, made, like all the others in the series, of wood covered with painted leather and shod with iron or brass, was almond-shaped, concave, gay with decorative figures, and covered nearly the whole man. The sword was broad, straight, and with a simple cross-hilt.

With the end of the eleventh century, wild time as it was, there were glimpses of an on-coming civilization. The monk in the North and the burgher in the South began to teach the knight some love of beauty; great cathedrals rose in Italy, abbeys in the North, where Matilda with

II., *a*.—Armor of 1066. Time of William the Conqueror.

(Coat and breeches one piece, sewn with metal rings; flap at breast to admit the wearer; casque steel, gilded and painted; shoes and gloves, leather; legs, sheep-skin with leather straps.)

b.—Armor of 1130. Figure of Geoffrey Plantagenet.

(Hauberk or mail shirt; casque, painted steel; shield, boss gilded iron; wristlets, red leather; leather shoes, shod with iron; hood, cloth on leather; tunic, wool.)

c.—Armor of 1200.

(Complete suit of mail with hood.)

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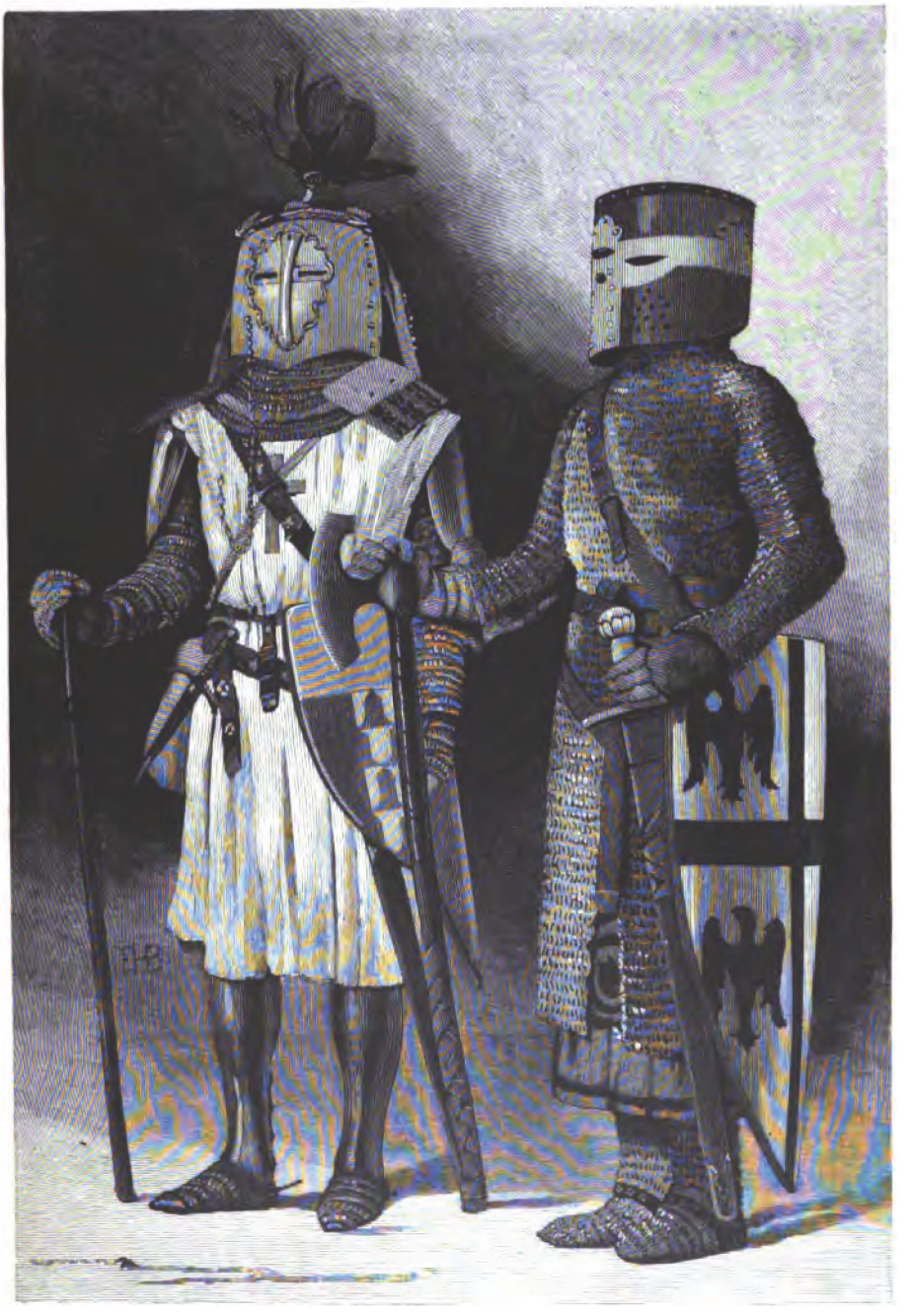
her ladies worked the precious Bayeux tapestry that shows us, in ship, in battle, and in camp, those rough pioneers of civilization, blood-letters in the diseased frame that was to become healthy through struggle. The work even of the needle was rude then, and, had we only the tapestry, we should hardly distinguish trellis from rings, or armor from saddle-cloth. But many manuscripts of the time have been preserved, and in the carefully wrought Goliaths and Maccabees and Herods of the illuminators we can see, to-day, the men who rode at Stannford Brigg, and defended the Dragon standard at Hastings; Walthorf Siwardsson, "the thief of slaughter," in whose veins, according to the Norse legend, ran the blood of the Fairy Bear, holding the gate of York with his single axe against a Norman army; Harold Hardraade and his comrades; Varangian guards of the Emperor of Constantinople, whose handwriting we find to-day on the flanks of the Greek lion in the Arsenal at Venice; or Harold's earlier countrymen landing from their snakers on the coast of that Vineland of the chronicles, which has afforded picturesque conjecture about the mill at Newport. Here, too, we may find one of the twelve sons of Hauteville, who went, all but one, from their Norman farm to win eleven kingly or ducal crowns in Italy; or see William the Conqueror, and note the fastenings that he ripped away in tearing off his casque at Hastings, and riding bareheaded that his men might see him alive and unwounded. In the same harness fought Hereward, the last of the English, hero of Richard of Ely's chronicle and Kingsley's fine romance. But Hereward's enchanted shirt was not of plates or rings, sewn upon leather like those common to his time; it was the coat of linked mail which Torfrida's ancestor won from the heathen emir at Montmajour. Many an enchanted armor, honestly accredited in song and chronicle of the early middle ages, was undoubtedly, like Hereward's, simply the product of the cunning Eastern smiths who made Damascus and Toledo famous for just such blades as Hereward's "Brain-biter," and the strangely inscribed little axe which the mad Martin Lightfoot caressed and loved.

III.—Armor of 1346

Linked mail was used in a rough form quite early in the North. An eleventh century MS. mentions "a lorica wholly of metal and without tissue," and Anna Comnena, daughter of Alexis, Emperor of Constantinople, states, in her memoirs of the early twelfth century, that the coat of chain mail was unknown in Byzantium, and worn only by the knights of the North of Europe. It was perfected after the second crusade, and the long hauberk may be seen upon (III., *b*) Geoffrey Plantagenet, son-in-law of Henry I. and ancestor of a line of English kings. His shield, with its great gilded boss, is the largest in the series, his baldric and shield-strap are rich with precious stones, and from his neck hangs the olifaunt, or carved ivory horn, a distinctive sign of nobility. Geoffrey is a type of the stately long-gowned knights, fighting only from the saddle, who entered Jerusalem with Godfrey, founded kingdoms in the Holy Land, built classic temples into their castles of the Greek mainland, and became lords of the isles in the Mediterranean. In this cumbrous harness fought the crusaders Bohemond, Tancred, the Count of Paris, and the rude bedizened knights whom Anna Comnena saw in her father's palace. In it we may see Henry I. of England, statesman and lawgiver, and Frederick Barbarossa, marching down into Italy to punish the rebellious free cities, revenging himself upon razed Milan, until, a little later, at Legnano the soldiers of the Lombard League, Milanese of the Cohort of Death, captured from the same Frederick just such a huge shield as Geoffrey wears in the picture, and drove back the Cæsar tributeless across the Alps again. In this costume, too, the knights of the Arthurian and Carlovingian cycles, the



IV., *a*.—Armor of 1295 to 1312. From the Seal of Hugh of Chatillon.

(Broigne; steel winglets at shoulders; steel plates at tibia and upper arm; helmet with visor screwed on, surmounted by garlands and lambrequin.)

b.—Armor of 1190. From Seal of Count of Montmorenci.

(Chain hauberk and hose; great steel helmet and battle-axe.)

Arthurs and Percivals, the Rolands and Turpins, rode through men's minds and fancies; for in the twelfth century the poets began to sing of them—the poets who, one and all, were knights and nobles. Like the sculptor of the figures of Roland and Oliver at the door-way of the Veronese church, they clothed their heroes in the armor they saw in the actual life about them. Bards, trouvères, and minnesingers wore the harness they delight in describing, and studied the codes of the famous courts of love; so Roland, dying at Roncesvaux, in the famous song, wound his olifaunt and tendered his glove to God like a feudal vassal, and Galahad and Lancelot were learned in the knightly etiquette of the twelfth century.

In IV., *b*, we have the costume of the third and fourth crusades. With it we may arm Richard of England or Philip Augustus of France; it may serve for a knight at the "gentle and joyous passage of arms at Ashby," or the armor which Isaac of York furnished to Ivanhoe. Men so armed manned the walls of Front-de-Bœuf's castle, and wore the coats of Spanish proof of Bois Guilbert and De Bracy—work, again, of Eastern artificers in the forges of Spain. Hauberks and helmets of this fashion were reflected in Thames water by Runnymede—the helmets borne by esquires for the barons who had come, not to fight, but to see Magna Charta signed.

This huge iron-pot helmet, already used in the third crusade, was an admirable defence; and, with modifications, lasted into the fifteenth century. But it was very heavy, was put on only at the moment of charging, and many knights preferred to fight with the lighter open head-piece, or the Montauban hat (III.). Among the English it is frequently found with only a nose-piece instead of the usual visor. Underneath it the linked hood was wadded with a circlet, to keep the helmet firm and save the head from pressure. Such hoods (II., *c*) are on the heads of the knights who, with crossed feet and joined palms, lie in effigy in the Temple Church of London. And this complete suit of linked mail was distinctive of the crusades. Chain mail protected from cuts and from arrows, but a blow upon the links either broke the bones or caused crushing bruises, harder to heal than actual gashes, and necessitated a wadded undergarment, the gambeson. Its weight, too, was very great, so that a plate of metal or leather was worn under it on the breast to relieve the lungs from the pressure, and many preferred the trellised or ringed coats which are to be found contemporaneously with chain mail. Nevertheless the latter, as a complete defence, subsisted throughout the crusades, and appears upon (VI., *c*) a knight of the time of St. Louis, who wears, over a hauberk shorter than the preceding ones, a tunic as a protection against the effect of the

A Foot-soldier of the Time of Poitiers.

V *a*—Armor of 1415. Prince Charles of Orleans.
(Complete armor of plates, except linked hood to bassinet; shoes, "à la poulaine.")

b—Armor of 1370. The Dauphin, afterward Charles V.

VI., *a*.—Armor of 1356.

(Coat, interlaced leather thongs; shoulder, elbow, and upper-arm pieces, steel; greaves and knee-pieces, leather overlaying steel; gauntlets and shoes, articulated steel; head-piece, a bassinet; skirt, woollen.)

b.—Armor of 1357. Stephen Marcel.

(Montauban hat; cuirass, a brigandine of steel plates under leather; shoes, leg, and arm pieces, leather studded with nails; gloves, knee, elbow, and shoulder pieces, steel; apron, steel.)

c.—Armor of 1226.

(Chain-mail suit; woollen tunic; steel helmet, gilded.)

sun upon the steel, and whose helmet is richly gilded and painted.

In the development of mediæval armor we may consider that the first phase embraced the times of the Carlovingians and early Capet kings in France, the Othos and Henrys in Germany, when the principal defence consisted of leather or quilted linen with small plates, round lozenges, or rings of metal sewn upon it. The second phase, that of interlaced chain mail, with hauberk or long shirt, mittens, and chain hose laced behind the legs, may for convenience be said to terminate with St. Louis and the last crusade. The head-coverings of these two phases were respectively the ovoidal or conical casque with nose-piece, and the great helmet worn over the linked hood.

Every age is more or less transitional, and already, in St. Louis's time, the barons were not decided as to what was the best armor. There were broignes among the hauberks, and men asked each other whether knights who had been disabled by a blow on knee or elbow might not have escaped by better defence of those delicate bones. If a steel cap protected the

thin brain-case, why should not caps of metal cover elbow and knee-pan, and the armorers of Paris and Milan, adopting them, soon added straight plates of steel or hardened leather at shoulders, upper arm, and tibia (IV., *a*). The knight wears the broigne, a garment in which the rings of steel were strung upon cords of silk sewn upon leather. And he has the ailettes or winglets, rectangles of metal protections for the shoulder against a mace- or axe-blow upon the links, and used even earlier than the elbow-cap.

Armor was becoming heavy and complicated. Even a half-century earlier, the condition of the crusader must have been pitiable. Covered with tunic and [illegible] with wadded gambeson and hauberk blazing in the sun of Syria [illegible] Egypt, with the suffocating [illegible] head, it is a wonder that [illegible] as much as he did [illegible]

[illegible]

fastened to him, and he was such a tangle of chains and veil and [illegible] and shield straps, that only constant practice could have enabled him to fight at all. No wonder he often fell victim to the poorly armed footmen, who, hooking their halberds into his armor, pulled this mass of iron to the ground. [illegible]

19

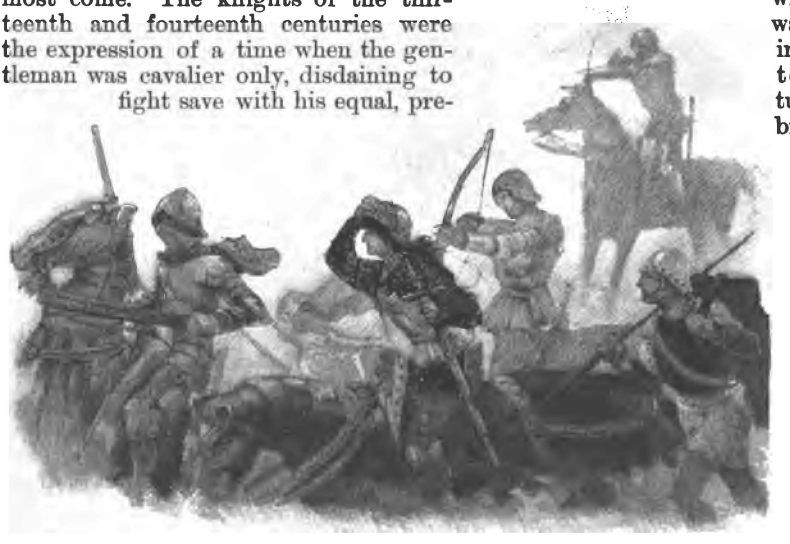
.ete armor two thou- ge sum for ht ruin all their lives, o valuable the nobles and in the inces, half- doing real to obtain not learn ing armor of powder. ess at For- avenna the ndled them their in- to them as Bayard by a pinch a common to come. gentlemen in spite of eign degen-

we may see Dante himself charging in the front rank of the Feditori, and having "at first much fear and afterward very great delight in the occurrences of the battle."

At Campaldino there was a foreshadowing of the importance of infantry, in the heavily armed footmen arranged in crescent-shaped order, and carrying long lances. In Italy the burgher already fought as well as the noble, and in the constant battles of the street, between high houses and behind chain barricades, horses were of little use, and the footmen had ample opportunity to learn to fight.

Indeed, the day of the commons was almost come. The knights of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were the expression of a time when the gentleman was cavalier only, disdaining to fight save with his equal, preferring to be beaten rather than see his own footmen obtain the prestige of a success; and in their huge helmets, topped with every emblem—birds, beasts, fishes, skulls, and garlands—they stood upon the threshold of a new order of things in which the infantry-man emerged, and the commons laid upon public affairs an evertightening grasp. The infantry-man was first seen upon the plains of Flanders and in the mountains of Scotland; and the lesson taught by William Wallace to Edward I. was put in practice by the latter's grandson at Cressy and Poitiers. At Cressy the English nobles dismounted, and supported the best archers in Europe, taken from a yeomanry practised in games and the chase.

The French nobles, ignorant of the use of their infantry and disdainful of it, broke themselves upon the enemy; at Poitiers and Agincourt they copied the lesson, but, having learned it ill, were again beaten. It was a time of transition, when some wore mail and some leather, always combined with plates, which between Cressy and Agincourt were developed into the full armor.



The Equipment of a Lance.

Leather, toughened by boiling and studded with iron nails, was much used in the fourteenth century in combination with plates and chain, and was even worn over the plates, as in VI., *a*, where parts of the body are covered only by the hardened leather, while in other parts the latter overlays the steel. The small headpiece worn under the great helmet has here received articulated plates at the neck instead of the linked hood, and is gradually approaching to the bassinet, having a visor opening in two pieces from left to right, on hinges.

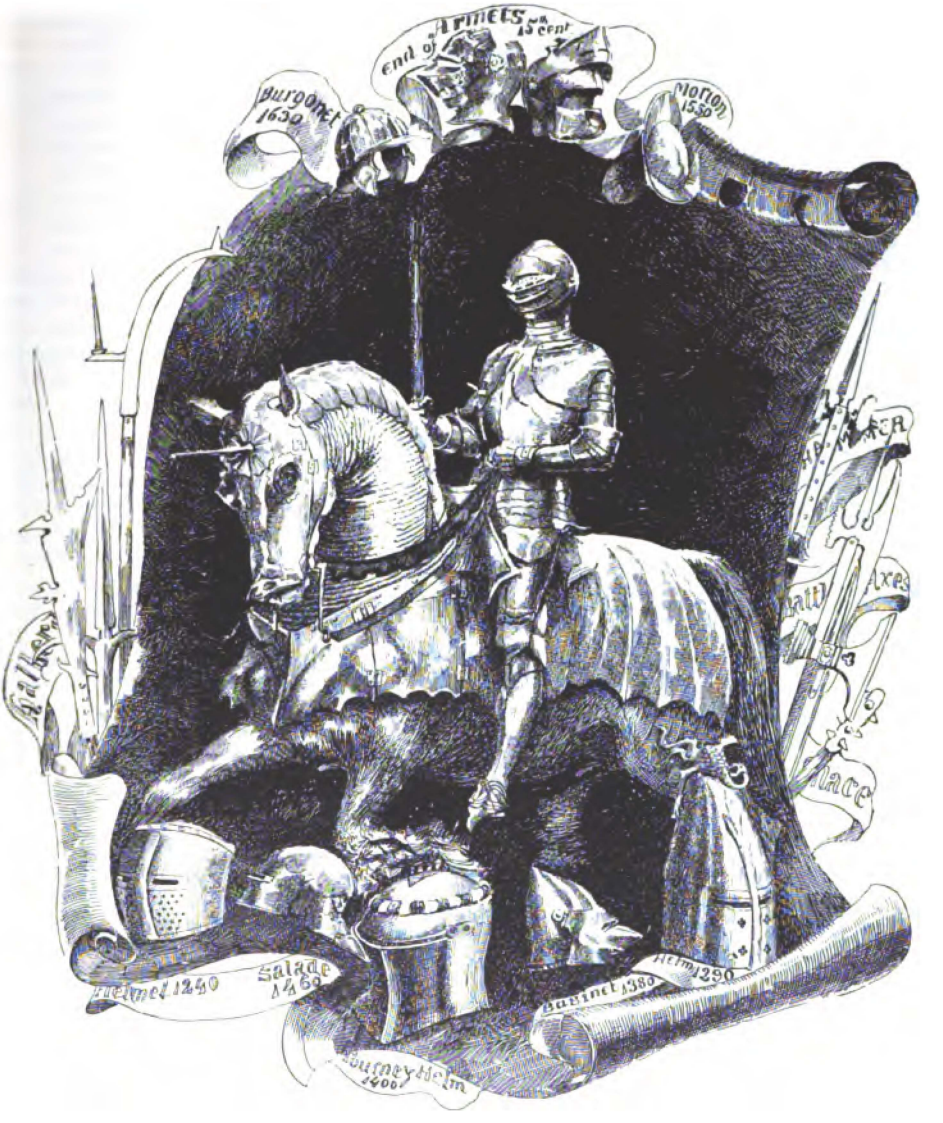
VII.—Jousting Knight, 1450. The Constable de Richemont.

Leather, again, almost composes the armor of VI., *b*, which might stand for Stephen Marcel, the famous Provost of Merchants of Paris, who, after the disaster of Poitiers, armed the burgesses—for among the flashing figures of the knights the burgesses had begun to appear, with their principles of economy and their laws of trade, and among the towers and castles there arose town-halls of French and Flemish cities, and belfries of Bruges and Ghent. The chivalry disdained these commons, even to the extent of galloping away from them in some pitched fields—for the hosiers of Ghent and the weavers of Arras rode armed cap-a-pie. Why should not the profits of loom and cutting-board buy their masters as good shells in Milan or in Paris as could be had by the lord for tax-moneys? And the burgesses not only had the sinews of war, they perfected certain engines neglected by the fashionable armorers, and with them brought down, at three hundred yards or more, horse and knight together, to the inexpressible contempt, grief, and shame of the latter.

In V., *b*, the brilliant armor of the Dauphin, afterward Charles V., we have the type of the three hundred gentlemen who charged up the fatal lane at Poitiers—to-day we see its tarnished, tattered likeness hanging above the tomb of the Black Prince in Canterbury Cathedral. Here is no more of the long gown, that "parement" which we have seen upon Étienne Marcel, and a step upon which in battle, Froissart tells us, cost the famous John Chandos his life. The Dauphin, his blazoned sleeveless surcoat laced tightly over the cuirass, is in trim for foot-fighting, and wears at the hips the jewelled girdle of knighthood, sometimes worth a whole manor, and a fine prize for the captor. Change the blazon, and we may put many a paladin into this armor. We may go with the boy Duguesclin, riding incognito to the lists and unhorsing every champion except his own father; we may see Doria standing on his deck, or against a background of the flashing oars of Venice and Genoa we may follow Vittore Pisani, carried in triumph from his prison to his ship. Rienzi may harangue us in full harness at the capitol. The Scaligers upon the pinnacles of their Veronese tombs may come to life, or English Hawkwood may ride before us, captain of the Florentine Republic and "first modern tactician."

In any consideration of armors the tilting harness must not be overlooked. In the early centuries the knight regarded himself as the only real soldier, considering all the others as "our superfluous lackeys and our peasants, who in unnecessary action swarm about our squares of battle." The management of his horse and of his heavy armor required special training, and this he found in the tilt-yard and at the tourneys. There his address could be exhibited under the eyes of ladies, honorable prizes could be won, and action and excitement found in time of peace.

Until the fourteenth century the same arms were used at the tourney and in the field, but after that those of the former became special. The tourney was a combat of equal numbers, having a complicated and splendid ceremonial, too elaborate to be followed in this paper. It embraced a pompous entry into the place where the tourney was held, a selection of judges, a vast showing of blazons and banners at the lodgings of the knights, banquets and speeches, hurryings to and fro of heralds, an inspection by the ladies of the knights' arms, hung for that purpose in a hall, and such etiquette and punctilio as delighted the soul of the meticulous King René of Provence, whose courts of love and honor were typical. The tourneying knights (IX.) wore armors which were heavier in front than behind, and bassinets with open-grated visors, on which rested the great tourney helms with their strange devices. They fought with "courteous arms," that is to say, "not outrageously weighty," the swords having no point and being too wide in the blade to enter the openings of the visor. The heaviest and most complete horse-armors were found at tourneys—chamfron, crinet, or neck-guard, poitrel for the breast, crupper-pieces, flanchards, and occasionally in Germany even leg-pieces were used. A double board-fence surrounded the lists, and between the fences stood men armed with poles, and ready to assist dismounted knights from



VIII.—Armor of 1440; Best Epoch.

the field. On one side tribunes were erected, one for the judges and two for the ladies. A double cord stretched across the lists separated the parties, who faced each other, each knight with his mounted standard-bearer behind him. Four mounted axemen stood ready to cut the cords. As the trumpets blew the cords fell, the banner-bearers retired, and the fight began (see Frontispiece). The joust was a single combat with the lance. A low barrier running longitudinally to the charge separated the knights, and prevented the shock of the horses.

The tilting (VII.) armor was enormously heavy in front and light behind. The huge helmet, forged in two pieces, was riveted to the cuirass, and in order to see his opponent, even as far down as the waist, the knight had to bend forward his whole body from the hips up.

IX.—Tourneying Knight, 1450. The Duc d'Albret.

In VII. the gauntlet is in one piece with the left arm-guard. A target covered with ivory plates hangs before the left shoulder. The high saddle almost covers the lower part of the body, and the knight has become a mere projectile, everything about the armor being arranged to give weight and force to his shock and to resist that of the enemy's lance. He wears the crest of the Constable of Richemont, a veiled woman's head, with high hat of ermine, a pair of horns, and a stuffed ermine surmounting all. He has rowel spurs, the rowel having come in with the thirteenth century; spurs up to that time being of the simple, pointed kind, at first straight, then gently curved. In charging, the knight stood in the stirrups and rested his body slightly upon the top of the back of the saddle. If the aim was good on both sides the lances splintered, or else the horses were thrown upon their haunches, the riders being sometimes lifted bodily out of the saddle. Sometimes, as in Kingsley's "Hereward," all four, horses and men, found themselves sitting upon the ground in a row among the fragments of the lances. The jousting helm of VII. was often exchanged in the fifteenth century for the heavy tilting salade, with its chin-piece screwed to the cuirass (p. 11). The helmet was sometimes carried away, and great care was used in fastening it, but accidents happened, and in 1559 a splinter from the lance of the Count of Montgomeri, entering the narrow sight of the visor of Henry II., put an end at once to the king's life and to jousting in France, and on the continent.

Between 1400 and 1450 plate armor attained perfection, and became a triumph of scientific and artistic workmanship. The heavy helmet, knee- and elbow-caps, and straight pieces of iron on arms and legs, did very well for a horseman, but once on foot the knight's neck had to be protected from arrows without his freedom of action being impaired, and the plates had to be suited to every movement of the body. Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt were the real school of the armorers, and the talk of the camp after each battle afforded hints for the fending off of this or that upward or downward blow, and taught how the lance might be made to glance or the axes to turn. Here the horses had been stopped by the sharpened

stakes planted in the ground, and the dismounted riders, too stiffly and heavily armed from the waist up, had fallen victims; or there the English light horse had charged them on their flank, or attacked them in the rear, and the French armorers had to supply back-plates and thigh-pieces to meet the new emergency. They studied the shells of crayfish just as the costumers cut their scallops upon every sort of contemporaneous garment. Systems of plates cunningly articulated played upon each other at the joints. The rounds at the armpit, which could be dislodged by a blow and where mortal wounds were most common, were replaced by admirably contrived shoulder-pieces; the bassinet and salade, distinctive head-dresses of the one hundred years' war, were improved, the linked hood of the former being replaced by plates, the latter receiving a chin-piece screwed to the cuirass, which was in two pieces before and two behind, articulated at the sides to admit the play of the hips. In VIII. the salade has developed into the armet, the best expression of the head-piece. V., *a*, shows one of the actors in the latter half of the one hundred years' war—knights and footmen. Such armors as V., *a*,* mounted to the breach of Harfleur with Henry V., or held the tired knights of Agincourt; such an armor, though bigger in the "pansière," haunted the sutler's tents and encased Falstaff; such covered the condottieri Braccio and Sforza, famous tacticians in the bloodless wars of the fifteenth century—Italian despots;† and in such a harness rode the most attractive of armed figures in history, the bare-headed, dark-haired girl, all in white steel, carrying her banner to the walls of Orleans. The soldiers who followed Jeanne d'Arc to battle were a motley army. The whole people rose "to wield old partizans" and every other weapon that chance or inheritance threw in their way,—for the English were upon all the roads of France, and the danger pressed.

The armorers could hardly furnish the regular troops, so the peasants and small country-gentlemen took the weapon from the hand of the dead English ruttier, or unhooked from the wall the mail shirt of the thirteenth century forerunner, rubbed into brightness the rusty dints of Cressy, fastened together the break in the links that had been made at Bouvines, and went to battle as they might. Practical science went hand in hand with enthusiasm, the citizens forged better cannon each year, and the national uprising triumphed even over the aristocratic madness of the nobles and the weakness of the king. Charles VII., profiting by the wisdom of the English, ordered the peasantry to practise with the long-bow. They soon became so expert that the nobles, fearing these serfs, persuaded the king to forbid such future exercise. In the corselets of these noble tyrants, who feared to have the peasants protect their own country, can we not see mirrored little prophetic pictures of the French Revolution?

X.—Arquebusier.

The finest armors were made from 1440 to 1460 (VIII.). They were marvels of suppleness, lightness, and elegance, the iron shell was modelled on the body beneath it, and followed every movement of the torso and limbs, protecting without confining them; the steel envelope had become individual, and was, like hose and jerkin, made for its wearer, instead of the clumsy greaves of the fourteenth century made to fit any man. In these leg-pieces, carefully articulated at the thigh and above the knee, personal peculiarities appear—legs slightly bowed and more or less heavily muscled at the calf; in the flexi-

* The linked hood under the bassinet seen in V., *a*, was sometimes replaced by the more perfect defense of an articulated steel collar, as in VI., *a*.

† In such guise fought La Hire, whose prayer, "Sire God, do for La Hire what La Hire would do for you were he God and you a captain-at-arms," is as famous as his exploits.

ble corselet the body enjoyed comparative freedom; under the armet or round helmet the head turned easily; the pointed toes of the sollerets could be unfastened in a moment if the knight was obliged to dismount; the gauntlets were as supple as silk gloves, and the weight of the whole armor, composed of very thin plates of well-tempered steel, was so carefully distributed that it appeared comparatively light. This armor, moulded on the forms of the body beneath it, composed of polished steel, was the "white harness" so often mentioned by the chroniclers. In France it was worn without ornament, but the Italians decorated it with lions' heads and antique masks; a little later the armorers of Nuremberg, then very popular in France, introduced fluted steel—it was stronger, not heavier, and offered more resistance to lance-thrusts than the smooth metal. Many beautiful specimens remain of this Maximilian armor, as it was called.

No further progress was possible; comparative lightness, resistance, convenience, and elegance of form had been attained. After this time the shape of helmet and corselet was varied according to individual caprice or the latest fashion, and the steel was gilded and ornamented; but armor, having attained its complete development, steadily declined.

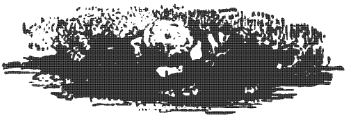
With slight changes we might fit the fine armor (VIII.) to any one of a host of fighting men—to Scanderbeg, so terrible to the Turks that after his death his enemies the janizaries dug up his bones for amulets; to Victor Hugo's Captain Phœbus at the head of his archers, and to the knights of those interminable fifteenth century romances who galloped through Don Quixote's brain; channel it with flutings, and it will do for that darling of the Germans, the golden-haired Maximilian the Moneyless; stain it with red reflections from Moorish massacres and Torquemada's autos-da-fé and it will serve Ferdinand the Catholic; dint and batter it, dim it with rust, and patch the visor, and Sancho may buckle it onto the noblest knight of romance—for Don Quixote, it must be remembered, wore his great-grandfather's armor. If we take this same armor, enlarge the arm-guards, decorate it with antique motives, and replace the armet by a late form of the old *barbuta* that left the face uncovered, we have a harness for the heroes of that Italian fairy-land, the "Orlando Innamorato," or, better still, we may find its likeness on the statue of Colleone, that glorifies the little square in Venice, or in the portraits of the baker's boy and hireling soldier, Gattamelata, who was twice blessed, in being modelled by Donatello and painted by Giorgione. No armor was so dear to the Italian painters. Overlaid with fantastic ornament or half-hidden under floating tunic, it was the panoply of the archangel Michael, of the mailed St. George, of the beautiful young warrior saints, Martin and Theodore and Liberale, and of the shining celestial host.

By the middle of the fifteenth century the armorers had perfected their work, and the result was briefly this: The knight seeking to make himself all-powerful practically ceased to exist. Not all at once, of course, and he was naturally the last to learn that nobody needed him any longer. In the earlier centuries, at Hastings, Bouvines, and in the Holy Land, the knights, clad in mail, heavy but supple, could wheel and manœuvre. They dashed upon the enemy in small bodies, circled about till the weak place was found, then rode in upon it. Thus cavalry did brilliant service—to attack was its natural province; in receiving it lost the advantage of impetus. The knight did not see so far. He said to himself, "If I am so terrible in chain mail, what shall I not be in the better defence of plate?" and, full of confidence in his improved armor, he was ready to ride down all that opposed him. But the armorer was unconsciously at variance with the tactician.

The knight had lost his essential qualities, speed and activity – down went the horses before the arrows, down went the human projectiles, half-stunned by the fall, obstacles for others to fall over, to be shelled in turn like lobsters by the daggers of the varlets. So went Cressy; at Poitiers the brave, slow-learning French nobles dismounted, as

if merely being on two legs instead of four had made the English win, and in their heavy armors they were worse off than ever. After Agincourt they mounted again, but charged more intelligently and effectively in squadrons, often in a half-square, the angle toward the front. But between 1440 and 1500 the steel had been made so enormously heavy, to resist bullets, that weight struck a death-blow at armor, which was, however, still nearly two hundred years in dying. The shock of the squadron was terrible and decisive if successful, but it depended on so many chances and required such favorable ground that the charge of the heavily armed nobles was a supreme expedient, and at the end of the fifteenth century was rarely risked. This mass of iron once started could hardly be stopped or turned; a morass threw it into disorder, an unexpected hollow might destroy it, as the sunken road at Waterloo buried the French cuirassiers; and the light cavalry, falling upon its flank or rear, invariably had the better of it. Cannon contributed to this change.

By 1450 the simplest complete armor for horse and man cost about two thousand dollars of our money, a large sum for a single soldier. One shot might ruin all this, and knights, brave with their lives, hesitated to risk a property so valuable and so hard to replace. Thus the nobles retired to the rear of battle, and in the pay of the fifteenth century princes, half-armed light cavalry appeared, doing real service, but requiring time to obtain any prestige. The knights did not learn their lesson, but went on making armor heavier, to resist the effects of powder. They had a momentary success at Fornovo, but at Marignano and Ravenna the Swiss and Spanish infantry handled them roughly, while Pavia proved their inefficiency to all. It seemed to them terrible that such a knight as Bayard should have his back broken by a pinch of powder and a shot from a common soldier; but the change had to come. We find the buff boot on the gentlemen who charged at Ivry, and, in spite of Louis XIII., armor in his reign degenerated into a gala costume.



OUR LEADER.

By C. P. Cranch.

Toiling amid the fruitless desert-sand
  And rugged rocks of theologic lore,
  A doubtful view behind us and before—
Yet hoping still to reach the promised land
Of truth, which might inspire us and command
  The soul's allegiance, and so more and more
  Fill, warm, and penetrate its inmost core—
We heard at last your voice. We seemed to stand
Upon a mountain's brow. A new light shone.
While some recoiled and feared to break the bond
  Of childhood's faith, our prospect opened free,
  Until we cried aloud, "The sea—the sea!"
As when the joyous Greeks with Xenophon
Marched down to the Euxine shores and Trebizond.

FIRST HARVESTS.

By F. J. Stimson.

CHAPTER I.

THE SILAS STARBUCK OIL COMPANY.

N the northeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-second Street, just where the long rise of the avenue begins, and vanishes in higher perspective like the stage of a theatre, its long slope always dotted with a multitude of yellow carriages, cabs, and dark-green private broughams, there stands a large brown-stone house of irreproachable respectability. The steps in front of the door are also of brown-stone; and the columns on either side terminate in the hollow globes of iron, painted green, common to a thousand other houses in New York. Upon the first floor above the basement are three windows and a door; in the second story are four windows, one above the door; and in the third, four others again. The windows are all of the same size; but those of the second and third stories are plain, while the lowest have above them an oval design with flowery, curved ornaments. What the original designer of these windows sought to express in them is not clear; but subsequent builders, not seeing the need of expressing anything in window-caps, but supposing some adornment proper in that place, have copied them without deviation, much as a lady ties a bow-knot on her lapdog's tail.

Yet, such as it is, this square brown box contains a flower of American civilization. No one would perhaps think that it, standing unadorned and unnoteworthy on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-second Street, was so rare a possession, or contained in itself so much; that this square box, valued solely because of its proximity to other similar square boxes, represented the American social apotheosis—the pure spheres of perfect democratic joy, the acme, in this republic, of terrestrial success. Yet of the fact there can be no question. That little vertebral ridge named Fifth Avenue, with its one or two similar ridges, its few timid excursions and venturings in by-streets to the east and west, represents the flower and the crown of things; only those there live who can command at least wealth or power at will; neither blood nor brains nor breeding can maintain themselves upon that vantage-coign unaided and alone. So have we seen some bed of oysters, planted at just the proper level of the shoal, look down with superiority and scorn upon those below, cumbered with the sea-weed, and those above, left awash at low spring tides. Merely to own this house, and not to live in it; to own it only as some miser owns a picture or a rare gem, for the pleasure of possession—would cost, in interest and taxes, the labor of some score of able-bodied men each year. To live in it, with servants trained to feudal manners and address, with the necessary wines and equipage and flowers and feathers that attend so rare a gem, would cost the earnings of an army. Has the fortunate possessor of the house such an army at his call? Surely; else how could he keep it? We shall see them shortly. And what of the inside of the house?—is it suited to the high position of the inmates? Softly, my good madam; a stranger can hardly know how difficult it is to gain access to this mansion, and how exclusive is the set which Mrs. Gower leads.

For the pedestrians on the pavement look up to No. 2002 with an air of respect. Few of them but know the house as Mrs. Levison Gower's. And even the pedestrians on the pavement, in this select spot, are of a picked and chosen class. Many of them are young girls, robed for this winter (it is the fashion) in trailing gowns of deep-blue velvet; many more are young men, carrying their arms bow-leggedly, as it were, as if not satisfied with the

natural stiffness of their starch and buckram, but adding the conscious poise of art, to make you note that they are dressed, not clothed alone. And not one of them that passes but knows and values at its due the house in which you take so little interest. This is the respectable quarter; and the great, ugly house stands insolently, as of social position assured.

But our great city is too great, too human, to show us much of this. Like most fecund mothers, like nature herself, her luxuriance is somewhat slatternly, her exuberance has burst its stays. Here and there our manners, our conventions, trim a hedge or two; but everywhere the forests, and even at our feet, the weeds, grow wild. Fifth Avenue, and its short púrlieus, is the home of society; but elsewhere in the island of Manhattan humanity lives, unkempt, full of sap—that great humanity which has made Mrs. Gower, and which she so studiously avoids. For she lives *in* society; and perhaps has never thought that it is on humanity she lives. Let us walk from her great house down the side street in search of it.

For a block or two the houses will stand shoulder to shoulder like a well-drilled rank, well kept, well swept, and uniformed in the same non-committal, smug, respectable brown-stone, a very broadcloth of building. Then the houses begin to grow narrower, with thinner walls, though still they keep their facing on the street. Soon you pass stables, city stables; their stale, sour odor, puffing from the rarely opened windows, is very different from the sweet, healthy smells of a country farm-yard. Now the street is lined with long, low, blank-windowed warehouses, built cheaply of brick and studded with star-shaped iron clamps; you wonder what may be their use, for the windows, even when not curtained with blue paper, are impenetrable and do not avow their vocation; nor, usually, is there any sign, though the ugly walls are covered with advertisements of patent medicines, powders for making bread, powders for washing clothes, powders for feeding children, Giant Destroyers of moths, and the like. But soon this limbo is passed, and you come to the populated districts of humanity. Here the windows are no longer blank; the houses overflow with children; stout mothers sit nursing them in the door-ways, and gossip with their neighbors in the second story across the way; things in general are used too much, to keep their varnish from the shop. I am afraid Mrs. Gower would call it squalor.

The retail shops do a driving business in the avenue around the corner; on the curb, under a ragged locust-tree, is a canvas shed for horses, too busy to take their feed respectably in a stable; the brick police-station is the only building having pretension to respectability. An ice-cream vender sells his wares openly on the street, in front of a hospitable barber's—the processes of human life are open and avowed; great iron gas-retorts are seen above the roofs of the houses. There is a row of huge smelting-furnaces, with straight lines of stunted willow-trees shading them; and the air is full of the crash of hammered iron. The pedestrians on the sidewalks walk with the same bent arms as on Fifth Avenue; but the arms are bent with labor, and the hands are half clenched, with the curl of being but just released from some accustomed tool. Piles of Spanish-cedar logs on the street denote our approach to the wharves; and now the river, fretted with the traffic of a continent, lies before us.

But our business—Mrs. Gower's business—lies not among the wharves, but across the river and beyond. If the wind lies in the east, you may set your nose toward it and sniff the air—is there not already a faint smell perceptible, a smell other than that of the salt water, a smell artificial and complex? As we cross the river it increases. We thread our way among the tug-boats, the scows, the flat-ended ferry-boats and other landlubber craft; passing all the great steamers of the lower town, and the lumber-wharves and water-gardens of the upper, and you may see ahead of you a series of long wharves, jutting far out into the stream. Behind them are many acres of long, low buildings, platforms, piles of barrels, and many huge and lofty towers of plated iron; the wharves themselves surrounded with attendant ships—fine ships, three-masted, with the natural beauty and symmetry that comes from adaptation to the free winds of heaven,

and not to steam and man's contrivance. There are no steam-boats at the wharves, and you will wonder why; but, by this time, the rich and unctuous smell from the wharves proceeding will demand your whole attention.

You will perhaps read the long sign, painted in letters, as it were, life-size, displayed in long procession athwart the wharf's end, in square, plain, proper characters of black on white—

THE SILAS STARBUCK OIL COMPANY

—but the reading will be superfluous; for the pleasureless, painless perception of the eye but feebly supplements the pungent, will-arousing sensation of the other sense. It is the old battle of the idea and the will; and the will, as always, wins. And all the world is smell.

Many things grow clear to us as the smell grows stronger. While we mildly wonder that a sense so little cultivated in æsthetics can bring so strong a pain, we also perceive the reason for the absence of steamers; for petroleum is a dangerous blessing, fond of fire, and it takes fire to make water do its work—a lazy element, much like the human soul.

Is there a perfume called *mille fleurs?* A thousand odors woo our preference as we land among the great ships; but there is a certain agreeableness in some of them, as we get used to the worst and begin to discriminate. We can even understand the workmen growing fond of them, as they tell us that they do; that they are also conducive to long life seems more doubtful. All over the oil-yards are smells; as many in variety as the colors of aniline dye, from the first rather pleasant smell, like a cellar full of cider, barrels of cider with the bung-holes open, to the more fetid varieties. Many places have the sickening, capitive odor of ether, from the volatile surface-naphtha; this, being dangerous, has a peculiar fascination of its own. For naphtha is light, volatile, inflammable, impulsive, the aristocrat of oils; and its odor intoxicates.

But come—we must not dally with this naphtha, this *crême de la crême* of the upper crust—come to the receiving-tanks upon the hill. There is a lesson in the making of oil, as in most things. I make no doubt Mr. Frederic Harrison would find the process quite of a piece with the evolution of the soul. Here you see the crude oil as it came from its native earth, in the pipe-lines from the wells; it looks like greenish molasses, and smells of the devil. Natural depravity, we must suppose. But see it in the tail-house; or, rather, let us first look at the stills, those broad, black towers, under which the fire rages, like those in the city of Dis. Here is the burning and the broiling that throws off the grosser atoms from the pure oil of light; first, alas! first of all, our pleasant naphtha, our cream of oils; a short hour or two is enough for that, and it is gone. Here you see it, through the glass cover to the iron trough in the tail-house, the first "run" of all. What a strange liquid, as it breaks and dances in its flow—light, shining, mobile, broken into sharp facets and flashes like cut glass; a spirit, not an oil.

Flossie Starbuck used to fancy this was the water of the streams of hell. A great poet had had the same idea before, which is surely to the credit of Flossie's imagination; for she knew nothing of great poets, as a child.

This tail-house, or receiving-house, was a favorite haunt of hers, on half-holidays when her father would take her to the works, for a treat. It was pleasant, on a warm day, to stand at the window of the iron blower-house and watch the great fan whirl its four hundred revolutions in a minute, and feel the rush of cool air in through the open windows; but it was more interesting to sit in the tail-house and admire the "runs" of oil—the quick naphtha, dry and shining, with its etherous, heady fragrance, and then the duller, yellower oils, under which the flow of mixed water went in globules of a dirty blue. Florence could have told you as well as any workman when the naphtha-run had passed and it was time to turn the oil into the tanks, and whether it were Standard, Regular, or Water-White—the same discrimination that now she exercises upon humanity. Then, when the black, pitchy residuum began to show, she would get the superintendent to talk to her of the aniline, and of the lovely

colors which the nasty, black stuff would make; and how the foul-smelling paraffine was made into chewing-gum "for young misses." Flossie never used chewing-gum; but later in life, when standing before Transatlantic Titians, it had come over her with a pang that she had once admired aniline dyes; cards of which, magentas, sea-greens, mauves, the superintendent used to give to her, and she to place upon her bureau.

Have you had enough of oil? There is no beauty, you say, not much of truth, and many bad smells. One moment; before we turn away let us glance into the spraying-house. This was always Flossie's *bonne-bouche*, and it shall be ours.

The spraying-tank is another great, round iron tower, rusted and dingy like the rest; but inside—have you seen the Alhambra? When Flossie first went into the Court of the Lions, passing in through the low gate in the ugly brick tower, to the green pool and the plashing fountain, and the sunlight streaming in from above upon the snowy columns of rosy marble and the rainbow-hued arabesques of those fairy vistas, the grouped columns changing, as she walked, like clusters of fair women holding converse in a garden—her first thought was of this. A fathom deep the oil lies in the central pool; and as we come in from the dark passage the spraying-fountain bursts upon us like a vision of glory. The great room would be dark, for there are no windows, but that an iron slide, high up above, is drawn back a quadrant of the circle of the wall; and through this a mighty shaft of sunlight pours downward into the whirl of golden spray. Here is the fountain of gold of the Arabian Nights.

Cool and still lies the oil in the amber pool, clear as some golden air; while above, the fountain whirls it in a million golden beads, spraying into spray as fine as water, falling a golden rain, but silent, without a splash, into the liquid rest of the basin, where it, fine as water, foams. Thence it is ever drawn back again, and forced through the fountain in the sun, until all commoner atoms are lost and the pure oil is sprayed to test. And the yellow drops run in steady curves and arches light as any lintel of the Moorish palace, and chase each other with a merry music till they fall in the amber pool; and there the full sun shines fair upon its surface in a gorgeous purple, green, and iridescent sheen. And so pure and beautiful the oil lies when the fountain is still, so clear, with the steam-pipes in the bottom keeping it warm lest it should grow cloudy! Here Flossie would sit and dream for hours, before she waked to the world and its real joys, watching the oil as it was sprayed to test.

And how do they know when it is pure enough to stand the test? The process is simple. An electric spark is applied, at the various degrees of heat, until the oil takes fire and flashes in the pan. Temptation is the test of all things in this world.

Yet many a fortune has been made in this place; and chief among them was, and still is, the fortune of Mr. Silas Starbuck, late of New York City, now of parts unknown, refiner of whale and sperm oils, deceased in 1872; half the income of which fortune, the corpus being vested in three testamentary trustees of prominence in the Presbyterian Church, and immense wealth of their own, is annually paid by said trustees (after deducting all necessary expenses of repairs, insurance, taxes, care and management of the property, their own commissions, and an annuity of $1,000 each to the American Bible Society and the Board of Foreign Missions) to the only daughter of the said testator—Florence, now wife of T. Levison Gower, Esq., whose elegant residence at No. 2002 Fifth Avenue we have already admired.

The question, how a man made his fortune, has in our days not only a commercial but a psychological interest. Society has never had any objection to the sale by gentlefolk of themselves; but it is only of late years that it has permitted them the sale of anything else. You could formerly predicate with much certainty that a gentleman who had money had either inherited it or married it; now the problem has become more complex. Society to-day graciously permits a man to make money; it is even not over-critical as to the means; and we may almost look forward to the time when a man

who has gone down-town to make it will be able to go up-town and spend it himself, and not vicariously, by his grandchildren. This was not quite the case, however, when Silas Starbuck was alive; and this fact had a very important bearing on Mrs. Gower's life. Old Starbuck, as you know, made his money, not only by the refinement of oil, but also by selling his oil when refined—a fact society could hardly overlook.

Si Starbuck was generally thought the weakest, as he was the youngest, of the four sons of old Captain Starbuck, who commanded for many years the brig *Loan*, and then the ship *Fair Helen*, both clearing from Old Town in the island of Martha's Vineyard. Thaddeus, Obed, and Seth were all older brothers, who lived and grew to be captains in their day. Si was a lazy fellow in his youth, and unadventurous; he usually kept snug to the ship, and if he ever went aloft willingly, it was to get the five-dollar reward that the owners paid the man who first discovered a blow. Si was quick enough at seeing things, and was much cuffed by his brothers—perhaps more for this one excellence than for his many shortcomings. Silas commonly had to act as cook and general swabber-out; all the same, he managed to keep a sound skin to his body, and had more time for reading than the rest. At home, when the Starbuck family got together about the fire with the older men, *emeriti*, who stayed at home and swapped stories, Silas was the cynical listener to their yarns of risk of life and capital. Even when they told the history of the great three-thousand-barrel sperm take of '38, from Fairhaven, his eyes glistened more over the balance-sheet than at the stories of their doings in the Pacific when the whales were killed. So, naturally enough, when Silas got his time, he left the ship and drifted over to the continent, going first to New Bedford, where he began refining the materials which his brothers found.

The event justified his sagacity. None of his brothers made fortunes; Thaddeus was killed by a blackfish in the Northern Pacific, and Seth died of the scurvy in Hudson's Bay. When Silas began to be really successful in New York, he kept up little intercourse with his brothers. Mrs. Gower does not remember them at all; so, at all events, she tries to think, though she had one great scare. In '64, just as she was beginning to think of her coming out in society, her uncle Obed, then a hale, grizzled old fellow of sixty winters (most of which were Arctic ones), made himself very prominent by resisting a Confederate cruiser with harpoons and a couple of bomb-lance guns. This was a terrible event for pretty Miss Flossie, as it got into all the papers, making quite a hero of poor old uncle Obed; and several of her father's friends had no more *savoir faire* than to speak of the old whaleman as her father's brother at a dinner-party. However, uncle Obed never troubled them in New York; and shortly after her marriage (to which he had been invited by cards accidentally mailed only two days before the wedding) he died, to her inexpressible relief; whether childless or not, she never troubled herself to inquire. Now, however, Mrs. Gower speaks with much pride of her brave old seafaring ancestors.

Thus it came about that all the virtue of the race, as well as all their wealth, is now vested in Mrs. Gower and her brother, Howland Starbuck. The wealth has but gilded the wings on which she soared; her virtues were her own.

CHAPTER II.

FLOSSIE STARBUCK ASPIRES.

THERE was a time when Mrs. Gower was not fashionable. It is necessary, for our purpose, to go back to these dark ages. Her maidenhood was passed in unobtrusive splendor behind a frowning brown-stone front on a cross street only two doors from Fifth Avenue. This house was one of a thousand; nine hundred and ninety-nine other New York houses were just like it. Here old Silas Starbuck for his twenty last years, led an even life, torpid in his undigested gold. Here Miss Florence pressed her girlish nose against the window-pane to stare at the opposite houses and wonder who the inmates were, and

whether their lives were like to hers ; or she strained her large eyes sideways to reach the perspective of morning ash-barrels, reaching in either direction to the avenue beyond. She did not then even know that brown-stone fronts were expensive, when she looked and speculated so wearily upon them.

A little later she began to speculate upon the people in them, and wonder more particularly about them, as she saw them, when coming from church, meet each other on the avenue and bow. No one ever bowed to them ; though sometimes an oldish man would stop and speak to her father. It was at this time that it occurred to her to read books ; and she became romantic, and would dream, after the manner of democratic maidens, of some courtly suitor, some young prince, who would fall in love with her, and give her rare old family jewels and take her to court balls.

This era lasted but a short time with Florence Starbuck, for she was very clever and sensible, even as a girl. She soon learned to fix her ambitions on possible things. And, indeed, she had no envy for the impossible. She soon learned to covet only those goods which her neighbors possessed, according to our practical version of the commandment, that "thou shalt not hanker after the ideal." There was a certain clumsy accord of motive between old Starbuck and his daughter, but he was far from appreciating her refinement of desire, or fancying what high things went on in his daughter's pretty head when the weekly "Home" paper dropped from her idle hands, and she sat knitting her virginal white brow for longing of the world. He had really only known himself to be rich a short time ; and the brown façade which kept him from the fashionable street still seemed to him the acme of earthly ambition, as the printed list of charitable benefactors did of heavenly. Wealth had come very suddenly when it did come ; and he felt it hard that his wife, of whom he had been fond in a certain way, had not lived to enjoy it. He had married her in old New Bedford days ; and she had died, shortly after Florence's birth, in the New York house. Mrs. Gower often thought, with something like a shudder, of what she might have been, had her mother lived. Mrs. Gower, like most of us, had thoughts that she admitted to others, thoughts she admitted to herself, and thoughts she admitted to no one, not even herself ; and this was one of the last.—Do not think her hard-hearted ; she is, with all her faults, one of the best-hearted people in the world, for one so clever. Satisfy her ambition, and she is good-nature itself ; and she hates to do an ill-natured thing, even to her enemies. Florence, by the way, was a name she owed to the mercy of her mother ; old Starbuck would have called her Nancy, as he had called her brother, Silas. Fortunately, in his case, Mrs. Starbuck got in the Howland from a maternal grandfather ; and he is now S. Howland Starbuck, Esq., in the advertisements of companies—Mr. Howland Starbuck on his card.

Of course Flossie went to a fashionable school on Fifth Avenue, where she chose her friends judiciously, and it was at this time that she began to read books. She derived much profit from books, and has always owed much to them ; even now she reads a little, as an old habit not quite outgrown. I don't know what it was fired her maidenly ambition ; "Lucille" had not been written then, nor Ouida's works, but I doubt there was something similar. And it was certainly books that gave her her first inkling of a *beau monde*. She used to be very generous among the girls, her schoolmates, but never sought to take the lead among them, and was only known as a rather nice little thing from Eighteenth Street. She never even tried to make their brothers' acquaintance, which was duly ascribed on their part to her proper sense of the fitness of things. The brothers were more interested in her. Once she was asked to spend a week's vacation with Miss Brevier ; but she never invited any of her school friends to her own house. If she had not been so clever, she might almost have become popular. As you see, Flossie learned much at school ; but she took away more, and most of all she had carried thither with her.

In her maiden meditation, Miss Starbuck gave much and serious thought to

what could be done with her father and brother. Silas, Jr., was a big, large-boned fellow with a heavy jaw; thick as to legs and head; in whom the family traits came out with peculiar coarseness, much as when you raise a mullein in a garden. The effect of wealth had been to produce him with greater luxuriance and less pruning, in more size and even coarser fibre. However false may be this analogy, there is no doubt that his brave old uncle, who had struggled with famine and the setting ice in Arctic seas, belonged to a much finer type of manhood. Fortunately, as Miss Flossie reflected, there were no ethics in the question. Fashion asks no awkward questions. Style, in the year 1868, in New York, of all the cardinal virtues, was perhaps the easiest to attain. They had the money—if she could screw it out of Mr. Starbuck.

There, however, came the first difficulty. Not that Mr. Starbuck did not fully sympathize with her aims, so far as he understood them; but it was difficult to make him understand them all. She soared in higher circles. For, remember, Flossie, like most New England girls, had a natural refinement of her own. And she was very pretty—*petite* in figure, then, with a most delicious little face, a face with a thousand lights and no definite expression. Her eyes though—her eyes were expressive; there was an archness, a directness, and a certain dewy softness.—Flossie soon learned that she must be careful of her eyes, and only use them on great occasions. It was one of her many studies, out of school, how to make them look demure; particularly before older women—older women, stout in figure, who would set their heads back on their comfortable shoulders and gaze at her, through double eye-glasses, with the liberty of age.—At such times Flossie used to drop a sort of curtain over those eyes of hers and look straight before her. She was secretly afraid of these older ladies; and this helped her, for she really became embarrassed.

But to return to Mr. Starbuck. He was willing to live in an expensive street, and even to keep a costly carriage, in an expensive stable, with a cobble-stone court-yard, at eight dollars the cobble-stone, and put his name in three figures on subscription-papers; but there his liberality stopped. This was all very well; and Flossie used the carriage to go to Stewart's and shop, and, on rainy Sabbaths, for the church. But old Starbuck, who spent the income of a hundred thousand in façade, would have thought himself a Sardanapalus if seventy-five cents a day had gone for a pint of claret. Frequently they even dined without soup; and all wines, in old Starbuck's mind, were grouped under the generic name of Rum. Mr. Starbuck had no æsthetic objection to rum—rather the contrary—but he thought it not respectable, and kept his tastes in that direction as a private sin. On days when the minister dined with them a decanter of pale sherry was brought out—a species of rum sanctified, as it were, by church use, and not expensive. Mr. Starbuck's evenings were devoted to slippers and snores. Certainly, no poor girl had ever more unpromising material to work on. Flossie felt that, at best, her father could be little more than a base of supplies; she could never use him for attack.

Improbable as it might seem, Miss Starbuck decided that her social salvation rested with her unlikely brother Silas. The discovery of the possible use of so clumsy an instrument, at her age, must be reckoned a master-stroke. An awkward schoolboy, he had met certain other youths whom Flossie felt she would like to know; with some of them had gone skating or played games in the streets. Flossie encouraged her father to give him plenty of pocket-money; he was only a year older than she, and she might be expected partially to fill her mother's place. It was to her that he owed his horse and buggy; this was before the days of dog-carts. Sometimes he would bring his friends home in the evening; she would discourage their coming to dinner, but would throw her influence with his to favor anything that could be reasonably accorded at other times; and Flossie would excuse it to her father when they stayed a little late, or would shut the doors between Si's upper-floor room and the library when they made too much noise. Sometimes, when Si

lost too much at vingt-et-un, he borrowed of his sister; and she was not so much shocked as old Starbuck would have been. She knew that young men would be young men, and that Si must make friends, if at all, by his pleasant social vices rather than his father's business virtues. This sounds cynical; but she did not reason it out in such bald, unpleasant analysis—it all came from delicate feminine intuition, of which she had more than her share. She was a quick-witted girl, living in a great city, with nothing at home to attract her. What else could she think about? Her vision went no farther than her brownstone horizon. She was not romantic; her intellect quite over-balanced her emotional nature. And she had no Browning societies, and had never read Emerson nor Ruskin.

At nineteen she had been out of school a year, but had no definite launching in society. She looked much younger, being as immature in person as she was the contrary in mind. She saw hardly anyone except her schoolgirl friends, with two or three of whom she still remained intimate; they were kind to her, in a patronizing way, and invited her to their own parties; sometimes they would even send for her, at the last moment, to fill a vacant place at a dinner. A few of her friends' brothers, and all of her brother's friends, had been attracted by her; none of them knew her well, but they were in the habit of joking about her when alone. Most of her friends' brothers took little interest in her, and thought her slow. But then (said their sisters) she has seen so little of the world, poor thing! Flossie felt this, too; but, as her friends said, she was an unselfish little creature, and her mind was chiefly occupied with a sisterly solicitude for brother's future. She would have liked him to go to college; but he did not share his sister's wishes, and the father utterly disapproved of it. He considered the college-bred man, when successfully perfected, as a pretty poor article; and college itself as a place where young men learned to drink and smoke, and spent their money in buggy-hire and billiards, unbeknown to their fathers. He insisted on Si's going into the office; and Si, having finished school, did in fact spend a portion of his mornings in that nursery of millions, his afternoons in the park or elsewhere, and his evenings over cards or at Academy balls, or elsewhere again, all unbeknown to his father. It was at this time that Si picked up that fine knowledge of life which fitted him, as a man of the world, to take, afterward, so prominent a position in society.

There is no unlucky accident which an adroit person may not turn to happy advantage. Si might never have been a success in literary circles; but he began to develop quite a popularity among young men of a very good set. At this time it was by no means necessary for a New York fashionable to be liberally educated. And young Starbuck had several valuable accomplishments—he was a good whip, and soon became a tolerable 'vet and knew every jockey on the road; he played a capital hand at poker, and told stories and talked slang with a certain pungent humor of his own; and he could even thrum an accompaniment on a banjo. He was blessed with perfect health, large appetites, plenty of money; sparred well; was both stupid and good-natured, and had all the other elements of greatness. Fortunately, Flossie had no very clear idea of what Si did with his friends; and, secretly, her respect for him rose when he came home late at night and the next morning talked familiarly of the Duvals, and Lucie Gower, and "Van." ("Van" was Mr. Killian van Kull, of the Columbian and Piccadilly clubs.) It was at this period that Si, thanks partly to the intercession of his sister, attained to the ownership of a latch-key, and began to come home very late indeed, and talk mysteriously of French balls. Flossie had a very vague notion what these might be; and old Starbuck was not over-strict on that score. He would have thought wine-bibbing infinitely worse, and cards a shade more heinous than either. And, in fact, he was not insensible to Si's social successes. True, old Starbuck was on the same board of directors with T. L. Gower, Sr., and one of his co-trustees in a charity; but he secretly felt—all democrat in a democracy that he was—

he secretly felt it a much greater triumph in his career that young Gower and his son should get drunk together. This is a coarse way of putting it; let us hasten through the beginnings of things and get out where we may see the stars once more.

CHAPTER III.

FLOSSIE STARBUCK ATTAINS.

T. Levison Gower, Jr., the Perseus to our Andromeda, that angel who was to take Flossie's hand and lift her with him to a higher sphere, was a pallid young man with a long nose, a short forehead, a thin neck, and a prominent Adam's apple. Large noses are aristocratic; and Gower valued his as typical of his pure Dutch blood. It was disappointing, though, after so fine a beginning, to find his brow retreat in a rapid little slope; and then, taking a quick round curve, to find your eye resting on the nape of his neck almost before you knew it. Horizontally lying across his forehead was a deep crease, perhaps three inches long, running half an inch below the line of the hair and half an inch above the abutment of his nose; this line did duty for determination and thought. The mouth and chin were large again. With this kind of face, Gower at twenty-two looked virile and worldly, and at five-and-thirty he looked twenty-two. What more can be said of him? His trousers never showed the impression of his knees, though his legs were long and thin; and there was more definite expression in the pattern of his colored shirt than of his face. This was before the fashion of scarf-pins; but he now wears—and would then have worn—a glass head of a bull-dog in a light-checked satin scarf. Gower's ideas hardly ever change, which is fortunate for his peace of mind, and his tastes never, which is fortunate for his wife. Yet, were you to introduce young Gower anywhere (in American society, of course), the answer would be wreathed in smiles—Mr. Gower, of New York, I suppose? And in Flossie Starbuck's mind these three words would have been fit climax for anything, from the caption of a tomb to a Newport hotel-register—*Levison Gower, of New York.* It was as Randolph of Roanoke. Crude as Flossie Starbuck's notions were, she was fortunate enough to aim high the first time.

Gower first knew her brother in Eighteenth Street, where they used to play games together Saturday afternoons. Si was physically stronger than young Gower, and, from the first, inspired him with respect. Gower had not at this time learned his own advantages, and Starbuck used to treat him quite cavalierly. This rough patronage produced a respectful affection which years could not efface; and when they next were thrown together, owing to a similarity of tastes in roads and equipages, Si was still fortunate enough to remain the passive member in the friendship. This intimacy was further cemented in ways before indicated; and very soon, Gower, finding Starbuck a pleasant companion at wine-suppers and popular at public balls, bethought himself of bringing him home to dinner and introducing him to his sisters. Si was too stolid to show embarrassment, and his physical presence carried him through anything. The Misses Gower rather liked him; here was a man who was rich and manly, and yet made them feel their own superiority. Even the great Killian van Kull, Gower's popular and accomplished cousin, took a fancy for Si. "Buck" Starbuck, as he dubbed him, began to be popular. Here was a man who could gamble and fight, who was ready for anything at night, and never ill-natured nor headachy the day after. Both Kill van Kull and Si had health, animal spirits, and a taste for dissipation; and little Lucie, as they were accustomed to call Levison in the intimacy of the trio, soon became their very admiring and submissive dependent. Thus Si had the luck to start in life with two of the most valuable friends a young man could have had; for Kill van Kull represented fashion and popularity, and Gower position and wealth. So he passed his first five years after leaving school, when he was supposed to be in business, and not wasting his time and money in college. Old Starbuck would have winced, had he known Si's true courses, had he even known as much as Flossie did; but, after all, young Starbuck was building better (in this world's way) than even his sister knew.

For it often became necessary to send someone home to bring Si's clothes, or bear his excuses—he had gone up the Hudson to spend Sunday with the Duvals, or on a yachting-trip with Kill van Kull; and it was often inconvenient for him to leave Kill himself. No one was so convenient in these times as Lucie Gower; and he was good-natured, and could easily run back for an hour or two. Besides, if Si had gone, he might sometimes have met his father, and have been detained peremptorily. Thus Gower became a sort of male Iris, a messenger between pleasure and duty; and he was soon familiar with the high, empty house on Eighteenth Street. He usually saw Flossie at these times. There grew to be a sort of understanding between the two. She was so much cleverer than Gower was; and she knew exactly how to face old Mr. Starbuck. And Gower learned to have confidence in her, and often told "Buck" that his sister was a brick.

"Starbuck's pretty sister" was getting to be a little better known among the young men now, though not unpleasantly talked of. She kept very quiet; and the one or two girls that knew anything about her—Miss Brevier, for instance—spoke well of her. Meantime, Si was getting on with the fast set, that set which the Duvals and old Jake Einstein were timidly forming before they dared dominate—the set which carried the tastes of the French shopkeeper into society. They spent much money, and a few fashionable hangers-on, like Van Kull, found it pleasant to stand under the golden shower.

Now came a great event in Si's life. Van Kull and Gower found it tiresome to always go to a bar-room and sit on hard chairs with Si, when they wanted to drink and smoke after a theatre or a dance. It was proposed that Si should become a member of their club—the Piccadilly, of Madison Square. And in a few months or so Si had the pleasure of seeing his name, S. Howland Starbuck, printed in the blue book of that fashionable refuge for would-be solitary males.

It was a great event for Si, and possibly, also, for his father. Old Starbuck knew very well that, although old Mr. Gower was a member and colleague of his in church matters—affairs of the other world—he never would have gone sponsor for him, as he had for his son Silas, in a club election in this. Yet this knowledge did not offend him; he was glad to see his son Silas rise in the world, and bore no malice. Perhaps he was even pleased that his son could go where he could not. It was right that Si should make friends, and perhaps just as well that he had not gone much into the business, after all. For about this time the oil from Oil Creek began to attract attention in the markets. Long before—centuries before—the Indians had been used to dip their blankets along the creek's still surface until they were thoroughly saturated, and then to obtain the oil by the simple process of squeezing; for the oil was known to be "great medicine" and good for rheumatism, sores, and troubled souls. In the salt-wells near Pittsburg, on Saturday nights, when the brine was well pumped away, the miners were annoyed by the increasing flow of the green, bad-smelling stuff, which by Monday would have disappeared, pressed back by the new flow of brine into its deep crevices in the subterranean rock. But no one had thought of value for the stuff—except the few quack doctors or credulous ones who, trusting to the old Indian legend, skimmed a little oil from wooden cribs about the creek and sold it as a medicine of nature's patent, in the Philadelphia drug-stores, for one dollar the ounce. At this price the fluid was not a dangerous competitor with Mr. Starbuck's product; and even when one of these same Philadelphia druggists analyzed the oil, found its value, and made a contract for the output of one of the salt-wells, the only effect of his enterprise was to ruin its value as a medicine by making it free to anyone (like those other medicines of water, air, and outdoors), without rendering it as cheap as the coal-oil already made from cannel-coal. Still, the flow, once begun, did not cease; wells were sunk whose daily flow exceeded the capacity of many a whale; already, refining whale and sperm was not what it had been; and there was more competition in petroleum, and he was not so well situated for the raw

WHITE EDITH.

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

White Edith, reading in a Book of Queens,
Looked suddenly up across the printed page,
And asked me—then, not waiting for reply,
Let her eyes drop upon the text again—
"Is it so fine a thing to be a queen?"

I thought me of that lady long ago
(I know not in what chronicle I read
The legend of that lady) who was crowned
Queen by mistake, and through an April day
Held court in her bright palace over-sea,
Gave gifts and pardons, and reached forth her hand
For kisses, and was worshipped; then, at dawn,
Upon a scaffold paid the price for it—
The roses from her cheeks; for he who claimed
The crown by right, a grasping sort of king,
Would take no less; so to the block needs go
The clustered ringlets and the slender throat.

A very grievous price it seemed and yet—
To rule the world between two sunny dawns,
Just to taste life one time at life's high best,
And then, with no foreshadowing of the doom,
To have the rose struck from one's cheek, and so
Escape the daggers that are set in crowns
As surely as the jewels; never to know
Ingratitude or treason, or false love,
Or any blackness of the human heart;
Never to know the pangs that women bear,
Being yet a woman to the finger-tips—
That were indeed to have a happy reign,
That were to be the very queen of queens.

And so, sweet old-world maiden, dead in truth,
Or dead in fiction only, sleep your sleep.
Full many a queen of other fate than yours,
Gray-haired and broken, might have envied you,
Your Majesty, that reigned a single day!

I turned to Edith with her Book of Queens
At the warm hearth-side, while the treacherous March
Darkened the casement with swift whirling flakes—
White Edith, all too delicate for earth—
"Dear child," I said, "the humblest place is best.
I never read in history or rhyme
Of queen, save one, that had a happy reign,
And she—she reigned but for a single day."
And then I told the story of that one,
A flower that died upon the break of May,
With all its sweetness gathered undefiled;
And stooping over Edith's hand, to show
How courtiers stoop to kiss the hands of queens,
I suddenly could not see it for my tears—
The thin white hand that Death had touched, and claimed
Before the violet or the crocus came.

MUNICIPAL FINANCE.

By Clayton C. Hall.

DURING the last twenty years there has been witnessed an enormous increase in the amount of municipal indebtedness in this country. The aggregate amount, including under this head city, county, township, and school-district indebtedness, increased, according to the United States Census report, about sixty per cent. during the ten years intervening between 1870 and 1880. The actual figures, derived from the Census, are as follows:

Aggregate amount in 1870	$515,810,060
" " 1880	821,486,447
Increase in ten years	305,676,387

These figures cannot be depended upon for absolute accuracy, but the error involved is probably not very great. The Census returns for 1880 were much more complete and systematic than those obtained ten years before, and in the enumeration of indebtedness many small places were included at the later date which had been previously overlooked, or at least omitted, so that the increase in amount is partly to be ascribed to this fact. It may be safely concluded, also, that the aggregate amount of debt is somewhat understated in the Census, on account of the natural disposition on the part of financial officers of municipal corporations to make the most favorable showing possible in the construction of their returns. It was pointed out in *The Nation* of November 27, 1884, that, in the case of one or two municipalities of which the official reports were accessible, the indebtedness had been understated in the Census to the extent of millions, credit having been claimed, and deduction made, for sundry items of assets not properly admissible as offsets to indebtedness. But notwithstanding the defects due to omissions in the one case, and under-

statements of indebtedness in, perhaps, many instances, it may reasonably be concluded that the actual increase in municipal indebtedness during the decade 1870 to 1880 did not materially differ from sixty per cent., as indicated by the Census.

A large increase in indebtedness of this class was to be anticipated, as the natural and perfectly legitimate result of the rapid growth of towns and cities, their no less rapid growth in wealth, and the necessary expenditures involved in the laying out and paving of streets, the construction of waterworks, systems of drainage and sewerage, the erection of adequate public schools, and of buildings,—such as town-halls and court-houses,—of a character in keeping with the increasing importance of the community.

An increase of municipal indebtedness in a growing and developing country is both natural and proper; but the facility with which appropriations of public money and public credit can be voted, by irresponsible boards of aldermen and common councils, leaves open a wide door to extravagance and abuse of trust, and consequently to a heavy increase in the burdens of local taxation.

The reckless incurring of debt in some instances, by municipal bodies, and its subsequent repudiation, in whole or in part, either directly or by an arbitrary reduction or "readjustment" of the rate of interest, has led, within the last twenty years, to the establishment, in most of the States, of constitutional or statutory limitations upon the power of municipalities to borrow money or create indebtedness.

In many of the States municipal corporations have been absolutely prohibited from lending either their money or their credit to works of internal improvement, such as railroad enterprises, and in a larger number a limit has been placed to the amount of indebtedness which such corporations shall be permitted to incur for any purposes, however legitimate they may be.

In Indiana this limit has been placed at two per cent. of the taxable basis; in Colorado at three per cent.; in Illinois, Iowa, Maine, Missouri, West Virginia, and Wisconsin, at five per cent.; in Georgia and Pennsylvania at seven per cent.; and in New York, for cities having a population of 100,000 and over, at ten per cent. In Maryland a different plan has been adopted. The city of Baltimore, in that State, is prohibited from incurring debt without first obtaining an enabling act for the specific purpose from the State Legislature, and the proposition must then be submitted to the voters of the city for ratification. This method secures, at least, publicity, and affords both time and opportunity for a thorough discussion of the proposed loan; but the practical effect is probably to discourage the advancement of propositions likely to provoke adverse criticism and invite defeat, rather than actually to secure an intelligent discrimination by the body of voters at the polls. Since the existence of these requirements for the legal authorization of a loan, but one or two propositions have been rejected by popular vote, and these were for loans of comparatively insignificant amounts.

It having been found necessary or expedient thus to limit in one way or another the amount of municipal indebtedness, measuring it as a percentage of the taxable basis or otherwise, the practical question presents itself to those charged with the administration of municipal finance, how to arrange the indebtedness so that, as the constitutional or legal limit is approached, the power of the corporation to borrow money for necessary purposes may not be barred. Obviously, when the limit is actually reached no new indebtedness can be legally contracted unless either the means be found for extinguishing some portion of the debt already in existence, or the increase in wealth, and consequently in the assessed value of taxable property, afford room for new indebtedness.

As it is quite possible for a stationary condition, or even a diminution, in the amount of the taxable basis to occur in the history of any community, it is evidently the duty of the financial officers of municipal bodies to adopt and carry out such plans in relation to the extinction of debts as will leave the community free to borrow in the future, even though there be not, at the time,

an increase of wealth, and consequently of the ability to borrow.

In the practical consideration of municipal debts, a distinction suggests itself between those which are contracted for improvements or benefits which are permanent in their character, and which are to be enjoyed by future generations as well as by those in whose time they are first secured—such as public parks, water rights and privileges, and permanent reservoirs; and, on the other hand, those incurred for benefits of a more temporary character, but at the same time too costly to be provided for as an ordinary expense, out of the revenues of the year in which they are undertaken. Among the latter would be included debts contracted for street pavements, the best and most durable of which, on busy thoroughfares, become worn out and need to be renewed or replaced within a comparatively few years.

There appears, for instance, no equitable reason why a debt incurred for the purchase of a public park should be redeemed, so long as the park itself is held and used for the purposes intended. The interest on the debt created for such purchase may be regarded as of the nature of a rent for the property, which year by year is payable as the possession itself is enjoyed. There would seem to be no reasonable obligation upon one generation to burden itself with taxation in order that posterity might enjoy such a possession as a free gift. If bonds were issued, as municipal bonds frequently are, redeemable at the will of the corporation after a certain date, the rate of interest upon the debt could never be increased, and the power would be retained to decrease it by refunding from time to time at lower rates, whenever favorable conditions for so doing might exist.

On the other hand, considerations of equity would indicate that debts incurred for temporary benefits should be of temporary duration, just as annual expenses should be met out of the yearly revenues. The injustice would be apparent of leaving, as a legacy for a succeeding generation, an unpaid debt for street pavements which had been long before worn out and removed.

If this distinction could be completely and consistently carried out, an indication would be afforded as to the length of time for which different issues of bonds should properly run. The practical question, however, is how best to provide for the payment in either case, whether the period or term allowed be long or short. In some of the States it is required that any act creating a public debt must contain a provision for an annual tax sufficient to pay it in a limited and specified number of years. In such case a sum applicable to the payment of the principal of the debt must be included with the amount due for interest in the yearly tax-levy. The method usually relied upon for the accumulation of the amount required for the ultimate payment of the principal is that known by the familiar name of "sinking-fund."

The theory of a sinking-fund is simple and is well understood; but as in practical operation its essential principles are often overlooked or disregarded, it may be well to state them briefly, and especially with reference to some of the defects of the system itself.

When bonds are issued in the manner in which public debts are usually created in this country—that is to say, bearing interest for a specified term of years, at the end of which the principal sum becomes payable—it is necessary to provide by taxation a fund for the redemption of the bonds at maturity. The method usually pursued is the appropriation annually of a sum to be set aside and invested, so that by yearly accretions, from successive appropriations and from interest, the total amount required may gradually be accumulated. The fund so created constitutes what is called the sinking-fund; and, assuming the rate of interest at which it can be invested, it is easy to determine what the amount of the annual appropriation to the fund should be. The greater the number of years for which the bonds have to run, the less, obviously, will be the proportion required to be appropriated annually; and the lower the rate of interest at which the sinking-fund can be invested and improved, the greater must be the amount of the direct appropriations. For instance, in order to provide for the payment of a

sum due in thirty years the yearly appropriation, if improved at six per cent. and reinvested annually, must be 1.265 per cent.; if improved at five per cent., 1.505 per cent. must be so set apart; if at four per cent., 1.783 per cent.; and if at three per cent., 2.107 per cent. will be required. Adding the amount so required to the rate of interest to be paid upon the bonds, it will be seen that, in order to provide for both principal and interest, the sum to be raised annually by taxation, provided the sinking-fund can be invested at the same rate of interest as is payable upon the loan, ranges from a little over 7¼ per cent. for a six per cent. loan having thirty years to run, to a little less than 5⅛ per cent. for a three per cent. loan.

The sinking-fund being in turn invested in bonds of the municipality, the interest on the bonds thus purchased and held by the corporation itself has still to be included in the tax-levy, for the interest on the investment of the sinking-fund is a most important factor in the accumulation of the fund itself. Bonds so held must remain a part of the public debt. They cannot be withdrawn or cancelled without defeating the operation of the whole system under consideration.

It is to be observed that a sinking-fund formed for the redemption of a bonded debt at a specified date is a perfectly definite thing, the proper amount of which can at any time be accurately determined by calculation; and in this respect it differs essentially from a bank-reserve. The latter is held against liabilities of which the amount is accurately known, but of which the time of payment is not fixed. Payment may be demanded, in the form of checks drawn against deposits, but experience has shown that, except in the case of a panic, such demands extend only to a limited portion of the whole amount of deposits. The amount of a bank-reserve is therefore ordinarily fixed by an arbitrary rule, either derived from established custom or prescribed by legal enactment, subject, however, to such modifications under special conditions as prudence and experience may dictate. A sinking-fund, on the contrary, is the reserve against liabilities of which both the amount and the date at which payment may be required are exactly known. The amount, therefore, which should be held in the sinking-fund at any given date can be definitely determined, and whether or not the fund under existing conditions is adequate can be ascertained with absolute accuracy.

It has been already remarked that the accumulation of interest upon the investment of the sinking-fund is a most important factor for its proper maintenance. A fund planned with what was intended to be prudent foresight, and administered with unswerving fidelity, may therefore prove inadequate, on account of a decline in the rate of interest below what was anticipated, and a consequent reduction in the earnings upon the investment of the fund.

During the last twenty years the rates yielded by investments in the bonds of American cities of which the credit is highest have declined from about six per cent. to about three per cent. A sinking-fund begun twenty years ago, upon the assumption that the former rate could be obtained, must necessarily fall very far short of attaining its object. When the bonds of such cities were being issued at six per cent., it was probably generally assumed that the sinking-fund could be invested at the same rate; but all experience has shown that, with the increase of wealth and of capital seeking investment, the tendency of interest is always toward a minimum—a tendency which is subject to temporary interruption only, during time of war, or from commercial or financial crises. This well-established fact has received ample confirmation during recent years.

Although a decline in the prevailing rates of interest is in fact gradual, a change in the rate of interest may be assumed, for simplicity of illustration, as occurring at intervals of ten years, so that a sinking-fund begun for the redemption of bonds issued at six per cent., and having thirty years to run, may be considered as improved for the first ten years at six per cent., for the second ten years at four and a half per cent., and for the third ten years at three per cent. If the issue of bonds be for one million dollars, and the annual appropriation for

the sinking-fund fixed, according to the figures already given, at $12,650, the course of the fund will be as follows :

At the end of ten years it will amount to						$136,736
"	"	twenty	"	"	"	414,370
"	"	thirty	"	"	"	701,880

The total accumulation will then be but little more than seventy per cent. of the amount required to redeem the bonds at maturity.

Under circumstances like these, the sinking-fund can only be kept up to the proper amount by an increase in the annual appropriation to the fund from the tax-levy corresponding to the decrease in the rate of interest. But if this should be found impracticable, or at all events it is not done, a deficit such as is indicated above will be inevitable. It will then be impossible to redeem the bonds without impairing the integrity of the sinking-fund reserved for other issues of bonds, or otherwise encroaching upon funds not intended for this purpose. And if, as properly should be the case, a separate account is kept of the sinking-fund belonging to each issue of bonds for which the municipality is liable, and each one is regarded and held as a separate trust, it is evident that the simplest and most equitable way of meeting the deficit is by the issue of new bonds, at the lower rate of interest then prevailing, in renewal of such portion of the loan as cannot be paid out of the sinking-fund properly available for the purpose.

A decline in the rate of interest occasions a condition in which a sinking-fund faithfully and intelligently administered will fail of attaining the object intended unless it be supplemented and corrected by an increase of taxation.

But a source of danger to which such funds are equally exposed, and to which they are even more liable, arises from the tendency to laxity in their administration. When the accumulated fund becomes large, and the charge upon the tax-levy for interest upon bonds held in the sinking-fund becomes a considerable item, a strong temptation arises to reduce taxation, and at the same time make an apparent, though not a real, reduction of indebtedness by cancelling and retiring a portion of the bonds so held by the municipality. It needs no argument to show that such a course is not only contrary to the theory of a sinking-fund, but is absolutely fatal to its successful operation. No reduction of indebtedness results from such action. It is only the destruction of a part of the means set apart for meeting liabilities.

Supposing then that the amount of the original appropriation to a sinking-fund is in the first instance properly determined, with due regard to the conditions under which the fund must be accumulated, there remain two sources of danger to which such funds are exposed, one being an unforeseen decline in the rate of interest obtainable upon their investment, and the other a tampering with the principal sum itself, through ignorance or dishonesty on the part of those who have it in charge. For the successful administration of funds of this sort, which have to be preserved and accumulated during a long term of years, there is required, not only integrity and honesty of purpose, but also a thorough knowledge of the theory and principles of finance.

The defects and dangers of the sinking-fund system being such as have been indicated, a plan by which a public loan can be arranged, free from the necessity of maintaining such a fund, evidently possesses a certain advantage. Annuity-bonds, which are sometimes issued for public loans, possess precisely this advantage. Bonds of this sort provide for the payment of a certain sum per annum for a specified term of years, at the expiration of which all liability ceases. The annual payments must therefore be such as to provide both for the interest upon the sum borrowed, and for the return of the latter by means of yearly instalments. But it has been shown that in the usual form of bond an annual appropriation toward the gradual accumulation of the principal is required, so that the tax-rate ought properly, in either case, to include both items. Only in the case of the annuity-bond the annual payment stipulated for in the bond provides for the entire liability, both principal and interest, so that there is no more chance for a failure to discharge the principal of the debt than there is for default in the payment of

interest; for both items are included in the same yearly (or half-yearly) payments. No new or additional obligation is imposed upon the borrowing corporation by the annuity-bond, but relief is afforded from the necessity of holding and investing a reserve for the redemption of the principal, as by each annual payment the principal of the debt is proportionately reduced, until by the last payment it is extinguished. The burden is then placed upon the lender, if it be proposed to preserve the original sum invested intact, to set apart and reinvest that proportion of the yearly payments which represent the return of principal; and the tax-rate of the indebted corporation is relieved of the amount required for interest on securities held in the sinking-fund, for the fund itself is no longer required. The lender then, and not the borrower, must take the risk of variations in the rate of interest, and the latter is also relieved of the other responsibilities belonging to the custody of a sinking-fund.

The British Government has for more than a century past availed of annuities as a form of the national debt, and has issued, not only such as were made for a definite term of years, but also annuities upon lives; and rates have from time to time been published at which bonds issued in perpetuity could be exchanged for annuities, so that the gradual extinction of the bonds so exchanged could be secured.

In this country, bonds of this sort have not met with general acceptance as a form for public securities, though loans have been successfully negotiated in this form by the Province of Ontario, in Canada. A small issue of annuity-bonds, having forty years to run, were awarded in June last by that Province (the annual value was $12,500, representing a loan of about one-quarter of a million), and the prices obtained, as the writer is informed through the courtesy of W. Grindlay, Esquire, manager of the Bank of British North America, in Toronto, were equivalent to the placing of the loan at four and one-quarter per cent. interest.

A corporation or government is evidently justified in allowing a somewhat higher rate of interest on bonds of this sort than upon other forms of indebtedness, as an offset to the relief secured from the obligations incident to the maintenance and custody of a sinking-fund.

A comparison of the operations of the two forms of loan is best seen by a brief illustration. Let a loan, for instance, be made for one million dollars, for thirty years, at three per cent. interest. Under the ordinary form, provision would have to be made for the payment of

Interest, $30,000 annually for thirty years	$900,000
And of the principal sum	1,000,000
Total	$1,900,000

Provision for the principal sum through a sinking-fund would, according to the figures already given, be actually made as follows:

By direct appropriation, $21,070 annually	$632,100
Interest thereon at three per cent.	367,900
Total	$1,000,000

If the loan were placed at four per cent. there would be required:

Interest, $40,000 annually for thirty years	$1,200,000
And the principal sum	1,000,000
Total	$2,200,000

In the latter case, if the sinking-fund could be invested at the same rate of interest, the principal sum would be made up as follows:

By direct appropriation, $17,830 annually	$534,900
Interest thereon at four per cent.	465,100
Total	$1,000,000

So that in the former case but a little over five-eighths, and in the latter case little more than one-half, of the principal sum would have to be provided by direct appropriation. The remainder would be derived from interest.

But if the same sum of $1,000,000 were raised by the sale of annuities having thirty years to run, the whole amount required for the extinction of the debt, both principal and interest, would amount only to the sum of the direct appropriations for these purposes required under the other system. The sinking-

fund being no longer required, the large item of interest upon its investment would be entirely saved. If the annuities were negotiated at three per cent., payable yearly, the annual sum required upon $1,000,000 would be $51,070, amounting in thirty years to $1,532,100; and if issued at four per cent. the annual amount would be $57,830, representing a total in thirty years of $1,734,900. The payments due upon an annuity negotiated at three per cent. for the time named would be a little over five per cent. per annum, and upon a four per cent. annuity a little over five and three-quarters per cent., of the sum invested.

The differences of amounts and results under the two systems are, of course, represented and offset by differences in the dates of payment; but since the taxpayers and the bondholders are not, as a general rule, the same individuals, and at all events are to be regarded separately, any benefit that can be secured to the former class, in saving of interest by yearly payments upon the principal of a debt, is first to be considered.

More important, however, than this are the advantages, already referred to, arising from relief from the necessity of maintaining a sinking-fund.

The practical question naturally presents itself, whether or not bonds of the sort described would prove negotiable. It would perhaps be difficult to dispose of any very large amount of them at one time, but they would, on account of the greatly increased annual income to be derived from them, be sought by persons of the class to whom life-annuities offer a desirable form of investment, and would probably attract other classes of investors. Whenever low rates of interest are prevailing, annuities come into demand on the part of persons who are desirous of obtaining, for life, or for a limited term of years, from a certain amount of investment, the highest rate of income consistent with security, and who are willing for this purpose to sacrifice ultimately the principal sum invested. The experience of the Province of Ontario, already cited, though limited in extent, has proved that annuity-bonds can be placed upon favorable terms.

The advantages of the plan itself are such as to commend it when practicable, and to make it especially adapted for the management of comparatively small loans, for the complete extinction of which it is proposed to provide within a limited term of years.

Between bonds issued for a term of years and annuity-bonds, of which the principal is, in fact, payable by yearly instalments, there is, however, a wide margin. Within these limits loans have been made, such as those of the United States Government familiarly known as "five-twenties" and "ten-forties," in which the right of redemption was secured long before the date at which payment could be demanded, and similar bonds have been issued by private corporations. But bonds of which the date of payment is for so long a time at the option of the borrower require some compensation for this option to be given to the lender, either in the form of a discount at the time of purchase, or of a bonus if redeemed before maturity. The Government bonds referred to were redeemed in numerical order; in other cases the bonds to be redeemed before maturity have been determined by lot. An intermediate form might be devised, by which the total loan, and every bond representing it, could be reduced from time to time, *pro rata*, at stated periods, several years apart.

CHRISTMAS EVE—GERMANY.

By Rennell Rodd.

Little mother, why must you go!
The children play by the white bed-side,
The world is merry for Christmastide,
And what would you do in the falling snow!

They sleep by now in the ember-glow
Hushed to dream in a child's delight,
For wonders happen on Christmas night:
Little mother, why must you go!

The still flakes fall and the night grows late,
Oh slender figure and small wet feet,
Where do you haste through the lamplit street,
And out and away by the fortress gate?

It is drear and chill where the dear lie dead,
Yet light enough with the snow to see,
But what would you do with that Christmas-tree
At the tiny mound that is baby's bed?

A Christmas-tree, with its tinsel gold!—
Oh, how should I not have a thought for thee
When the children sleep in their dream of glee,
Poor little grave but a twelve month old!

Little mother, your heart is brave,
You kiss the cross in the drifted snow,
Kneel for a moment, rise and go
And leave your tree by the tiny grave.

While the living slept by the warm fireside
And the flakes fell white on your Christmas toy,
I think that its angel wept for joy
Because you remembered the one that died.

THE GREAT PYRAMID.

By Edward L. Wilson.

Statue of King Chephren in the Museum at Bûlâq.

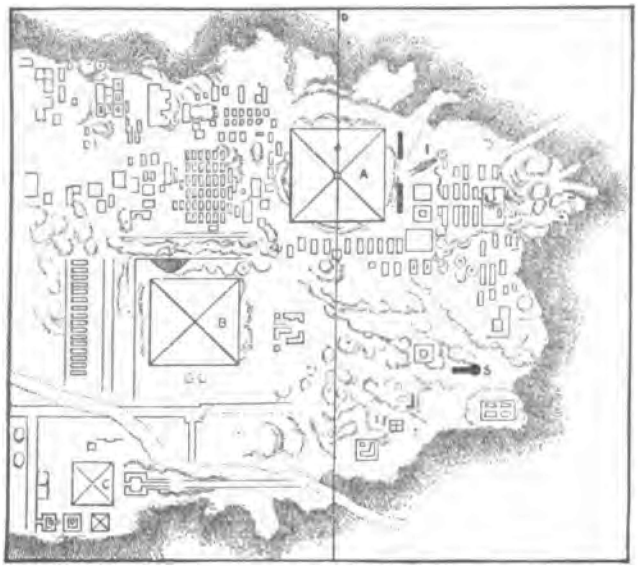
Ever since the pages of history were opened, and ever since science began to plod, the mind of man has been puzzled by one unchanging query—"What is the meaning of the Great Pyramid?" History has been repeated; science continually explains the mighty wonders of nature; but that monster work of man still remains enfolded by the veil of mystery.

Its builder was King Cheops, of the fourth Egyptian dynasty. His choice of a site for the great structure must have been governed by his purpose in erecting it, but we have no certain knowledge as to what that purpose was. When first he visited the proposed spot with his architects, and pre-empted the needed space, it looked far more promising than it does to-day. For there were then at Gizeh, not only rolling hills and fertile valleys, but groves of trees, picturesque islands, canals, and well cultivated farms. Vast quarries existed close to the escarpments of her limestone hills, whose strata were so regular as to give one the idea of more than Cyclopean courses of masonry. The summits of the hills, which were craggy and picturesque, told their own history by the congeries of small shell-fish which formed them.

The traveller of to-day may yet find, within a few hundred feet of the Great Pyramid, nummulites and pebbles in abundance, with an occasional shark's tooth, all proving that once upon a time the sea rolled over the desert of Gizeh. Moreover, if the earnest explorer sinks a shaft in the sand to the depth of thirteen feet, a stratum of antique Nile mud is reached, while a few feet lower, good water is found. All the sand lying thereabouts to-day has been showered down from the west and southwest, long since the days of Cheops.

The site chosen for the massive structure was the hill farthest west of, and six miles away from, the Nile. It is ninety miles from the Mediterranean, and two hundred and fifteen feet above the sea-level. The labor of one hundred thousand men for twenty years was required for the work. While some of the vast army were sent to the Mokkatam quarries on the east bank of the Nile for limestone and marble, and some far south to Syene for granite, others were despatched to the Mount Sinai region for stone of other varieties. Then a canal was dug from the Nile to the Gizeh hill, for conveying the quarried blocks to their place of transfer. From the western terminus of the canal to the pyramid base a wide causeway was constructed, for the further conveyance of material.

While all this was going on, the chosen hill itself was made ready to receive the enormous weight to be placed upon it. The general surface was lowered until good, solid, fissureless material was reached and a broad plateau formed, so firm and so extensive as to serve for the foundation. The naturally inclined strata were levelled to accommodate the courses of the building. Where



Map of the Pyramids of Gizeh.

A, the Great Pyramid; B, the Pyramid of Chephren; C, the Pyramid of Mencheres; S, the Sphinx, southeast of the tomb of Cheops; D, longitudinal meridian of the Great Pyramid. Tombs east, west, and south of the Great Pyramid.

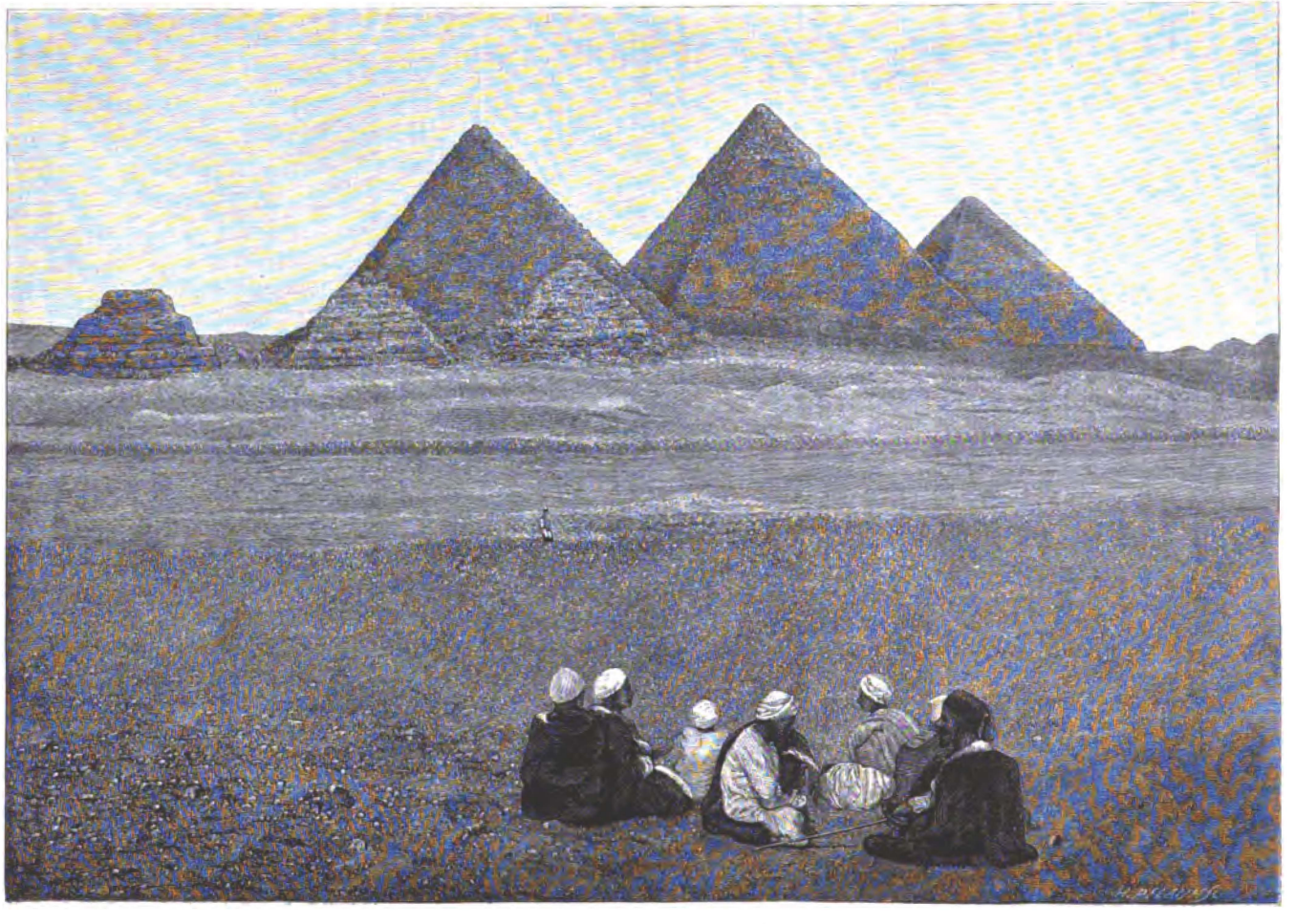
it could be done, the lavish builder was yet economical enough to utilize the natural rock, for at the northeast corner the lowest course and part of another are formed of rock trimmed off square *in situ*. The natural rock may also be seen at one place in the entrance-passage, and again in the course of the "well;" but in no other place has there been found anything but well-built limestone or granite masonry.

The grand plateau being completed, the workmen were ready to receive the product of the quarries, and soon the stupendous structure began to rise. Tier after tier was placed, receding, one upon the other, until the two hundred and twentieth had been raised to its place. Finally the apex, a mammoth crystal, was set, and the inner elevation was ready for the more finished outside casing. How the work was done no one has been able to explain.

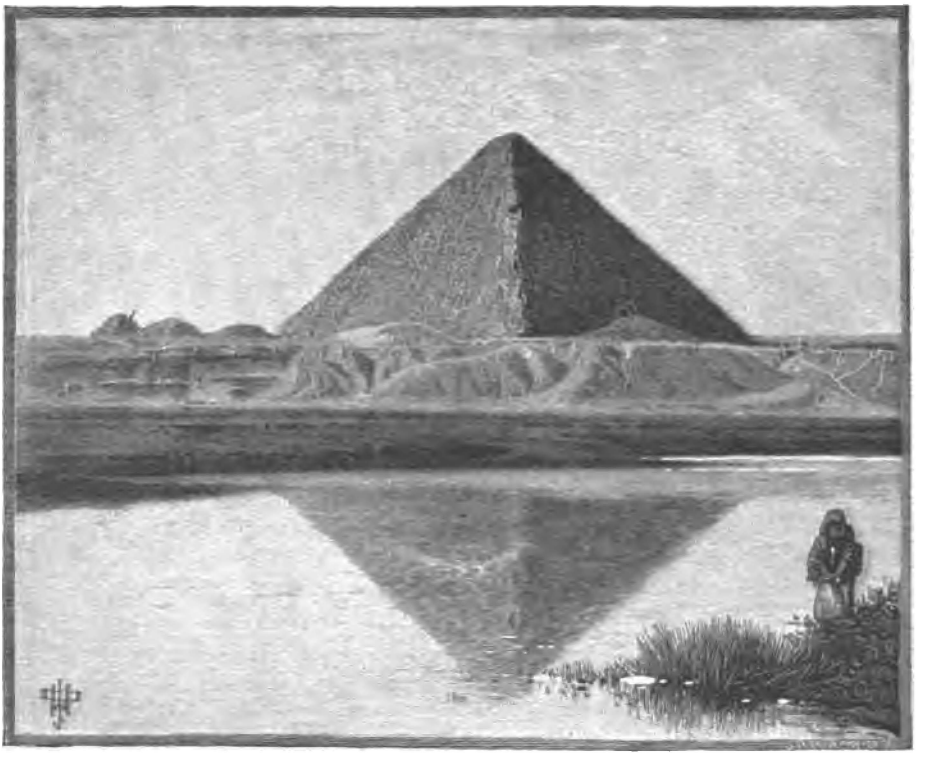
In one of the accompanying views (p. 43) six small pyramids are shown, in various stages of decay. From these and their larger neighbors, the interested student may gather some facts concerning pyramid building, by noting the progress of pyramid decay.

After the great mass had been erected "in the rough," it was encased in highly polished marble, which, at a short distance, gave it the appearance of a precise geometrical figure. And it was indeed precise. Undoubtedly it was planned entire, with all its internal intricacies, before a stone was quarried for its construction. The head that contrived it seems to have been equal to the task of completing his scheme in the most workmanlike manner. The commissary arrangements alone for the army of people engaged required able generalship. Did not the result of their labor stand there, the greatest structure in the world, we should be disposed to question the statement that any such body of workmen was ever engaged, under the will and direction of one man, in a single enterprise, and for so long a time. How little do we know about it, and how baffled are we when we attempt to solve the great problem! The benign-looking statue of its builder was found by Mariette in a neighboring tomb, and now sits in the Bûlâq museum, but it affords no information except as to its identity.

I venture to offer, however, in addition to the scant information we have, a few details of construction and some illustrations, with the hope of conveying a measurably adequate idea of its size. I had been studying it for many years before I made my first visit, and thought I had formed a fair conception of its dimensions; but I was mistaken. It exceeded all I had ever dreamed it to be. My first glimpse was caught from the railway-carriage *en route* from Alexandria to Cairo. My second view and first photograph were obtained from the corner of the Mosque of Mehemet Ali, situated on the Citadel Hill at Cairo.



The Pyramids of Cheops, Chephren, and Mencheres.



The Great Pyramid from the Nile Overflow.

From there the desert monster and its two great neighbors, glistening in the sun, look like gigantic jasper gems in golden setting.

The next day, long before sunrise, I set out with the purpose of securing a series of pictures that should, if possible, be made useful in conveying a reasonable idea of the size and magnificence of this the greatest of all structures. Soon after crossing the Kasr-el-Nil, an avenue of acacias is entered, which shades the road almost all the way to the pyramid-hill. Not long after leaving the bridge, on the left, the tall trio were seen, looking as gray and undefined as distant storm-clouds. The sun had not yet reached their tops, and their vicinity was dreamy and hazy. They appeared to be wonderfully near. A quiet, masterly dignity seemed to pervade them. As the noise of the great city was left behind and the pyramids were neared, the increasing silence became almost oppressive. When the sun arose, the details of the structures began to develop. The smooth exteriors and precise outlines which the distance afforded, gave way to disturbed surfaces and broken angles. The light crept steadily down to their bases, and the shadows fled to the western side.

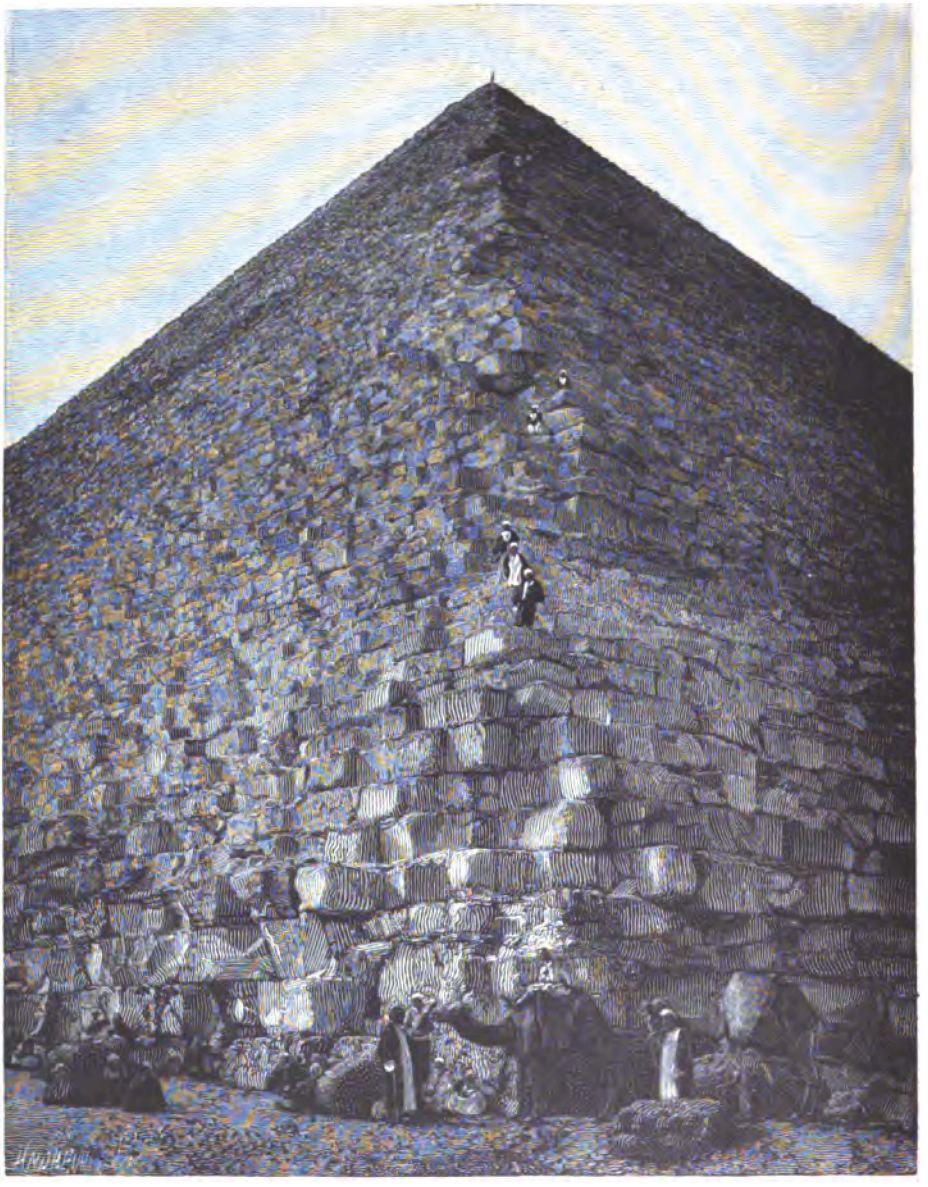
As the last mile was reached, my Arab driver suddenly shouted "Mâshallah!" —Wonderful God!—for, lo! the whole eastern side of the Great Pyramid was enveloped in the red glare of the rising sun. And then at my left I saw, reflected and inverted upon the placid surface of a bit of Nile overflow, the image of the Great Pyramid, as sharp, clear, and entire as the reality. Only once in a lifetime could such a sight be had. Like a total eclipse of the sun, it could last but a few minutes. I must have the picture. Leaping from my seat, I ran through the tall, dew-covered lentil fields to the edge of the water, caught the doubled monster, and held it latent within my camera. When I re-

A Near View of the Great Pyramid.

turned to the carriage, I was assailed on every side by a dozen or more Arab fellahin who awaited me, each one noisily demanding "backsheesh" for "injury to the crops." I paid enough to buy a whole acre of lentils, but I would not accept an Egyptian farm in exchange for the picture.

The road now began to rise; and so did the Bedouin Arabs of the pyramid-village, who, like locusts, seemed to come out of the chinks in the stone walls near by, or to swarm from the choking dust. "Give him six men to assist him, and command the rest to let him alone," was the characteristic word sent by an official to the sheik of this noisy, good-natured, troublesome horde. This order being obeyed, I was enabled to spend several days at my work in comparative peace.

My first close view of the Great Pyramid was had from the north side. After taking it in from east to west, I lifted my eyes to the sky. I think no after-view gave me such a satisfactory comprehension of its immensity as that first effort to cover the whole mass of masonry at one glance. Two other impressive views are to be had from the northeast corner, standing at about the twentieth tier above the sand. The first is a lateral view. Allow the eyes to follow a line of masonry to the northwestern angle, and then to return, stone by stone, when a gratifying idea will be received of the length of the base and of the size of the quarried stones. The other "best" view is had by looking aloft. At Niagara, standing at the foot of the American Falls, I have caught sight of a volume of water as it leaped over the brink, and then watched its slow descent, foot by foot, until I have thought I could see it break in spray at my feet, thus obtaining the most satisfactory impression of the height of the great cascade. So here, the visitor may lift his eyes to the apex, and then slowly, step by step, stone after stone, let the sight descend, when the immensity of the lofty pile will fairly leap upon him. The at-



Looking up the Northeast Corner of the Great Pyramid.

tendant Arabs, climbing up the corner of the pile, here and there, look like pygmies.

No Swiss or Appalachian mountain incline is more rugged than this. Should these views not satisfy, there is one other method of arriving at the bottom facts, namely, by climbing to the top and looking down.

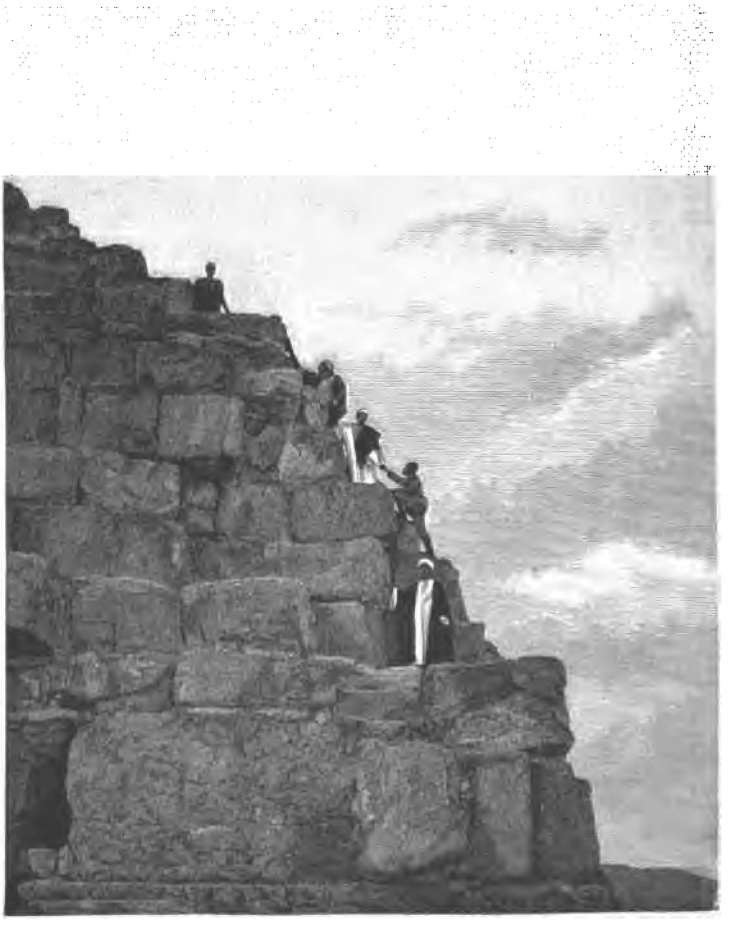
The ascent is generally made at the northeast corner. It is a novel experience. The law requires one to be accompanied by a Bedouin "lifter" at each elbow and another Arab behind to "boost." The feat may be accomplished in twenty minutes, provided you agree to having your calculations upset once

a minute, and yourself twice that often. For example, you make ready for a tremendous muscular effort, to take a gigantic step upward and forward, when suddenly you are hoisted bodily, like an airy nothing. Then you prepare to land somewhere or to take a breath, when your "booster" sends you flying far beyond your mark. You scarcely have time to recover your equilibrium and to give thanks that your brains were not dashed out, when the whole process is repeated; and so on, until the summit is gained. This all seems hard enough to endure, and the Arabs seem to be the worst part; but it is one of those cases where experience is the best teacher, and it is best to listen to experience.

When the top is reached, one is surprised to find a platform over thirty feet square, covered with broken fragments of quarried stone in all the confusion of a mountain-crest. These blocks are covered with names and dates. Some of the chiselled letters are over a foot in height. I climbed to the very topmost rock and viewed the surrounding country, a feat I should not have undertaken had the original apex remained.

The sensation one feels when standing upon a pyramid top, aside from the nature of the surroundings, differs from that one experiences on the summit of a high mountain, inasmuch as from a mountain one can rarely obtain a view of the neighborhood close to the base, or else the space is shut in by neighboring peaks; while from a pyramid one can view all there is from within a few feet of the base to a distance as far as the eye can discern.

The views from the Great Pyramid, though at all times sublime, vary with the time of day and night, and with the courses of the sun and moon. The first look is for Cairo. It is plainly visible, with its tall minarets and broad domes of glittering metal and color, and beyond it the dark Mokkatam hills are seen. A forest of immense palms, far away upon the border of the Nile, marks the site of ancient Memphis; still farther south are the pyramids of Sakkarah, the great



Climbing the Great Pyramid.

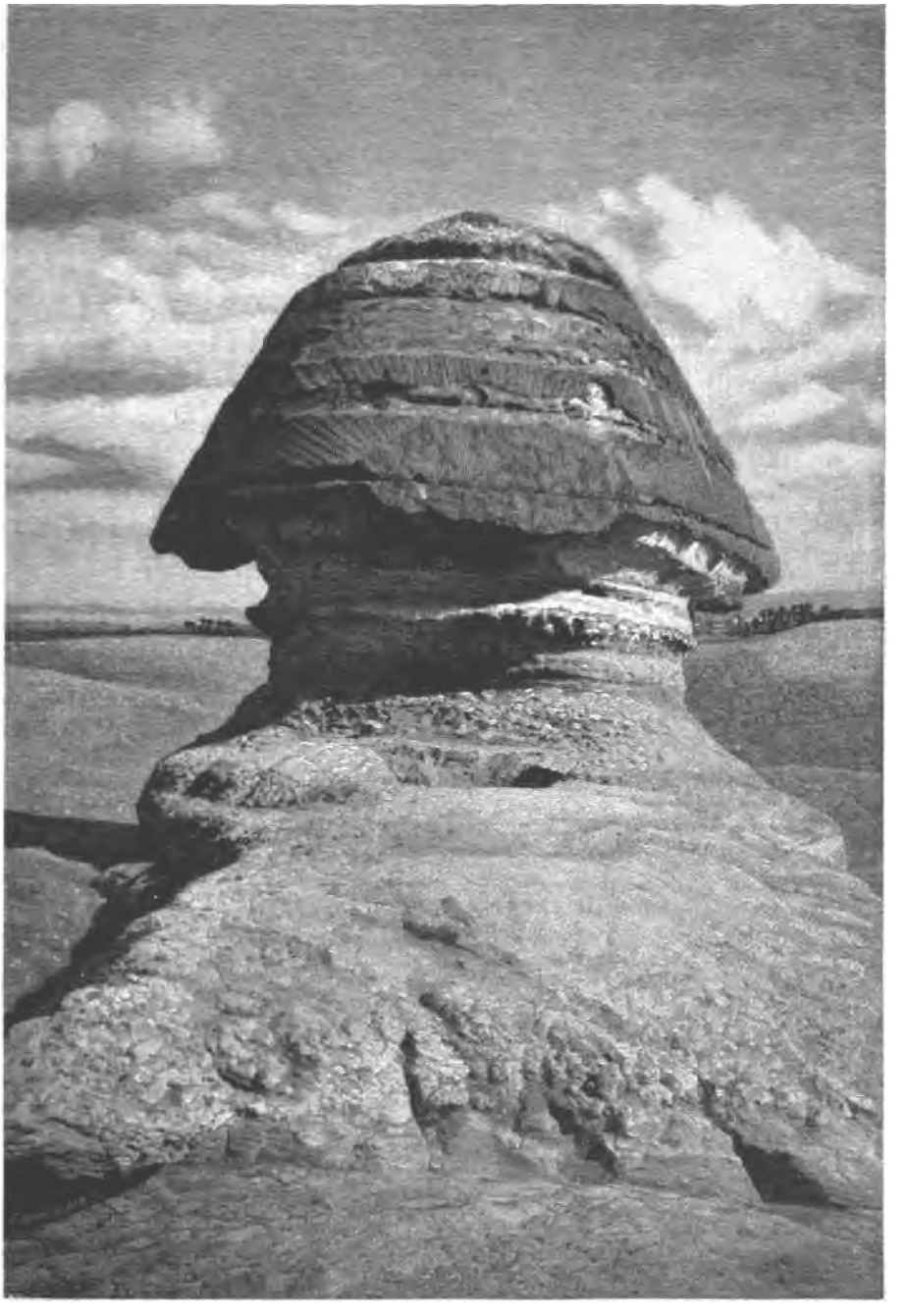
"Step" pyramid, "the father of pyramids," among them. Farther on is the desert; on the right is the desert; in front is the desert; all around is a vast plain, now golden, now red, now in part black, now gray, changing as the sun changes, as the great shadows of the pyramids are projected upon it, or as the moon comes with its pale light and tones down the grand chromatic display. The only variation in the wondrous expanse comes from the mounds of sand here and there. These last change agreeably to the whims of the wind. Like draught-animals, at one moment they seem to be resting and waiting for their call to labor. Then the airy messenger comes and gives the word. At once the sand begins to rise in slender spirals. Body and strength are gathered as it continues whirling and ascending, until it towers aloft like a great black column. Now it is joined by a wild company impelled by the wind, and all hasten across the plain—all rising higher and higher, all wavering, spinning with awful volocity, until, their destination reached, they flare at the top like water-spouts, break and burst high in air, and are diffused—a terrible storm—upon the plain below. Woe be to man or camel on whom descends the awful weight!

As far as the eye can see southward lies Egypt, the silvery Nile creeping along between the bands of emerald. Within view are over forty pyramids. The pyramid of Chephren, or the "Second Pyramid," being about 300 feet away, affords one an excellent opportunity, while seated on the edge of the Great Pyramid, of studying pyramidal architecture from above. There seems to be a great abyss between. The distance is remarkably deceiving. It is almost impossible to cast a stone so that it will fall clear of the base. It will only drop on the side and bound and rebound, perhaps to the ground.

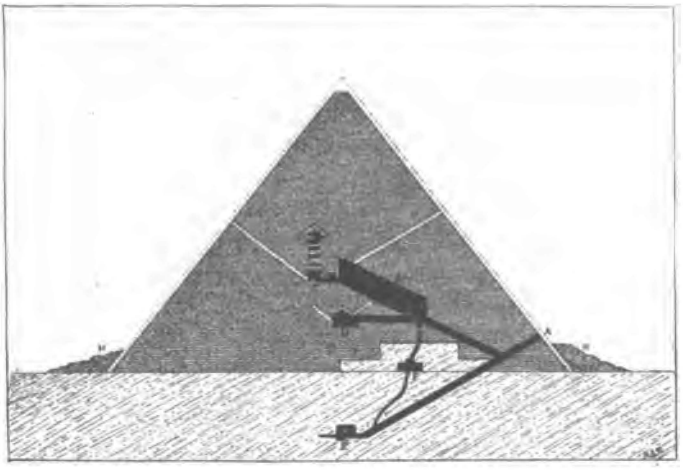
At sunset, when all the neighboring pyramids may be seen tinged by the red glare, and the approach of night is heralded by the intense, sharp-pointed shadows which fall upon the plain toward the east, the vultures come swooping along through the gulf which separates Cheops's pile from Chephren's. Then the scene is most dramatic. The sun gone down, the rising moon blanches all and shifts the shadows to the other side. The uneasy scavengers of the air now look like ghouls as they come near enough for one to hear the whizzing of their wings. But for them it would be oppressively quiet. A person sitting there in the after-glow, looking off toward the lighted city, feels as though doomed to impalement—cast away at the mercy of the foul birds of the desert. And but little comfort comes up from the Sphinx, the only semblance of humanity below; for its back is turned, and it seems to add to the feeling of absolute desertion which takes possession of one remaining on the Great Pyramid after the sun has gone down.

A last look from the top, down the corner, reveals another lesson in pyramid construction, and recalls the view directly downward from some rocky mountain-summit. The close base cannot be seen in a direct line, for the corners of the rock protrude like broad cornices, one tier beyond the other. The little kiosk near the base, with part of the desert between and far beyond it, can also be plainly seen. The voices of the Arabs at the base are distinctly heard.

One shrinks from descending such a rough pass, but the operation is far more interesting than the ascent, because, in making it, the traveller is diverted from the hardship by the views, which change constantly as he twists and turns and is lowered once more toward terra firma. A misstep would send him bounding in mid-air from corner to corner, until he fell, a shapeless mass, at the base. Nearly half-way there is a spot whence more than the usual amount of stone has been thrown down, making a deep depression, or "cave." It is called "the half-way house." It is not half-way, however. Its floor is on the one hundred and fifth tier, and it is three thousand two hundred and five inches from the base. The width of the steps is so disproportionate to their height that each upper edge overhangs or hides the step that next succeeds it. On coming to the edge of the first stone the one below comes into view. The descent then becomes a succession of well-



The Back of the Sphinx.



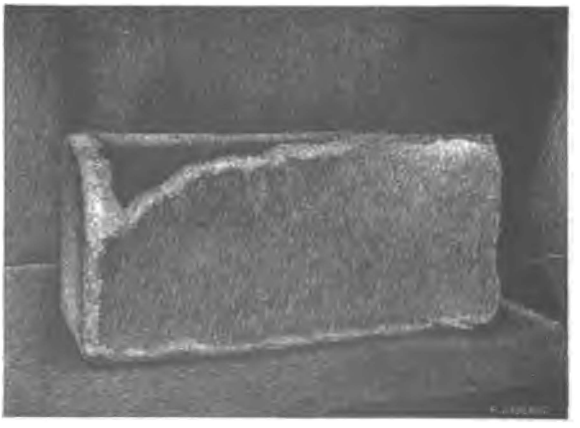
Vertical Section of the Great Pyramid (from south to north, looking west).

A, the entrance-passage; B, the Grand Gallery; C, C, ventilating passages; D, the Queen's Chamber; E, the grotto; F, the subterranean chamber; G, the King's Chamber.

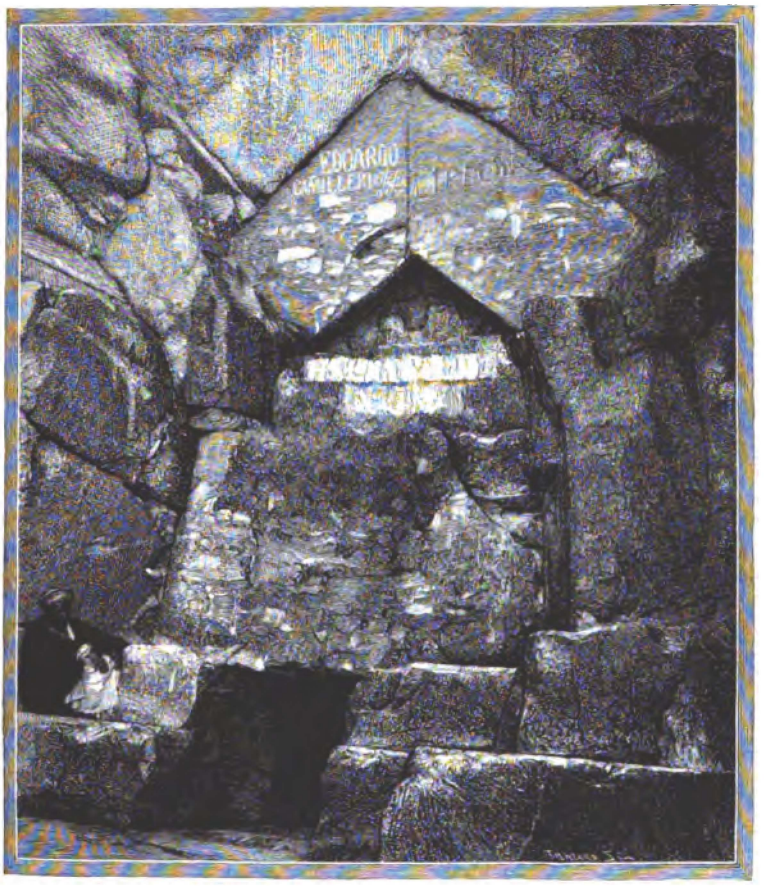
meditated jumps, carefully freed, be assured, from any of the abandon of "a goat in a frolic."

The courses of stone vary in their thickness from twenty inches to fifty-six inches. They do not rise above each other in uniform order from a massive foundation-course up to one of very small dimensions for the summit. The third course is composed of stone fifty-six inches in thickness; the fifteenth course is only twenty-eight inches thick, while at the twentieth course we find that the stone measures thirty-eight inches. The thirty-fifth course is only twenty-four inches, whereas the thirty-sixth course is fifty inches. The remainder of the structure upward is not so variable, the several courses ranging from forty-two inches to twenty inches. It will thus be seen that, even in accomplishing the descent, one has been prevented by the builder from making any certain calculation beyond the block of stone upon which he, wondering, stands. There are now two hundred and two courses remaining, and the height is 5,445 pyramid-inches.

What glories must have been witnessed by those who ventured to this lofty platform in the ages that are past! It must have been the observatory of king, priest, ruler, poet, historian, and philosopher. If the sight of Rameses II. was as clear as his mental vision, he, seated there, could have enjoyed some of the proudest hours of his proud and exalted reign, for his strong cities and "store" cities could all be seen: Pithom, with its great storehouses, built when bricks were made without straw; Rameses, the city named after its ambitious builder; Tanis, the Zoan of the Bible, where "marvellous things" were done; Memphis, the proud capital whose fallen Colossus still lies among the ancient ruins, half embedded in modern mud. The sun always shone on the sculptured head of Rameses the Great first in the morning and last at night, for his colossal statues, standing in every city higher than all else except the masterpiece of Cheops, caught the light before and after all else, the more ancient obelisks not excepted.



The Coffer.



Entrance to the Great Pyramid.

The first reddening tip of the sun upon those lofty "likenesses" of the great Pharaoh was the signal for the watchman of the night to announce the day begun. The last touch of glory upon them was the slave's warning that the king reigned supreme, "forever."

Long after Rameses II., Cambyses came, and on the pyramid-plain conquered the Egyptians, mutilated the face of the Sphinx, and broke into the true outlines of the pyramids—ruthless conqueror, vandal, and destroyer that he was. Twenty-four centuries after, Napoleon, with his conquering hosts, met the gold-covered Mamelukes, who, riding as swift as the wind and as a flame of fire, hacked the barrels of the French guns with their blades of Damascus steel. It was like a blazing volcano. All was smoke and blood and mutilation, as though an earthquake had come. Drooping their heads to the saddle-bow, the fearless Mamelukes rode forward and met the awful volleys of the invader, but only to sink in the sand. Without horses then, and lying upon their backs wounded, they cut at the legs of the enemy with their keen sabres, never yielding until conquered by death.

And there, close to the Sphinx, one can see now the very place whence came up the clouds of smoke and flame amid the yells of the demons who fought, where lay the masses of dead and dying, where the depleted ranks of the victors moved along with bristling arms and broken standards—moaning and swirling like the sea that refuses to be quiet after a storm.

Later, Champollion, Lepsius, Rosellini, Greaves, and others gathered material here for their splendid volumes. Their magnificent helps to the study of this whole vicinity were not appreciated during their lives, for speculation as to the purpose of these wondrous structures attracted little popular attention for nearly half a century, until it gained a new impetus from the wide discussion of the theories of Professor C. Piazzi Smyth and others.

The construction of the interior of the Great Pyramid must now be explained, so far as it is understood. If one could have but a single impression of the massive masonry and the constructive ability of the master-mason who planned it, the most satisfactory one would be at the entrance, near the centre of the north side. The floor-base of the entrance-passage is on the thirteenth tier of masonry, about sixty feet from the ground, is 398 inches wide and 30 inches thick. The entrance-passage is but 41.5 inches wide, and its walls are composed of comparatively small stones. But their truthfully straight lines and close-fitting joints excite the admiration of all who are able to appreciate good work. The passage descends at an angle of 26.3°, nearly. Over the walls is a roof of stone 100 inches thick and 147 inches broad. Above it is a triangular stone which is 60 inches thick at the outer end. The vertical line of the two lower triangular arch-stones is 96 inches.

The Entrance and Al Mamoun's Forced Opening.

As may be seen by the masonry below (page 51), at either side, there must have been one or more sets of these northward (outside) of the ones remaining. If there are more beyond, they are undoubtedly upon a horizontal line, and must, therefore, rapidly leave the neighborhood of the entrance-passage.

Though mercilessly hacked and quarried and dilapidated, the mouth of the entrance-passage gives one a most impressive example of the stupendous construction-plan of the whole grand pile. It held its secret within its great throat for many a long thousand years, until A.D. 820, when Caliph Al Mamoun discovered it in a most unexpected manner. This distinguished Arab of Fostat, the son of Haroun al Raschid of the "Arabian Nights," with inquiring mind, made a journey to Gizeh and proceeded to effect an entrance into the Great Pyramid, wherein, he had been led to believe, great treasures were to be found. A large staff of quarrymen was engaged for the work. At which side to make the attack, and at what point, was a puzzle. A trifling hint caused the north face to be chosen, near the base and at the centre. Two blunders were made

Pyramid of Chephren from the Top of the Great Pyramid.

at the beginning. The forced entrance was started 300 inches below the proper one, and 250 inches west of it. Night and day, week after week, for months, the labor of tunnelling went on, until quite one hundred feet of the antique masonry had been broken up and brought to the light. The workmen began to murmur then, and even openly rebelled against pursuing such a fruitless task any further. But they were forced to push on. One day, as some of them wrought despairingly at the inner end of their excavation, they heard a strange noise beyond them, which resembled the falling of a great stone in a hollow space. It seemed incredible. Though alarmed beyond measure, they were forced by their persistent master to go on with the enterprise. Hammers, fire, and vinegar were employed with renewed vigor again and again, until, a walled surface yielding to their efforts, the way opened to a low, narrow, descending passage. Leaping into the dark avenue with lighted torch, they discovered at once the fallen stone which had led them on. It had dropped from the roof to the floor, and revealed the fact that there was just beyond it another passage, following southward like the other, ascending instead of descending; but, alas! it was closed by a series of huge granite plugs, placed there by the builder for the very purpose of heading off such enterprises as that of the adventurous caliph.

Nothing daunted, however, the plucky Saracens broke a side passage through the western wall of limestone, cut a huge chasm upward, and made a junction with the wall of the ascending passage where the granite did not oppose. They cut through the limestone wall with comparative ease, but as fast as they removed the broken pieces of the well-formed blocks, others came down from above and continued to bar their advance. The despairing men gave way, but their unrelenting master drove them back to their work, forbidding them to stop until the mysterious blocks ceased to fall before them, though the reservoir from which they dropped be held by the hand of Allah himself. Finally the last one made its appearance. Like its predecessors, it was broken and removed, and the passage was clear. With lighted *flambeaux* the eager Arabs ascended, first on hands and knees, and then, after reaching the Grand Gallery, hastened, with might and main, upward and onward into the very heart of the mountain of stone.

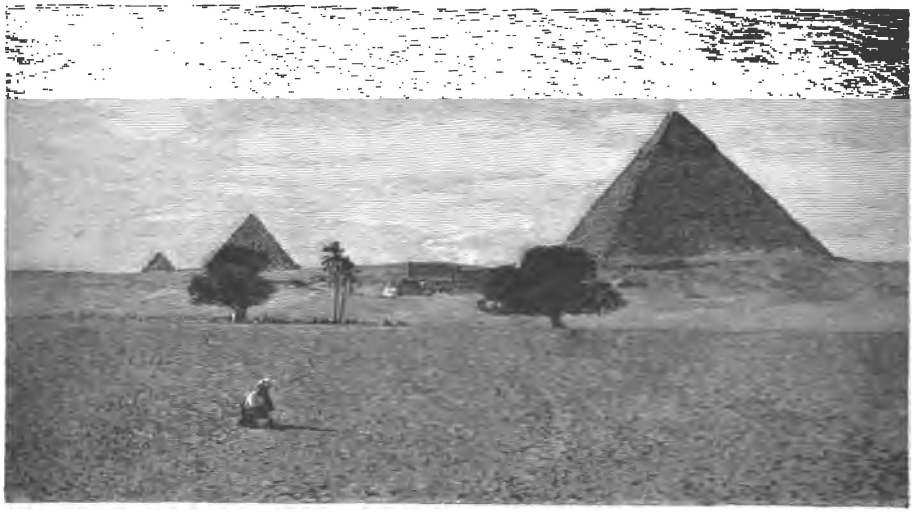
Visions of wealth grew before them—there where a ray of sunshine never gave a ray of hope—until they came to the end of the passage. Then a step at the left, three feet high, arrested their attention. Climbing to its top, a low door-way was found, with a splendidly quarried granite portcullis hanging over it. Passing under this, on hands and knees, they crept into a small antechamber; through this to another low

door-way leading into a further low passage, which again caused them, nonplussed, to bend. Thus they were led into the large apartment known as the King's Chamber. There, on the west side, stood the hard-gained stone "treasure-box!" It seemed too good to be true. It was without a cover to protect its expected contents, and it was—entirely empty!

Caliph Al Mamoun was dumfounded, and his workmen were about to murder him. But he was a Commander of the Faithful and understood human nature. During the night he caused to be hidden near the empty coffer a sufficient store of gold to pay the men. The next day, being bidden to dig again, they found the gold and received their wages. As for the caliph, he returned to Fostat wiser as to the clear-headedness of the Egyptians who preceded him some thousands of years, but no better in purse.

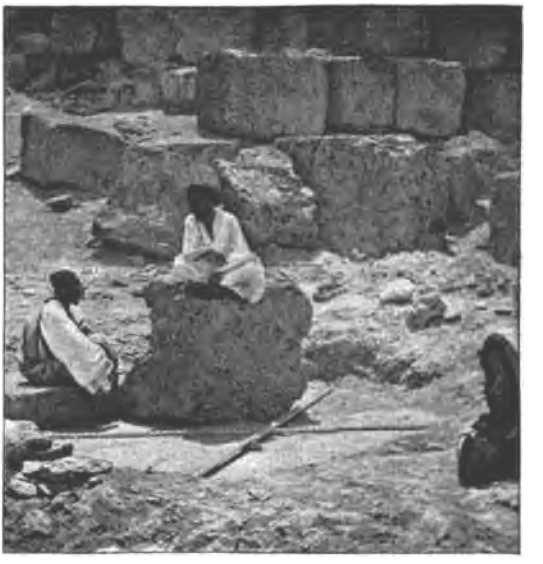
From the time of Al Mamoun until 1637, no special effort was made to unveil the mysteries of the Great Pyramid. In that year Professor Greaves, the English astronomer, made some valuable measurements. Two hundred years later, at his own expense, Colonel Howard Vyse did some persevering work of exploration and mutilation, the great scar on the southern side being a mark of his energy. A generation later, in November, 1864, accompanied by his wife, Professor C. Piazzi Smyth, of Edinburgh, the Astronomer Royal of Scotland, went to Egypt; and, while residing in some ancient tombs near the Great Pyramid, he collected at his own expense an immense amount of information and made most thorough measurements, since published in his three volumes of "Life and Work at the Great Pyramid," and in another entitled "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," all illustrated from his own personally made photographs and drawings. In 1865 he sent me twenty-four of his pyramid photographs on glass, several of which have been engraved for this article.

And what of the interior? A diagram of a vertical, central section (drawn from "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," and used here [p. 50] by the consent of Professor Smyth) must serve in explanation. Entering at the north side, the passage *A* is found descending for nearly 344 feet at an angle of about 27°. The passage is so straight that the blue sky can be seen from the lower end of the portion which descends, at its junction with the ascending passage, *B*, which is only a few feet from where Al Mamoun entered. Ascending

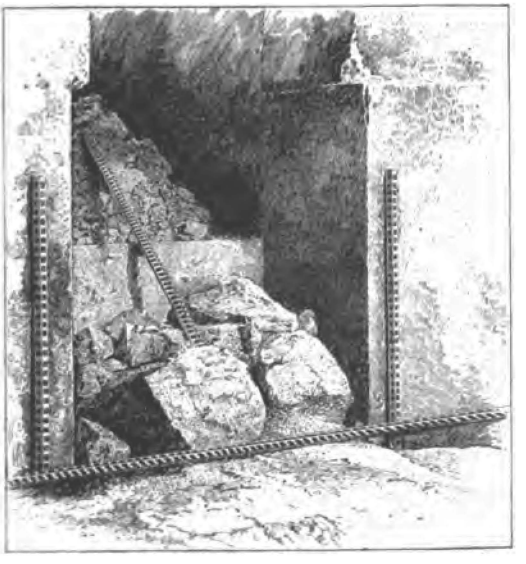


Napoleon's Battlefield (Desert of Gizeh).

this path 93 feet we find a horizontal passage into the Queen's Chamber, *D*, and a narrow, tortuous well descends to the subterranean chambers, *E* and *F*. Passing the horizontal entry leading to the Queen's Chamber, we find the ascending passage widens into what is called the Grand Gallery, *B*, which is 150 feet long, 58¾ inches wide, and 28 feet high. Its construction is very remarkable. Its lofty walls are divided into seven sections, one overtopping the other, the space between walls diminishing toward the roof. On either side is a long stone bench, or "ramp," each with twenty-eight precisely cut holes, the purpose of which is a mystery. Up one or the other of these ramps the explorer is led by the hand of one Arab, is cheered by another following closely, and further helped by deep cuts made in the ramp-stones to prevent slipping. At places the ramp is broken away, when one must take to the floor of the passage. Finally the top, or southern end, is reached. The smooth, slippery limestone climb is left with no little feeling of relief, and the granite of Mount Sinai or of the quarries of Syene is presented for examination. Leaving the Grand Gallery, a vestibule is reached with a granite portcullis, the survivor of four running in granite grooves, doubtless just as Al Mamoun saw them. Beyond is the King's Chamber, *G*, 35 feet long, 17 feet wide, and 19 feet high, roofed and walled with granite slabs so exactly fitted that not even the edge of a page of this MAGAZINE could be forced into the joints. This sunless apartment is not quite under the apex of the pyramid. The vertical pressure is further lessened by five low, empty chambers, constructed in a masterly manner, above. Ventilating channels, *C*, *C*, lead to the outer surface. The one leading northward is 233 feet long, and the other, southward, is 194 feet long. Both are square, and from six to nine inches in diameter. The construction of the roof is, perhaps, the most skilful piece of workmanship in the world. Nine splendid granite blocks, each nearly nineteen feet long and four feet wide, lie side by side upon the walls and form the ceiling. Above this are the five chambers already alluded to, covered by a series of huge sloping blocks which support one another by meeting at the apex. For forty centuries the mass of



A Socket-stone of the Great Pyramid.



The Niche in the Queen's Chamber

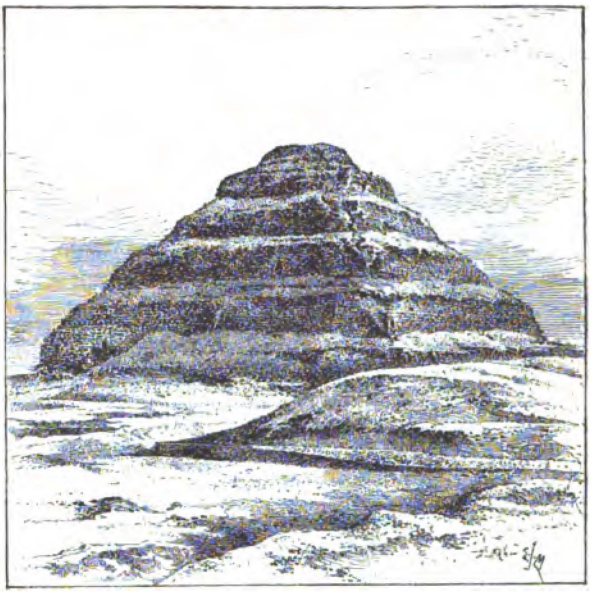
Tombs Northeast of the Great Pyramid.

masonry above has rested on this unique superstructure, and it remains as sound and strong as it was when the architect left it. The floor of the apartment is on the fiftieth course of stone, counting from the base. The coffer is located about four and a half feet from the west end, and, like the walls of the room, is of polished granite. Its cubic measurement outside is exactly double its interior. Its length outside is 90 inches; inside length, 78 inches; width outside, 39 inches; width inside, 27 inches; height outside, about 41¼ inches; depth inside, 34½ inches, nearly. It will hold 2,500 pounds avoirdupois of water, and has about 71,250 cubic inches interior capacity—the same as the old English caldron, and the fourth part is the English quarter measure.

Not a ray of sunshine ever entered the mysterious apartment which holds it. Magnesium light was employed to secure its photograph. Eight Bedouins were posted inside and around it, with an uplifted taper of burning magnesium in each hand. Three cameras, large and small, were focussed, in order to increase the chances of success. A wilder, more weird sight I never witnessed. The dark skins of the Arabs, with their white robes shining in the brilliant light; their excited yells; their stampeding whenever a bit of hot oxide chanced to fall upon their bare shoulders or feet, and the intense glare of the burning metal, all gave the scene an infernal realism which needed no fanciful Salvator Rosa to paint it, or Dante to make it more horrible. More than once, with the fear of failure staring me in the face, I grappled with my dusky helpers as they fled from the chamber. Although half stifled by the fumes of the burning metal, again and again I forced them back to their posts. At last, American magnesium and the Yankee camera were victorious, and brought three pictures of the coffer out to the light, so that all might guess what it is.

And what is it? Whatever else it *may* be, many people, led by Professor Smyth, regard it as the standard of

English weights and measures. A hundred other curious theories have been advanced by thoughtful people concerning the cofer and the chamber wherein it rests, and a thousand details of construction and measurement have been industriously recorded by Professor Smyth. But my space confines me to the mention of only one more thought—one that in the future may lead to very important revelations. When approaching the King's Chamber, as soon as the visitor enters the antechamber, he observes a block of granite suspended from side to side. It is about two feet from the entrance, is quite a foot thick, and is slid down so as to rest in two opposite grooves that have been carefully cut into the wainscoting which lines the chamber for quite a height on both sides. This curious block has been termed the "Granite Leaf," because, as Professor Greaves, who christened it, said, "it resembles the sliding-leaf or valve in a water-gate." The only attempt at "fancy quarry-work" in the great structure is upon the face of this curious block. It consists of a small projection standing in relief only an inch from the face of the stone, with its upper surface conically bevelled. It resembles the handle of a door-latch. It is five inches long and four inches high at the centre. It is called "the boss of the granite leaf," and seems to be such a tempting hint that I wonder the lifting-powers of the "handle" have not been tested—and the puzzle as to what is beyond revealed. The future explorer may be encouraged to effort by the suggestion that the "granite leaf" hides "a chamber wherein are stored all the original plans of the pyramid in all its parts."

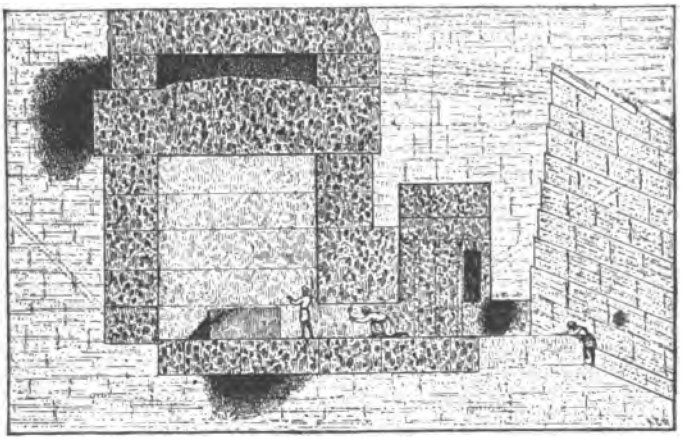


The Stepped Pyramid.

We return once more to the Queen's Chamber. One of the regular tiers of masonry serves as its floor. Its walls are of highly polished limestone, with close and true joints, and are largely covered with a hard saline incrustation. The most curious feature of the apartment is a niche in the eastern wall, two feet out of centre, and fully fifteen feet high. Its accurate finish and its curious construction, shown by the accompanying engraving (p. 55), from Professor Smyth's photograph, made in 1864, prove that it must have had some special and important object. The antique Arab quarried through its back "to find treasure," but found none. The inquiring European thought to find an underground passage beyond, leading to the Sphinx, but abandoned his theory after forcing his way fifty feet eastward. The ceiling of the Queen's Chamber is formed of two inclined sides, so that the apartment is very properly called "seven-sided." From both the northern and southern sides a mysterious tube or channel leads upward and outward. Until a few years ago these channels were closed by a thin casing. A fissure in one of them invited the hammer and chisel; and after their application, two more pyramid conundrums were added to the list for the attention of the future explorer.

Once more to the entrance-passage. As the low ascending and descending

sections are visited, by aid of the torch one may see on their walls a number of carefully chiselled grooves, which—some of the good people wise in such things believe—work by "the inch to the year



Section showing the King's Chamber and its Approach.

theory," and "therefore respond to our own chronology of the following events: When Israel went to Egypt; their exodus from Egypt; the Decalogue given to Israel; the Assyrian captivity of Israel; the Babylonish captivity of Judah; the birth of Christ. Some also believe that the exact entrance into the Grand Gallery marks the Crucifixion, the redemption of Israel, and the resurrection.'

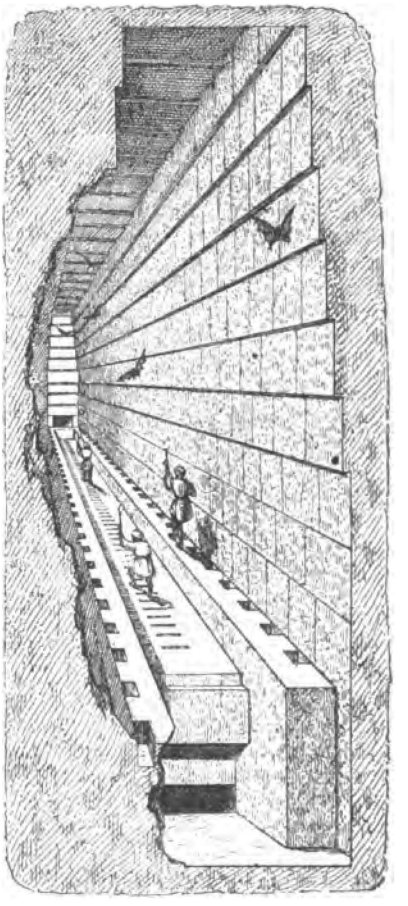
Further extensive and gratifying impressions may be had by means of a circuit around the great pile. An opportunity, also, is thus given to compare it with its neighbors. The ground-plan makes clear their geographical relation to each other, to the Sphinx, to the village, and to the trees. Cheops and his imitators were doubtless foresighted, but they were not amateur photographers; and yet they could not have placed their grand creations better for the purposes of the æsthetic camera-man who is ambitious to take all creation in one wide-sweeping view.

About a mile south by east of the Great Pyramid there is a limestone hill rising from the plain, whose ragged summit is covered with congeries of shell-fish, and which glistens with crystals of gypsum. Standing upon that hill, the observer obtains a fine view of the pyramids of Mencheres, Chephren, and Cheops, and of the Sphinx. In the foreground, say at one-fourth of the distance, are two wide-spread sycamore-trees, with a scanty group of palms between them. Underneath these trees it is said Bonaparte rested after the dreadful combat of 1799. Now, only a lowly Mohammedan cemetery is protected by the shade of the dense green foliage.

Passing beyond these, and eastward, the very best view of the stupendous trio is obtained, together with six of the smaller pyramids, three east and three south of the Great Pyramid. The view accompanying (p. 43) was made with the group of Arabs seated a mile away from the pyramids, and a single Bedouin stationed half a mile from them in order to make the distance better understood. From a closer examination of a corner of the pyramid of Mencheres, one can see how beautiful must have been its highly polished, pink syenite casing, for great masses of the glistening blocks lie in confusion at the base. And how the casing must have been attached is explained by the parts adhering to the upper portion of the "second," or Chephren's, pyramid.

Southeast from the Great Pyramid is a partly excavated tomb. Standing upon one of the magnificently finished blocks of granite which lie there, one can separate Cheops's masterpiece from its neighbors and obtain, not only a choice view of it, but the best possible conception of its elevation. Few sites in Egypt could surpass the one chosen for this pyramid. It stands free all round, 150 feet above the level of the desert, and where the wind keeps the sand swept away clear at its base. It is placed in latitude 30°, or, what is the same thing, where the true

pole of the heavens is one-third of the way from the horizon to the zenith, and where the noon sun at true spring or autumn is two-thirds of the way from the horizon to the point overhead. It is in longitude 31° 11′ east. Its faces are directly north, south, east, and west. Neither storm, earthquake, nor time have disturbed it. Only the vandal has desecrated it, and ruthlessly quarried from it to build his own puny structures in Cairo, or to furnish the tombs now buried in the sand at its feet. Enough remains, however, to construct a wall four feet high, three feet wide, and fifteen hundred miles long, or to supply a cubic foot for each mile of distance between its entrance and the sun. Its height is 486 feet, and is therefore in excess of that of the cathedrals of St. Stephen at Vienna, St. Peter at Rome, St. Nicholas at Hamburg, or Notre Dame at Rouen. It is 179 feet higher than the Capitol at Washington, 69 feet lower than the Washington monument, 121 feet higher than St. Paul's at London, nearly twice as high as the great electric-light mast at Cleveland, and only 24 feet lower than the spires of the magnificent cathedral at Cologne. It is quite 750 feet square at the base, and covers 13½ acres of ground—an area equal to Lincoln's Inn Fields in London, and about three hundred feet each way longer than the area occupied by the new public buildings in Philadelphia. If it could be hoisted over New York City and let down at Union Square, it would not quite go into the space between the north side of Seventeenth and the south side of Fourteenth Streets. It would cover from the eastern side of Fourth Avenue quite to the first pavement of Fifth Avenue. If it should be thus let down at any time, and there were no street-exits north and south, Union Square would become as dark and dismal as the King's Chamber. It is four times as high as the electric-light mast in Union Square, and several times larger, I dare say, than the pyramidal composition formed by the guy-rods of that mast. Anyone standing at the northwest corner of Broadway and Seventeenth Street, facing toward Fourteenth Street and Fourth Avenue, will secure a fair impression of the size of the Great Pyramid



The Ascending Passage.

base, although the area thus viewed is nearly three hundred feet scant on the right-hand side. The diagonal of its base is 12,927 inches.

One more effort to get at a satisfactory comprehension of the immensity of this unparalleled structure, and I desist. The observation must be made from the north side, opposite the entrance and at some distance from, and on a line somewhat below, the base [p. 52]. Al Mamoun's hole is seen on the right. Above it, and farther east, is the grand entrance-portal, 668 inches above the base, and there are the objects to be used for our kindergarten demonstration—the quarried blocks of stone. Some of these are thirty feet long by five feet high, and four to five feet wide. They must contain from six to seven hundred

and fifty cubic feet each, and weigh from fifty to sixty tons. The stones about the entrance we have already tried to comprehend. There is nothing of interest on the western side.

Let us turn for awhile to the Great Pyramid's inseparable companion, the Sphinx. It is located about 1,800 feet southeast of the Great Pyramid. It is a natural rock, such as is occasionally seen in the Arabian desert between Akabah and Petra, with the general outline of an animal. The head only has been sculptured with any artistic care, after the image of the Egyptian god Armachis. The back of the head has been less mutilated than the face, and still displays the careful chiselling of the workmen. Little is known of its history, and less of its origin. Science, however, has figured out its size. The height from the base is 63 feet; the length, 155 feet. The ears each measure 6 feet 5 inches; the nose, 5 feet 10 inches; and the mouth, 7 feet 8 inches. Across the cheeks, the face is 13 feet 7 inches. The neck at the shoulders is 99 feet in circumference, and at the head 66 feet. From the great hole in the back to the shoulders is 75 feet. Recent excavations have revealed again, between the mason-built paws of the monster, and running underneath its body, a curious "temple" with six compartments, one above the other, with a grand staircase leading to it from the plain. What the connection is between the two is yet an open question. M. Mariette believed the Sphinx to be older than the pyramids. It is known to the Arabs as "Abûhol"!—the father of terrors! Wise investigators have concluded that it was completed in the time of Thothmes IV., and redecorated under Rameses II., but had been commenced under Thothmes III., about 1460 B.C. Its name, Sphinx, means "the pouring out," and for this reason it is believed in some way to symbolize the overflow of the Nile. Other good people believe it was designed to symbolize a pure religious truth connected with the lesson the Divine Master taught—"Watch."

Doubtless the clearing away of the sand about it, which is going on vigorously at this very time, may supply some fresh knowledge that will help us to understand the purpose of its construction. It has been and is faithfully watched, but, as I heard an American lady remark one day, as she sat upon a dromedary in front of it, "I think they keep it in horrible repair."

A few notes as to the construction of the Great Pyramid, and then I must retire from a discussion which is seemingly endless. All through the consideration of the subject, the queries arise: "Who built it?" "When?" "How?" "What for?" Answers to these questions have been figured out by wiser delvers than I. I record what seem to me to be the most reasonable of very many. The builder, Cheops, ruled in the fourth dynasty, the earliest one of which we have any record, unless the "Step" pyramid of Sakkarah was erected in the third dynasty. It seems to have been the ambition of the rulers of the fourth dynasty to place themselves on record as the beginners of monumental history, and to fasten its first link to the Great Pyramid. The structure must have been completed, then, about 2170 B.C., and for over four thousand years has served as the contemporary record of the world's events.

How was it constructed? Certainly with tools. This fact has been satisfactorily proved by Mr. W. Flinders Petrie, the indefatigable explorer, who even now is laboring in the Delta in the cause of the Egypt Exploration Fund. The said tools were jewel-pointed—with beryl, sapphire, emerald, topaz, or diamond. In form they were similar to those used in our present generation—long, straight saws, circular disk-saws, solid drills, tubular drills, hand-gravers, and lathe-tools were all made with jewel-points set in a metallic base. Hammer, chisel, and pick dressing were also freely used.

On one of the walls at Thebes, Mr. Flinders Petrie tells us, there is a painting of workmen apparently chiselling down the side of a stone to a plane face; they have a cord stretched quite clear of the stone over an offset block at each side, and are then applying an offset piece to the face of the stone to see whether the face is in excess. This is a skilful method, as any excess would bulge out the string, and could be exactly measured as the work went on. And the string need not be

removed, as the chisel could be used under it. Working on a vertical face, the bellying of the string does not affect it.

At each of the four corners of the levelled rock upon which the lower tier of the pyramid stands, there is a rectangular cavity or "socket," 6 by 7 feet in size, and in depth about 9 inches. The four foundation corner-stones of the edifice were set in these. They are exactly level, but not on the same horizontal plane, the southeastern "socket" being the lower. How the work went on after that, to the finish, has been fairly conjectured. There are those who oppose the "continuous" idea, and aver that the reigning king did not at once complete the pyramid intended for his tomb. They maintain that the sepulchre was sunk in the bed-rock, and a sloping passage cut to it from the surface. Over this a tapering pile of stones was built. If the king then died, his mummy was placed in the tomb, a small pyramidal cap was put on top of the blocks of stone, and triangular blocks were placed at the sides. A small pyramid hermetically sealed was thus completed. If the king lived, he omitted the triangular blocks and cap, and added other blocks around the base so as to form a second stage, and so on, each year increasing the size. Thus the longer the king reigned the greater his last resting-place became. It also served to mark the years of his reign. If this theory is correct, then no particular credit is due to King Cheops, except for the indestructible evidence that he reigned longest of all. But a more lofty purpose than that must be ascribed to him. There is a unity of design apparent in the Great Pyramid, which proves that it is the result of one grand conception from beginning to end. One need but return to the five apartments above the King's Chamber to see how mighty was the plan from the start, and how scientifically it was executed. Four azimuth-trenches have been found by Professor Smyth, which were evidently used by the ancient architect. Professor Smyth also sets down the cubic measurement of the great structure at 80,000,000 feet. Stephens avers that it could accommodate three thousand seven hundred chambers as large as the King's Chamber, and yet allow an equal solid bulk for partition-walls.

The building was constructed conscientiously throughout. It was so workmanlike, in fact, that there is no reason why it should not stand for four thousand years after every other structure now on the face of the earth is in ruins.

When the builders had finished their work the entrance was carefully concealed by blocks which, in their day, were considered Cyclopean. The secret method of entering was probably communicated to the priests of the land, and handed down generation after generation until, by some unhappy accident, it was lost. When the missing links were first recovered we do not know. Some points of history are given further on.

We return now to our original conundrum. Why was the mysterious structure erected?

Outside of all the legends and traditions in regard to it, a thousand modern theories have been advanced as to the true intent and purpose of the builder. The following are the most reasonable: Lepsius and the majority of Egyptologists consider all the pyramids to be tombs, and maintain that each one stood in the centre of a necropolis. Mr. John Taylor, Professor Smyth, and their cobelievers, adhere to the religious theory. A much less number believe variously in the scientific, the geodesic, or the astrologic theory, and all argue, somewhat dogmatically, each for his own particular little apex.

The scientist fascinates us with his idea that the builder only intended to leave evidence of the splendid acquirements of the people of his day, and that, if evolution only keeps gliding placidly on, something quite as large as the Great Pyramid will come along if the world is patient.

No body of men regard the Great Pyramid as holding more symbolical meaning for them than the members of the Masonic fraternity. Cheops is looked upon as their "Grand Master," and his vast accomplishment is regarded as holding the true principles of all that is "plumb, level, and square." Moreover, it is maintained that "if the sacred

View from the Top of the Pyramid of Cheops.

truths taught by Cheops's pyramid have been inspired by the 'great Architect of the Universe,' and that the architect of the Great Pyramid has tabulated those truths in a Masonic form in this unique building, then the inference is that it is left for the fraternity to apply the connection that exists between the two." The Masonic Lodge is planned after the Great Pyramid "for three several Masonic reasons," reiterated at every lodge meeting.

Professor Smyth thinks that enough has been found out to prove that the building is not "stuck full of rooms," and that practical experience gives "mechanical proofs of a general focussing of the whole toward the King's Chamber, in a manner which absolutely precludes the idea of any other hollow part of importance remaining to be found." And yet there is a movement on foot in this country for a more than ever thorough search after, and investigation of, facts; and another organization, also American, is pledged to probe the mystery with a diamond drill, hoping thus to decide forever whether there are or are not other subterranean chambers and passages.

The earliest trustworthy records were made by Herodotus, the father of authentic history. He visited Gizeh, and tells in glowing language the wonderful impression made upon him by the pyramids, besides recording the many legends and traditions told him by the Egyptians. Before his time we have but little history. When the Mohammedans occupied Egypt the shrewd Arabian writers took up the theme, and wrote many things which can only be looked upon as wild fancies.

Sir John Mandeville was one of the earliest Christian visitors (1350), and from then down to the visit of Professor John Greaves (1637) a number of others recorded their experiences and convictions. Professor Greaves is entitled to the credit of beginning the careful modern study of the subject. Many followed him until in 1799 came the French *savants* of Napoleon's expedition. In turn, Hamilton, Dr. Wilson, Belzoni, Caviglia, Wilkinson, Colonel Howard Vyse (1837), and several others, added much to our knowledge. Then the work rested for over twenty years, until 1859, when good John Taylor, "the father of the modern scientific theory," began his investigations. He, dying, let his mantle fall upon Professor C. Piazzi Smyth. After him we owe much to Rawlinson, Mariette, Brugsch, Maspero, and the Pooles. And now, even while I write, the very last of all comes as follows:

"There is a passage leading from between the paws of the Sphinx, running diagonally to the Great Pyramid, the

entrance to which is covered by a large stone. Underneath the pyramid is a spacious chamber supported by carved pillars. There is also an entrance to the pyramid on the west side. In the King's Chamber there is a stone behind the coffer which revolves on a pivot, but which is fastened on the outside by two bolts. This is on the west side." These suggestions are accompanied by the following remark, found in an old manuscript: "In a tomb behind the Sphinx, from the mouth of a mummy-pit eighty feet deep, the echoes, prolonged, of a gun fired in the heart of the pyramid were heard, while the gun fired at the base of the pyramid was hardly audible. This fact proves a hidden labyrinth beneath the table-land." Thus writes Mr. W. L. Morcom, of Manchester, England, in the *International Standard* for May.

Since then he has written me further concerning his faith in the "sound" theory, as follows: "We have chambers on the twenty-fifth and fiftieth layers of masonry; why may there not be one on the seventy-fifth? And certainly there are some in the solid rock, easily discovered if properly attacked. Large chambers must emit a hollow sound if the walls are struck. I would place listeners on the following spots: at the ventilation-holes, outside; at the ventilation-holes, inside; in the King's Chamber; in the Queen's Chamber; in the subterranean chamber; and in the great outside tomb southeast. The firing or hammering should be at stated intervals, and the results noted. I also look for a passage over the ascending passage, believing that the transverse plates are for strengthening the work." These suggestions thrill the earnest student, and create a wish that they may soon be brought to the test.

The last day I was at Gizeh was a memorable one for me. I had come back, after nearly half a year of wandering among the great marvels of the Orient, to live the pyramid experiences all over again—but this time as a carefree visitor, and not as a workman. I revisited the interior; climbed to the top, and remained there several hours; I then descended, and once more made the circuit. Then I bade farewell to the Sphinx, and finally crossed over to my old, favorite seat, on a granite pillar of the great tomb. The sun was practically set, for it was behind the pyramid, where I could not see it. But its power was not gone. It sent over toward me the monstrous shadow, as keen-edged and pointed as a Soudanese spear. The long darts of light shot out from the northwestern and southeastern outlines of the great pile like the scintillations of a corona—a veritable nimbus of glory. In an instant more the display ended. The sun had set, and the darkness of the Egyptian night was over all. The whole world seemed to have fallen into the depths. The shadow projected on the sands was lifted up and hung like a screen against the pyramid. The outlines of the great mystery became almost invisible.

Presently a new, soft, lovely light fell down from heaven, or else it came sweeping across the desert like a breeze from Memphis—which, I cannot tell. It was the after-glow, the sunset glory repeated. The soft, tender tints flushed the faces of the monsters of Gizeh, flushed the horizon all around, flushed the sky. The vast desert was set aglow again. Then it all went away, and in the darkness I rode back to the noisy city, more entranced and more puzzled than ever.

NATURAL SELECTION.

A ROMANCE OF CHELSEA VILLAGE AND EAST HAMPTON TOWN.

By H. C. Bunner.

PART I.

CHELSEA Village has never had the aggressive exclusiveness of Greenwich. It exists to-day, and vaguely knows itself by name, close to the heart of the great city that has swallowed it up; but it is in no-wise such a distinct entity as the brave little tangle of crooked streets a few blocks to the south. Greenwich has always been Greenwich, and the Ninth Ward has been the centre of civilization to the dwellers therein. But Chelsea has tried to be fashionable, has opened its doors to foreign invaders, and has even had an attack of Anglomania, and branched out into Terraces in the true London style. And so it has lost homogeneity and originality, and it has only a peculiar and private air of ambitionless and uninviting gloom to set it apart as a special quarter of New York. But Chelsea certainly does look like the inhabitants of its own boarding-houses—most respectable people, who have only tried too hard at elegant gentility for their own comfort or prosperity. And the place has one other strong individuality. I do not know that there are very many ailanthus-trees in Chelsea; but there is, to me, a pervading odor of that gruesome exotic in all the streets, and I think an imaginative person might detect the smell even in the midwinter blasts that howl up from the North River.

Contemplation of one Chelsea street had a depressing effect upon Miss Celia Leete, as she sat by her window at five o'clock of a summer Saturday afternoon. Her room was in the front of a third story of a comfortable white wooden house, one of a little squad that stood well back from the street, the first two stories all but hidden by green-latticed verandas.

Miss Celia Leete looked through the thin and dusty leaves of the horse-chestnut-tree on the sidewalk, and her gaze roved idly up and down the line of boarding-houses across the way. They were boarding-houses with certain aspirations. They had also high stoops and elaborate cast-iron balconies. Yet, somehow, they did not look like even the second-cousins of those lordlier structures within the sacred one block's space east and west from Fifth Avenue.

Perhaps this was partly because right next to them came the little tailor's shop, red brick, painted redder yet, ten feet wide and one story high, with the German tailor's wife forever standing in the door-way, holding her latest baby in her bare red arms.

The children of shabby and not over clean gentility were playing in shrill-voiced chorus on the sidewalk in front of the high-stoop houses. Occasionally one of them would recognize a home-returning father, and, without pausing in the merry round of Spanish Fly or Par, would give his parent the hail of easy equality, "H'lo, Pa!"

The heads of families in the boarding-house colony were sometimes employed in the wholesale houses down-town; but oftener were clerks or floor-walkers in large dry-goods shops, or proprietors of smaller establishments on the West-side avenues. One of these gentlemen arrived at his domicile as Miss Celia Leete looked out of her window. He mechanically took his night-key from his pocket, but he replaced it, for the door was open, and most of the ladies of the house were disposed about the steps, in all the finery that the "bargain counters" of Fourteenth Street could furnish. Then this conversation fell sharply upon the dull and sultry air:

"Why, Mr. Giddens, that you? Early to-night, ain't you? Wasn't it awful hot down-town?"

By a delicate convention of the place, even the boarder who was in charge of the Gent's Furnishing Goods Department of Messrs. Sonnenschein and Regenschirm, a mile up Eighth Avenue, was supposed to transact his business "down-town."

"Hot enough for *me* [a responsive

ripple of merriment]. I ain't a hog, Miss Seavey. Why, Miss Wicks, *you* down again? Haven't seen you in three days. Quite a stranger. How's the neuralger?"

"Better now, thank you, Mr. Giddens; but I had an awfle siege of it this time. I was most afraid to show myself, I've run down so."

"*I*dersed you'd run up, 'stid 'f down. Never saw you lookin' better."

"Oh, Mr. Giddens, you're so gal*lant!* I wonder your wife ain't jealous of you, you're so gal*lant* to all the ladies. There, you go right along to her, or she'll say somethin' to me, I know she will." And with a gentle push, and amid much tittering, Mr. Giddens disappeared in the dark door-way.

Celia Leete turned from her window. She was sick of life, of the place, of herself—of something, she could not quite tell what.

And yet her ailment was common enough, and simple enough, and she defined her longing sufficiently well when she said to herself, as she sometimes did: "I wish I was someone else."

It would not require a profound psychologist, knowing who and what Miss Celia Leete was, and knowing also that she had spent one year of the most purely formative period of her young life in a semi-fashionable boarding-school, to deduce from this statement a general idea of what manner of person Miss Celia Leete wished to be, could she be someone other than herself.

Miss Celia Leete was the younger daughter of David Leete, the manufacturer of the once famous "William Riley" baking-powder. There was no levity prepense in the peculiar suggestiveness of this name. Mr. Leete had perhaps never heard of the Celtic lover who of old time was bidden by his aristocratic lady-love to "rise up" and accompany her to "far Amerikey." But he had bought the receipt for his excellent baking-powder from a clever young Irishman who chanced to be a

leave New York forever. For even the truest old New Yorker must now go into exile with Death, and lie down at last in a Brooklyn cemetery or far up in trim Woodlawn.

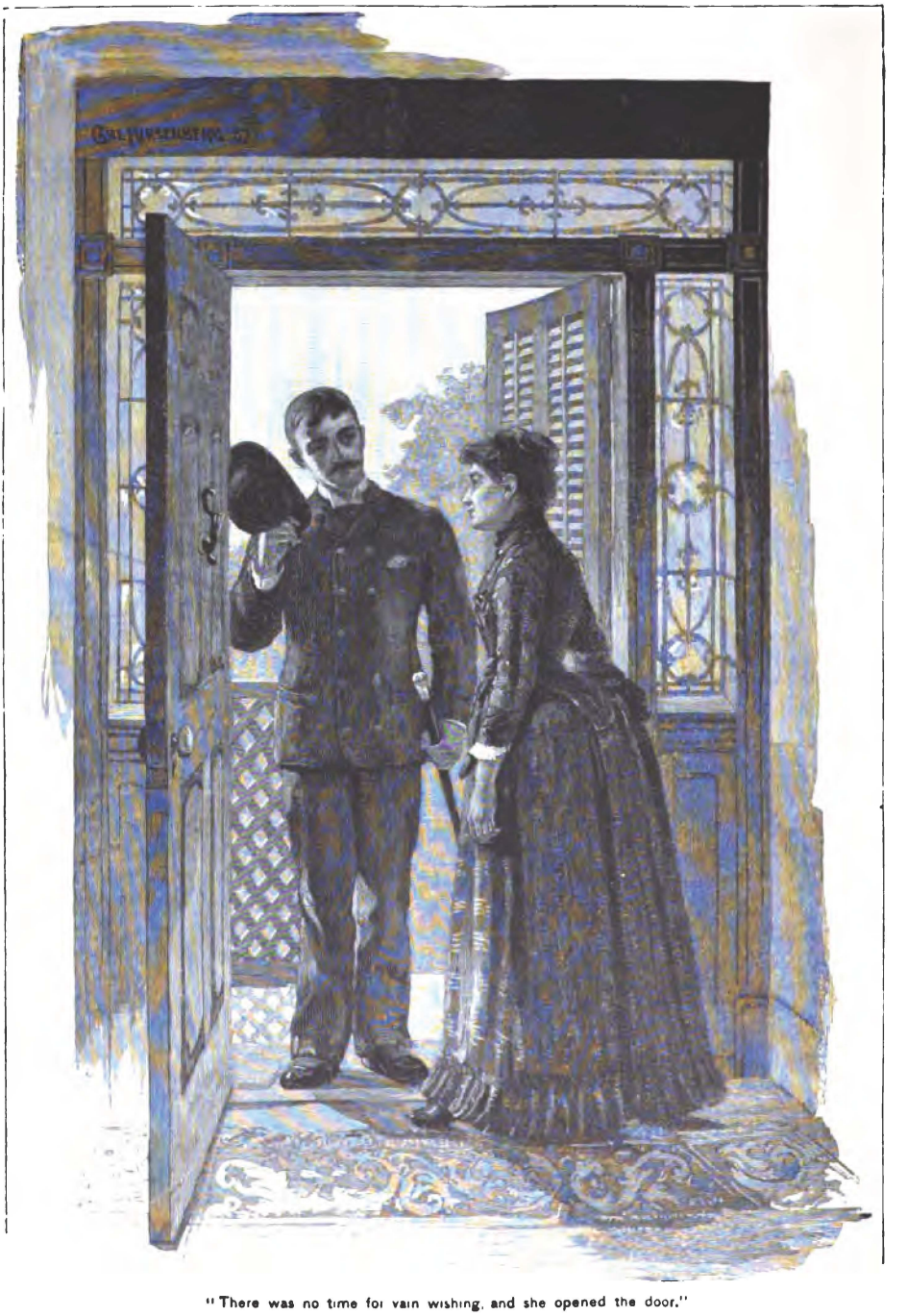
namesake of the lovelorn emigrant whose tale is told in immortal verse, and he loyally gave the inventor due credit, and stood upon his own merits as an honest manufacturer. It was long ago, in the earlier days of baking-powder, that David Leete put the "William Riley" on the market. It was a great success among those first adventurous housewives who were heretical enough to shake off the thralldom of yeast. Of later years, other baking-powders had crowded between it and the great baking public, yet it still sold much as it had at first, when hundreds only, instead of thousands, put faith in the fermenting powers of the new discovery. The adventurous housewives of the first generation had grown old and conservative, and they clung to the William Riley powder, and thought ill of those giddy young matrons who dallied with more modern compounds.

So David Leete was well-to-do. He might have lived in a much finer house than the white frame cottage; but that was the first house he had ever bought, and thence he had ordered that he should be borne when the time came for him to

From the old house, then, he walked to his Houston Street factory every morning at eight o'clock. It had been six o'clock in the baking-powder's first days of struggle, and then it had been seven, and half-past seven, and now that his son Alonzo was old enough to look after the business, he was thinking of making it nine. At half-past twelve he came back for dinner; at six he was at home, in his shirt-sleeves and his big slippers, waiting for supper with a good appetite and a clear conscience.

Mr. Leete had a better appetite for his supper than his younger daughter could often muster up. By six o'clock, as a general thing, the day had grown very heavy to this young lady, and she was not tempted by the cold meat, the hot biscuit, the cake and the tea which were good enough for her father and her mother, her brother Alonzo and her sister Dorinda, more commonly called Dodie or Doe.

But then there were many things that Celia did not fancy, in spite of the fact that the rest of the family liked them. Such strange differences of taste will occasionally occur in even the most



"There was no time for vain wishing, and she opened the door."

conservatively regulated households—and the standard-bearer of a new school of domestic ethics has to suffer, as a rule. Were we not well abreast with the world when last we took our bearings, some twenty or thirty years ago? Are we to set our sails now to suit these saucy chits whom we ourselves brought into the world? What was right in our time is right for all time, and there's an end of it.

Celia did not, however, suffer martyrdom because of any ideas which may have stimulated her young imagination. Her mother said she was "a peaky, Miss Nancy sort of a fussy child, not 'tall like Popper Leete, nor like my own folks, neither." Father Leete thought sometimes that she had been "spilte by that highty-tighty boardin'-school." Dorinda considered her "awfle queer," and wished she were "like the other girls," and Alonzo silently disapproved of her ways and manners—saying once, in fact, that he thought she had too many of the latter. Yet they all loved her and indulged and petted her. They did not understand her, of course; but, then, there was no necessity of understanding her. Children are fanciful, and Celia was still the child of the house.

And although these quoted utterances told, in a broad way, the truth about Celia's differences with the family standard of ethics, it is safe to say that no member of the household had anything like a realizing sense of that truth. If they perceived in the young woman an unwise and futile ambition, they misapprehended the nature of the ambition itself, and pictured the aspirant as desirous merely of those material things the possession of which represented to them social superiority. If they had been asked to put their ideas in words, they would have said that Celia wished to live in a house on Fifth Avenue, to drive on that thoroughfare in a fine carriage, to give balls, and to dance the german, whatever that was, and to have her name in the *Home Journal* every week. And, doubtless, these things were all in Celia's list of vague desires; but also her heart yearned after a certain something which sometimes goes with these things, which yet she knew was not hers by birth—whereas the notion that there was any difference in human quality between themselves and the haughtiest of the people in what was called society had never entered into the head of any living Leete until Celia was sent to a boarding-shool in the Orange Mountains, the year that they thought her lungs were weak.

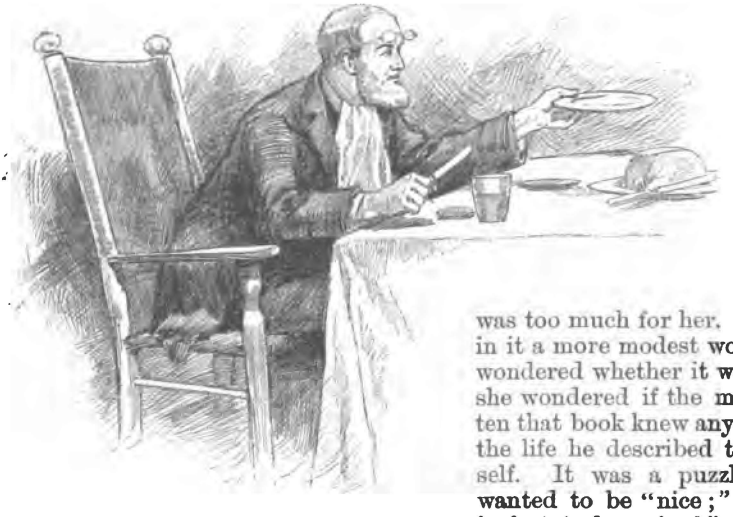
The Leetes had, like other folks, their own little foot-rule to measure the world with, and they used it with stern and unimaginative justice. They measured all people with it—king and clodhopper, poet and peasant. If you fell below what they held to be the proper stature of man, they might recognize you in your place as a fellow-mortal and a factor in the affairs of life; but they would have none of you socially. If you touched the exact mark, you were a "gentleman" or a "lady," as the case might be. If—by mischance—you rose above that fixed line—why, there was something wrong about you, that was sure; at the best, you were *queer*, and *queer* was a word of serious condemnation in the Leete vocabulary.

As an instance of this impartiality in judgment, let us take the case of the Wykoffs. The Wykoffs were the owners of the whole block in which Mr. Leete's factory stood, and for thirty years old John Wykoff had been a model landlord. That is, he had treated Mr. Leete like a gentleman, and Mr. Leete had treated him like a gentleman, and everything was perfectly satisfactory. But now John Wykoff was dead, and his son reigned in his place, and it appeared that this young whippersnapper of a Randolph Wykoff, through his lawyers, had ordered that Mr. Leete's lease should not be renewed when his five years came to an end in the spring. The lease was not to be renewed that had been renewed once every five years since 1862. The rent had always been paid promptly—John Wykoff had never had to wait a day or an hour, nor had he ever been called upon to pay a cent for repairs. And here was this young pup of a son turning out his best tenant, just for some crazy scheme of building a great co-operative factory to cover the whole block. John Wykoff was a perfect gentleman, but his son was no gentleman at all, that was one thing sure and settled.

"But I'll give him a piece of my mind," said Mr. Leete, at dinner. "I'll give him a piece of my mind when he comes back from gallivanting about Europe. Gimme some more cabbage, Ma Leete; I ain't lost my appetite, if the Wykoffs *have* gone back on me."

. . . . . .

Celia Leete, whose brief experience of a strange social world had led her to doubt the accuracy and the usefulness of the Leete foot-rule, sat alone, on this particular afternoon, in the chamber



which she shared with Dorinda. She was trying to read a novel of local manufacture, which, according to a press-notice quoted from the Peoria *Palladium*, gave "a vivid glimpse into the highest stratum of New York's most exclusive society." It told about a young country-girl, of overpowering refinement and general moral and mental correctness, who had come to New York to pay a visit to some worldly and aristocratic relations, several of whom she lured into righteousness during her stay. This young lady was finally saved from the wiles of a titled foreign adventurer by the interposition of the hero, a dark and superficially cynical person, who had sounded all the depths and heights of swellness, and who, finding all things else hollow and objectionable, married her and took her off to do missionary work in the far West, where he felt that he could readily win the confidence and friendship of the miners and the Red Indians, and let the light of apostolic Episcopalianism into their darkened lives.

Celia Leete was not successful in her attempt to read this tender tale. She had got it out of the Mercantile Library on the strength of the advertisement which quoted the Peoria *Palladium*'s notice. Almost all the characters had names that began with "Van" or "Vander," and the dinner-table talk and ball-room chat were of an elegance that would have been intolerable in any but the very highest stratum of society. Yet Celia was not pleased with it. She longed for a higher social life; but this was too much for her. Her desire had in it a more modest working. She even wondered whether it was true or not—she wondered if the man who had written that book knew anything more about the life he described than she did herself. It was a puzzling thing. She wanted to be "nice;" but what was it, in fact, to be "nice?" Was it to talk in that long-winded way, and make references to all sorts of things which could only be learned out of books? If it was, it must be desperately stupid. She wished that she had some clear idea of what really constituted that better life which she knew existed—somewhere, somehow. She wished that some sudden miracle would open a higher circle of society (she believed in "circles;" nay, in iron-bound rings of society) to the Leete family, and that all of them might be given a supernatural grace to fit them for their new surroundings.

Yes, she was looking for the Fairy Prince; that was it. She did not know it; but she was looking for him. If she could have seen deep enough into the depths of her unformulated fancy, she

would have seen that the miracle she awaited was a man.

She let her eyes wander idly about the room, as she dropped the book on her lap. They rested first on Dorinda's bureau, splendent with chromo cards of variegated gorgeousness; and she sighed. Then they fell on her own severely simple chest of drawers—those her mother had owned in her girlhood. Then they turned to the window, and she looked out, and sighed again, and saw the Fairy Prince.

For the Fairy Prince still comes among us, in spite of what the photographers of fiction say; and every now and then he marries the beggar maid, and takes her home to live with his people, and is mightily sorry for it afterward, although, as his antique prototype most likely did, he makes shift to live happily with her ever after—before the eyes of the world.

The Fairy Prince was instantly recognizable to Celia's eyes, although I am afraid other people would have seen in him no more than a good-looking, robust young man, with shoulders so broad that they drew attention from his six feet of stature—a young man with a well-bred carriage, a healthy, dark skin, fine eyes under soft, heavy, black eyebrows, good teeth, and the promise of a moustache—a young man with an expression of dignified earnestness upon his face which suggested the idea that he took things in this world somewhat seriously, and regarded his own progress through it as an event not to be lightly considered. In short, other people would have seen just such a young man as Harvard College turns out by the dozen, into a gibing, vulgar world, too much given to levity.

But Celia saw in this stranger, as he stood at her father's gate, a vast deal more than this. Perhaps she could not have told us anything further about him than that he was "different." Different, she meant, from the men she knew in her daily life, with a difference that was not only in looks and in bearing, but that even went, to her perception, to his very garments, or at least to his way of wearing a very plain every-day suit of tweed.

He felt about the gate for a bell-handle, and, not finding it, pushed in and walked up the path, casting an inquiring glance upward as he went, and catching a glimpse of Celia at her upper window. In another moment his ring clanged through the empty house. Mrs. Leete was making purchases for the household against Sunday. Dorinda was buying unnecessary personal adornments at 27 cents and 39 cents apiece, as was her wont of a Saturday afternoon. Mr. Leete and Alonzo were still at the factory, for it was pay-day, and they stayed later than the hands. And Susan, the "help," was enjoying herself at the eleventh annual picnic of the Daughters of Temperance and Grand Rebekah Protective Lodge. It was clear that Celia had to go down-stairs and answer the bell. Why should it make her heart flutter and throb with wild and irrational disturbance just to open the door to a stranger of amiable and pacific appearance?

She hurried down the stairs, after a hasty glance at the mirror and the administration of a deft pat or two to what she called, I am sorry to say, her drapery. She wondered how she would look to such alien eyes. She wished that she were in her white flannel, her dearest dress; but there was no time for vain wishing, and she opened the door.

He had not vanished: he was there, raising his hat and asking if this were Mr. Leete's house. The quiet deference of his manner, his low, clear voice, his somewhat unfamiliar accent, all caught her pleased attention and fitted with his outward seeming into one harmonious whole that to Celia appeared nothing short of absolute masculine perfection. It was like a dream coming true; it was as though a more than human messenger had arrived, to summon her to that world which she pictured only in her thoughts. She wondered if her voice was trembling, or if her face was white. Meanwhile the young gentleman looked up at what he believed was the prettiest girl he had ever seen, and heard her say, softly and sweetly:

"Yes, this is Mr. Leete's house; but my father is not in. Do you want to see him?"

Perhaps Celia put forward her relationship to Mr. Leete thus promptly because of some faint fear that the Fairy

Prince might take her for the housemaid, though nothing in his courtly manner suggested the idea.

"I *do* wish to see Mr. Leete," he said, and Celia thought again that his voice was quite in keeping with his other perfections. "My name is Wykoff—Randolph Wykoff—and I am anxious to speak to Mr. Leete on a matter of business. I am afraid he has been greatly annoyed by an error—an inadvertence of my agents."

"Won't you come in?" asked Celia. Randolph Wykoff! There was no doubt about this young monarch's pedigree or his possessions.

"I'm afraid I haven't time," Mr. Wykoff said, as he stepped into the entry and told his tale with a flattering deference in his manner.

"Of course I didn't mean, when I made up my mind to build on that unfortunate block—I didn't mean to give annoyance to any of the tenants—certainly not to Mr. Leete. I have always heard my father speak of Mr. Leete in the highest terms—he has often said that he would rather lose all the rest of his tenants than Mr. Leete."

It may be doubted whether John Wykoff had ever said anything quite so enthusiastic; but his son was young and impulsive, and Mr. Leete's daughter was very pretty.

"I should like very much to leave a message for Mr. Leete, if it wouldn't trouble you too much. No? Well, then, you see——"

Randolph Wykoff was in Yokohama when the news of his father's death reached him. He started for home at once, by way of Europe, for he had some business in Belgium. He was a very young man, and as soon as he began to think of anything outside of his immediate grief, he found his whole mind occupied with the consideration of his vast responsibility as the custodian of a mighty fortune. He felt that it was his duty to do something for the world. He could not tell exactly what he ought to do; but he felt that the world expected something of him, and he set to work at once, hunting for a rich man's mission. Now, he had heard of a certain model *usine* near Brussels, and he stopped on his homeward way to inspect it. It was in truth an ingeniously planned structure. By a clever economy in the design and in the application of steam-power, it gave cheap and suitable lodgement to a large number of workers in various handicrafts, forming a congeries of factories and workshops within a wonderfully small space. It was, in its way, a nineteenth-century marvel of saving in space and power. Wykoff decided at once that a similar building should take the place of the motley group of wasteful old buildings on his Houston Street block; and he instantly telegraphed his determination to his lawyers in New York, and instructed them not to renew leases. But his brief instructions did not make clear the fact that he meant only to give his tenants a little temporary trouble for their own permanent good; and when he reached New York, he had to face a storm of protests from angry leaseholders. These people he was now striving to placate, and to win over to his new plans. And as the plans were really good—as he had stumbled on a wise enterprise in all honest ignorance—and as he went about his work with much youthful enthusiasm, he had less trouble than might have been looked for.

Much of all this did Mr. Randolph Wykoff communicate to Miss Celia Leete. But even after an exposition so long that he had hardly time, when he left the house, to catch the train for his mother's summer home at East Hampton—even after so long a parley, he thought it necessary to see Mr. Leete again, and in Mr. Leete's house.

"Of course," he said, "I could see him at his office; but I must show him my plans, and my architect's place is very near here in Broadway, and unless——"

He paused.

"I'm sure father would be very glad to see you here, Mr. Wykoff," said Celia. What could she say else?

So it was arranged that Mr. Wykoff should call on Monday, just after dinner; and Mr. Wykoff took the glory of his presence out of the dark old entry, and Celia stood in the door-way just long enough to see the Fairy Prince turn at the gate and lift his hat to her. Then

she went in and shut the door—and hid her face in her hands.

. . . . . .

It was a grand story that Celia had to tell a little later, while her mother and Dorinda were setting the table, and Popper Leete sat in his shirt-sleeves, with his stocking-feet on the window-sill, and divided his attention between the evening paper and his chattering family. The visit of a stranger was always an event of some importance in that quiet household; surely a visitor with such a mission was a rare bird, and one to be well talked over. And then, I regret to say, there was something in the fact that the visitor was a Wykoff, something in the fact that the Wykoffs were "swells." Not that a Wykoff was better than any other man; not that a swell did not deserve the contempt of plain people with no nonsense about them—and yet I believe that every member of that family was secretly conscious of receiving an increment of social value from the fact that a Wykoff had stood within their doors. Somehow it emphasized the fact of their common humanity. They all felt freshly reassured of the great truth, which they had always known—that they might be swells themselves, if they would but stoop to it.

"I told you, Popper Leete," said his wife, as she trotted about the room; "I told you folks like the Wykoffs ain't likely to play such mean tricks as that. It ain't their way. I declare, Celia, how many napkins *have* you had this week? Now, I see your ring when you put it away yesterday, an' it was jest as clean as it could be, that napkin. If you're so mighty finicky, you'd better wash 'em yourself."

Mr. Leete took Wykoff's explanation as an admission of defeat. There are some people who cannot bear to own that they have been angry for naught.

"I thought he'd come to his senses," Popper Leete condescended to say; "he's a young feller, an' he's got suthin' to learn in this world, he'll find in good time. I give those lawyers a piece of my mind that time, an' I guess he heard of it. Yes, I'm glad he's come to his senses."

"What'd he look like, Cele?" Dorinda pestered her; "was he reel good-lookin'? Did he have dimun' studs in his shirt? They say its awfle toney in England to have dimun' studs."

Alonzo was the only one who took no interest in the evening's topic of conversation. His air of chill indifference showed that if young Mr. Wykoff were twenty young Mr. Wykoffs, he would have to prove his claims to notice before Alonzo Leete would waste a single question upon him.

. . . . . .

Mr. Wykoff appeared promptly at one o'clock on the Monday. He had a long talk with Mr. Leete in the dining-room,

and spread his plans out on the broad table. When Mr. Leete saw that for the same rent he was then paying he could have a larger factory, and that the progress of construction could be so arranged as to obviate all necessity for a double removal of his goods and chattels, he expressed a qualified approval of Mr. Wykoff's proposition. When he pointed out a few changes in the plans which he thought would better fit them for American conditions, and the suggestions were gratefully accepted, he in some manner fathered the whole scheme.

After the business-talk, Mr. Wykoff went into the parlor, where the ladies of the family had assembled, and lingered for a little chat. He found a theme in his recent travels, and he got on nobly when his auditors discovered that, while he had no objectionable personal acquaintance with the royal family of England, yet he had seen the Queen and the Prince of Wales and smaller lights of the reigning house, and could tell many entertaining things of their appearance in public, their manners, and their ways. With a tact which comes to a young man only under certain circumstances, he suppressed the fact that he had been presented at court, and said nothing of driving in coroneted carriages and dining at the tables of the great. The chat stretched out; it was past three when Celia tied up his plans for him, and he took his leave.

Dorinda thought him a reel elegant gentlem'n, and Mrs. Leete said: "Why, *I* think he's a nice, pleasant-spoken, well-behaved young feller. I ain't seen a young man I liked so well in some time."

It is a simple tale. Mr. Wykoff found occasion to come again with his plans, that he might avail himself of Mr. Leete's superior knowledge of the exigencies of practical business. Then he found still other occasions. When the actual work of building began, and he had to superintend it, he fell into a way of walking home with Mr. Leete, and dropping in for a friendly call—sometimes to share a meal. He was received with a shy welcome of subtile significance from Celia, and with a flattered and fluttering cordiality on the part of the rest of the family. Even Alonzo was willing to say, in casual conversation with his friends: "Wykoff—that's Randolph Wykoff, old John Wykoff's son—was in at our house last night, and he said——"

But at last they all understood why he sought their society, and that was the drop of acid in the cloudy solution. There were five different individual reactions in the family of Leete. To Celia came the consciousness of a great and closely impending possibility. Her father was disturbed in mind, suspic-

ious, and anxious. He had sufficient knowledge of the world to grasp the fact that men held, in such matters, widely differing codes of morality. He had no idea what Mr. Wykoff's code might be. The young man seemed a well-meaning youth—but what were his intentions? Dorinda had similar doubts, and the thought of losing her only sister, coupled, perhaps, with a trifle of natural jealousy, moved her to an enmity toward the intruder which she could hardly repress. As to Alonzo, he was wounded past all soothing—wounded in the inmost tenderness of a hidden pride. For Alonzo's heart worshipped what his lips contemned. In his secret soul he adored swelldom. And now the aristocracy had held out its shapely hand to him, and for a brief space he had hugged the delusion that he was accepted on his own merits, and that the disadvantages of his parentage and his surroundings—which he recognized, and yet loyally accepted—did not count against him personally. And now he found that he was only the brother of a pretty girl. His spirit was filled with a bitterness that nourished itself in silence, and the dreadful things that he expected to come of the unhallowed courtship are beyond all mentioning here. Good Mrs. Leete alone stood Wykoff's friend in his wooing, and her simple, honest breast heaved with motherly pride and fond, foolish hopes and aspirations.

And meanwhile Randolph Wykoff kept on calling, and seemed totally unconscious of any loss of spontaneity or heartiness in his welcome at the house of the Leetes; and late in September he and Celia told each other that love at first sight was a living truth. After which, Randolph went home to tell his mother.

A NEW LIGHT ON BALZAC.

By Edward S. Holden.

I.

THE world really needs few books which are not yet written; but it has waited for more than a generation, and it still waits, for a truly satisfying life of the greatest of French novelists—Honoré de Balzac.

It is passing strange that no such adequate life has been even attempted. He lived, at times, in the fiercest light of the French capital. He had the closest relations with a whole school of young and rising literary men—Gautier, Sandeau, Gozlan and the rest. He was the friend and intimate of many cultivated and intelligent women, some of genuine literary powers.

His sister, Mme. de Surville, was his confidante and has edited two volumes of his correspondence; but in spite of the absorbing interest of the subject, and in spite of what ought to have been her exceptional fitness for the work, she has given us next to nothing of any real biography. The letters which she has edited are of the most intimate nature. His own works are full of biographic details. *Louis Lambert* is an acknowledged autobiography. His countless reviews and articles in the Paris journals, his myriad digressions on business, politics, religion, love, law, serve to show the man *à nu*, one would say. Yet he remains a total enigma as a man, as a being. Hundreds of articles have been written on his works, his methods, his genius, from the time of Sainte-Beuve to Lilly and Zola. But the being underneath all this doing remains a mystery. It may be this is as he desired; he may have been a second Shakespeare in this, as in so many other ways, and have wished to leave a curse for him that moved his bones. So far as we know, he left no autobiography. Fortune has been singularly unkind toward his literary remains.

The only extant portrait of Balzac (a daguerreotype) was broken by the Prussians in Paris in 1870 at Charles Yriarte's. A curious fatality has scattered his papers to the four winds. The daughter of the widow of Balzac, Countess Mnisgeck, had, ten years ago, one of the most splendid fortunes of Paris—$120,000 a year, report said. She commenced the building of a magnificent palace at the corner of the Rue de Balzac and the Faubourg St. Honoré. Enormous sums were spent on the outside of this, and the interior was never finished. As long as the Count Mnisgeck lived the creditors held off; but at his death, and while Madame de Balzac, the widow, lay dying, the end came; the creditors took possession, and the letters, the manuscripts, the memorials of Balzac, were dispersed forever.

The best sketch of his life is that of Gautier, who knew him well, and who had an intelligence fine enough to appreciate some, at least, of his qualities. Balzac was born at Tours, May 16, 1799, and died at Paris, August 18, 1850, having conquered fame and love. It is not necessary to recite the mere events of his life. They may be found in a hundred places. His interior development

as a boy is given in *Louis Lambert*. He had not the gift of versification; the poems in his *Illusions Perdues* and elsewhere were written for him by his friends. He refused an excellent situation as notary after he had fitted himself for it, and then commenced the series of struggles in the garret of No. 9, Rue de Lesdiguirères, whose fruit the world inherits. He wasted no moment and chose his garret so as to be near the Library.

Here he sketched out works of every kind: plays, novels, comedies, a tragedy (*Cromwell*), operettas. We all know how he composed, elaborating his novels by additions and additions to the first printed proof-slips. At *les Jardies* Gautier saw the successive revises of one of his books, each revise forming a separate volume. Where are these today? What a *furore* they would create among the disciples of Zola, who love to hang on Balzac's skirts and to call him Master. It was in the garrets that Balzac wrote the *Œuvres de jeunesse, La dernière Fée, Jane la pâle, Dom Gigadas*, etc.

One of the problems of his future biographer will be to explain how the intellect that produced these slight tales, flowered into that subtile genius which has given us *Les mémoires de deux jeunes mariées, Madame Firmiani, Albert Savarus*, and such others as *Seraphita, Gobseck, Les Chouans, Physiologie du mariage*. One only of his biographers has dared to even suggest a theory at all sufficient to account for his astounding insights into the nature of life; and this is done with amusing caution, shame-faced and skeptical.

Gautier says in his sketch: "Quoique cela semble singulier en plein xixme siècle, Balzac fut un voyant." He had clairvoyant power for the present only, not for the future. Reluctant as this admission is, Gautier might have discovered the same power in himself, had he been free enough to look. It is pure clairvoyance that makes Gautier's greatest novel what it is; and clairvoyance of some kind there must be in every great work. When it is of the intelligence alone or chiefly, we have such works as those of Plato or Milton, or the writings of men of pure science—Saint-Hilaire, Newton, Gauss. The clairvoyance of many sides of our complex nature is not vocal; but we see it to be no less real in all genuine passion, whether of love or of religion. When the spirit and the intelligence are both illuminated we have the mystics—Saint Theresa, Swedenborg, Tauler; and at times, and in their several degrees, a Balzac, a Beyle, a Gautier.

Admirers of Beyle are grateful for the appreciation with which Balzac welcomed *La Chartreuse de Parme;* and in the same way the disciples of Balzac are thankful to Gautier for what he has seen and recorded. As he says, the modernness of Balzac's genius is the wonderful thing. He did not care for Greek Art—not even for the Venus of Milo—but for the French woman looking at her. She might perhaps be Madame de Beauséant. Character was Balzac's absorbing interest—the complex of one's moral habitudes—and not style. A defect, a blemish, a disproportion, perhaps, shows how the effects of life may have modified character; and therefore Balzac studies this defect, this blemish, this disproportion. He understood well the modern doctrine of evolution, that a man is the resultant of the forces of heredity and of environment. Indeed, Darwin's own statement of the general theory is no clearer than that of Balzac (1842) in the preface to the *Comédie Humaine*.

And he also knew that physical environment gives a kind of mental attitude, just as devotion in the spirit can be induced by posture. He prepared his houses, he furnished his rooms, and he made his journeys to give himself the attitude he needed. Which came first, the circular room in the rue de Batailles, or *Maraquita* and the *Fille aux yeux d'or?* In what hot and sandy waste did the idea of *une Passion dans le désert* come to him?

There is a period in the life of almost every person when heaven seems near, and when all vision is clairvoyant. It comes to most as a fleeting phase of love; and it vanishes before the first breath of amour-propre in men or of vanity in women. To some it is given to prolong this period through long years or through their lives. These are "the happy few" to whom Stendhal has

dedicated one of his books. Religion, in some natures, gives the same power; and it is even better fitted to give it, in general, since religion begins by casting out the great destroyers of all spiritual life, vanity and the love of self. Should we disclose the secret of Balzac if we said that he also was one of "the happy few;" that it was given to him to prolong the vision of that "attachement de sa première jeunesse" of which he spoke but once, through long years of persistent labor? Would this give the explanation of his preaching and of his practice of absolute chastity which astounded and perplexed his shame-faced friend, and even seemed incredible to his skeptical sister? Is there not at least one personality which stands to the *Comédie Humaine* in the relation of Beatrice to the *Divina Commedia?*

There are as many different opinions upon Balzac as there are men who read him. Matthew Arnold has said:

"The motive of Balzac is curiosity. The result is that the matter on which he operates bounds him, and he delineates not the life of man, but the life of the Frenchman, and of the Frenchman of these our times, the *homme sensuel moyen.* Balzac deals with this life, delineates it with splendid ability, loves it and is bounded by it. And in an hundred years George Sand will have established her superiority to Balzac as incontestably as Rousseau." Has Mr. Arnold forgotten *Recherche de l'absolu,* and *Seraphita,* to name no others? On the other hand Gautier has summed up his character in a few words: "Balzac est un moraliste austère, monarchique et catholique; il défend l'autorité, exalte la religion, prêche le devoir, morigène la passion, et n'admet le bonheur que dans le mariage et la famille." And of his life he says: "L'opinion des plus intimes amis de Balzac est qu'il pratiqua la chasteté qu'il recommandait aux autres."

II.

After the thirty years which have elapsed, leaving us no better biography of Balzac than the often quoted one of Gautier, we might despair of new light. But this new light has come as a joint labor of loyalty from the hands of MM. Cerfberr and Christophe, in the shape of a volume of nearly six hundred pages, which is in brief a *résumé,* an analysis, a biographical dictionary, of the *Comédie Humaine.**

The *Comédie Humaine* is a world, and in this society all the personages appear and reappear from time to time, from book to book, just as in real life real persons cross our path, vanish and come again. The object of the authors is to furnish a guide through the maze, a kind of memorandum of the lives of each of the characters. In form it is an index of persons with biographic details, and its least use will be to serve as a mere index for the lover of Balzac, or for the novice who seeks to verify an allusion or a reference.

Again it will also serve to give a complete idea of the whole life of one character; to connect the various episodes of forty volumes. It is with this view that the work has been done, apparently. Only the characters of the *Comédie Humaine* are included, and the light is purposely thrown on them only. There is no conscious attempt to illuminate the character of the author himself; no list of the real living persons, his friends, to whom he dedicated his books; no collation of the numerous passages where he gives his own judgments of historical characters like Napoleon or Talleyrand; or of authors, as Beyle and Sand; no *aperçus* like his characterization of Saint Peter, for example ("le plus rude, le plus *peuple,* et aussi le plus fin des apôtres").

Moreover it is a pure index of persons; no subjects are included, and in this sense it is an incomplete repertory. You will not find references to the famous law-suits of the *Comédie Humaine,* or to its conspirations, or to its heraldry, except under the names of persons. The opinions and judgments of Balzac himself are not included, except by implication.

No doubt many other devoted disciples besides the authors have either imagined or commenced a work similar to this. M. Paul Bourget in the introduc-

* Répertoire de la Comédie Humaine de H. de Balzac, par A. Cerfberr et G. Christophe, avec une introduction de Paul Bourget. Paris: Calmann Lévy, 1887. 8vo, pp. xiii, 563.

tion mentions three, himself, M. Henri Meilhac, and M. Emile Gaboriau. The writer of this article also has occupied his few leisure moments for the past ten years in such a work, and had communicated its plan to Mme. de Balzac during her lifetime.

Indeed, the very nature of the *Comédie Humaine* suggests such a work. Balzac himself has said: "Mon ouvrage a sa géographie comme il a sa généalogie et ses familles, ses lieux et ses choses, ses personnes et ses faits; comme il a son armorial, ses nobles et ses bourgeois, ses artisans et ses paysans, ses politiques et ses dandies, son armée; tout son monde, enfin."

In my own view, the real value of such work as this is not merely to serve as a key to the particular series of printed volumes which form the *Comédie Humaine*, but far more as an exposition of Balzac himself. He was greater than his works, and he contained them all. They were his children, to be sure, but he sent them forth full grown. They had no development after they had left his hand. It is therefore as a key to the man himself that this minute material for an analytical study of Balzac is precious.

It may not be uninteresting to say a word upon the method which I adopted in making my own analysis of the *Comédie Humaine*, especially as the method of MM. Cerfberr and Christophe appears to have been essentially the same. The various tales were read, one by one, pencil in hand, and every proper name and every date and fact of importance was underscored so as readily to attract attention on re-reading. Thus Luigi Porta was about nineteen years old at the passage of the Beresina (1812), hence he must have been born in 1793. This fact was entered on a card under the title PORTA (Luigi). In the same way, every important event of his life was entered on a separate card, and so with other personages in the same volume. The cards which were thus written from a given volume really represented the essence of the whole tale, and were something like the recollections which one has of the dates and events in the career of an intimate friend, only more exact. Other volumes were treated in the same way, and their cards were added to the general catalogue. As the same persons reappear continually in the different tales, each new volume read added new events in the life of each one of the various personages. Sometimes the indications would be precise, as in the date of Porta's birth just quoted. Sometimes they would be less precise, as when it was said, for example, that Porta was born in Corsica *about* 1790.

Finally, all the cards were arranged alphabetically and then all the scattered facts fell into one orderly catalogue, and each person's life could be viewed as a whole. Perhaps a dozen cards might be found for one of the minor characters, and very many for the more important. The information on this dozen cards was then transferred to a single biographical card, making such condensation and selection as was desirable, and settling any doubts and ambiguities.

My own plan was somewhat more extensive than that which the joint authors have so successfully carried out; for my principal object was to throw light upon Balzac himself, while that of MM. Cerfberr and Christophe seems to have been simply to illuminate the recesses of the *Comédie Humaine*. I included references to Balzac's opinions of historical characters, as Louis XIV., Napoleon, Talleyrand, and of living persons, as George Sand, Beyle, etc., as well as upon many (not by any means all) great subjects, as the Church, the State, the Family. In order to illustrate the astounding precision of Balzac's data, I also gave the date of birth, marriage, etc., of his characters, and I have never found a material error in these; nor in his marshalling of the armorial bearings of the various families.

These processes necessarily threw a vast deal of light upon his methods of work, and I am convinced that he himself must have had some written record of the relationships of his characters, etc., for in spite of his tenacious memory, and the entire reality (to him) of the world in which they and he lived together, he could not have recollected the particularities which he has recorded, any more than one can remember the birthdays of all his friends, not to speak of a crowd of minor details. That his characters were genuine per-

sonages to Balzac, let this anecdote show: Jules Sandeau once was speaking to him of a lady who was ill, and finally Balzac interrupted him with, "Now let us come back to realities; who do you think is going to marry Eugénie Grandet?"

Although the press of other occupations and the very magnitude of the plan adopted have not allowed me to complete my own work, which will now never be resumed, I am all the better prepared to appreciate the exceedingly faithful, conscientious, and able manner in which the *Répertoire* of MM. Cerfberr and Christophe has been done, and I bear the most grateful and willing witness to it after a careful examination and comparison of our labors. I would gladly have seen its original scope enlarged, so as to throw more light upon Balzac and not less upon his work; but as it is, the book will be of the highest value to all lovers of Balzac literature, and of great importance in a study of the man himself. For this latter object it will need to be supplemented, in my opinion, somewhat in the way I have pointed out.

Still an immense work has been accomplished even in this direction. I abridge from the preface a capital general view by M. Paul Bourget. He says: "Let any one imagine for himself the quantity of isolated facts which are implied by these two thousand biographies, each of which is individual, distinct, and follows the personage from the cradle to the grave, and traces his connection with past and future generations. The relation of each character to his environment and to each other character is accurately appreciated and exhibited. He knows his personages like a master, through and through; the maladies of their bodies and of their souls are familiar to him. He knows when a sentiment is simple and when it is complex; when the heart is the dupe of the intelligence and when it is merely deceived by the sense."

Their very natures are set forth by the writer with an intensity of enthusiasm which possesses — yes, obsesses — the reader in spite of himself. "There is abundant evidence to prove," says M. Bourget, "that this process was in Balzac an exaltation like that of mystics, and superior, so to say, to the ordinary laws of life." Balzac himself says: "C'était le rêve d'un homme éveillé." He was preserved from becoming merely fantastic, by the highly philosophical nature of another part of his being. "Il voulait être un profond philosophe avant de faire des comédies." M. Bourget maintains further that Balzac's days were so crowded with mere work that he had not the time to live a life of his own; and that from the fragments of genuine life which he did experience he elaborated, by the magic of his mind, by a "retrospective penetration," the general laws of existence itself. In this opinion I do not share. My own study has forced me to believe that he led the most complete existence, and that always in close company with another soul, he drank the cup of life to the full.

However this may be (and it is only one of the problems of the coming biographer) it is certain that no man since Shakespeare has created a world so alive as that of the *Comédie Humaine*. In one sense he may almost be said to have created intelligent France—which to-day approaches nearer and nearer to the types he has exhibited, along the very paths which he has prefigured. He has also done his share in opening new ways for life to all those who can see, and it is not impossible that he will one day be quoted among those early benefactors of the human race, who have pointed out the doors leading to a fuller measure of human life, which will then have become the common heritage and possession of all mankind.

At the end of Gautier's study of Balzac he excuses the slightness of his sketch by saying: "Personne ne peut avoir la prétention de faire une biographie complète de Balzac." Perhaps not yet. But we must welcome every scintilla of new light, of new evidence, and every new arrangement of the older data. All will serve as material for the life which is yet to be written, and the master will surely arise who can find the clew to this tangled web. Indeed, it seems to me that the web is not tangled, only vast, and that it is all ready to be woven into an orderly net-work. This

will be immense, for it covers all humanity, but it seems to me that literary, artistic, and creative powers now exist which are competent to this task, if once the adequate impulse is given. What the nature of this impulse must be, one need not now and here inquire. But it is clear that the work is not yet done, and that it is worth doing.

Poe, in one of his tales, invents a game which consists in finding the names printed on the surface of the map. The unskilful at this game seek to give the adversary a name printed in small type, or hidden by some mountain or river-bend; while the adept chooses a name widely spread out though plainly traced. To see this, a general view must be taken. The writer of a life of Balzac must have the microscopic eye to seize and appreciate the finest details such as are shown in this *Répertoire:* but what is truly needed is a generous ample view which shall include the whole range of his nature, and not endeavor to compass all his special knowledge. This phœnix may be yet unborn; but if he is among us, his subject is ready for him. He may die of starvation in the midst of his work; but, if he finishes it, his name will be immortal like Balzac's own.

THE POET.

By Charles Edwin Markham.

His home is in the heights: to him
Men wage a battle weird and dim,
Life is a mission stern as fate,
And Song a dread apostolate.
The toils of prophecy are his,
To hail the coming centuries—
To ease the steps and lift the load
Of souls that falter on the road.
The perilous music that he hears
Falls from the vortice of the spheres.

He presses on before the race,
And sings out of a silent place.
Like faint notes of a forest bird
On heights afar that voice is heard;
And the dim path he breaks to-day
Will some time be a trodden way.
But when the race comes toiling on
That voice of wonder will be gone—
Be heard on higher peaks afar,
Moved upward with the morning star.

O men of earth, that wandering voice
Still goes the upward way: rejoice!

THE END OF THE BEGINNING.

By George A. Hibbard.

CITY OF NEW YORK,
April 10, 1887.

DEAR SIR:

It is with some hesitation that I venture to trespass upon your valuable time, knowing as I do that the demands of clients, of constituents, of friends, are so exacting. Still, as what I am about to ask relates to a matter lying very near my heart, I hope you will forgive me. A young man in whom, in spite of the usual extravagances and follies of youth, I discern some promise and whom I hope, for his own sake and from my friendship for his excellent father, dead long ago, to see occupying a respectable position in the community, has, with the heedlessness peculiar to his age, involved himself in certain difficulties which, although at present of a sufficiently distressing nature, may, I hope, be satisfactorily overcome. Knowing so well your distinguished abilities, ripe judgment, and great experience, I can think of no one to whom I can, in this critical period of his life, more confidently send him for counsel, instruction, and aid, and I accordingly commend him

to you, trusting to our old friendship to account for and excuse my somewhat unusual act. Though what I ask of you is something not usually required of a lawyer, I think you will understand my reason for thus troubling you. No one can have a more thorough knowledge of the world than an old practitioner like yourself, and what you may say must fall upon the ears of youth with weighty authority. Talk to him as you would to your son, if you had one, not as to a client, and I will be inexpressibly indebted to you, for I know you will lead him to appreciate the serious realities of life, which, at present, he is so disposed to disregard.

I need only add that he is a young man of some fortune and, certainly, by birth worthy of much consideration. He will call upon you in person and himself explain his present embarrassments.

I remain, now as always,
Your obedient servant,
RICHARD BEVINGTON.

THE HON. JACOB MASKELYNE,
Counsellor at law,
Number — William Street,
City of New York.

This was the letter that the Honorable Jacob Maskelyne read, reread, and read yet again. Indeed, not content with its repeated perusal, he turned it this way and that, looked at it upside and down, and finally, laying it upon the table, he held up its envelope in curious study, as people so often do when thus perplexed. It bore the common, dull-red two-cent stamp and was post-marked the day before. Both it and the letter were apparently as much matters of the every-day world as a jostle on the sidewalk. Nevertheless, the old lawyer was more than puzzled—more than puzzled, although he, of all men in the great, wide-awake city, would in popular opinion have been thought perhaps the very last to be thus at fault. If millstones were to be worn as monocles—if there was any seeing what the future might bring forth—the chances of a project, the risks of rise or fall in a stock, the hazards of a corner in a staple, the prospects of a party or of a partisan, Jacob Maskelyne would be regarded as the man of men for the work. But, under the circumstances, even to him this letter was more than perplexing. Here, on this spring morning, with floods of well-authenticated sunshine pouring into every nook and corner, dissipating every mystery of shadow and, it might seem, every shadow of mystery—here, in his office, bricked in by the unimaginative octavos of the law—those hide-bound volumes, heavy literature of all things most amazingly matter of fact; here, in the eighteen hundred and eighty seventh year of the Christian era, in the one hundred and eleventh year of the Republic, he had received a letter from his old guardian, whom, when he himself was not more than twenty, he remembered walking about, a feeble old man with many an almost Revolutionary peculiarity in speech and manner, and whose funeral he, with the heads and scions of most of the first families of the town, had attended full twenty-five years ago. It certainly was enough to bewilder anyone. He again took up the letter. It was unquestionably in old Bevington's best style, courtly enough, but a trifle pompous. Had it not been for its true tone he would undoubtedly have thought the thing a hoax and immediately have dismissed it from his mind. He touched a hand-bell, and in response a young man—a very prosaic young man—over whose black clothes the gray of age had begun to gather, appeared.

"Bring me the letters received of the year eighteen sixty—letter B," said the lawyer, sharply.

That was the year in which his father's estate had been finally settled, and he knew that there would be many examples of his guardian's handwriting in the correspondence of that time.

The clerk soon returned with a tin case, and laid it on the table. Mr. Maskelyne took one from among the many papers therein, and, striking it sharply against the arm of his chair, to scatter the dust that invests all things in the garment the outfitter Time warrants such a perfect fit, he spread it out beside the letter he had just read with such blank wonder.

"Identically the same," he muttered. "No other man ever made an *e* like that."

The clerk had vanished and the lawyer was again alone.

He glanced once more at the mysterious missive, and then, with the purposelessness of abstraction, he rose and went to the window. Nothing caught

his eye but the sign-bedecked front of the opposite building and one small patch of blue sky—near, gritty, limestone fact and a far-away something without confine. Still, amazed as he was, the contagious joy of the time sensibly affected him.

The sparrows, quarrelsome gamins of the air, for the time reformed by honest labor into respectable artisans, upon an opposite entablature, in garrulous amity plied their small, nest-making joinery. The sunlight falling through a haze of wires, wrought into something bright with its own glow a tuft of grass which clumped its spears in its fortalice, taken in assault, on the opposite frieze. Of even these small things and of much more, Mr. Maskelyne was partially conscious. But the letter! Clear-sighted as he was, he knew but little—so forthright was his look, so fixed toward mere gain—of the wonderful country which lies beneath every man's nose, less even of the vanishing tracts which retrospection sometimes sees over either shoulder. But the letter! It peopled his vision with things long gone. It brought into view old Bevington—"Dick Bevington," as he was called to the last day of his life—and a nickname at fifty indicates much of character—brought up before him Dick Bevington as he was before age had stiffened his easy but dignified carriage or taught his once polished but positive utterance to veer and haul in sudden change; brought up old Bevington, as he himself, in childhood, had seen him, stately but debonair, the perfection of aristocratic exclusiveness, affable, however, in the genial kindliness of a kind-hearted man secure in every position—a genuine Knickerbocker in every practice and in every principle—a well-born, well-bred gentleman. And that once active and once ebullient life had long ago gone out! It almost seemed that such vitality, so held in self-contained management, so wisely put forth, so well invested, so to speak, should have lasted forever. But now there was nothing left to bring him to mind but a portrait in the rooms of the Historical Society, or a name in the list of directors when the history of some bank was given, or in the pamphlet in which the story of some charitable institution was told from the beginning—really there was nothing more than this to recall Dick Bevington, foremost among the city's fathers, the leader of the *ton*. When he had last seen his guardian he had thought him of patriarchal age. And was not he himself now nearly as old? In spite of the blithesome aspects of the morning, Jacob Maskelyne turned away from the window with an unwonted weight at his heart and a new wrinkle on his brow. The whole world seemed to be going from him, losing charm and significance in a sort of blurring dissatisfaction, as upon a globe, when swiftly turned, lines of longitude and of latitude, and even continents and seas, vanish from sight, and all because his own life suddenly seemed but vexed nothingness. He had not even mellowed into age as had Bevington. He was as sharp and as rough-edged as an Indian's flint arrow-head, and he knew it.

He seated himself at his table. Automatically he was about to take up the first of several bundles of law-papers, when he was startled by the entrance of the clerk. He leaned back in his chair,

and his reawakened wonder grew the more when a card was placed before him upon which was written, in a dashing hand, "From Mr. Bevington."

"A gentleman to see you," said the clerk.

"What does he look like?" asked Mr. Maskelyne, suspiciously.

"Nobody I ever saw before," answered the clerk; "and he seems rather strange about his clothes," he added, in a rather doubtful, tentative manner.

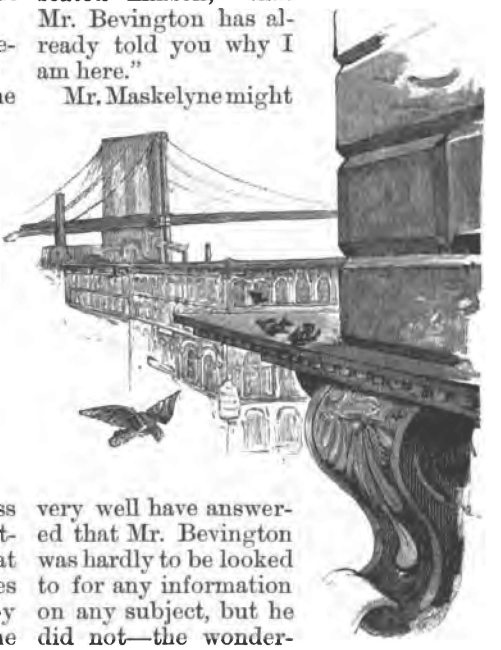
"Let him come in," said Mr. Maskelyne after a moment's pause.

The door had hardly closed upon the vanishing messenger when it again swung upon its hinges, and a new figure stood in relief against the clearer light from without. In his eagerness to see of what nature a being so introduced might be, Mr. Maskelyne turned his chair completely around, and silently gazed at the new-comer as he entered. His eyes fell upon a slim, graceful young man dressed in the mode of at least forty-five years ago—a mode not without its own good tone undoubtedly, but with a tendency toward gorgeousness which an exquisite of these days of assertive unobtrusiveness might think almost vulgar. His whole attire was touched in every detail with that nameless something which really makes the consummate result unattainable by any not born to such excellence; but in the bright intelligence shining in his dark eyes and the clear intellectual lines of his face, even Maskelyne could see that if he had given much thought to his dress it was only from a proper self-respect, and not because dress was the ultimate or the best expression of what he was. Few could look into the luminous countenance and not feel a glow of sudden sympathy with the high aspirations, the pure disinterestedness, the clear intellect, that lit up and strengthened his features. Even the old lawyer, disciplined as he was by years of hard experience to disregard all such misleading impulses, felt his heart warm toward the young man.

"I hope," said the new-comer, with a smile so pleasant, so ingenuous, so confiding, that all Maskelyne's ideas of deception—had he had time to recognize them in the moment before a strange, unquestioning acquiescence took complete possession of him—were at once dissipated, "that I do not intrude too greatly on your time."

Won really in spite of himself by the appearance of his visitor, the famous counsellor waved his hand toward a chair.

"I suppose," continued the stranger, with an almost boyish sweetness, as he seated himself, "that Mr. Bevington has already told you why I am here."



Mr. Maskelyne might very well have answered that Mr. Bevington was hardly to be looked to for any information on any subject, but he did not—the wonderful circumstances of the interview had been so driven from his mind by the potent charm of the young man's personality.

"Mr."—and he paused as if waiting for enlightenment as to the name of the stranger.

"I'm in a devil of a scrape," continued the young man, apparently imagining that the letter had made all necessary explanations, and mentioning the devil as though he was an every-day acquaintance, a pleasant fellow whom he had just left at the door awaiting his return.

"Ah!" murmured the lawyer.

"I did not wish to see you," continued the other, his singularly trustful smile breaking again over lip and cheek.

"Indeed," said Maskelyne, his wits and perceptions in most confusing entanglement.

"No," went on the unaccountable visitor. "I supposed that you would give me what the world calls good advice. But I don't want that. I want to hear something better."

He laughed aloud in such a joyous, cheery fashion that the old lawyer even smiled.

"You don't think I am a good man to come to for bad advice?" he said.

"The last in the world. I don't suppose that you ever did a foolish thing in your life."

"And therefore am perhaps less competent to advise others who have," replied Maskelyne, half heedlessly, for his thoughts were slowly turning in a new direction. The more he looked the more the eager, spirited face seemed familiar. He had certainly seen the young fellow before, but where? It seemed to him that he could certainly remember in a moment, if he only had time to think.

"Mr. Bevington——"

"Pardon me," interrupted Maskelyne, in a significant tone, "you said Mr. Bevington?"

"Certainly," said the stranger, suddenly looking up in evident surprise. "Didn't he write?"

"I have received a letter," said the old lawyer cautiously.

He was on the point of making some further inquiries, but the impulse came to nothing. The former feeling of acquiescent, but expectant apathy again possessed him; indeed, he had never been much in the habit of asking questions. He knew that he often learned more than was suspected even, by letting people talk on in their own way.

"In the first place," and he paused a moment—"I am very much in debt." The young man spoke as he might of taking a cold asleep in the open air—as if he had been exposed to debt and had caught it.

The first look of sadness rose and deepened over his face as he shook his head dejectedly.

"But I'll get over it—'Time and I.' Don't you rather like the astute old king after all, Mr. Maskelyne?"

"By your own exertions?" asked the lawyer, dryly, and evading the question.

"I write a little," replied the impenitent, modestly. "I have even heard of people who admired some of my verses."

"You have no other occupation?"

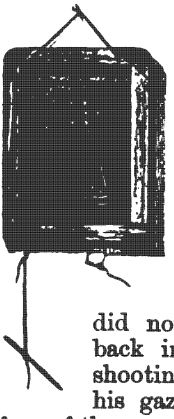
Old Maskelyne was asking enough questions now. Indeed, under the magic of the stranger's manner he had quite forgotten himself, his usual caution, and even the exceptional manner in which his companion had been introduced to him.

"Yes," the other admitted, "I am a lawyer."

"Don't you think," said the older man answering almost instinctively, "that on the whole you might find the employments of the law more remunerative than the calling of a—poet?"

"Mr. Maskelyne, I sometimes think that the world really believes in the sort of thing underlying your question—that there is wisdom in what it so complacently repeats as indisputable. And I am sent here phrase-gathering—to carry off small packages of words put up in little flat, portable sentences, alteratives ready for daily use. But there are gains you cannot invest in lands and stocks—columns with statues at the top as well as columns whose sums are at the bottom. Wasn't 'Le Barbier' a better investment than any in Roderigue Hortales et Cie.,

and what could John Ballantyne & Co. show beside 'Guy Mannering?' If the world says what it does, it mustn't do as it does. It's inconsistent. Who will undertake to strike the balance between fame and fortune; what mathematician will undertake to say that x, the unknown quantity of fame, does not equal the dollar-mark?" Then he added, after a moment's pause, "Mr. Maskelyne, don't you think it is true that



"'One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth a world without a name'—

don't you really?"

It was hard to resist such enthusiasm, such unquestioning certainty. The old lawyer did not even smile as he lay back in his chair, a new life shooting through every nerve, his gaze fixed on the flushing face of the young man.

"And the consciousness of best employing the best that is in you," he continued. "Who dare shorten the reach or blunt the nicety of man's wit, make purblind the imagination, stiffen the cunning hand? Tell men that in some Indian sea, fathoms deep, lie hid forever Spanish galleons in which doubloons and moidores, as when honey more than fills the comb, almost drip from their sacks, and you will see in their sudden thoughtfulness how quickly they appreciate such loss; tell them, if you can, what, through poverty, erring endeavor, uncongenial occupation, the world, with each year, loses in intellectual riches, and they will stand heedless."

Speaking with the incomparable confidence of youth, its own glorious nonsense, the young man's voice sent old Maskelyne's blood hastening through his veins in almost audible pulsations.

"What if I do not wish great wealth," the speaker continued, "must I be made to have it? I want but little. Give me food, clothing, habitation, sufficient that my eyes may see the delights this world has to show, that my ears may catch the whispered harmonies of all things beautiful, gladden me with the radiance of common joy, and that's all I want. Who is unreasonable when what he wants is all he wants? Are the worldly so insecure that, as the frightened kings sought to still beneath their tread the first throb of the French Revolution, they must stamp out the first symptom of revolt against the almighty dollar?

"'Chi si diverte di poco, è ricco di molto.'

Mr. Maskelyne, must I eat when I am only thirsty, drink when I am only hungry?"

He paused, and glanced triumphantly at the old man. He felt in some secret, instinctive way that he was gaining ground. A squadron of fauns had charged from amid the vine-leaves, and the legion upon the highway was in rout. Fine sense was victorious for the moment over common sense.

"I think," said Maskelyne, at last, and with a strange, sad, patient air, unwearied, however, by the young man's dithyrambic, sometimes almost incoherent, speech, "I think I cannot attempt to advise you. Having discarded the wisdom of ages, what heed will you give the wisdom of age?"

A cloud seemed to cast its shadow over the other's face. Could it be that, lost in himself, he had spoken almost in presumptuous disrespect to a man so distinguished, to a man whom he honored and whom he felt that he could even like.

"If I speak strongly," he said, "it is because I feel strongly. If I did not feel strongly I would not attempt to withstand the amount of testimony against me."

"Might I ask," said Maskelyne, gently, in his inexplicable sympathy with the young fellow, "why, if you feel such confidence in all you say, you do not, without hesitation, enter on a life in accordance with your convictions?"

At last there was hesitation in the young stranger's manner. He turned his hat nervously in his hand, and sat silent for a moment.

"You see," he began, paused, and began again—"you see, if I were alone it would be one thing. But I'm not—not at all alone," he added, evidently gaining confidence.

"Ah!" exclaimed the old lawyer, a sudden gleam of new intelligence shining in his dull, weary old eyes.

"And how am I to get married, Mr. Maskelyne?"

"The lady does not approve of your —poetical aspirations?"

"Not approve!" cried the young fellow, eagerly; "she has made me promise that I will give nothing up, that I will refuse all Mr. Bevington has arranged for me. You can't tell how inspiring our misery is. And our courage, —a young Froissart must be our chronicler, sir. We take our sorrows gladly."

"And may I ask——"

"Anything, anything," interrupted the young man, gayly. "I'm sent here to be talked out of what they may call my folly. You see I can't be talked out of it. Don't that prove that it is no folly?"

"You seem," said Maskelyne, dryly, "to have settled it between you—you and she."

"Settled it! We did not need help about that. It's the unsettling. There comes a time when friends are the worst enemies. You know that, Mr. Maskelyne?"

The old lawyer paused. "Indeed I do," he said at last, and the sneer stealing over the outlines of his face slunk away before the look of regret that came swiftly on. Almost in embarrassment, with nervous hand, he shuffled the papers on his table.

Far back in the past, when his eyes were not yet dimmed by the dust blown from law-books, nor his ears deadened by the stridulent clamor of litigation, before his life had gone in attempts at

> "Mastering the lawless science of our law,"

or he had lost himself in

> "That codeless myriad of precedent,
> That wilderness of single instances;"

when he, too, dwelt in that other-world of the young, forgotten by everyone but himself, but, although hardly ever remembered, never forgotten by him—not one grain of its golden sand, not one drop of its honey-dew, not one tremor of its slightest thrill—then even he had had his romance. The freshness of the early spring morning, the airy brightness of his young visitor, himself no bad exponent of the day, the awe-footed shadow which, with almost unrecognized obtrusion, skirts the border where the ripened grain fills the field of life and nods to the ready sickle—was it something of such kind, or was it the simple story of which he had had such telling intimation, that brought it all up in memory's half-tender glow? He, too, had once been in love. He, too, had written verses to his inamorata. He remembered it all now, with a smile of mingled pity and contempt. It needed no ransacking of the brain now to quicken into full view his own "It might have been"—to people once more the mystic world whose first paradise is rich in the slight garniture of glances and sighs and smiles and tears. Lost in himself, the old man forgot his visitor.

"You are very young," he said at last, absently.

"Twenty-three," was the answer.

"And she?"

"Eighteen."

It was strange, but he, too, had been twenty-three and she eighteen when the end came in that glimmering, gleaming past. He remembered, and how strange the recollection seemed, taking her some flowers and some slight silver gift—a poor, inexpensive thing; she would let him give no more because he, too, was in debt—on her birthday. And now, with strange revulsion, he hardened almost into his habitual self, and grimly thought that it all was youthful nonsense, and that all such follies were very much alike. Had he spoken, he would have been guilty of one of those faults often packed with error, an apothegm—he would have said that we only become original, even in our folly, as age gives us character.

"We could be so happy with so little," said the youthful lover.

The old man started. These were his own words many, many years ago; his very words to his guardian when the final appeal was made by old Bevington to what he called his better judgment so very, very long ago, in the dark, stately house upon Second Avenue.

"So very little," repeated the young man. "I have always said," he continued, as pleased with the conceit as if it had never before glittered in the song of finches of his feather, "that we should have gold enough in her hair."

"And is her hair golden?" asked Maskelyne, and, startled by the sound of such words dropped from the lips of the distinguished counsel for many a soulless corporation and many as soulless a man, he added, hurriedly, "light." And then the old lawyer remembered that he, too, had a lock of hair that he had not sent back when he returned her letters and her picture. How bright it was! What had become of it? Where was it? In what pigeon-hole, what secret drawer? He could not for the moment remember. He looked out of the window. How bright the sunshine was! How empty the world? It seemed to build up its vacancy around him as a wall.

"And she, of course, has no money?" he said, turning again.

"None."

He had been sure of it. He rose and went to the window. The joyful attributes of the morning were there, but they were no longer joyful to him. The light fell in the same broad flood, still promising the glory of summer, the ripened harvest, but there was no promise for him. The sparrows preluded still the full-voiced singers of the year, when leaves are heavy with the dust and brooks run dry, but he heard only a quick, petulant twitter. A sort of dull despondency suddenly settled upon him. He forgot his visitor, and even time and place. Amid the glimmering lights and shaking shadows of the past he sought a vision, as at twilight one seeks in some deserted corridor a statue which would seem to have so taken into its grain the last rays of the already sunken sun that the marble glows in the gathering darkness with a radiance not its own.

The young man grew impatient as the revery was prolonged. He stirred uneasily. The old lawyer turned and looked curiously at him. Of course, of course! Was a man to be changed, the bone of what he was to have its marrow drawn, the fibre of every muscle to be untwisted, by this nonsense of a boy? Of course old Bevington was right, and for the moment he did not remember that Bevington was dead—in sending the young fool to such a cool old hand as himself. But if Bevington had known what a turbulence of disappointment, discontent, and revolt had risen, and poured in strength-gathering torrent, even at that instant, through his heart, would he not have kept his young charge away? He would talk to him—certainly he would—pave his way for him, perhaps, as with flag-stones of wisdom. Perhaps—and then he thought with grim satisfaction of what Bevington might think should he learn that he recognized that there were other paths than those edged by a curbstone.

"You have been sent to me," he said, very seriously, coming from the window and leaning with both hands on the table, "for advice and admonition. I will give my lesson in sternest characters. I will teach by example, but I may not teach what you were sent here to learn. When I was young as you—do

not start, I was young once," and he spoke with infinite sadness, "I loved as you love, and, as with you, love was returned. They who called themselves my friends strove, with what they called reason, to tear me from what they called my folly. My folly! It was the wisdom that it takes all that is blent into humanity, at supremest moments, to attain; their reason, the fatuous folly only enough to give habitual stir to an earth-beclotted brain! I yielded, as you have not yielded. I killed out even the natural impulses of my nature. Gradually almost new instincts came, desire for delight sank into appetite for gain, hope for the joy of higher existence was lost in the ambition for mere advancement. I wrought out in myself that fearful piece of handiwork whose every effort is but to grasp the worthless handful man can only wrest from the mere world. I lost, and I have not won. I was a man and I am only a lawyer, and to him you have been sent for advice. I can find no precedent better, no authority more weighty for your guidance than my own life. Such strength as enabled me to work such a change will also enable you to make yourself a new being, to accomplish self-overthrow, to bring you to what I am—a man rich, successful, courted, revered—most miserable. He who has so won, so lost, stands alone or he would not so win. Choose rather the close companionship of worldly defeat, if it must be, and I say to you in the rapture of your youth, clay plastic to the moment's touch, hold to yourself, and believe that no fame, no power, no wealth, can compensate for a contentious life, an empty heart, a desolate old age. If I were you——"

He did not finish. Slowly the young stranger rose to his full height, every lineament of his face clear in cold light. His whole aspect was one of steadfast command.

"Stop," he cried, in a stern tone. "I am yourself. No ghost walks save that which is what a man might have been. We throng the world. Beside everyone through life moves the image of a past potentiality, the thing he could have become had he held along another course. I am what you were, the promise of what you might have been. For forty years I have walked by your side. I have touched you and you have shuddered, I have chilled you and you have shrunk from me. Your nature has so grown athwart, all impulse has been so long gone, all that softens or ennobles so thrown off that, in almost final self-assertion, what you really were or might have been stands by your side and bids you measure stature with itself. Your life has entered upon its wintry days, but sunlight is sunshine even in December and in youth."

The old lawyer, almost shuddering, stepped back with repelling gesture. He passed his hand quickly across his eyes, and then, as if his heart had beat recall, summoning back every retreating force in quick rally, compelled but not unwilling, he turned in combative instinct

to meet the stranger face to face, nature to nature, turned—and found himself alone.

Once more the clerk opened the door.

"Eleven o'clock, sir," he said, "and you know the General Term this morning——"

"You saw the gentleman who just went out?" asked the lawyer.

"I, sir," answered the man; "I saw no one go out."

"No one?"

"No one."

"You certainly brought me a card and showed a young gentleman in a few minutes ago?"

"I, sir!" repeated the clerk. "I brought in a card and showed a young gentleman in! Aren't you well this morning, sir?"

"That will do," said Maskelyne, sternly.

As soon as he was again alone he stepped to the table. The card and the letter were gone. And still he knew he had not been dreaming. A man swung high in the air was busy painting a sign upon a building not far away, and he was conscious that all through the strange interview he had watched him at work. He had seen him finish one letter and then another, and now if he found him adding the final consonant he would be assured that he could not have been asleep. He looked up and found that he was right. The man had just made the heavy shaded side and was busy putting the little finishing line at the bottom of the letter.

Two men—one of rotund middle age, the other younger but yet not young—came down the steps of the Union Club one day a few weeks later. They met an old man rounding the corner of the Avenue.

"See what you would come to if you had your own way," said the elder of the two. "There's old Maskelyne. He's got everything you're making yourself wretched to get. Do you want to be like him?"

"No," said the other. "Then you haven't heard?"

"Heard what?"

"He's a changed man, all within a month."

"Has his brain or his heart softened?"

"As you look at life," said the younger. "He has sent for that clever, improvident, gracefully graceless good-fellow of a good-for-nothing, his nephew, him and his pretty-handed, big-eyed wife—he hadn't seen either of them since they ran away and were married—sent for them and put them in his great, old house and—didn't you hear Maceration growling about the luck some people have just before we left? He says the nephew will have all the old man's property."

"What's the world coming to?" said the senior, "or what is coming to the world?"

Age was very old—
Stones from Chichimec
Hardly wrung;

Youth had hair of gold
Knotted on her neck—
Fair and young.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

By Andrew Lang.

"Youth and crabbed age
Cannot live together;"
So they say.
On this little page
See you when and whether
That they may!

Age was very old—
Stones from Chichimec
Hardly wrung;
Youth had hair of gold
Knotted on her neck—
Fair and young!

Age was carved with odd
Slaves, and priests that slew them—
God and Beast;
Man and Beast and God—
There she sat and drew them,
King and Priest!

There she sat and drew
Many a monstrous head
Strange antiques;
Horrors from Peru,
Huacas doubly dead,
Dead caciques!

Ere Pizarro came
These were Lords of men,
Long ago;
Gods without a name,
Born or how or when,
None may know!

Now from Yucatan
These doth Science bear
Over seas;
And methinks a man
Finds youth doubly fair,
Sketching these!

FRENCH TRAITS—INTELLIGENCE.

By W. C. Brownell.

THE sensation which France produces on the impressionable foreigner is first of all that of mental exhilaration. Paris, especially, is electric. Touch it at any point and you receive an awakening shock. Live in it and you lose all lethargy. Nothing stagnates. Everyone visibly and acutely feels himself alive. The universal vivacity is contagious. You find yourself speaking, thinking, moving faster, but without fatigue and without futility. The moral air is tonic, respiration is effortless, and energy is unconscious of exertion. Nowhere is there so much activity; nowhere so little chaos. Nowhere does action follow thought so swiftly, and nowhere is there so much thinking done. Some puissant force, universal in its operation, has manifestly so exalted the spirit of an entire nation, here centred and focussed, as to produce on every hand that phenomenon which Schiller admirably characterizes in declaring that "the last perfection of our qualities is when their activity, without ceasing to be sure and earnest, becomes sport." The very monuments of the past are as steeped in its influences as the boulevard Babel of the present. The grandiose towers and severe façade of Notre Dame speak the same thought, in the dialect of their epoch, that the Panthéon uttered to the eighteenth and the Arc de l'Étoile declares to our own century. The panorama which spreads out before one from Montmartre or St. Cloud is permeated with this thought—as distinct to the mental as the scene itself is to the physical vision. Paris seems to stand for it—as did the Athens of Pericles and the Florence of the Renaissance. Like them, she seems to symbolize *the apotheosis of intellect.* The present everywhere asserts itself with superb confidence; the entire environment is modern, untraditional, self-reliant; the past steps down from the tyrant's chair and assumes with dignity the pose of history, while students, not votaries, keep it free from the dust of the hospitable museums that harbor it. Is not each generation, every moment, provided with the light of its own mind—that light which Carlyle himself unwarily calls "the direct inspiration of the Almighty?" Is not consciousness the greatest of divine gifts to man? Is not intelligence the measure of his distance from the brutes, the bond which unites him to the gods, the instrument of his salvation?

This confidence in the syllogism, this belief in the human intelligence, this worship of reason, has been characteristic of France ever since the nation became conscious of itself as a nation. And the fact that its special distinction is highly developed intelligence is perhaps equally a cause and an effect of this. The form taken by the Revolution, that great purge and renewer of the modern world, was thus wholly natural. It embodied the nation's belief in the saving power of reason and its impatience with anomalies and absurdities. The desecration of the churches, the revolt against religion, the endeavor to infuse life into antique formularies as jejune as they were classic, the mad terror at the threatened reimposition by Europe of the old anarchy, Napoleon's career of conquest carrying the Revolution to all neighboring peoples whether they wanted it or not—every feature, in fact, of the great upheaval is significant of the nation's confidence in the competence of mind in every crisis. That the mutual relations of long-existent phenomena could constitute a subtle harmony quite apart from the absurd and anomalous character of the phenomena themselves, and wholly beyond the power of mind to see, though within the circle of instinctive feeling, France did not feel, and has never felt. The belief that the "increasing purpose" running through the ages operates through any other

agency than that of the human intelligence seems fantastic to French reason. Working out the harmony of the universe through the "ways of the wicked" or the unconsciousness of the good it views with complete scepticism. Even now the reactionary Frenchman who would restore the *ancien régime* feels as he does because he likes the monarchic ideal, and not because he resents the rude manner of its taking off. And it is this confidence in the efficacy of the intelligence which makes the French so swift to execute their ideas, so anxious to press and impose them. The trait is as noticeable in personal as in public matters, in the social as in the political arena. It is this which makes them so enamored of the positive and practical truths; and it is their passionate attachment to these, and their desire to make them prevail, which splits parties into groups, reverses ministries, produces revolutions. That a thing should be admitted and not adopted is incomprehensible to the French mind; that it should not be admitted after having been proved, after all that may be said against it has been answered, and simply because of an instinctive distrust in the human reason, is inconceivable to it.

In finding intelligence thus universal in France, and integral in the French nature, I mean, of course, to confound it with neither culture nor erudition. I mean such intelligence as Mr. Hamerton notes in the French peasant when he says that the interval between the French peasant and a Kentish laborer is enormous, densely ignorant as both may be. Or that quality, to take a distinguished example, which enabled Pascal, who had no reading, to anticipate in the seventeenth century such a light of the eighteenth as Kant, and such a light of the nineteenth as Charles Darwin. It is the quality in virtue of which rich and poor, educated and illiterate, priest and sceptic, can meet on common ground and understand each other. There is, intellectually speaking, far more disinterestedness than elsewhere. People divide upon ideas, and not upon prejudices, or even upon interests. Mind enters into everything. Even the fool reasons—which is perhaps why he is the most intolerable fool on the footstool. The "crank" is unknown. Respect for the embodiment of intelligence in books, science, or art, and for the distinguished in these lines of effort, pervades all ranks. M. Prudhomme himself cherishes a deep regard for them. One of his commonplaces is: "La seule aristocratie, c'est l'aristocratie de talent." The heroes of French society, taken in the large sense, are the men who have excelled in some intellectual field. English qualities, English accomplishments, are never extolled to them without reminding them of the contrast in this, to their sense, vital regard between the materialism of England and their own civilized ideal. Yet such is the elasticity and suppleness of the French intelligence that whereas Mr. Froude exclaims bitterly, "In England the literary class has no standing or influence," M. Philippe Daryl states the phenomenon with much more rational explicitness in saying, "Our neighbors regard their men of letters simply as specialists fulfilling their functions in the general work, and having a just claim, in the division of profits, to their rightful share of pay and esteem."

It is impossible, in short, to read French books, to meet French people, to study French history, without perceiving that the unvarying centre of the national target is the truth, the fact, the reality. This is the shining disk at which the Frenchman aims, in criticism as in construction, in art as in science. Milton's grandiose and beautiful images strike M. Scherer especially because they are true as well—because they are, as he says, "toujours justes dans leur beauté." The drawing, the values, justness of tone, redeem any picture, however frivolous its meaning; errors in this respect condemn any, however noble its sentiment. Far inferior to Donatello and the Greeks, is M. Rodin's judgment of Michael Angelo. Far superior to all painters, is Fromentin's verdict on the Dutch masters. The concluding lines of the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" sum up the French belief with exactness, as they do ours only by extension; and it is at once the distinction and the defect of French literature that it may be justly called a splendid and varied formulation of this belief. Familiar as well as classic literature bears the same witness. Compare, from the point of view of the intel-

ligence, the "Causeries" of Sainte-Beuve with those of Thackeray. The "Round-about" chat may have more charm, more philosophy, but the charm and the philosophy are both sentimental. But for their magical style they would be doomed to oblivion long before Sainte-Beuve's judgments reached the fulness of their fame. A great deal has been said—and said in France itself—in praise of the English essay, its delightful indiscretions, its personal intimacy. But when a Frenchman has anything analogous to do, he does it on a plane of the intelligence distinctly higher than that of the vast majority of English essays since their origin in the sentimental *Spectator*. Maurice de Guérin, M. Renan, M. Pailleron, the most diverse French essayists, even in a department of effort which is regarded rather as a digression and diversion, agree in dealing quite exclusively with the thinking power. In this field, as in others, there is undoubtedly a great deal of inferior work done, but it is inferior in a different way from our inferior productions of the kind; it is pedantic, or superficial, or prosy, or stilted—it is not flat, emotional, and unintelligent. And of the really superior work it is difficult to overestimate the amount or the superiority. For one English or American, German or Italian novelist, *feuilletoniste chroniqueur*, critic of dignified capacity, there are a dozen, a score, French ones. In Spain and Italy French wares visibly outnumber the native ones in the book-stores. Commerce carries French books to as remote regions as it does Sheffield cutlery or Manchester cottonades. In America we have simply no notion of how in this way the French ideal disseminates itself from Tangier to St. Petersburg. In every country it is an affectation to talk French; the dullest prig thus feels himself at once artistically occupied. The whole intellectual movement of Latin Europe is French. Scientifically, of course, France follows the lead of the Germans, of the English. The eminence of M. Pasteur is somewhat solitary, perhaps. But science and erudition are special provinces of accomplishment, and it is in the development and diffusion of native intelligence in its general and humane aspects that the French strength lies. If M. Pasteur is not one of a group of which he is *primus inter pares*, as might have been said of Mr. Darwin, and as may perhaps be said now of Helmholz, his vogue is far greater than that of any of his foreign contemporaries. Millions of Englishmen never heard of Professor Huxley. Millions of Germans are ignorant of Helmholz's existence. There are, in comparison, few Frenchmen, probably, who do not know that M. Pasteur is one of "les gloires de la France."

And the national turn for intellectual seriousness is as conspicuous in the periodical press as in literature. The press, in fact, is literature to a degree unknown in England and among ourselves. The "journalist" and the *littérateur* are not distinct, as one has only to read the journals that succeed and the journals that fail to perceive that they are here. Indeed, our most eminent "journalists," who seem now to be getting the upper-hand of the "merely literary" writers and establishing themselves as a class, resent being confounded with the latter, and hold the same opinion of them as Mr. Cameron, of Pennsylvania. They address themselves very little to the intelligence and exercise their own wits, which are unsurpassed, in providing attractive bait for that popular variety of gudgeon known as "the average man" and "the general reader," and known to be endowed with only a rudimentary digestive apparatus for the things of the mind. They have a corresponding disregard for French journalism, to which "enterprise" is unknown, and which appeals far more exclusively to the intelligence. "A new idea every day" Émile de Girardin maintained was the secret of successful journalism; following it, he obtained, with *Le Petit Journal*, the largest circulation in the world. And ideas are, in Paris, so far more numerous and fecund than are our kind of sensations, even manufactured sensations, that Paris has on an average some eighty odd daily papers. If the *Figaro* desires to be especially startling, it gets M. Mirbeau, or M. Grandlieu, or M. Saint-Genest, to exalt some disquieting paradox into plausibility; it does not procure bogus interviews, or print a broadside of private letters, or invent a puerile hoax. The police-reports are fewer and infinitely less elaborate.

Names and dates are no more important to the interest of an actual than to that of an imaginary drama. The law imposes respect for privacy, but the law has the full support of the public, which would find our "Personal" columns, our "Here and There," our "Men of To-day," our "Society" news, and, in fine, our entire preoccupation with vapid personality, simply unreadable. The gossip of the French press is pompous and pretentious, but it is not pitched in either the lackey or the parvenu key. Interviewing is still an occasional eccentricity. Whoever has anything interesting to say is able and prefers to say it himself in his own way. And all that is not "enterprise" is very much better done than with us. Criticism follows the movement in art, in literature, and in science far more closely and more discreetly. Of even tolerable criticism we have, speaking strictly, very little; and the best, the very best, is apt to consist of the specific judgment of the specialist concerning the immediate case in hand—a high-class and conscientiously executed "Guide to Bookbuyers," in a word; excellent in its way, but also eloquent of the lack of the humanized public, which demands real criticism—criticism of scope, full of generalizations, bringing to bear trained faculties and stored wisdom to the task of that constructive work which shows the relations as well as the character of its subject. Even in political and social discussion our journals show a gingerliness in dealing with generalization, which indicates clearly that it is an article suspected of their customers. The attitude toward it of the latter is evidently very much that of O'Connell's fish-wife to the word "parallelopipedon." Yet of that amplification, historical allusion, elementary erudition, and cheap rhetorical embroidery which some of our successful editorial writers assimilate from their textbook, Macaulay—of that kind of writing, in short, which addresses unintelligent admiration of the things of the mind, the veriest Gradgrinds of our public seem never to tire. Of course, the system of signing articles which obtains in France would prick these bubbles, were they blown there, but it is evident that the public has no taste for them. The French public is pleased with its own follies and fatuities; it has its own superficiality and its own variety of provincialism. It suffers especially from that hypertrophy of the intelligence, chronic *esprit*, as one of the prominent but hardly serious journals shows in melancholy distinction; every morning it gives one a picture of the mental wreck, the state of irresponsibility, reached by a concentrated and exclusive development of a talent for *esprit*, of which the first-fruits were immensely clever, but which culminated with the Second Empire, whose hollowness it had done so much to expose. But imagine the subscribers of *L'Intransigeant*, or of *L'Autorité*, reading our journals of the same grade of seriousness. And it is impossible to take up a French paper of the better class without being struck by the way in which it is written, by the security which the writer evidently feels in the capacity of his readers to understand him completely, and by his equally evident consciousness that emotional appeals, dialectical sophisms, ingenious beggings of the question, insincere extenuations, impudent exaggerations, and the rest of this order of artillery which plays so prominent a part in our newspaper-warfare, will avail him nothing if his reader be not in sympathy with him or his presentation of his case be neither sound nor attractive. There is, in consequence, a sort of "take it or leave it" air about the French newspaper-article that speaks volumes for the intelligence of its readers. Its moral attitude is that of M. Halévy's "Insurgé," to whom, even in the supreme crisis of mortal peril, the idea of influencing his judges by emotional appeal, or by sophistical distortion of a plain case, does not even occur.

Very superficial observation, very slight introspection, suffice to assure us, on the other hand, that we need not go to the press for illustration of the opposite attitude. In every circle the most singular paradoxes are current. They are amply sustained by that ingenuity of dialectic which is a perversion of one's own and an affront to others' intelligence. "Things are what they are," says Bishop Butler, "and the consequences of them will be what they will be. Why, then, should we desire to be deceived?" Simply because there are

other considerations more valuable in our eyes than avoiding being duped. If we did not suffer ourselves to be duped, if we did not at need elaborately dupe ourselves, such is our idea of duty that conscience would not permit us to do certain things, an irresistible impulsion toward which, according to a reverend theory, we owe to the momentum of the fall of our progenitor, Adam. Either these things do not tempt the Frenchman, or his intelligence perceives their noxiousness, or he yields to them with his eyes open and does not seek to elude punishment in sophistication. Ethically speaking, he thus escapes cant; but he escapes also, in the entire moral sphere, the dangers arising from mental confusion. He feels that talking, writing, argument, cleverness, can change nothing in the constitution of things, that emotional seriousness will not transform intellectual levity, and consequently he develops no taste for that Anglo-Saxon passion known to him as *thèse*—that is to say, argument for argument's sake. He is not attracted by the supposititious. His mind has no Pickwickian phases. His triumph in a contest in intellectual dexterity would be empoisoned by fear lest his skill be taken for sincerity, and his mind, accordingly, supposed ingenious rather than acute, imaginative rather than sure and sound. He avoids thus the confusion of temper and passion in all discussion. Temper and passion mean deviation from the end in view; they prevent the object being seen "in itself as it really is;" emotion is quite dissociated with getting at that, and, therefore, though the social and artistic impulse leads the Frenchman to express a great deal of emotion at times, to become apparently excited in a way which would in our case indicate the submersion of the intelligence by a flood of passion, his emotional expression is invariably decorative, so to speak, rather than structural. Withal the French intelligence seems to have almost no frivolous side. The different varieties of mental arithmetic, guessing-games, puzzles, puns, spiritualism, theosophy, fanaticisms, have no attractions for it. It instinctively shrinks from all such desultory and futile manifestations of the scientific spirit. When a famous "mind-reader," who has excited the earnest interest of both branches of our great race, was in Paris, a few years ago, one of the papers expressed the general feeling in the suggestion that a pin be hid on a transport about to sail for Tonquin, in order that the mind-reader's success in finding it might be the means of taking him definitively away from a wearied public.

Life is almost never in France taken *en amateur*, as it is so largely with us at the present epoch. It is taken, rather, *en connaisseur*. People do not do things merely from the love of them, without regard to their capacity for doing them. Every lover of literature does not make verses. Every lover of the drama does not write a play. It is not in France a distinction for a person of particularly literary tastes not to have attempted a novel. The love of knowledge is not perhaps as insatiable as with us, but it is infinitely more judicious. Interest in a wide range of subjects is not accepted by its possessor as the equivalent of encyclopædic erudition, any more than it is so accepted with us by the acquaintances of its possessor. "Aspire to know all things," says M. Renan to the French youth; "the limits will appear soon enough." No American Chiron could wisely give such advice to our Achilleses. And to many of our universal aspirants the word "limits" can have really no meaning, since to the appetite of the pure amateur it has no application. The true connoisseur, on the other hand, the Frenchman, proceeds by exclusion. To enjoy, he needs to know; and to know, everyone needs to select. We get along very well without selecting, because even in the intellectual sphere it is our susceptibility, rather than our intelligence, that seeks satisfaction. But about a thousand practical and positive topics the Frenchman, who speaks from experience and examination, finds our views speculative and immature. We who have enough Teutonism in us to enjoy the vague, and of ourselves demand only that it be also the vast, find him in turn a trifle hard, a trifle narrow, a trifle professional. He is, in fact, terribly explicit. His exactness, were it not relieved by so many humane qualities, would be excessively unsympathetic. It is not, however, the exactness of the pedant.

It is the precision of perfect candor and clairvoyance exercised on objects wholly within its range of vision and undisturbed by anxiety as to what lies outside. Of that the intelligence gives no report, and to the Frenchman the "immediate beholding" of Kant and Coleridge is the same pure abstraction that it was to Carlyle. In this way, and owing to the professional view taken of it, life becomes an exceedingly specialized affair. It lacks the element of uncertainty. That of each individual is in great measure prearranged. Given the circumstances, which in France it is not difficult to predict, and it may even easily be foretold. It will not be deflected by whim or fancy. Only in rare instances will it be transfigured by passion. The individual is too rational to be swerved by sentiment, and it is sentiment that is the great source of the unforeseen and the unexpected.

Mr. Matthew Arnold has lately been praising us for our straight-thinking, or at all events telling his countrymen that our thinking is straighter than theirs. The compliment is a gracious one, but to be told that we think "straighter" than Englishmen ought not to make us conceited. A comparison of our own with French thinking, in this respect of straightness, could not fail to have a less flattering result. We are not, to be sure, like the English, handicapped by the dilemma of either thinking crookedly or else admitting that the entire constitution of our society, its ideals and its ambitions, its objects of admiration and of ridicule, are anomalous and antiquated. But to fancy our thinking as free from prejudice and confusion as that of a society where cant is unknown, even though its substitute be fatuity, would be clear optimism. Upon a vast body of intellectual matters our thinking is not straight because it is, in these matters, dependent upon certain firmly held notions which would be seriously compromised if we were not careful to keep one eye on them, whatever subject we may be dealing with at the moment. If I admit this in regard to A, what will be the effect of the admission upon the opinion I hold in regard to X? is a common mental reflection with us when brought face to face with certain topics. This is never the mental attitude of the Frenchman, who looks at the matter in hand with absolute directness. He has an instinctive dislike of the confusion which results from thinking of more than one thing at a time, an instinctive disposition to look at it simply and postpone all consideration of its consequences—about which we are in general deeply concerned. He readily makes sacrifices to insure clearness. The American habit of hedging in advance against a possible change of opinion in the event of later information (a clumsy device for avoiding the brutality of downrightness, much in vogue with our "subtler" writers) is unknown to him. One remarks all this in the first discussion among Frenchmen that he listens to or shares. Possibly owing in part to temperament, to a certain *insouciance*, to a conviction that the destinies of empires are not really being decided, the admissions made, the easy acknowledgment of mistake, are surprising. But, mainly, these phenomena are to be ascribed to the straighter thinking of the French mind, to its unembarrassed poise, its genius for clearness, its confidence in itself.

At the bottom of our own peculiarities in the matter of thinking lies certainly an inherited distrust in the intelligence working thus simply and freely. Of Butler's saying, before cited, namely, that "things are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be," Mr. Arnold admirably affirms that "to take in and to digest such a sentence as that is an education in moral and intellectual veracity." Every Frenchman is thus educated, however, and Mr. Arnold's further remark, that "intensely Butlerian as the sentence is, Butler came to it because he is English," seems fantastic. He came to see the importance of saying it because of his English environment. To a Frenchman it is an accepted commonplace. And, indeed, we, if we withdraw our attention for a moment from the ingrained Anglo-Saxon indisposition to credit it in practice, and look at the maxim, clearly and straightforwardly, as at a mere intellectual proposition—as a Frenchman looks at all maxims or other arrangements of words in sentences—we can feel that it

loses something of its apparently sensational profundity. But in practice, owing to our English hereditament, we do not simply bring our consciousness to bear upon any point and, after listening to its report, deem our whole duty discharged—even if the point be a maxim which we can, on close inspection, perceive to be axiomatic. In practice our English instinct warns us against being sure that things are what to the unaided intelligence they seem to be; we have no confidence that there is any predetermined law governing their consequences; and if there be, we are not at all sure there is not some excellent reason why we *should* wish to be deceived. The entire history of the development of the British constitution, which we, in common with Englishmen, admire not more for its results than for the method by which these have been attained, is a conspicuous illustration of this. No more forcible example of the difference between the French attitude toward the intelligence and our own could be adduced. The French way of arriving at their constitution we, in fact, do not recognize as a development—as, indeed, for the past two centuries and a half it has not been; the *Tiers État* knew nearly as well what it wanted in 1615 as it does to-day, and since then the "development" of French society has consisted largely in converting its intelligence into statutory enactments. But whenever we think of what little we know of this growth of French institutions it is with either contempt or compassion for the French inability to make haste slowly, for their unwise hurry to draw the conclusion after both premises are settled, for their conviction that the order of nature insures things being what they are, for their blindness to Burke's ingenious tabling of discussion in insisting that regard should only be had to "man's nature as modified by his habits," for, in a word, their overweening and short-sighted confidence in the efficacy of the intelligence. We philosophize in this way about matters of large importance, just as our English cousins do about all matters—from the blessings of inequality to the speciousness of the decimal system.

Nothing, of course, is more foreign to the French mind than this attitude, which it is probably as incapable of appreciating in others as of assuming itself. It never even affects "the humility becoming such doubtful things as human conclusions," to use an English writer's phrase. It regards such "humility" very much as metaphysicians regard the similar distrust of the authority of consciousness which sometimes distresses the beginner in psychology—as distrust, namely, of "the measure," in Coleridge's words, "of everything else which we deem certain." In virtue thus of their taking intelligence seriously, the French make, it must be acknowledged, very much more frequent use of it than we do; and as nothing develops and polishes a quality so much as cultivation, it is not surprising that they strike unprejudiced observers as in this respect our superiors. Englishmen do not in the least mind this, as a rule. An American is perhaps less philosophic. The things of the mind are more esteemed by us. We have more respect for professors and "literary fellows." And although these and their congeners are more numerous in England, and in quality also "average higher" there no doubt, they certainly make less impression upon the philistine mass which surrounds them, and are more completely a class by themselves than with us. Our vulgarity is of quite a different type from English vulgarity; having no "brutalized" class below it, it is less contemptuous, and having no "materialized" class above it, it is not obsequious and pusillanimous. It is perhaps, for these reasons, louder, more full of swagger, more offensive; but it is manly and intelligent. Our rapidly increasing leisure class is itself felt to be more conspicuously lacking in other qualities than intelligence when it is compared or, rather, contrasted (for of course nothing can be so compared) with the British upper-class. On the whole, occupied in the main as our intelligence may be with purely material subjects, and ignorant as it may be of the importance of any others—deficient, that is to say, as it may be in culture—it is nevertheless one of the great American forces, and is respected as such and gloried in. The ordinary Englishman finds the ordinary American thin, sharp, stridulous, eager, and ner-

vous, but he also unquestionably finds him clever as well; the defects he notes are not defects of intelligence.

But after all is said that need be said of us in this respect, and however greatly our esteem for intelligence may excel that of the English, the fact remains that we are in no sort of danger of allowing this esteem to become excessive. We have nothing like the confidence in the intelligence which the French have. It is one of our tools in the work of society-building. With the French it is a talisman. We do not, in a word, begin to take it as seriously as the French do. The Frenchman would probably address us on this subject somewhat in this wise: "Your intelligence is certainly agile and alert, especially when compared with your English cousins', but you certainly exhibit it frivolously. No extravagance is too great for your thinking. You are constantly trying experiments in thinking, constructing for yourselves notions of this and that—not at all with reference to any experience, but wilfully. Moreover, you have an opinion upon every imaginable topic, and you do not consider it at all necessary to give any substantial reason for it. You have, it is true, a nervous dread of inconsistency, and exercise a great deal of ingenuity to avoid the appearance of it. But the exercise of ingenuity in this way is itself frivolous; it demonstrates a lack of confidence in the intelligence as such, one of whose chief qualities is flexibility. Flexible, thus, you rarely are, though you are certainly, spite of all your ingenuity, not a little variable. And it is not new light, but a different emotion, which makes you so. Your opinions are very apt to be *partis pris*—not, *à l'anglaise*, out of habit and tradition, but out of pure freak and whim. You are not, in our sense, *sincère*. You are, of course, perfectly honest, but in importing whim and fantasy into the domain of pure intelligence you are not serious; you are guilty of intellectual levity. You tell us (or, out of caution, the habit of business reserve, civility, or what not, you do not tell us) your notions about ourselves, for example. You have at all events no hesitation in forming opinions of the most positive kind as to our character, our manners, our art and politics. To mention politics alone, you have strong doubts as to the continuance of the present republic; fancy us in danger of anarchy from unrestricted socialist agitation, yet condemn our cruelty toward Louise Michel; alternately predict a king and a Radical dictator for us; pronounce us grasping in Madagascar, faithless in Tunis, pusillanimous in Egypt; attach weight to M. Rochefort's utterances; anticipate cabinet crises; become 'humorous' over the unexpected duration of the present ministry—all without any such acquaintance with us, our institutions, history, and present condition, as would be necessary really to justify you, if you took such matters seriously, in holding any notions at all in regard to us. You think a great deal. Your intelligence is very active. But you will forgive my frankness in saying that it is, to our sense, a shade lacking in self-respect. Doubtless you have some other touchstone for discovering truth, of which we are ignorant, or perhaps some substitute for truth itself. Your inventiveness is immense. You are the people of the future."

The French quick-wittedness, again, differs from our own as much as their straight-thinking does. Clearness is not more characteristic of French thought than celerity. The constant, unintermittent activity of the French consciousness assists powerfully to secure this. It keeps the intelligence free at once from preoccupation and from distraction. With us the man who sees quickly is apt not to see clearly. He is rather the man of imagination than of clairvoyance. He divines, guesses, feels, what you mean. He runs ahead of your thought, anticipates it wrongly often, if the data of his augury as to your probable meaning are insufficient. Sometimes he makes ludicrous errors; sometimes he becomes very expert at concealing his misconceptions and appearing acutely sympathetic, with really very slight title thereto; his agility of appreciation rivals the artificially developed memory of the habitual liar. But all this is presence of mind rather than quick-wittedness. There is a perversion of the pure intelligence about it that is almost tragic. Our truly clairvoyant man sees slowly in comparison with the Frenchman,

though I think we may say in comparison with the Frenchman alone. His solidity of character gives him an instinctive dislike, an instinctive mistrust, of fragmentariness. He must first make the circuit of any object before permitting himself really to perceive any of its facets; he must reflect upon its relations before he can realize its existence. The Frenchman meantime has contemplated, comprehended, and forgotten. Not only is his own intelligence singly developed, but he lives in an atmosphere in which care for the intelligence is almost exclusive. He is thus enabled to treat propositions by themselves. He does not ask what the propounder is driving at in general, before consenting to comprehend the specific statement at the moment. He would not, for example, before opening his mind to the subject of national characteristics, require to know which ones were personally preferable to the chronicler and commentator. In listening to a speech, in hearing a remark, or in reading a book or an article, he never inquires what are the maker or author's sentiments or opinions on cognate cardinal points. He is a stranger to impulses which impel us to seek Mr. Darwin's views concerning a future life as a preliminary to even apprehending the principle of natural selection, or the positive *credo* of Carlyle before enjoying Carlyle's destructive criticism of Coleridge. As to any important object of mental apprehension, therefore, his road is much shorter and his arrival much quicker. To him, at any rate, it would not be necessary to add that this involves no question of the relative worthiness of the two ways of seeing and thinking.

But it is only the French that we find especially quick-witted, and generally we reach France *via* England; and, remembering Thackeray's definition of humor as "wit and love," we are apt to express one difference between ourselves, as Anglo-Saxons, and the French in respect of intelligence as the difference between humor and wit. Such a distinction is flattering to us, and it is therefore become classical. It has, however, to be stretched to the utmost of its elastic extent in candid hands to be made to apply in many instances, unless by the "love," which to make humor Thackeray adds to wit, something more intense than geniality and evident kindliness is intended. And more and more this is seen to be the case. Few Anglo-Saxon critics nowadays, of anything like Carlyle's insight, for example, would be tempted to turn an essay on Voltaire, the great destroyer of the old, bad order of things, into a sermon on "Persiflage." To many French writers it would be impossible to deny the possession of a subtle charm qualifying their unmistakable wit, in a way which renders it very cordial and good-humored, if not humorous. Merely "witty," in our sense of the term, they certainly are not. They have an indubitable flavor which is, if not genial, assuredly kindly. Where can even an Anglo-Saxon laugh as he can at a French theatre? Mirth-provoking qualities will, on the French stage, excuse any absurdity. "Say what you like; I admit it," M. Francisque Sarcey, the famous *Temps* critic, repeats a hundred times, "Mais, c'est si amusant; c'est si amusant." An American would so speak of negro-minstrelsy. "Witty" is a wretched translation of *spirituel*. To be *spirituel* is to be witty in a spiritual way. It involves the active interposition of mind, and what is known as the light touch. Our humor does not depend upon lightness of touch, it need hardly be said. A genial imagination suffices in many instances. Often this need only be possessed by the auditor or the reader alone to make humor successful. Heartiness, on one side, and good-will, on the other, go far toward creating it out of nothing sometimes. Nothing will atone for the lack of this in our eyes; nothing will atone for the lack of wit in French eyes. This at least it is fair to say. A Frenchman would find Colonel Sellers as *ennuyeux* as Paris found Dundreary. An Anglo-Saxon finds something cynical alloying the mirth of such a masterpiece as Georges Dandin; we cannot comfortably enjoy the ridicule of misfortune if it be due to stupidity rather than to moral error. The French attitude is the exact converse, and the fact is exceedingly instructive.

But French lack of sympathy for our humor does not chiefly spring from the lack of this element of "love" in French

esprit, for which, indeed, it substitutes a fairly satisfactory geniality; nor does it proceed altogether from impatience with the *voulu* character of this humor, with its occasional heaviness of touch, its ceaseless vigilance for opportunities of exercise, its predominance of high spirits over mental alertness, of body over bouquet. It is in the main due to French dislike of, and perplexity in the presence of, whatever is thoroughly fantastic, unscrupulously exaggerated, wilfully obscure. To illustrate this distinction, a better definition of humor than Thackeray's is quoted by his daughter from an aunt of George Eliot, who describes it (wittily, not humorously) as "Talking in fun while thinking in earnest." Such procedure is in the teeth of French habit and tradition—does violence to every French notion of right talking and thinking. When they talk in fun they think in fun, and when they think in earnest they talk in earnest. This is not at all inconsistent with the subtilest suggestion, intimation, and even a certain amount of superficial indirectness. Suggestion, nevertheless, however subtile, is always strictly and logically inferrible from the statement which suggests and which may itself be so delicate as to be easily missed. And however superficially indirect an intimation may be, it is never obscure. But we look for the serious thinking beneath the fun in French wit, and it is only by long practice that we come to perceive that there is none. "All fables have their morals," says Thoreau somewhere, "but the innocent enjoy the story." In any department of comedy the French are bound to seem to us "innocent" in this way. An Anglo-Saxon reading or witnessing Molière, and inevitably associating serious thinking with all merriment of anything like such intellectual eminence as Molière's, is sure to find his amusement alloyed with a certain dissatisfaction. On the other hand, in the presence of English or American humor the Frenchman is infallibly at fault. He is accustomed to the classification and minute division of a literature highly organized and elaborately developed, where wit and philosophy have each its province—as distinctly as history and romance, which with us are so frequently (and in Macaulay's view, it may be remembered, so advantageously) commingled. In the presence of that portion of our American humor which is unaccompanied by any "thinking in earnest," and which is so popular in England, we may perhaps excuse his perplexity, remembering his partiality for lightness of touch.

What I have been saying is merely another and a striking attestation of the French sense for proportion, order, clearness. French wit, like everything else in French character, is exercised under scientifically developed conditions. It is never exaggerated in such a way as to lose its strict character as wit. "Smiling through tears," after the fashion of the English comic muse, is little characteristic of her French cousin. The French genius for measure dislikes uncertainty and confusion as thoroughly as Anglo-Saxon exuberance dislikes being labelled and pigeon-holed. Thus, with all their play of mind, the French seem to us literal, almost *terre-à-terre* at times—their play of mind is manifested within such clearly defined limits and exercised on such carefully classified subjects. They, in turn, find us vague, mystic, fantastical. Our fondness for viewing things in chance and passing lights they share in no degree whatever. What they know they possess. For bias, however brilliant, or imperfect vision, however luminous, they have a native repugnance. Therefore we find them frequently deficient in imagination, and thus even lacking in their great specialty of appreciation, apprehension, acute observation. M. Taine's criticism of Carlyle, for example, appears to us the very essence of misappreciation. M. Taine is quite blind to that overmastering side of Carlyle's genius, his humor. He takes him too seriously, and not seriously enough; he takes him literally. At once we say to ourselves, nothing that this critic can say of Carlyle can have real interest and value. And we err on our side; M. Taine can help us to see how necessary Carlyle's genius is to preserve from triviality, from merely passing interest, all that exaggeration and fantasticality which are just as characteristic of him as his genius and humor.

On the other hand, it is in virtue,

rather than in spite of their distaste for mysticism, that the French display such a rare quality for dealing with subjects whose native realm is the border-land between the positive and the metaphysical. Here their touch is invariably delicate and intuitively just. They prefer the positive; they deal with the metaphysical positively, or not at all—witness Pascal, witness Descartes, witness the deists of the Encyclopædia, witness Michelet's definition of metaphysics as "l'art de s'égarer avec méthode." But they show immense tact, which can only come from highly developed intelligence unmixed with emotion, in treating that entire range of topics the truth concerning which seems so accessible and is yet, as experience and candor warn us, so elusive—the nebulæ lying, as it were, within the penumbra of perception, neither quite outside its range in the clear light, nor wholly within the shadow where search is as stimulating to the imagination as it is otherwise barren. The field of thought, where the light touch is the magician's wand that opens the mind, though it affords little actual sustenance, and that fortifies the judgment in keeping it within bounds; where plump statements and definite opinions are out of place; where the logical conclusion is divined to be incomplete and misleading; where scores of practical questions concerning love, marriage, manners, morals, criticism are to be discussed without dogmatism, and the clearest view of them is seen to have qualifications—the field, in fine, of airy and avowed paradox, where any emotion is an impertinence and any hard and fast generalization an intrusion, belongs almost wholly to the French. This field they never mistake for the positive. They are no more unconsciously vague here than in the positive field. They treat fancifulness fancifully. They preserve all their perspicacity in dealing with it. Some refinement of the intelligence secures them against the *imposition* of illusion, and enables them to enjoy and illustrate its *art*.

The passion for clearness appears nowhere more manifest than in the French language itself, the clearness of which is a commonplace. It is for this reason, rather than because it is the earliest settled European idiom, and because of French preponderance in European affairs, that it is the language of diplomacy. It is impossible to be at once correct and obscure in French. Expressed in French, a proposition cannot be ambiguous. Any given collocation of words has a significance that is certain. Permutation of words means a change of ideas. Spanish may have more rhetorical variety; English a choice between poetic and prose phraseology; German may state or, rather, "shadow forth" more profundity; Italian be "richer," as the Italians, who find themselves constrained in French, are always saying; the synthetic languages may express more concisely certain *nuances* of thought and feeling. None of them is so precise as the French. And this is far from being felt as a defect by the French themselves. One of Victor Hugo's chief titles to fame is his accomplishment in moulding the French language to his thought, in developing its elasticity by making it say new things. This is indeed, perhaps, the only one of his accomplishments that may be called unique. It is universally ascribed by Frenchmen to the miracle of Hugo's genius. It at any rate belongs to no other of the romanticists who, whatever violence they did to traditions of propriety, worked with the old, time-honored tools. Alfred de Musset and Keats are often compared. They have indeed many traits in common. English stylists, admitting at once with Mr. Lowell that Keats is "overlanguaged," nevertheless do not hesitate to find in his luxuriant freedom, and even his license of tropical intensity, one of his most distinguished merits. In Musset's case an eminent French critic, who "hesitates less and less," he says, to term Musset the greatest of French poets, is specially impressed by the correctness, the propriety, of Musset's diction, the grace and power which he exhibits within the lines of conventional grammar. Boileau could reproach him with nothing. His past definites—where Racine himself is weak—are all right. In other words, his precision is faultless; and whereas this would be nothing in a mere grammarian, in a poet of Musset's spiritual quality it is deemed a merit simply transcendent—

so easy is it to give the reins to one's afflatus, and so be hurried beyond the limits of that perfection of style which, whatever else may be present, is absolutely essential to the truest distinction. One sees at once how different the point of view is from our own. One appreciates how the French language itself, with such an ideal as this, conduces to the measure of the French temperament, the clearness of the French mind.

"La Raison," says Voltaire, "n'est pas prolixe." And whether or no the literature in which this admirably clear language is embodied is as important to mankind as other modern literatures, the most superficial study of it reveals the source of that terseness, for which it is known, even of the ignorant, to be remarkable, in its devotion to the qualities of the intelligence rather than to those of the imagination. Inspired by and appealing to the intelligence more exclusively than any other literature, it rarely sins by elaborateness, which is due to the dross of thought, or by an abruptness and inelegance whose conciseness is by no means inconsistent with obscurity. It is thus full without being fragmentary. Inelasticity of form is not a concomitant of its condensation of substance. It is neither vague in idea nor ejaculatory in expression. Born a Frenchman, Emerson, who would surely lose no essential conciseness in a larger sweep and freer flow of phrase, would have been as great a writer as he is a thinker. As for that fulness which is rather overexplicit than fragmentary, and which is indeed rather thinness than fulness, which in every relation but that of pupil to teacher is so relentlessly fatiguing, and of which we enjoy a surfeit in pulpit, platform, press, periodical, and private conversation, it simply does not exist in France. Such analogues of it as do exist are rewarded with the esteem in which all bores are held in a country whose nightmare is *ennui*. Nothing says more for French intelligence. Nothing says more for our own preference of instruction to intelligence than the opposite attitude on our part, which prompts the acceptance of much that is stale and flat in the hope that somehow it may be found not wholly unprofitable.

And French definiteness, like any other illustration of rounded and complete perfection, has great charm for persons of a quite different temperament and training. Take as an instance, among the multitude it would be easy to cite, the conspicuous one of so thorough an Englishman as Mr. John Morley in his character of publicist and critic. The direct influence of French Encyclopædism upon European thought has perhaps ceased to be powerful; but as one of the chief lights of that English school whose performance is probably mainly responsible for the late Karl Hillebrand's opinion that the English at present enjoy the intellectual supremacy in Europe, Mr. John Morley is an interesting illustration of the indirect influence which the methods and mental habits of French rationalism still exert. Spite of a thoroughly English temperament and training, Mr. John Morley's study of the French rationalistic epoch, upon which he is the authority in English, induces him to find it "a really singular trait" in Burke that "to him there actually was an element of mystery in the cohesion of men in societies, in political obedience, in the sanctity of contract." This is certainly a striking instance of the potency of the French influence in favor of clearness. But we have all felt its power and the exhilaration which comes from submitting to it—all of us who have come in contact with it. There is something stimulating to the faculties in withdrawing them from exercise in the twilight of mysticism and setting them in motion in the clear day, and, to cite Mr. Morley again, upon "matter which is not known at all unless it is known distinctly." About many things and in many ways a man fond of France and French traits easily gets into the same mode of thinking. Yet there is hardly anything less characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon genius than this purely rationalistic habit of mind. We are, as a rule, a thousand times nearer to Burke than to his critic in native sympathy, and the idea that there is actually an element of mystery in the cohesion of men in societies seems far from singular to us. We not only have a tendency toward the mysticism so foreign to the French mind and temper, but we maintain as a distinctly held tenet the wisdom

of taking account of the unaccountable, and find French completeness incomplete in this, to our notion, vitally important regard. But it would be difficult to convince a Frenchman of this wisdom. The rationality of considering only those phenomena of which the origin and laws are discoverable, of eliminating the element of confusion introduced into every discussion by taking, with Wordsworth, "blank misgivings" for "the fountain-light of all our day," accords with his notion of wisdom far more closely. Cardinal Newman's remark, which we find so happy, to the effect that after you have once defined your terms, and cleared your ground, all argument is either needless or useless, seems to him curiously amiss. Then, he thinks, is the very time for argument, when the terms have been defined and the ground cleared, so that candor and clairvoyance may without obstruction be brought to bear upon those natural or social phenomena which will always seem different to different minds until, in this way, the science of them is attained. "But you are not in search of the science of things, you others," he adds; "in virtue of your turn for poetry and your love of mysticism you are, as your Wordsworth says, 'creatures moving about in worlds not realized,' where argument is either useless or needless; and when you do descend to the practical and the actual your mysticism accompanies you, even into this realm; and even in occupying yourselves with so actual and practical a matter as social and political reform you refuse, with your Burke, to consider man's nature except as 'modified by his habits,' which, in your fancy, have some mysterious sanction. You wonder that we know so little of your greatest modern poet and your greatest publicist. In literal truth they can be of no service to us. They are too irrational themselves, and they are too contemptuous of merely rational forces." There is indeed little in either Burke or Wordsworth to appeal to the French mind, and the fact itself is as significant as a chapter of analysis.

Let us not take Burke or Wordsworth as witness of the insufficiency of the human intelligence, however. Let us take the clairvoyant Frenchman himself, and let us select two such wholly different witnesses as the late Ximenès Doudan and M. Taine—the sympathetic and the scientific critic, the *esprit délicat* and the incisive and erudite scholar. They are quite in accord. "We cannot get along without vague ideas, and an able man who has only clear ideas is a fool who will never discover anything," says M. Doudan. "When the Frenchman conceives an object," says M. Taine, "he conceives it quickly and distinctly, but he does not perceive it as it really is, complex and entire. He sees portions of it only, and his perception of it is discursive and superficial." Thus, even in the sphere of the intelligence, we find that discovery and perception are not always, even in French eyes, the fruits of French clairvoyance. Nevertheless, nothing is more idly self-indulgent for us whose defects lie in quite other directions than to dwell on the defect of the French quality of clearness; the French criticisms of clearness themselves, while they illustrate the quality in being made at all, and thus triumphing over prejudice, may be said to illustrate also its defect in being a little too simple and definite. Truth never shows herself to mortals except by glimpses; concentration and intensity of attention at these moments tend to create forgetfulness of their number and variety—that is, perhaps, all we can truthfully say. It may be impossible to be clear without being limited, but it is entirely possible to be limited without being clear. Limitation belongs rather to the conscious exclusion of essentially vague topics; clearness, to the unconscious operation of the spirit of order and system. "Clearness," says M. Doudan himself, "not only helps us to make ourselves understood; it serves also as a demonstration to ourselves that we are not being led astray by confused conceptions." When we consider much of our oversubtile writing, two things are plain—first, that there is an unintelligent awkwardness of expression, and, second, that there is an unintelligent confusion of ideas. Reduced to coherence, the meaning is often discovered to be very simple. And the meaning is, after all, what is significant. Yet the emotion associated with its discovery has so heated and fused a fancied new

truth that it is distorted to the writer's own view, and he sees it far larger than it is—he sees it unintelligently. French writing is so different from ours in this regard—it is such easy reading, in a word—that, recalling Sheridan's "mot," we are forced to perceive that it may have been hard writing, after all, instead of merely due to limited vision. About, in his "Alsace," prettily reminds Sarcey of a time when he had not "le travail facile, l'esprit rapide, et la main sûre comme aujourd'hui." M. Sarcey's style is limpidity itself; and when we consider what ideas, what *nuances*, what infinite delicacy, are disguised in this limpidity, and in that of others comparable to it, we can see that French clearness by no means necessarily means limitation, but implies a prodigious amount of work done, of rubbish cleared away, a long journey of groping victoriously concluded, and the slough in which our over-subtilty is still struggling left far behind. Clearness! Do we not all know what a badge of intelligence it is; how wearily we strive to attain it; how depressingly we fail; how, when we succeed, we feel a consciousness of triumph and of power? Admit its limitations. The French apotheosis of intellect has its weak side. But it argues an ideal that is immensely attractive because it is perfectly distinct.

AT EVENING.

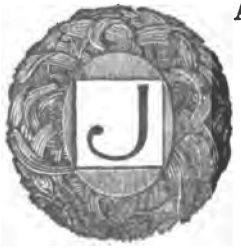
By Graham R. Tomson.

How will it fare with us when we are old?
  Shall we, through gathering grayness and dull rain,
  Grieve that the red leaves fall and blossoms wane?
Shall we, indeed, through mists of time behold
Our youth's lost picture limned on gleaming gold?
  Ah, no—well gone is all past joy and pain—
  No more, for April hours and fancies fain,
Our souls shall crave dead dreams and tales untold.

If we could choose what boon the years might bring,
  Should we not ask that age might proffer peace?
No more the doubt and deep unrest of Spring;
But woods unstirred by wind of wavering wing,
  The quietude of gray, untroubled seas,
And still, green meadows hushed at evening.

JAPANESE ART, ARTISTS, AND ARTISANS.

By William Elliot Griffis.



APAN is the land of surprises. Among things unexpected none strikes the visitor or resident more than the environment of art and its makers. One sees that the love of the beautiful has penetrated to the lowest classes, that taste is highly refined, that a long perspective of history has given a background out of which exquisite flowers of genius have bloomed, that the very shape of the fingers seen, literally, "on every hand," suggests delicacy and cunning skill; yet where are the factories and studios? Inside the dwellings, where are the bronzes, porcelain, and bric-à-brac? The house and living rooms, devoid of what we imagine to be furniture, suggest simplicity itself. Rarely are articles of virtu visible. The whole cast of civilization suggests extreme frugality, if not poverty. One wonders how Europe and America can be so filled with exquisite works of art, once exported from, but now no longer to be easily duplicated in, "Everlasting Great Japan."

These impressions, so often expressed by others, were shared by the writer seventeen years ago, when he first trod the soil of the Honorable Country. One year's life as a lone foreigner in a daimiō's castle town, and three years in the national capital, with much travelling and many visits to palaces, temples, feudal mansions, and artists' homes, did not greatly dull the edge of surprise. Then, the richly stocked shops and factories in the treaty ports, flamboyant with the gay daubs and over-decorated wares which sell well abroad, had scarcely more than a beginning. Then, the subdivision of labor, now increasingly practised, and the crass products of prison toil were unheard of. The emblazonry of paper fans, umbrellas, and wall-hangings, which make perpetual red sunsets in our sea-shore tabernacles, had but begun.

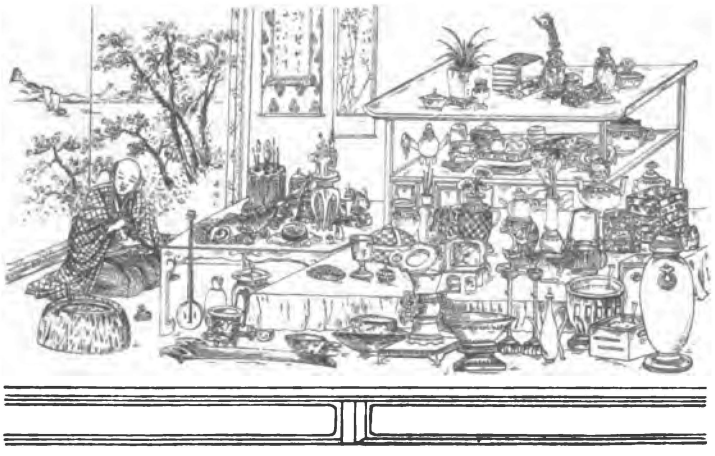
Things were normal, and the Holy Country had been but recently defiled by the alien. The collector, purchasing agent, and specially accredited emissary of museum and publisher were not then in the land.

Yet the art, the artist, and the artisans were there. Gradually one was able to discover the foundries and ateliers, and to ferret out the secrets and learn the curious vocabulary of the handicraftsmen. When familiar with the sword-wearing gentlemen and the intelligent merchants, the appreciative lover of art could carry temptation to their pride and often to their pockets, and thus win many a rare curio.

One found that these high-bred folks were averse to vulgar display, or to what might tempt the tax-collector or the spy—that natural and relentless parasite of Japanese feudalism. There were many causes tending to simplicity of domestic interiors besides poverty. There was the ever-present dread of fire —"the flower of great Yedo"—in which city a day passing without a conflagration was a novelty amounting to a national event. No fire-insurance company existed, and the stream thrown on a blaze by the hand-engines borne on men's shoulders, and filled with buckets and dippers could hardly outrival a Chinese laundryman in the act of sprinkling clothes. Hence, nearly all valuables, and especially art treasures and heirlooms, were kept insured in the *dozo*, a fireproof storehouse attached to every dwelling of importance. This fireproof building, made of timber coated with a foot of mud and hard-finish of plaster, contained "hidden treasures of darkness" in the form of lacquer, ivory, crystal, porcelain, pottery, bronze, books, toys, and robes.

The fine-art store, such as one still sees in the inland cities, is a modest affair in one or two rooms, probably half the stock being exposed at one

time. The proprietor sits before his brazier, in which a ball or two of the clay-and-charcoal powder smoulders, and will furnish a friendly and gratuitous cup of tea to all callers. He wipes tenderly the crystal you ask to see, and seems personally attached to each of his darling tea-pots, candlesticks, or pen-holder cases, as to a child. Far from showing any eagerness to sell, the old-time dealer, in what foreigners irreverently dub "curios," appeared loath to part with his wares. A sale seemed to grieve him, despite the thanks and profuse compliments showered on you for honoring his "hut" with your "exalted" presence. There is the richly pictured screen, with a "water-brow mountain" or beetling-precipice-sea-and-ship picture, or "the autumn views of many trees;" the *kakémono*, or hanging wall-pictures, with poem in caligraphic characters, or with bamboo and stanza; the rare old pottery, with the signature or seal of "Mr. Old Ink" upon it, while the drinking-cup's inscription reads, "Everything (literally, one hundred things) goes just as we please;" while to the discerning eye every shape, design, border-decoration, or figure is suggestive, or even eloquent, of the ideas and lore of Asiatic humanity, of its literature, religion, and interpretation of nature. No art in any land is more symbolic and suggestive than that of Japan, despite the plea of the linguists that the language and people are devoid of imagination of the Aryan standard.



An Art Store in Japan.

I remember vividly my first call, and subsequent visits, at a gentleman's house in Fukui, and the contrast. On first entering his *zashiki*, or parlor, despite its neatness, the delicious Echizen tea, served with exquisite grace by his pretty daughters, and the elegant dress and manners of all present, my amazement at the bareness and seeming poverty was flavored with mild disgust. On a subsequent visit, after tea, the talk ran on art. Presto! the black eyes gleamed, and the host's hands were clapped. "You would really like to see my miserable collection?" was asked. The servant, responsive to the hand-clap, in lieu of a bell, was given the storehouse key, and then disappeared. Soon the mat floor was piled and littered with box, roll, bag, and case. Out of yellow muslin wrappings, silken napkins, gold brocade bags, and crape cloths, issued gems of art, in gold, ivory, crystal, lacquer, porcelain, and bronze, that made me wild with delight. The operation of getting out some of the host's special treasures reminded me of the process of unwrapping a mummy. One article, with apparently as many skins as properly belong to an onion, was finally resurrected from its sacred darkness, and with amazing reverence laid on the *dai*, or stand. Shades of Benjamin Franklin! it looked for all the world like his black "two-penny porringer" displaced by his beloved Deborah's china bowl, and immortalized in his autobiography. Had it been put up at auction by my host, verily I should not have bidden, at the highest, beyond a five-cent nickel. That, however, was a historical gem, the pride of his collection; and, I am not sure but he claimed it to have been moulded by Giyoji, who in-

troduced the potter's-wheel, over a millennium ago. The date of its birth in fire, from the kiln, lay back in I know not what age; for the year-periods, so familiar to my host's tongue, had then to my ears about as much meaning as the taps of a drum. Now, the "Flower of Literature," the "Heavenly Peace," "Civilization with Enlightenment," and the other names of the Japanese segments of centuries serve, when rattled off, to awaken at least interest enough to send me to the kindly reference-book. Often have I thus learned that "a bit of old Satsuma, at least five hundred years old," was, as the stamp revealed, decorated in Tōkiō, which got its name in 1869! while a bronze brazier, catalogued as "three thousand years old," shows the truthful Goroza's mark cut in our own century.

Before leaving my host, I had become acquainted with his tastes and resources, which in native art were ample, and learned a lesson often repeated. Before foreign commerce began, nine-tenths of Japan's art treasures were habitually kept out of daylight and locked up in fireproof safes, in which the only thing of iron was the lock and staple.

It was not uncommon, however, for gentlemen to meet together and enjoy the products of local artists and artisans, and to compare notes and criticisms. The unique institution of *Cha no yu* (tea and hot water), which, probably more than anything else, developed the porcelain industry in the archipelago of Japan, served also as a school for the production of, and education in, native art. China and Japan drink tea, and the starting-point of their fictile art is the tea-cup (to which we barbarians have added a handle) with the cover or lid (which Europeans have turned upside-down, and made into a saucer), even as the rice-bowl is perhaps the original unit of their pottery. In Corea, speaking broadly, no tea is raised or drunk; and Corea has no porcelain, though of old, even as the Arab sailors tell us and her tombs reveal, famous for her pottery. The *Cha no yu*, or tea-making ceremony, is an elaborate social ritual. It was invented, so it is said, by the great Taikō in the sixteenth century, to turn away the thoughts of his men of war from arms to polite etiquette—two things for which the Japanese have a genius. Perpetual peace was to be kept by means of artistic grace and enthusiasm in æsthetics. This peaceful policy failed of its original purpose, but it gave a mighty impulse to the ceramic art, which was set on a firm basis when Taikō's generals invaded Corea and by his orders transferred, not only the Corean potters, but almost the entire national industry to Japan.

In old Japan there were no academies, large ateliers, or picture-sellers, as in Europe. Each painter had his studio in his home, and was assisted by wife, children, pupils, retainers, or relatives; or he went off to spend weeks or months at the monasteries, temples, or feudal mansions, filling orders for patrons. Some of the most famous basked in the sunshine of the imperial court, enjoying showers of gold; while others gained the aureole of immortal fame, roaming, slowly and miserably, from place to place. The schools founded by, and the traditions of, these old masters are still mighty in Japan. Not a few artists who gain a respectable living, and even fame,

Inspecting Art Treasures.

depend almost entirely on copying the sketches or models handed down from the past. Instead of finding stimulus in improvement, or inspiration in nature, they continually reproduce the same stock of ideas and set of symbols. A friend of mine, calling on a Tōkiō artist, criticised a peculiar and unnatural treatment of the horse's joints and limbs, asking why the artist did so. "Oh," replied the man of brushes and pigments, with a tone of protest, "the master —— always did so."

Artist at Work.

So far as I know, however, the better class of painters sketch from nature. The freshly plucked spray of blossoms, the potted plant, the bird or insect actually caught and caged, or the real crane in flight or feeding in the rice-field, is their true original. On one occasion, wanting to have some sprays of the deep-sea "glass plant," or *Hyalonema mirabilis*, so mounted in a lacquered stand that their jewel-like sheen would be visible, I gave an order for a *dai*, or stand, to a gold-lacquerer in Fukui, stating that I wished its design to be a sunrise on the rocks at the sea-side. He at once repaired to Mikuni, the near marine village, and sketched the cliffs, rocks, ocean-waves, and rising sun; after which he reproduced his India-ink sketch in gold and varnish.

The screen is a household article, nearly ubiquitous, and has the advantage of presenting many panels for a series of pictures, such as Heaven, Earth, and Air; Rock, Cloud, and Water; Youth, Middle Life, and Old Age; Deer and Maple, Tiger and Bamboo, Rain and Sparrow, and other associated ideas so dear to the Japanese eye and mind. In the picture on this page the artist's assistants, with mulberry-bark paper and rice-paste, prepare the panels, while the wife is busy on the sheets of silk, and the daughter grinds colors. Taking his place on the floor, without a mall-stick, but with two brushes in his hand, he sketches Spring and Autumn, as typified in the plum-blossoms and full-blown chrysanthemum. Immobility and Motion, shown by rocks and flower, the couplets of Bird and Grass, Moon and Hare, or the triplet Plum, Bamboo, and Pine, quickly appear under his facile brush. The rich costume of the artist and his family, and the general air of comfort and luxury, hardly represent the average historical fact, for most artists were poor. In the old days of feudalism they lived in the daimiōs' capitals, or clustered in Kiōto or Yedo. Now they are most numerous in the modern capital of the mikado, and the most prosperous artists are those who deign to draw designs for decorators, or serve, with a salary, under the manufacturing corporations which are rapidly centralizing art and labor. When, however, an artist is invited out to display his achievements, for a consideration, he dons his best clothes and expects a fair equivalent for his fine phrensy.

The aspects of nature which the Japanese artist studies lovingly are not like the glacier-polished and drift-deposited landscapes of Northern Europe and America. Volcanic and alluvial formations are most common in this Pacific archipelago, and though the traditions

of Chinese and Corean masters sway his brush, the Japanese artist reproduces with commendable faithfulness many of the moods of nature. The national tenderness of appreciation, and sentimental interest in nature, as mirrored in ancient poems and belles-lettres, dates from the primeval period, when the Sunrise Land was fresh to the new dwellers amid its wonders. The wrinkled hills, multitudinous valleys, lava-cones, mountain-ranges, waterfalls, and vegetable forms lend easily the lines which can be made to appear in lacquer paintings. In the typical gold-lacquerer's sketch on this page, as furnished by the graphic artist, the peerless Fuji dwarfing into insignificance the thatched cottages, the assistant. The thatched "moon-viewing chamber," or "cottage of outlook," the stone lantern, "to give light during the long dark night," the wicket gate and hedge, the rustic bridge, the Mandarin ducks, or love-birds—emblems of wedded joy, the storks—living prophets of longevity, the smoothly worn paths, the well-curb and rope-bucket, are there, all suggesting man's enjoyment in, and harmony with, nature. Perspective and Western artistic requirements are subordinated to the form required for the gold-lacquerer's art. With varnish, metal, and color he will translate the India-ink sketch into a superb picture finished in burnished gold.

Based on the graphic and pictorial

Landscape Sketch for Design in Gold Lacquer.

wild fowls of the air, and the scant cultivation, suggest the sparsely settled regions remote from cities, and tell of solitude—man alone amid nature, and his puny power over her. An art symbol (p. 113), nearly the reverse, narrates its story without words, but in a sufficient language of its own. This is a San-sui picture, having in it, as the term denotes, mountains and water. Nature is still here, but tamed and made man's arts are those arts decorative in which Japan excels. The noblest of these, and of purely native origin and development, is that of lacquering. The materials for writing, household furnishing, and personal adornment, with articles of civic ceremony and war, furnish the chief fields for the display of the finer artistic achievements; though large surfaces, such as doors, ceilings, frames and panels, vehicles, and even ships, are

A San-sui, or Garden Picture.

lacquered. The varnish flows drop by drop from the *Rhus vernicifera* trees, which are usually planted on soil otherwise worthless, since they are of slow growth. The sap is quite poisonous, and acts on the human system very much as the poison-ivy of our own forests. Americans living in Japan, and ignorant of the properties of fresh lacquer, after handling it, or even staying in the room where mantel-pieces or doors have been treated, soon begin to feel a prickly sensation on the face and hands. The discomfort increasing, the victim finds himself next morning with eyes closed, or nearly so, cuticle harsh, dry, and red, and visage resembling a prize-fighter's fresh from the ring. Many have to take to bed. The Japanese tell a story about the most poisonous sort, saying that three men are required to gather it. After saying their prayers, and bidding their friends farewell, one man rushes at the tree and with a blow of his axe cuts a gash. The second man dashes in with spout and bucket, to tap the trunk. The third, after due waiting, carries the gathered sap away. After prolonged treatment of the gray viscous mass, by agitation in the air, coloring, and processes often secret, the varnish is ready for use. When properly applied, the coating, which is put on wood, metal, and other substances, resists hot and cold water, and most liquids liable to come in contact with household utensils. Wood is the favorite substance employed for the best results in art, and for the most common as well as special uses.

The art dates historically from the seventh century, though tradition assigns its birth to the ages when almanacs, clocks, and writings had not yet arrived from the Asian mainland. Not a few articles now in national or private museums are, by documentary evidence, over one thousand years old. The difference between the best and the cheapest ware is manifest to the trained eye at once, while Father Time takes especial delight in showing the vanity of imitation, and the abiding honor of good workmanship. The baser sort, made by the scamp workman who dislikes trouble, by the cheat, the prison-labor contractor, or the honest Cheap John, has from one to three coats laid on the wood, or other basic material, which has been primed, or covered with rice-

Lacquer Artists and Drying Closet.

paste, persimmon juice, or Mino paper, and is finished with or without polishing. The finer and costlier grades have from five to fifty coats, with an amazing amount of grinding, polishing, drying, and manipulation between applications. By a strange paradox lacquer must dry in dampness, else it will run and stick. Hence in every *Urushi-ya* there must be a closed cupboard of rough wood well moistened or even saturated with water. The coating dries more quickly in summer than in winter, and the best drying is done within a narrow range of temperature.

A lacquerer's workshop, once provided with the graphic artist's designs and the prepared sap, is very simple in equipment. The decorator traces, with a fine brush made of rat's-hair, an outline of the subject on the reverse side of the design. This may be the wild-goose and the autumn grass, the *ka-cho* (flower and bird), bamboo and moonlight, Fuji-yama, peony, landscape, or marine view. For this rough sketch he uses lacquer, which he heats over a hot charcoal fire *to keep it dry*. Laying it, while wet, on the surface of the tray or box, he rubs the dry side with a spatula of whalebone, and is usually able to get twenty impressions from the one outline, which he has kept damp by holding it over the fire. In real gold lacquer the virgin dust from the mines is used; but usually silver, tin, or alloy dust is liberally employed. In the cheap varieties the metallic powder is mixed with lacquer, and applied with a brush, as seen in the upper picture on this page. Here, the artist, with hare's-hair brush, holding his little palette on the back of his left hand, is filling out the pattern. The small boy or apprentice is grinding and polishing with camellia-wood charcoal, ground whetstone, or deer-horn powder, the tool being a charcoal stick, or hard, smooth stone. The damp closet for drying has on its shelves articles in various stages of completion.

Washing, Mixing, and Moulding Porcelain Clay.

In old feudal days, when nearly every daimiō, or lord of an important fief, had his court-lacquerer, a set of

The First Firing of the Vase.

household furniture and toilet utensils was part of the dowry of a noble lady. On the birth of a daughter it was common for the lacquer artist to begin the making of a mirror-case, a poem washing-bowl, a cabinet, a clothes-rack, or a chest of drawers, often occupying from one to five whole years on a single article. An *inro*, or pill-box, might require several years for perfection, though small enough to go into a fob. By the time the young lady was marriageable her outfit in lacquer was superb. Of the twenty-eight most famous lacquer artists of Japan, the majority flourished in Yedo, where the wealth of art in this line of achievement was, up to the time of the abolition of the compulsory residence of the feudal lords, simply amazing. Fire, civil war, the dissolution of feudalism, and, most of all, an entirely new knowledge of the value of time, have placed the old art almost among those said to be "lost."

Nearly all the most famous lacquerers of Tōkiō are now very old men. Watanabé Tōsen, seven years ago, spent many months in finishing for the empress a tobacco-box, ten by six and eight inches in dimensions; but the average workman now cares more for the making of money than for fame, while the old spur of loyalty no more provokes to noble achievement. Lacquerers now earn from twenty cents to one dollar and a quarter a day. If, however, one is willing to pay and to wait, it is stoutly affirmed that as good products as those made a century ago can still be obtained. He who gives an order for such works as those which, after the Vienna Exposition, endured scathless a fourteen months' baptism in salt water by the wreck of the French steamer Nil, or which, reduced to ashes, will yield nuggets of gold, must have patience and a long purse.

The Japanese artisans in old times, when society was divided into four

Porcelain Decorators in Tōkiō.

classes, or eight grades, ranked socially higher than the merchant, though lower than the farmer. Each class and subdivision wore a distinctive dress. In a street of Tōkiō or Fukui the variety of

costume made a scene of wonderful picturesqueness. Sumptuary laws required the wearing of these class uniforms, and the hereditary habit of centuries even yet obtains. Instead of the flowing robes of the samurai, or sword-wearers, the artisans wore very tight one-seamed leg-casings of dyed cotton-cloth, straw sandals, costing less than a cent a pair, loose cotton coats, and no head-covering. While Corea is the land of hats, the Japanese go bareheaded. The nobleman donned a paper shell, or "brick," for ceremony, the peasantry roofing their scalps with umbrella-like disks, resting by two pads on the cranium, to keep off sun or rain; while in winter anyone might wrap his head in kerchiefs for warmth. A cap or hat, to enclose the scalp from forehead to occiput, was, until recently, unknown. The mechanic used a fan, or his hand, to keep off the sun's rays, tied a kerchief over his noddle to avoid dust, or knotted his "hand-wiper" over his forehead during hot or heavy work. On coat lappels and back, in figures made white by a mordant in dyeing, the initial letters of his name, trade, or guild were ostentatiously visible. In his bosom was his wallet, and from his belt hung his supplies for draughting and smoking. Flint, steel, and tinder in one chatelaine bag, pipe and tobacco-pouch in the other, were fastened to a *nétsuké* or toggle of ivory or wood, thrust up under and above his girdle. Brush-pen, wet cotton wad of ink, and a dab of paste were stowed in another belt-case.

Among the lower classes cotton in winter, and cuticle in summer made the chief varieties in costume. The *bettō*, or horse-boys, wore loin belts, cotton socks, and a tattoo painting on back and limbs. Unlucky gamblers, whom I have seen on a January day, when the water froze in the sun, went stark naked, and required to be fed at the start and finish of their work as palanquin-porters, else gambling would go on under my nose, and I be left in the lurch on a midnight journey of haste. Such sights are very rare now. The superficial area of exposed cuticle has been greatly curtailed since the introduction of foreign vices and morals, and the erection of cotton and woollen mills.

Japan now manufactures and exports, annually, artistic products to the value of millions; labor and skill are more centralized, and manufacturing methods gradually approach those of the West. In old Japan, clay-worker, moulder, baker, and decorator were usually in one room, and often were one person. The average "establishment" was a father and son, a husband and wife, or a small coterie of relatives living under a single roof. Now a subdivision of labor reigns, processes are carried on under several roofs, and the artists or decorators cluster at the capital.

Bronze Casting and Foundry.

It is even common now to dig the clay at some one of the two hundred and fifty beds known, load it on junks, and ship to favored manufacturing places, where it is ground, beaten, levigated, kneaded, moulded, and the biscuit fired and glazed. Ozawa has given us a picture of such a pottery, with one

of a series of chamber-furnaces, which are usually built up the slope of a hill, so that the heat may ascend, and the highest temperature be in the uppermost oven. The raw material, after being ground, stamped, and washed, is

Turning Lathe and Finishing Room.

further treated with hoe, trowel, and basket-sieve.

The finest sort is beaten with from three to six thousand strokes of a club, so as to be fully tempered for the wheel, or for those articles which are built rather than moulded. When ready for the baking, the first for the biscuit or dry clay, the second for the glaze, a peculiar kind of charcoal is used, and the fire is kindled from a spark struck with flint and steel, which every smoker carries at his belt.

In the stanza translated by Mr. Edward Greey, some poet has written :

"The potter moulds the clay upon the wheel,
And behold a jar valued at a few cents ;
The artist takes his brush, decorates the ware,
And lo ! the piece is worth the ransom of a great warrior."

These porcelain painters rank among the highest-class artisans, and as shown truthfully by Ozawa, live and dress well. They are intelligent brain-workers, as well as experts with the brush. Of course most of the finest designs, and all the original ones, are drawn by the pictorial artist, and the decorators work from the sketches furnished them. In the manufacture by bulk and contract, however, the usual stock in trade of Crane and Stream, Rock and Sea-waves, Foam-drops and Petrels, Cloud and Dragon, Chinese poetry, idealized landscapes, or the repertoire of graphic designs in figure, are followed by rote. Artists know by heart, and have known for many generations, these standard art symbols, which are recognized and interpreted even by children. Streaking and banding in gold or color are done on a wheel turned by the fingers. For teapots, either of Corean, Chinese, or Japanese shape or model, a great variety of pigment is used.

Japan's porcelain and pottery industry is rapidly approaching, and will soon outstrip in importance, her mining operations. Very little money has been sunk in handling or beautifying clay, while the millions lost in tantalizing the face and disturbing the bowels of the earth are many. The best and surest benefit of the geological survey of Japan has been, and will be, the prevention of reckless mining. Fool's gold and its namesakes, and black shale that is always just on the point of yielding coal, but never quite does it, are as plentiful among the mikado's subjects as among the voters in America. "The total value from all mines and quarries in 1878 did not exceed five millions of dollars," while the product of all the potteries at present cannot be far behind this amount ; in 1875 it was three millions of dollars. The *sen*, or cent, is the unit of the day's wage. Miners and clay-diggers get from ten to twenty, clay-washers and mixers from twenty to thirty, kiln-men and bakers from forty to sixty, wheel-moulders from fifty to seventy, decorators who do conventional and routine painting, such as birds, flowers, and set symbols, fifty to seventy-five cents a day. The better classes of painters, who are really fine and original artists, command their own price. Since

clothing is usually of cotton, of a single thickness in summer, and wadded in winter, and covering but little underwear at any time, and since rice, the main staple of diet, costs from two to three cents a pound, the struggle for existence is not severe. Most mechanics have a little balance against a rainy day, and the shopkeeper and merchant holds from fifty to five hundred *yen* (dollars) against fire or funeral. The treasure formerly hid in the garden or under the foundation-stone of the house is now diverted to the excellent postal savings-banks recently established. In case of the birth of triplets, or survival beyond the age of seventy, the government ekes out support by a pension.

The critic and historian who is yet to write the story of art in Japan, from prehistoric time to this twentieth year of Meiji (civilization in enlightened peace), will discriminate nicely between what is borrowed and what is original. The folding fan, modelled on a bat's wing, the arts of lacquering, sword-making, cloisonné on porcelain, and some of the methods of decorating faience are of native origin; but of bronze casting and the secrets of alloy, niello, and metallic

Chasing, Inlaying, and Burnishing Bronzes.

work, tell-tale philology often betrays a Corean, Chinese, Persian, or Indian origin. Bronze is "Chinese metal," and some of the names of tools and processes, as I learned them in the shops, are but mispronounced Corean. *Beni*, or *Beni-gari* (rouge), seems to point to Bengal, just as *briki*, for "blick," is only the Dutch word for tin in the mouth of the man who eschews the letter l. The shapes and models of old temple ornaments and flower vases point unmistakably to Persian origin, even as the native annals report Japanese embassies meeting those from Persia at the court of the Middle Kingdom. Braziers, incense-holders, water-tanks, standing lanterns, memorial tablets, and tomb-doors give abundance of opportunity to the bronzist to show his skill in handling masses of metal. The images of Great Buddha at Nara, Kamakura, and elsewhere, show what Cellinis of Japan can achieve in colossal works of art.

One could scarcely imagine a purer interpretation of the calm repose of Nirvana than that of the work of the metallurgist Ono. Cast six centuries ago, and surviving the destruction by tidal waves of the massive temples reared to enclose it, the figure stands out under the blue canopy of the sky, in sunshine and cloud, at dawn-light and even-glow, sublime in conception and superb in achievement. Fifty feet high, and eighty-seven feet in circumference, the mass became unity through the brazing together of many sheets of upright layers of bronze, until the crown was set, and the whole finished with file work. An English chaplain, in writing the epitaph of a British officer slain near by, spelled its name "Die Boots." In this triumph of phonetics the holy man was not referring to American frontier methods of dying, formerly more in vogue than now; nor to the feet of the image, guiltless of leather or covering. He wished merely to demonstrate his knowledge of the orthoepy of Dai Butsŭ, or Great Buddha.

Unique and unapproachable as is the

artistic interpretation of Nirvana, by means of bronze, in the Kamakura image just described, that at Nara surpasses it in size and quality of metal. It is seven feet higher, and the alloy is *shakudo*, which is a black bronze made of copper, silver, and gold. Eight successive castings were attempted before success was attained; but finally Kimi-maro, the grandson of a Corean, succeeded, and in A.D. 749 the image was completed. What vicissitudes the idols of Japan have suffered may be imagined from the fact that this, the tallest of them all, has lost its head no fewer than three times. Once it tumbled off, and twice the fires kindled in civil war melted it to liquid. For over a century it remained in the condition of the unroofed idols so common in Japan, and to which the natives apply the irreverent name of "wet gods." At present, when Buddhism is shrivelling up into hopeless senility, the number of images of Buddha which, after long repose in the island empire, are transmigrating through American stewpans, kettles, soda-water tanks, and ships' coppers is amazing.

The casting of a public monument *in situ*, such as a memorial lantern, column, or Buddha, is usually a public and outdoor affair, attended with festal hilarity. Furnaces, bellows, casting-pots, tools, and appliances are brought to, or prepared at, the spot, and the details are watched by holiday crowds. In the picture by Ozawa we have the ordinary process of melting and pouring the bronze which is to be finished for modern articles of export. For the fusing of larger masses, and in more ambitious projects, a form of bellows that suggests old-fashioned suction fire-engines is used. Then from four to twenty men oscillate the see-saw air-box that drives a furious blast through the single or triple *tuyères*.

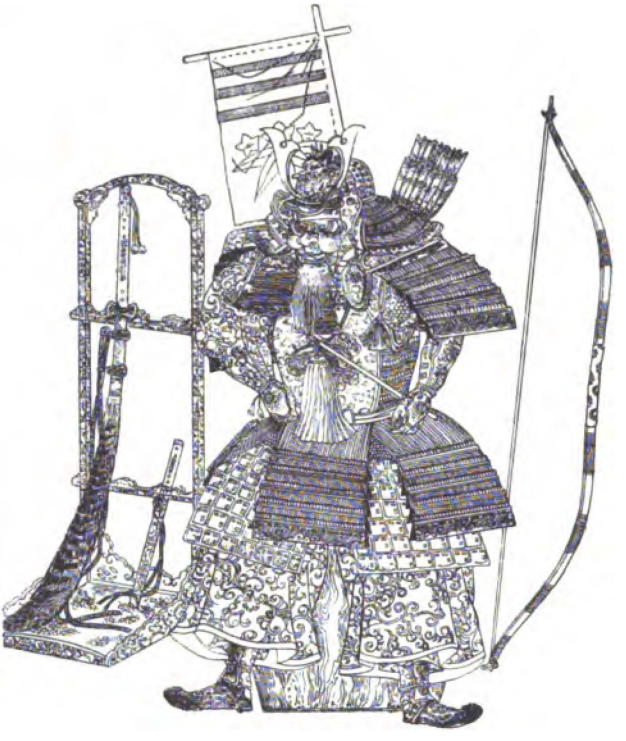
For the finer statue, or bas-relief work, a mould of clay and wax is made, dried, and heated to melt the wax and leave space. On pouring in the fused alloy, what remains of the wax is melted, fired, and lost (*cire perdu*). The picture on p. 117 introduces us to the finishing room, where the burrs left on the casting are removed, the filing is done, and the surfaces are polished, or made ready for silvering, fire-gilding, inlaying, or coloring. Turning on the lathe is deftly done, though in its use half the power applied is lost. A glance at this rude wooden machine will show that the man who turns the shaft with a strap pulls both backward and forward, so that the brass-turner holding the chisel must actually wait during every alternate revolution for the article set on the chuck to come round again right side up. Yet despite this crude form of lathe, in which fifty per cent. of power is lost, and but few revolutions made per minute, superb work is turned off. The Western handicraftsman will note that the pump-drill, and possibly other tools supposed to be European in origin, are common to his Nipponese brother.

A Jeweler's Shop.

Of late years decoration, the archaic patterns of Corean and Chinese traditional origin, and casts in the mould, have gone much out of fashion, while inlaying, niello, and *zo-gan*, or gold and silver raised work, are more in vogue. Ten years ago no fewer than half a million

Japanese men and boys wore, as articles of daily dress no more to be dispensed with in public than a coat, a long and a short sword. On the hilts, handles, and scabbards were embedded or encrusted from two to twenty ornaments, all of which were wrought in precious metals, and in the highest art of the metallurgist and jeweller. When after a few months' gradual disuse, and the sudden issue of an imperial edict, "like perspiration, never to go back," swords disappeared, the market was glutted at once with an amazing stock of *kin-gin*, or sword jewels. By a happy thought these gems of art were applied to bronzes, and the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia saw some of the best of those first made. Yet these exquisite pieces of jewelry, as well as those now turned out in forms more suited to Western tastes, by the goldsmiths of Tōkiō, are made in a space and with appliances that seem ridiculous. With the floor for a seat, at low benches, and with home-made tools, the raw material is melted, the sheet metal planished, annealed, or soldered, and the chains and ornaments are filed or polished. Instead of a draw-bench for wire-making, the floor, the hands and feet, a pair of pincers, and perforated plate constitute the machinery; while the coloring, plating, and acid processes are carried on in a few pots and jars, and the fire-gilding is done without hood or covering, often to the detriment of the health of the workmen.

The boys seen in nearly all the places of skilled labor suggest what is the fact, that apprentices begin to learn their trades usually much earlier than in our country, so that when majority is attained the mastery of the craft is thorough. Another striking feature of the Japanese system is that of heredity. Skill runs in family lines. Not a few of the famous artisans of the present decade are descendants in the ninth, tenth, and even twentieth generation, of the founder of the establishment. I once employed a carpenter in Fukui, who was proud of his ancestry of wood-workers through twenty-seven generations; and the temple records show such boasting to be true, though often adoption interrupts the actual blood line. At a paper-maker's establishment in Awotabi, in Echizen, I dined with the proprietor, whose fathers first established the industry a millennium ago, the national history showing also that the Coreans, before the ninth century of our era, visited the place.



Panoply of Yoshitsuné.

Next to Buddhism, the mother and nurse of fine arts, feudalism was the special patron and stimulus of the Japanese higher artisan. A glance at the arms and armor of a captain of old Ja-

pan's chivalry, such as Minamoto Yoshitsuné, shows how his full equipment summoned most of the fine arts to the service of the soldier. The harness of hide and chain armor, silk and steel, brocade and lacquer; the helmet and breast-plate of chased gold and silver; the dragon-insignia of cast and chiselled metal; the silken banner, woven, embroidered, or painted with the ancestral blazon; the polished triumphs of the quiver and arrow maker's art, the doublet bow of wood and cane; the sword-rack from the gold-lacquerer's hand; the bear-skin shoes and tiger skin-sheath, the shark-hide grip, and curiously wrought dirk scabbard made a panoply to which the masters of many arts contributed, when they laid all forms of animal and vegetable life and mineral products under tribute. Crowning all other crafts was that most noble and most honored of the sword-maker, who, by the help of the gods, presided over the birth of "the samurai's soul"—the bright unsullied blade of Yamato.

Now, though the old motive and environment have gone, and Japan is becoming modern, civilized, and commercial, may we not hope that the hereditary manual skill, physical adaptation, and real artistic impulse to translate beauty into art may for centuries yet be regnant in Everlasting Great Japan.

LIFE DISCROWNED.

By E. Cavazza.

As if a king, dethroned and fallen from place,
  In his own city, poorly clad, should stand,
  And in the hollow of his pleading hand
Take alms of coin whose image was his face,
From his own people passing through the ways
  Superb with palaces and shrines he planned—
  So Life, having lost Joy's empery and command,
Begs little pleasures from the grudging days
And counts them one by one, the piteous pence!
  And for his need must lay them up and keep—
    He that had countless treasure of fine gold—
While Memory, mocking his sad indigence,
  Cries to him, "Lo thou art fallen, and well mayst weep
    That hast so little of all thine own to hold!"

A CHAPTER ON DREAMS.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE past is all of one texture—whether feigned or suffered—whether acted out in three dimensions, or only witnessed in that small theatre of the brain which we keep brightly lighted all night long, after the jets are down, and darkness and sleep reign undisturbed in the remainder of the body. There is no distinction on the face of our experiences; one is vivid indeed, and one dull, and one pleasant, and another agonizing to remember; but which of them is what we call true, and which a dream, there is not one hair to prove. The past stands on a precarious footing; another straw split in the field of metaphysic, and behold us robbed of it. There is scarce a family that can count four generations but lays a claim to some dormant title or some castle and estate: a claim not prosecutable in any court of law, but flattering to the fancy and a great alleviation of idle hours. A man's claim to his own past is yet less valid. A paper might turn up (in proper story-book fashion) in the secret drawer of an old ebony secretary, and restore your family to its ancient honors, and reinstate mine in a certain West Indian islet (not far from St. Kitt's, as beloved tradition hummed in my young ears) which was once ours, and is now unjustly someone else's, and for that matter (in the state of the sugar trade) is not worth anything to anybody. I do not say that these revolutions are likely; only no man can deny that they are possible; and the past, on the other hand, is lost forever: our old days and deeds, our old selves, too, and the very world in which these scenes were acted, all brought down to the same faint residuum as a last night's dream, to some incontinuous images, and an echo in the chambers of the brain. Not an hour, not a mood, not a glance of the eye, can we revoke; it is all gone, past conjuring. And yet conceive us robbed of it, conceive that little thread of memory that we trail behind us broken at the pocket's edge; and in what naked nullity should we be left! for we only guide ourselves, and only know ourselves, by these air-painted pictures of the past.

Upon these grounds, there are some among us who claim to have lived longer and more richly than their neighbors; when they lay asleep they claim they were still active; and among the treasures of memory that all men review for their amusement, these count in no second place the harvests of their dreams. There is one of this kind whom I have in my eye, and whose case is perhaps unusual enough to be described. He was from a child an ardent and uncomfortable dreamer. When he had a touch of fever at night, and the room swelled and shrank, and his clothes, hanging on a nail, now loomed up instant to the bigness of a church, and

now drew away into a horror of infinite distance and infinite littleness, the poor soul was very well aware of what must follow, and struggled hard against the approaches of that slumber which was the beginning of sorrows. But his struggles were in vain; sooner or later the night-hag would have him by the throat, and pluck him, strangling and screaming, from his sleep. His dreams were at times commonplace enough, at times very strange: at times they were almost formless, he would be haunted, for instance, by nothing more definite than a certain hue of brown, which he did not mind in the least while he was awake, but feared and loathed while he was dreaming; at times, again, they took on every detail of circumstance, as when once he supposed he must swallow the populous world, and awoke screaming with the horror of the thought. The two chief troubles of his very narrow existence—the practical and every-day trouble of school tasks and the ultimate and airy one of hell and judgment—were often confounded together into one appalling nightmare. He seemed to himself to stand before the Great White Throne; he was called on, poor little devil, to recite some form of words, on which his destiny depended; his tongue stuck, his memory was blank, hell gaped for him; and he would awake, clinging to the curtain-rod with his knees to his chin.

These were extremely poor experiences, on the whole; and at that time of life my dreamer would have very willingly parted with his power of dreams. But presently, in the course of his growth, the cries and physical contortions passed away, seemingly forever; his visions were still for the most part miserable, but they were more constantly supported; and he would awake with no more extreme symptom than a flying heart, a freezing scalp, cold sweats, and the speechless midnight fear. His dreams, too, as befitted a mind better stocked with particulars, became more circumstantial, and had more the air and continuity of life. The look of the world beginning to take hold on his attention, scenery came to play a part in his sleeping as well as in his waking thoughts, so that he would take long, uneventful journeys and see strange towns and beautiful places as he lay in bed. And, what is more significant, an odd taste that he had for the Georgian costume and for stories laid in that period of English history, began to rule the features of his dreams; so that he masqueraded there in a three-cornered hat, and was much engaged with Jacobite conspiracy between the hour for bed and that for breakfast. About the same time, he began to read in his dreams—tales, for the most part, and for the most part after the manner of G. P. R. James, but so incredibly more vivid and moving than any printed book, that he has ever since been malcontent with literature.

And then, while he was yet a student, there came to him a dream-adventure which he has no anxiety to repeat; he began, that is to say, to dream in sequence and thus to lead a double life—one of the day, one of the night—one that he had every reason to believe was the true one, another that he had no means of proving to be false. I should have said he studied, or was by way of studying, at Edinburgh College, which (it may be supposed) was how I came to know him. Well, in his dream-life, he passed a long day in the surgical theatre, his heart in his mouth, his teeth on edge, seeing monstrous malformations and the abhorred dexterity of surgeons. In a heavy, rainy, foggy evening he came forth into the South Bridge, turned up the High Street, and entered the door of a tall *land*, at the top of which he supposed himself to lodge. All night long, in his wet clothes, he climbed the stairs, stair after stair in endless series, and at every second flight a flaring lamp with a reflector. All night long, he brushed by single persons passing downward—beggarly women of the street, great, weary, muddy laborers, poor scarecrows of men, pale parodies of women—but all drowsy and weary like himself, and all single, and all brushing against him as they passed. In the end, out of a northern window, he would see day beginning to whiten over the Firth, give up the ascent, turn to descend, and in a breath be back again upon the streets, in his wet clothes, in the wet, haggard dawn, trudging to another day of monstrosities and operations. Time went quicker in the life of dreams,

some seven hours (as near as he can guess) to one; and it went, besides, more intensely, so that the gloom of these fancied experiences clouded the day, and he had not shaken off their shadow ere it was time to lie down and to renew them. I cannot tell how long it was that he endured this discipline; but it was long enough to leave a great black blot upon his memory, long enough to send him, trembling for his reason, to the doors of a certain doctor; whereupon with a simple draught he was restored to the common lot of man.

The poor gentleman has since been troubled by nothing of the sort; indeed, his nights were for some while like other men's, now blank, now checkered with dreams, and these sometimes charming, sometimes appalling, but except for an occasional vividness, of no extraordinary kind. I will just note one of these occasions, ere I pass on to what makes my dreamer truly interesting. It seemed to him that he was in the first floor of a rough hill-farm. The room showed some poor efforts at gentility, a carpet on the floor, a piano, I think, against the wall; but, for all these refinements, there was no mistaking he was in a moorland place, among hill-side people, and set in miles of heather. He looked down from the window upon a bare farm-yard, that seemed to have been long disused. A great, uneasy stillness lay upon the world. There was no sign of the farm folk or of any live stock, save for an old, brown, curly dog of the retriever breed, who sat close in against the wall of the house and seemed to be dozing. Something about this dog disquieted the dreamer; it was quite a nameless feeling, for the beast looked right enough—indeed, he was so old and dull and dusty and broken-down, that he should rather have awakened pity; and yet the conviction came and grew upon the dreamer that this was no proper dog at all, but something hellish. A great many dozing summer flies hummed about the yard; and presently the dog thrust forth his paw, caught a fly in his open palm, carried it to his mouth like an ape, and looking suddenly up at the dreamer in the window, winked to him with one eye. The dream went on, it matters not how it went; it was a good dream as dreams go; but there was nothing in the sequel worthy of that devilish brown dog. And the point of interest for me lies partly in that very fact: that having found so singular an incident, my imperfect dreamer should prove unable to carry the tale to a fit end and fall back on indescribable noises and indiscriminate horrors. It would be different now; he knows his business better!

For, to approach at last the point: This honest fellow had long been in the custom of setting himself to sleep with tales, and so had his father before him; but these were irresponsible inventions, told for the teller's pleasure, with no eye to the crass public or the thwart reviewer: Tales where a thread might be dropped, or one adventure quitted for another, on fancy's least suggestion. So that the little people who manage man's internal theatre had not as yet received a very rigorous training; and played upon their stage like children who should have slipped into the house and found it empty, rather than like drilled actors performing a set piece to a huge hall of faces. But presently my dreamer began to turn his former amusement of story-telling to (what is called) account; by which I mean that he began to write and sell his tales. Here was he, and here were the little people who did that part of his business, in quite new conditions. The stories must now be trimmed and pared and set upon all fours, they must run from a beginning to an end and fit (after a manner) with the laws of life; the pleasure, in one word, had become a business; and that not only for the dreamer, but for the little people of his theatre. These understood the change as well as he. When he lay down to prepare himself for sleep, he no longer sought amusement, but printable and profitable tales; and after he had dozed off in his box-seat, his little people continued their evolutions with the same mercantile design. All other forms of dream deserted him but two: he still occasionally reads the most delightful books, he still visits at times the most delightful places; and it is perhaps worthy of note that to these same places, and to one in particular, he returns at intervals of months and years, finding new field-paths, visiting new neighbors, beholding that happy valley under new ef-

fects of noon and dawn and sunset. But all the rest of the family of visions is quite lost to him: the common, mangled version of yesterday's affairs, the raw-head-and-bloody-bones nightmare, rumored to be the child of toasted cheese—these and their like are gone; and, for the most part, whether awake or asleep, he is simply occupied—he or his little people—in consciously making stories for the market. This dreamer (like many other persons) has encountered some trifling vicissitudes of fortune. When the bank begins to send letters and the butcher to linger at the back gate, he sets to belaboring his brains after a story, for that is his readiest money-winner; and, behold! at once the little people begin to bestir themselves in the same quest, and labor all night long, and all night long set before him truncheons of tales upon their lighted theatre. No fear of his being frightened now; the flying heart and the frozen scalp are things bygone; applause, growing applause, growing interest, growing exultation in his own cleverness (for he takes all the credit) and at last a jubilant leap to wakefulness, with the cry, "I have it, that'll do!" upon his lips: with such and similar emotions he sits at these nocturnal dramas, with such outbreaks, like Claudius in the play, he scatters the performance in the midst. Often enough the waking is a disappointment: he has been too deep asleep, as I explain the thing; drowsiness has gained his little people, they have gone stumbling and maundering through their parts; and the play, to the awakened mind, is seen to be a tissue of absurdities. And yet how often have these sleepless Brownies done him honest service, and given him, as he sat idly taking his pleasure in the boxes, better tales than he could fashion for himself.

Here is one, exactly as it came to him. It seemed he was the son of a very rich and wicked man, the owner of broad acres and a most damnable temper. The dreamer (and that was the son) had lived much abroad, on purpose to avoid his parent; and when at length he returned to England, it was to find him married again to a young wife, who was supposed to suffer cruelly and to loathe her yoke. Because of this marriage (as the dreamer indistinctly understood) it was desirable for father and son to have a meeting; and yet both being proud and both angry, neither would condescend upon a visit. Meet they did accordingly, in a desolate, sandy country by the sea; and there they quarrelled, and the son, stung by some intolerable insult, struck down the father dead. No suspicion was aroused; the dead man was found and buried, and the dreamer succeeded to the broad estates, and found himself installed under the same roof with his father's widow, for whom no provision had been made. These two lived very much alone, as people may after a bereavement, sat down to table together, shared the long evenings, and grew daily better friends; until it seemed to him of a sudden that she was prying about dangerous matters, that she had conceived a notion of his guilt, that she watched him and tried him with questions. He drew back from her company as men draw back from a precipice suddenly discovered; and yet so strong was the attraction that he would drift again and again into the old intimacy, and again and again be startled back by some suggestive question or some inexplicable meaning in her eye. So they lived at cross purposes, a life full of broken dialogue, challenging glances, and suppressed passion; until, one day, he saw the woman slipping from the house in a veil, followed her to the station, followed her in the train to the seaside country, and out over the sandhills to the very place where the murder was done. There she began to grope among the bents, he watching her, flat upon his face; and presently she had something in her hand—I cannot remember what it was, but it was deadly evidence against the dreamer—and as she held it up to look at it, perhaps from the shock of the discovery, her foot slipped, and she hung at some peril on the brink of the tall sand-wreaths. He had no thought but to spring up and rescue her; and there they stood face to face, she with that deadly matter openly in her hand—his very presence on the spot another link of proof. It was plain she was about to speak, but this was more than he could bear—he could bear to be lost, but not to talk of it with his destroyer; and he cut her short with trivial conversation.

Arm in arm, they returned together to the train, talking he knew not what, made the journey back in the same carriage, sat down to dinner, and passed the evening in the drawing-room as in the past. But suspense and fear drummed in the dreamer's bosom. "She has not denounced me yet"—so his thoughts ran—"when will she denounce me? Will it be to-morrow?" And it was not to-morrow, nor the next day, nor the next; and their life settled back on the old terms, only that she seemed kinder than before, and that, as for him, the burthen of his suspense and wonder grew daily more unbearable, so that he wasted away like a man with a disease. Once, indeed, he broke all bounds of decency, seized an occasion when she was abroad, ransacked her room, and at last, hidden away among her jewels, found the damning evidence. There he stood, holding this thing, which was his life, in the hollow of his hand, and marvelling at her inconsequent behavior, that she should seek, and keep, and yet not use it; and then the door opened, and behold herself. So, once more, they stood, eye to eye, with the evidence between them; and once more she raised to him a face brimming with some communication; and once more he shied away from speech and cut her off. But before he left the room, which he had turned upside down, he laid back his death-warrant where he had found it; and at that, her face lighted up. The next thing he heard, she was explaining to her maid, with some ingenious falsehood, the disorder of her things. Flesh and blood would bear the strain no longer; and I think it was the next morning (though chronology is always hazy in the theatre of the mind) that he burst from his reserve. They had been breakfasting together in one corner of a great, parquetted, sparely furnished room of many windows; all the time of the meal she had tortured him with sly allusions; and no sooner were the servants gone, and these two protagonists alone together, than he leaped to his feet. She too sprang up, with a pale face; with a pale face, she heard him as he raved out his complaint: Why did she torture him so? she knew all, she knew he was no enemy to her; why did she not denounce him at once? what signified her whole behavior? why did she torture him? and yet again, why did she torture him? And when he had done, she fell upon her knees, and with outstretched hands: "Do you not understand?" she cried. "I love you!"

Hereupon, with a pang of wonder and mercantile delight, the dreamer awoke. His mercantile delight was not of long endurance; for it soon became plain that in this spirited tale there were unmarketable elements; which is just the reason why you have it here so briefly told. But his wonder has still kept growing; and I think the reader's will also, if he consider it ripely. For now he sees why I speak of the little people as of substantive inventors and performers. To the end they had kept their secret. I will go bail for the dreamer (having excellent grounds for valuing his candor) that he had no guess whatever at the motive of the woman—the hinge of the whole well-invented plot—until the instant of that highly dramatic declaration. It was not his tale; it was the little people's! That he seemed himself to play a part in it, to be and suffer in the person of the hero, is but an oddity of this particular dream; at which, indeed, I wonder a little, and which I seek to explain by analogy. In reading a plain tale, burthened with no psychology, and movingly and truthfully told, we are sometimes deceived for a moment, and take the emotions of the hero for our own. It is our testimony to the spirit and truth of the performance. So, perhaps, was this illusion of the dreamer's; and as he was asleep, he was doubtless the more easily and the more perfectly deceived. But observe: not only was the secret kept, the story was told with really guileful craftsmanship. The conduct of both actors is (in the cant phrase) psychologically correct, and the emotion aptly graduated up to the surprising climax. I am awake now, and I know this trade; and yet I cannot better it. I am awake, and I live by this business; and yet I could not outdo—could not even equal—that crafty artifice (as of some old, experienced carpenter of plays, some Dennery or Sardou) by which the same situation is

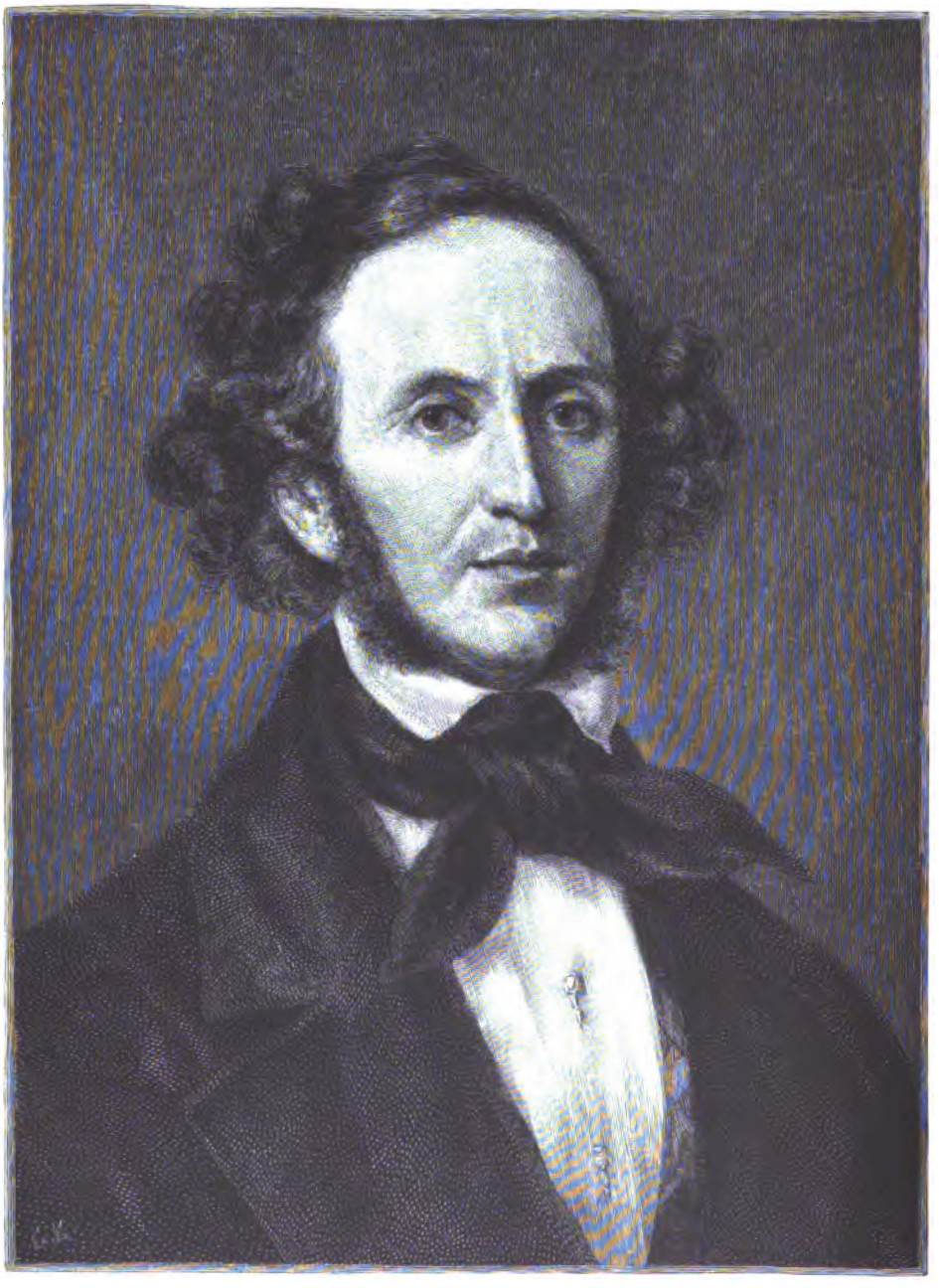
twice presented and the two actors twice brought face to face over the evidence, only once it is in her hand, once in his—and these in their due order, the least dramatic first. The more I think of it, the more I am moved to press upon the world my question: Who are the Little People? They are near connections of the dreamer's, beyond doubt; they share in his financial worries and have an eye to the bank-book; they share plainly in his training; they have plainly learned like him to build the scheme of a considerate story and to arrange emotion in progressive order; only I think they have more talent; and one thing is beyond doubt, they can tell him a story piece by piece, like a serial, and keep him all the while in ignorance of where they aim. Who are they, then? and who is the dreamer?

Well, as regards the dreamer, I can answer that, for he is no less a person than myself;—as I might have told you from the beginning, only that the critics murmur over my consistent egotism;—and as I am positively forced to tell you now, or I could advance but little further with my story. And for the Little People, what shall I say they are but just my Brownies, God bless them! who do one-half my work for me while I am fast asleep, and in all human likelihood, do the rest for me as well, when I am wide awake and fondly suppose I do it for myself. That part which is done while I am sleeping is the Brownies' part beyond contention; but that which is done when I am up and about is by no means necessarily mine, since all goes to show the Brownies have a hand in it even then. Here is a doubt that much concerns my conscience. For myself—what I call I, my conscious ego, the denizen of the pineal gland unless he has changed his residence since Descartes, the man with the conscience and the variable bank-account, the man with the hat and the boots, and the privilege of voting and not carrying his candidate at the general elections—I am sometimes tempted to suppose he is no story-teller at all, but a creature as matter of fact as any cheesemonger or any cheese, and a realist bemired up to the ears in actuality; so that, by that account, the whole of my published fiction should be the single-handed product of some Brownie, some Familiar, some unseen collaborator, whom I keep locked in a back garret, while I get all the praise and he but a share (which I cannot prevent him getting) of the pudding. I am an excellent adviser, something like Molière's servant; I pull back and I cut down; and I dress the whole in the best words and sentences that I can find and make; I hold the pen, too; and I do the sitting at the table, which is about the worst of it; and when all is done, I make up the manuscript and pay for the registration; so that, on the whole, I have some claim to share, though not so largely as I do, in the profits of our common enterprise.

I can but give an instance or so of what part is done sleeping and what part awake, and leave the reader to share what laurels there are, at his own nod, between myself and my collaborators; and to do this I will first take a book that a number of persons have been polite enough to read, the *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. I had long been trying to write a story on this subject, to find a body, a vehicle, for that strong sense of man's double being which must at times come in upon and overwhelm the mind of every thinking creature. I had even written one, *The Travelling Companion*, which was returned by an editor on the plea that it was a work of genius and indecent, and which I burned the other day on the ground that it was not a work of genius, and that *Jekyll* had supplanted it. Then came one of those financial fluctuations to which (with an elegant modesty) I have hitherto referred in the third person. For two days I went about racking my brains for a plot of any sort; and on the second night I dreamed the scene at the window, and a scene afterward split in two, in which Hyde, pursued for some crime, took the powder and underwent the change in the presence of his pursuers. All the rest was made awake, and consciously, although I think I can trace in much of it the manner of my Brownies. The meaning of the tale is therefore mine, and had long pre-existed in my garden of Adonis, and tried one body after another in vain; indeed, I do most of the morality, worse

luck! and my Brownies have not a rudiment of what we call a conscience. Mine, too, is the setting, mine the characters. All that was given me was the matter of three scenes, and the central idea of a voluntary change becoming involuntary. Will it be thought ungenerous, after I have been so liberally ladling out praise to my unseen collaborators, if I here toss them over, bound hand and foot, into the arena of the critics? For the business of the powders, which so many have censured, is, I am relieved to say, not mine at all but the Brownies'. Of another tale, in case the reader should have glanced at it, I may say a word: the not very defensible story of *Olalla*. Here the court, the mother, the mother's niche, Olalla, Olalla's chamber, the meetings on the stair, the broken window, the ugly scene of the bite, were all given me in bulk and detail as I have tried to write them; to this I added only the external scenery (for in my dream I never was beyond the court), the portrait, the characters of Felipe and the priest, the moral, such as it is, and the last pages, such as, alas! they are. And I may even say that in this case the moral itself was given me; for it arose immediately on a comparison of the mother and the daughter, and from the hideous trick of atavism in the first. Sometimes a parabolic sense is still more undeniably present in a dream; sometimes I cannot but suppose my Brownies have been aping Bunyan, and yet in no case with what would possibly be called a moral in a tract; never with the ethical narrowness; conveying hints instead of life's larger limitations and that sort of sense which we seem to perceive in the arabesque of time and space.

For the most part, it will be seen, my Brownies are somewhat fantastic, like their stories hot and hot, full of passion and the picturesque, alive with animating incident; and they have no prejudice against the supernatural. But the other day they gave me a surprise, entertaining me with a love-story, a little April comedy, which I ought certainly to hand over to the author of *A Chance Acquaintance*, for he could write it as it should be written, and I am sure (although I mean to try) that I cannot. —But who would have supposed that a Brownie of mine should invent a tale for Mr. Howells?



FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

FROM A STEEL ENGRAVING BY G. SEIDEL, 1852.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. FEBRUARY, 1888. No. 2.

MENDELSSOHN'S LETTERS TO MOSCHELES.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPTS IN THE POSSESSION OF FELIX MOSCHELES.

By William F. Apthorp.

I.

IT has often been remarked how few notable musicians have shown any decided literary gift. But that so exceedingly little good prose should have come from the pen of great composers is by no means to be wondered at. The almost exclusively special education musicians received, as a rule, before the beginning of the present century, was not fitted to equip them for literary tasks; and, upon the whole, for a man to achieve extraordinary distinction both in literature and music would imply a versatility of talent such as one hardly has a right to expect even in the greatest genius. It is a far more reasonable cause for wonder that so few great composers have shown that they possessed even that undeveloped, quasi-embryonic literary faculty which is displayed in good letter-writing, that by no means very uncommon power of telling interesting news in a charming and interesting way, of talking familiarly, so to speak, with pen and ink, which constitutes the good letter-writer. Musicians' letters are, as a rule, singularly and surprisingly uninteresting to the general reader; he who has no especial interest in the men themselves and their doings will almost invariably find their letters pretty dull reading. Mozart's earlier letters, written during his boyhood, charm one irresistibly by their precocious humor; but his faculty of letter-writing did not mature as he grew up, and his later correspondence is commonplace enough. Take up a volume of letters by Hauptmann, Spohr or Weber, and, unless you happen to be a musician yourself, you soon lay it down with a gape. Count up the distinguished composers whose private correspondence has been given to the world in any considerable quantity, and you will find the number of those who habitually wrote thoroughly admirable letters to be dismally small. Still, at their head, you do find two men who can fairly be said to have been accomplished masters of the epistolary style: Berlioz and Mendelssohn. Berlioz's private correspondence is, perhaps, just a shade less admirable than his open letters, written for publication; he was a Frenchman to the core, and needed a certain consciousness of publicity to egg him on to do his best. He required the moral fillip of feeling that he was addressing the universe; a small audience rather chilled his finest faculties. Mendelssohn fell somewhat short of Berlioz's coruscating brilliancy; indeed his humor is often none of the finest; but his superior, Teutonic depth of character,

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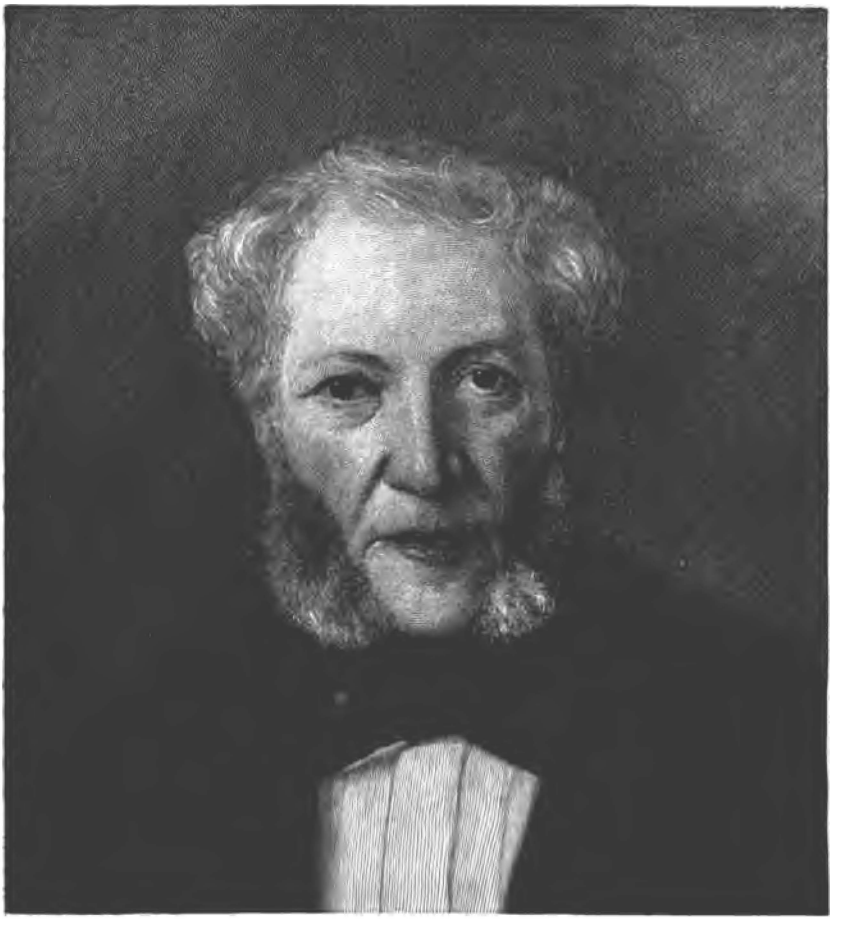
his indifference to applause for its own sake, made the private letter to an intimate friend the channel of all others through which he could most naturally give expression to his thought, the form of writing into which he could throw his whole self, with the least effort and the least reserve. And, of all the intimate friends with whom he was in frequent correspondence by post, Ignaz Moscheles was probably the one with whose instinctive artistic bent he had the closest sympathy, and in whose artistic judgment he had the most implicit trust.

The tone of reverential admiration, which pervades almost all of Mendelssohn's letters to Moscheles, was thoroughly sincere; that his repeated expressions of admiration had no taint of flattery, is indubitable. The instinctive bent of his own genius, and, added to this, the whole force of his musical education, impelled him to a closer and more complete sympathy with Moscheles, than with any other of his fellow-musicians. In Moscheles he found a man of quite sufficient talent and creative power to excite his admiration, a man whose personal character invited, at once, unbounded respect and affection, and, what was of more importance than all else, one whose musical opinions, whose whole artistic aim and striving, in a word, whose ideal in art, exactly coincided with his own. He could greet Gade's enchanting and original genius with the warmest welcome, and yet feel, the while, that the younger man had still something to learn, before he could fairly claim the place in the ranks of composers to which the Muses and the Graces seemed to destine him. He could clasp Schumann to his breast as a beloved brother and comrade in the great life-battle against "*was uns alle bändigt*, DAS GEMEINE," in the great life-struggle after artistic truth and beauty; yet he could not but feel that the path that Schumann's genius impelled him to travel diverged from his own, that Schumann's highest ideal was not quite his. But Moscheles was the man whom he could not only admire, if with a somewhat more restricted admiration, but with whom *he could thoroughly agree.*

From a cast of Mendelssohn's hand.

Moscheles then stood, not only as a pianist of exceedingly brilliant fame, to whom the art of pianoforte playing owed



Ignaz Moscheles. (From a painting by Felix Moscheles.)

a noteworthy step in its advancement, but also as a composer, to any new work from whose pen the musical world looked forward with very considerable interest. A new symphony, sonata or concerto by Moscheles was then as much of an event, as a new work by Mendelssohn or Schumann. Add to this that Mendelssohn, of all men, had especial reason to regard him with reverence. In the first place, Moscheles was nearly fifteen years his senior; when the two first met, in Berlin in 1824, Moscheles was thirty, while Mendelssohn was still a boy of fifteen, and the first relation between them was that of teacher and pupil. Then, up to the time of his father' death (in 1835)—that is, up to the age of twenty-six—Mendelssohn was much under his father's influence. Old Abraham Mendelssohn, "though not, like Leopold Mozart, a technical musician, and apparently having no acquaintance with the art, had got an insight into it which many musicians might envy."* He had an unconquerable respect for classic traditions, little or no sympathy with new musical tendencies, and, to his mind, Moscheles stood as the impeccable model, as the living embodiment of all reputable musicianly virtues, and he lost no opportunity of impressing his views upon his son. So that, even before Mendelssohn and Moscheles first met personally, the boy had, so to speak, a ready-made esteem for his master, an esteem which everything in the two men

* *Vide* Grove, vol. ii., p. 254.

served to confirm and deepen in after life. And long after the relation of teacher and pupil had come to an end, when Moscheles had recognized heartily that the other was his superior, and Mendelssohn had ceased to be unconscious of the fact that he himself was really the stronger man of the two, his original admiration for Moscheles's musical nature, his entire confidence in the soundness of his musical judgment, still survived. He felt, to the end, that Moscheles was the man who would be sure to reëcho his own opinions on musical matters with the least variation, the man to whose judgment he could submit his own compositions with the greatest certainty of sympathy, and one to whose every new work he could look forward with no disturbing fear of disappointment.

Abraham Mendelssohn, the Composer's Father.

We find, accordingly, in his letters to Moscheles, a complete frankness of expression, whenever he touches upon the subject of music, that is somewhat different from his manner with other musicians. Not that Mendelssohn ever cared to conceal his musical opinions from anyone, except, as was the case in his intercourse with Berlioz, when they might be apt to wound the feelings of the person addressed; he was quite as unguarded in giving vent to his musical likings and dislikings when writing to other friends. But the judgments on music we come across in his letters to his sister, to Ferdinand Hiller, and others more nearly of his own age, often seem to have a certain didactic flavor; one feels, one scarcely knows why, that he gives his opinion with a certain tacit emphasis, as upon something which it were well for his correspondent to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. In his letters to Moscheles nothing of this spirit appears; whatever he writes about music seems set down not so much for Moscheles's sake as for his own; it is the free outpouring of a mind that craves, and feels sure of obtaining, a sympathetic response to its own thought.

This completeness of musical sympathy between the two men, the reverence in which the younger held his whilom master, and the almost unbounded admiration with which the latter regarded his former pupil, must have counted for much in consolidating their friendship. Indeed their mutual esteem as artists, the implicit confidence each placed in the other's musicianship and single-minded devotion to his art, really lay at

the bottom of their intimacy. Mendelssohn felt, from the first, that Moscheles, the experienced and travelled artist, was the man who could best give him practical advice to help him on in his career in a practical way, and, moreover, that he could follow such advice blindly, without fear of finding himself in a position inconsistent with his own artistic dignity. The following letter gives earnest of this confidence:

BERLIN, January 10, 1829.

DEAR SIR:

Let me begin by apologizing for troubling you with this letter.

The kindness and friendship you have so often shown me will not, I know, fail me on this occasion, more especially as I come to you for advice on a subject of which I know you to be the most competent judge. The matter on which I want your kind opinion is this:

I intend to start at the beginning of this year, and to devote three years to travelling, my chief object being to make a long stay in Italy and France. As it is desirable, for several reasons, that I should spend a few days in Berlin about the middle of next December, before leaving for Rome, I intend to devote the eight and a half months of the present year, during which I can absent myself, to visiting those cities of Germany I am not acquainted with, such as Vienna and Munich, and then, if possible, I would extend my journey to London.

The object I have in view is, not to appear in public, but rather, to be musically benefited by my tour, to compare the various views and opinions of others, and thus to consolidate my own taste. As I only care to see what is most remarkable in these two cities, and to become acquainted with those eminent in the world of art, not, as I said before, to be heard myself nor to appear in public, I trust the time I can devote to my travels will not prove too short. Now, the question which I want you to decide is this: whether it will be better to begin or to end with London. In the one case, I should be in Vienna early in April, remaining there till about the middle of July, and go, first to Munich via the Tyrol, and then down the Rhine to London, where I could stay till December, and return by way of Hamburg to Berlin. In the other case, I should take London first in April, remain till July, then go up the Rhine to Munich, and through the Tyrol to Vienna, and thence back to Berlin. Evidently the former of

Mendelssohn's Mother.

these tours would be the more agreeable, and, as such, I would willingly select it, but, in following the latter, should I not have a better chance of seeing the two capitals to the fullest advantage, the season in Vienna coming to an end, as I am given to understand, in May, whereas in London it extends all through June and even beyond.

You who have so long lived in both cities, and who are so well acquainted with musical men and matters in both, will best be able to solve my doubts, and to answer a question of so much importance to me. You have given me such constant proofs of your kindness and readiness to oblige, that I feel confident you will not discontinue your friendly assistance, but once more give me the benefit of your advice.

I have to thank you for the second book of your splendid 'Studies.' They are the finest pieces of music I have become acquainted with for a long time; I have the honor to remain, yours most respectfully and truly,

F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

As Mendelssohn was ever ready to ask advice of Moscheles, so was the latter not slow to welcome the opportunity of introducing to the musical world of London so brilliant a *protégé* as Mendelssohn. Even at this early date, he could have had no illusions as to the real character and strength of the young man's genius. Several years later, he wrote to him, mentioning Thalberg: "In 1826 I gave him some instruction, and, at that time already, I became aware that he would little need me, to do great things, *sans comparaison* like a certain Berlin youth who soon threw aside all leading strings, and donned the purple." But his generosity was equal to his artistic integrity, and no unworthy fears of seeing a stronger rival appear above the horizon could, for a moment, stand in

Regent's Park. (From a sketch made by Mendelssohn in an autograph album presented by him to his godchild.)

as instructive and useful to the player, as they are gratifying to the hearer. Might you not feel disposed to publish a third book? You know what service you would be rendering to all lovers of music.

With best regards to Mrs. Moscheles,

the way of his doing all in his power to advance his young friend's interests. Indeed, it was chiefly Moscheles who paved the way for Mendelssohn's first successes in England, that is, for the first conspicuous public recognition of the young composer's genius. How

Fanny Cäcilie Hensel (born Mendelssohn).

heartily and thoroughly Mendelssohn appreciated his helpful kindness may be seen from the following letter, written after his return from his first visit to England. This letter also shows the high esteem in which he held Moscheles's talent.

BERLIN, January 9, 1830.

DEAR MR. MOSCHELES:

I have written to Mrs. Moscheles, and asked forgiveness for my protracted silence; allow me to refer to that letter, and to hope that the reasons therein detailed may plead for me with you; * at the same time I cannot refrain from assuring you personally how truly I feel myself indebted to you, and how grateful I am for all the kindness you have shown me. You received me in London in a way I could never have expected, and gave me proofs of confidence and friendship of which I shall never cease to be proud. If, hitherto, I had looked up to you with admiration, how much more so now, when, on closer acquaintance, I had the happiness to find in you an example fit in every respect to be followed by any artist. You know best yourself the value of a kind reception in a strange country, and the immense advantage of an introduction through you, especially in England. If that country made a most favorable and lasting impression on me, since, for the first time far away from home and friends, I could spend such happy hours,

* *Vide* letter to Mrs. Moscheles, dated Jan. 6, 1829, (by mistake, it should be 1830), published in Harper's Magazine, Feb., 1879, p. 427.

it is you I have to thank, to you I shall always be grateful. Might I but have some opportunity of proving how deeply I feel my obligation. I hope I may soon meet you again in some corner of the world, and find such glorious pieces of music as this time. The symphony is quite present to my mind, and I can play some of it by heart, especially the first and third movements; but that is very insufficient, and I look forward with impatience to the publication of this masterpiece. Will you not soon give it to the public? You must yourself know how surely you can reckon on a brilliant success, and on the admiration and warmest sympathy of every musician. For my part, I should be truly happy to see the score published, and am convinced that in this feeling I should be joined by all who love music. Will you not soon let a second one follow? Maybe you are at work on one already; it would be truly delightful if you gave us more pieces in the same spirit, imbued with such earnestness and depth; all real lovers of music would hail them with pleasure.

I mean to leave here for Italy as soon as my foot will permit me to travel, and request your permission to write to you occasionally on music and musicians; should your time allow of your sending me a few words, you know how much pleasure it would give me.

With best wishes for your welfare and happiness, and trusting you will preserve a kind remembrance of me, I remain,

Yours most sincerely,
F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

O "*Tempus edax rerum!*" "*Tempora mutantur!*" and all the doleful saws that recall the changefulness of affairs on this earth! Where are these symphonies now? And where much of the music of a far other sort—Berlioz Fantastic Symphonies, "Francs-Juges" overtures, and the like—for which Mendelssohn found words of blame mainly? Berlioz, Liszt and others of that ilk are now to the front, and their works find other meed than blame. But this is a digression; more of it further on!

Here is another characteristic letter:

BERLIN, February 27, 1833.

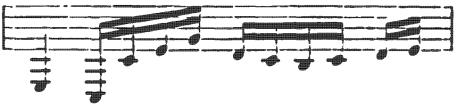
[See the drawing reproduced on p. 140.]

DEAR MOSCHELES: Here they are, wind instruments and fiddles, for the son and heir must not be kept waiting till I come; he must have a cradle song with drums and trumpets and janissary music; the fiddles alone are not nearly lively enough. May every happiness and joy and blessing attend the little stranger; may he be prosperous, may he do well whatever he does, and may it fare well with him in the world!

So he is to be called Felix, is he? How nice and kind of you to make him my godchild *in forma*. The first present his godfather makes him is the above entire orchestra; it is to accompany him through life; the trumpets when he wishes to be famous, the flutes when he falls in love, the cymbals* when he grows a beard; the pianoforte explains itself, and should people ever play him false, as will happen to the best of us, there stand the kettledrums and the big drums in the back-ground.

Dear me! but I am ever so happy when I think of your happiness and of the time when I shall have my full share of it. By the end of April, at the latest, I intend to be in London, and then we will give the boy a regular name, and introduce him to the world at large. It will be grand!

To your Septet I look forward with no small pleasure. Klingemann has written out eleven notes of it for me, and these I like ever so much.



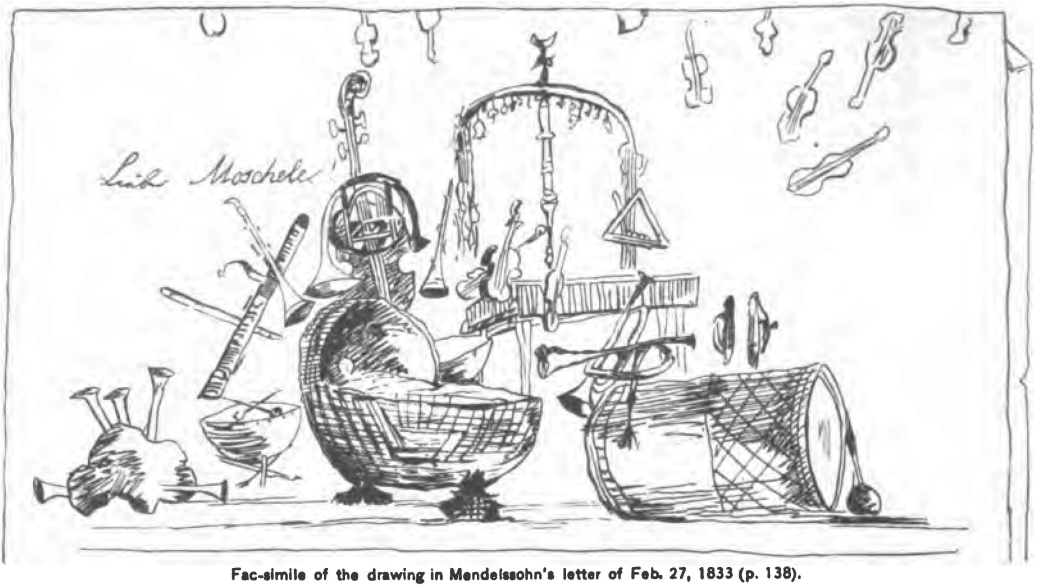
I can quite imagine what a bright, lively finale they would make. He also gave me a good description and analysis of the Andante in B-flat, but, after all, it will be still better to hear it. Do not expect too much from the compositions I shall bring with me. You will be sure to find pregnant traces of moodiness which I can only shake off slowly, and by dint of effort. I often feel as if I had

* A pun on the German word *Becken*, which means both *cymbals* and *basin*.

The Bridge of Sighs. (From a water-color drawing by Mendelssohn.)

never composed at all, and had to learn everything over again; now, however, I have got into better trim, and my last things will sound better.

Nice it was, too, that your last letter found me, as you said it should, alone and in the quiet of my room, composing to my heart's content; and now I only wish my letter may find you some quiet evening at home, with your dear ones well and happy around you. We shall see whether I am as lucky at wishing as you were. I am in a hurry, and must end; I had but half an hour for my letter, and that beautiful picture has taken up all my time; besides, I have nothing further to say but this: I wish you joy, now and hereafter, and may we soon meet again. My friends here send their kindest remembrances and congratulations; they are all well but my father, who suffers constantly from his eyes, and is, in consequence, much depressed; this reacts upon us; and we pray that



Fac-simile of the drawing in Mendelssohn's letter of Feb. 27, 1833 (p. 138).

there may soon be a change for the better. My sister and I now make a great deal of music; every Sunday morning with accompaniment; and I have just received from the bookbinder's a big grass-green volume of 'Moscheles,' and next time we are going to play your trio. Farewell, farewell, and remain happy. Yours,

F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

About his own musical doings, even about the ins and outs of his own professional life, Mendelssohn writes little, as a rule. His breaking his customary silence on such matters makes the following letter one of the most interesting, in one way, of the whole correspondence; it, for once, opens a window through which we can catch something more than a hasty glimpse of him in the midst of professional duties.

DÜSSELDORF, February 7, 1834.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Pardon my long silence; I know how guilty I am, but I reckon on your indulgence. I am so deeply buried in my work and papers that, even now, I think I should not have emerged from them, were it not that a special circumstance obliges me to write to you. So let me pass over the last four months, and all my excuses into the bargain, remembering what a dear old friend you are, and how ready to forgive.

Thus encouraged, I fancy myself in Chester Place,* and wish you 'good evening.' What I have to say is this:—I have ventured to dedicate to you, without asking your permission, a piece which is to appear at Simrock's—a piece I am just fond of myself.† But this is not what I was going to say. I had thought how nice it would be if you met with it during one of your trips to Germany; but now my Rondo Brillant‡ is just finished, and I have the very greatest desire to dedicate that also to you; that, however, I do not venture to do without your special permission, for I am well aware that, by rights, it is not style to ask leave to dedicate two pieces at once, and perhaps you will think it rather an odd proceeding on my part, but I cannot help it, I have set my heart upon it. In general, I am not very partial to dedications, and have seldom made any; but, in this case, they are to convey a meaning, inasmuch as, not having been able to send you a letter for a long while, I wanted, at least, to let you have some of the work I have been doing. Write me a line on the subject, as the Rondo is to appear in Leipzig too, and,

* At Moscheles's house in London.

† The Fantasie in F-sharp minor ("Sonate Ecossaise"), Opus 28.

‡ In E-flat, for pianoforte and orchestra, Opus 29.

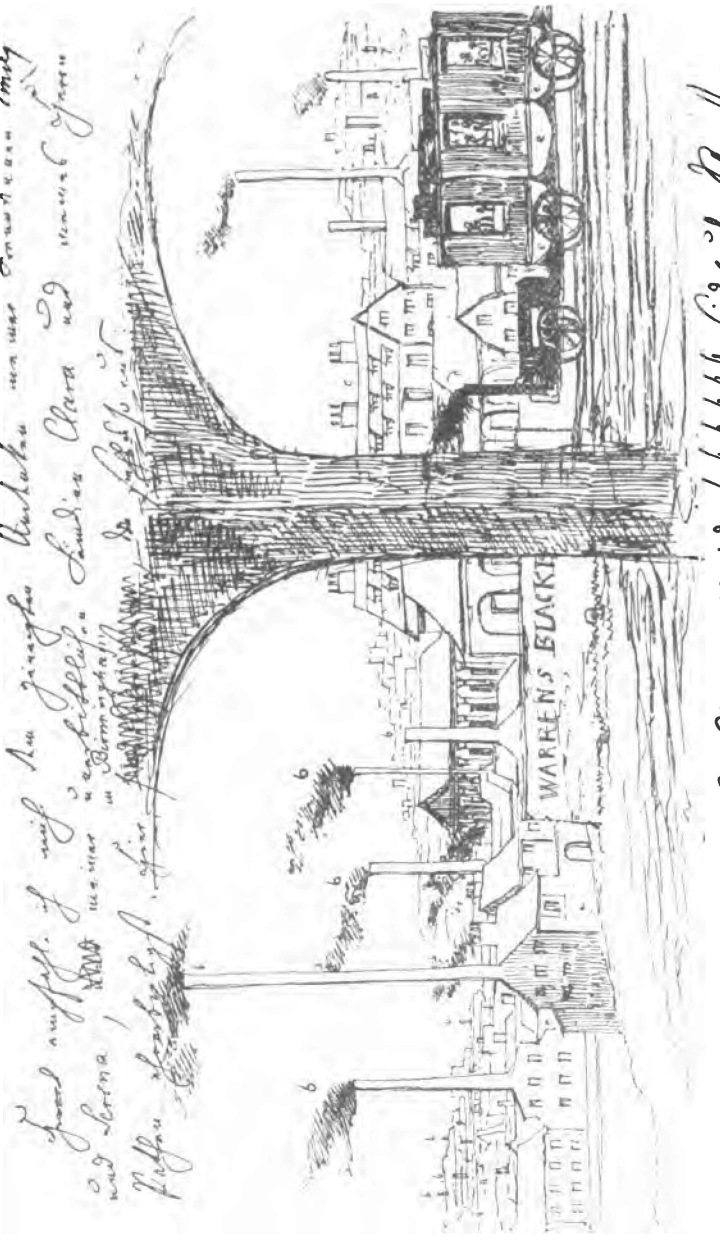
once you have penned that line, you may feel inclined to add another, or, perhaps, a few more, as you did in your last kind letter for which I have not thanked you yet.

Klingemann is not prodigal of words, so that I have heard but little of London friends, and particularly little of those in Chester Place. What do you all look like? What can Felix say? Does Serena remember her humble servant with the carnations? And how fares the Sonata for two performers? Do give me full particulars about that and your other work. I would ask Mrs. Moscheles to let me know all about it, but I feel she must be so angry with me that I don't think I can summon courage to write to her. The last of your compositions I heard of was the Impromptu for Mary Alexander, and, since then, I am sure you have produced all manner of delightful things. My own poverty in shaping new forms for the pianoforte once more struck me most forcibly while writing the Rondo. It is there I get into difficulties, and have to toil and labor, and I am afraid you will notice that such was the case. Still, there are things in it which I believe are not bad, and some parts that I really like, but how I am to set about writing a calm and quiet piece (and that, I know, is just what you advised me to do, last spring) I really do not know. All that passes through my head in the shape of pianoforte music is about as calm and quiet as Cheapside, and when I sit down to the pianoforte, and compel myself to start improvising ever so quietly, it is of no use—by degrees I fall back into the old ways.

Chester Place. (From a drawing made by Mendelssohn—given in an autograph album by him to his godchild.)

My new Scena, however, which I am writing for the Philharmonic, will, I am afraid, be only too tame. But so much self-criticism is not to the purpose, so I stick to my work, and that means, in plain language, that I am well and happy.

I feel particularly comfortable in this



Birmingham. (From a pen drawing by Mendelssohn.)

place, having just as much official occupation as I want and like, and plenty of time to myself. When I do not feel inclined to compose, there is the conducting and rehearsing, and it is quite a pleasure to see how pluckily things go; and then this place is so charmingly diminutive that you always fancy yourself in your room; and yet it is complete in its way. There is an opera, a choral society, an orchestra, church music, a public, and even a small opposition; it is simply delightful. I have joined a society for the improvement of our stage, and we are now rehearsing the "Wasserträger;" it is quite touching to see

with what eagerness, what appetite, the singers pounce upon every hint, and what trouble they will take, if anybody will be at the pains of teaching them: how they strain every nerve, and really make our performances as perfect as can be imagined, considering the means at our disposal. Last December I gave "Don Juan" (it was the first time I conducted an opera in public), and I can assure you many things went better and with more precision, than I have heard them at some of the large and famous theatres, because, from first to last, everyone concerned went in for it heart and soul; well, we had twenty rehearsals. The lessee of the theatre had, however, thought fit to raise the prices on account of the heavy expenses, and when, at the first performance of "Don Juan," the curtain rose, the malcontent section of the public called for Mr. Derossi like mad, making a tremendous disturbance; after five minutes, order being restored, we began, and went through the first act splendidly, constantly accompanied by applause; but lo! and behold! as the curtain rises for the second act, the uproar breaks out afresh, with redoubled vigor and persistence. Well, I felt inclined to hand the whole concern over to the arch-fiend—never did I conduct under such trying circumstances. I countermanded the opera which was announced for the next night, and declared I would have nothing more to do with the whole theatre;—four days later, I allowed myself to be talked over, gave a second performance of "Don Juan," was received with hurrahs and a three-fold flourish of trumpets, and now the "Wasserträger" is to follow. The opposition consists mainly of beer-house keepers and waiters; in fact, by 4 o'clock P.M. half Düsseldorf is intoxicated; anybody wanting to see me must call between 8 and 9 in the morning; it is quite useless attempting to transact any kind of business in the afternoon.

Now what do you think of such a discreditable state of things, and can you have anything more to say to such boors as we are? . . . . . Blagrove was here; I took him to our Choral Society, where we were just rehearsing the choruses from "Alexander's Feast;" our performance produced the most excellent effect on him—it sent him to sleep.

. . . . . .

I hear from my mother that the Gipsies' March, or rather the April Variations, are out. Is that the case, and, if so, could I have a copy of them? I hope you have done a good deal of patching and polishing up to my part—you know, I am thinking of those restless passages of mine. The whole of the last movement wants repairing or lining with a warm melody; it was too thin. The first variation, too, I hope you have turned inside out and padded. Don't I speak as if I were Musikdirector Schneider? And can't you send me one of Mori's annual jewels? But I must really take courage and another little sheet of paper, and write to your wife, for I haven't half done—good bye—till we meet on the next page.

Your

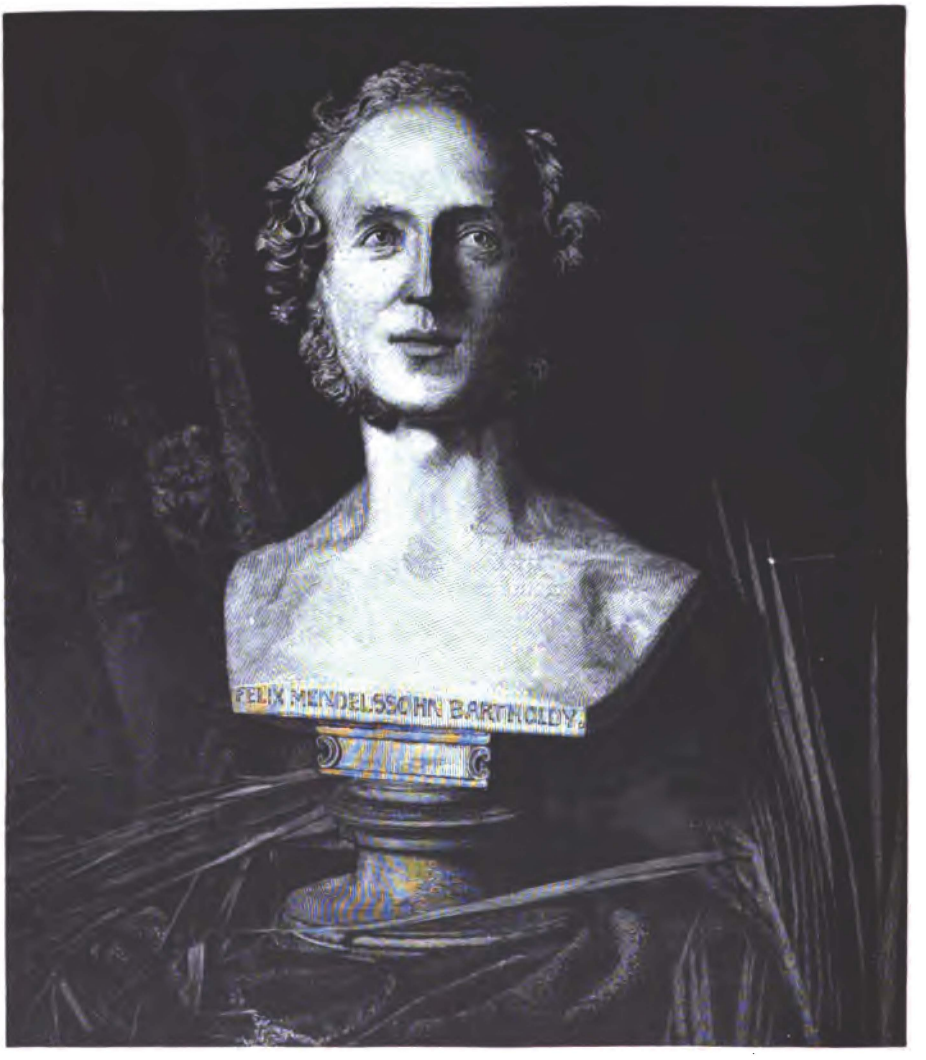
F. MENDELSSOHN.

Elsewhere he writes:

"My oratorio * is making rapid strides; I am working on the second part, and have just written a chorus in F-sharp minor (a lively chorus of heathens) that I thoroughly relish myself, and that I should so much like to show you; in fact, I am ever so anxious to hear whether you are satisfied with my new work. I have lately written some fugues, songs without words, with words, and a few studies, and should of all things like to take a new concerto for the pianoforte with me to London, but of that I know nothing as yet. You once said it was time I should write a quiet, sober piece for the pianoforte, after all those restless ones, and that advice is always running in my head, and stops me at the outset; for, as soon as I think of a pianoforte piece, away I career, and scarcely am I off when I remember: 'Moscheles said . . . etc.,' and there's an end to the piece. But never mind, I'll get the better of it yet, and if it turns out restless again, it will certainly not be for want of good intentions." †

The following passage, from a letter dated: Frankfurt, July 20, 1836, is not

* "St. Paul." † Dated Düsseldorf, Dec. 5, 1834.



Mendelssohn. (A bust from life.)

without a certain pathos. It hardly needs comment, so well does it express the state of mind to which many another earnest and high-souled musician has been brought, in other places and other times—that feeling of powerlessness to do good, for lack of the coöperation of others.

"Altogether this is a queer country. Much as I love it, I hate it in certain respects. Look at the musical men of this place, for instance; their doings are quite shameful. Taking the size and importance of the place into account, there is really a fair muster of excellent musicians here, men of reputation and talent, who might do good work, and who, one would think, would do it willingly—so far, that is the good side of Germany—but the fact is they do nothing, and it were better they did not live together, and grumble and complain, or meditate over their grievances enough to give one the blues. Now Ries has left here, too, and is by this time in England, I suppose; he considers he does not meet with due appre-

ciation, and finds fault with the musicians, and yet does nothing to improve them. Alcys Schmidt takes his ease in the country, sighs over mankind in general, a poor race at the best, full of envy and malice—forgetting all the while that he too belongs to it. Hiller is here just now; people discuss wildly whether he is a great pianoforte player or not, but they don't go to hear him, and fancy that makes their judgment all the more impartial; so he too is leaving for Italy. The only man who succeeds is Guhr, who knows least, and isn't good for much, but he has a will of his own, and enforces it *bon gré, mal gré;* the whole town lives in fear of him. But all this is bad, and the Bundestag should interfere, for, where so many musicians congregate in one place, they ought to be forced by the authorities to give us a little music, and not only their philosophical views on the subject."

If in Mendelssohn's letters to Moscheles we find, upon the whole, comparatively sparse expressions of musical opinion—for, with all the warm affection and esteem with which they brim over, they are, for the most part, business letters, at bottom—what we do find is singularly and instructively indicative of his artistic point of view, and this, too, in a phase which is all too liable to be overlooked nowadays. Now and then, especially in the earlier letters, he shows himself in the familiar *Davidsbündler* attitude.* As, for instance, when he writes:

"Do you think that I would not hear Miss Belleville because she is not a Bellevue, or because of the wide sleeves she wears? I was influenced by no such reasons, although I must admit that there are certain faces that cannot possibly belong to an artist, and that are so icily chilling that the mere sight of them sends me to freezing point. But why should I hear those variations by Herz for the thirtieth time? They give me as little pleasure as rope-dancers or acrobats; with these at least there is the barbarous attraction that one is in constant dread of seeing them break their necks, and that one finds that they do not do so, after all; but those pianoforte tumblers do not so much as risk their lives, but they do our ears, and that I, for one, will not countenance. I only wish it were not my lot constantly to be told that the public demand that sort of thing. I, too, am one of the public, and demand the very reverse. . . . I stopped at home because I felt happiest in my own room, or with friends, or in the garden which, by the way, is beautiful this year. If you do not believe it, come and see for yourself; that is the conclusion I always arrive at." †

Or again:

"And what do you say to their hissing little Herz? Why, that testifies to a high degree of culture! Has he consoled himself with guineas and Misses, or was it too crushing? You are particularly silent on the subject, and yet it is true, and Moritz Schlesinger will not be slow to triumph. Well, if he will only abstain from writing variations for two performers, or, if that is too much to ask, if he will only avoid winding up with those rondos that are so frightfully vulgar that I am ashamed to play them to decent people, then, for aught I care, let him be made king of the Belgians, or rather Semiquaver-king, just as one says Fire-king. After all, I like him; he certainly is a characteristic figure of these times, of the year 1834, and as art should be a mirror reflecting the character of the times, as Hegel or someone else probably says somewhere, he certainly does reflect most truly all salons and vanities and a little yearning and a deal of yawning and kid gloves and musk-scent which I abhor.

"If, in his latter days, he should take to the Romantic, and write melancholy music, or to the Classical, and give us fugues—and I should not be surprised, if he did—Berlioz can compose a new symphony on him: "*De la vie d'un Artiste,*" which I am sure will be better than the first." ‡

* The *Davidsbund* was an imaginary society—"which was a *mere* than secret one, since it existed only in the head of its founder,"—founded by Robert Schumann. Its aim was to combat the then considerable influence of the "Philistines," Herz, Hünten and their colleagues.

† Dated Berlin, August 10, 1832.

‡ Dated Düsseldorf, June 28, 1834.

Here we recognize at once the *Davidsbündler*, the fighter against mere outward show and trivial glitter in art, the man whose first maxim might well have been the motto afterwards inscribed on the walls of the Gewandhaus concert-room in Leipzig: "*Res severa est verum gaudium.*" To be sure, the passages cited are but hints; but they are all sufficient hints to recall to our minds the picture of Mendelssohn in the militant attitude with which we are most familiar. But this particular attitude of Mendelssohn's, although eminently characteristic, was not, upon the whole, the most noteworthy one he assumed in face of the general musical production of his day. It was the one in which we still instinctively think of him, but there was another, far more profoundly significant of the true cast of his musical nature, of the true bent of his genius, which most of us are now too prone to overlook. What Mendelssohn had to combat, in his character of *Davidsbündler*, was an intrinsically weak, trivial and ephemeral thing; all that could make it worthy of the determined antagonism of such men as Mendelssohn and Schumann was that it had the force of fashion on its side in their day. But no one nowadays doubts for a moment that it would soon enough have died a natural death of itself, without any interference from the *Davidsbund*. Such things as the Herz concertos and Hünten's variations come into the world with the seeds of *caries* already sown in them, and any penetrating eye could see at a glance that that finely polished enamel was foredoomed. Indeed, this whole war of the *Davidsbündler* against the Philistines seems to us now as rather a waste of powder, and we are a little inclined to wonder at how such very strong men could care so much about the matter. But there was something else against which Mendelssohn's whole soul revolted with a far more deeply rooted aversion than against the trivial "Philistinism" of Herz, Hünten & Co.; something which had, at least in his day, little power of fashionable popularity to aid and abet it, but which, Mendelssohn may have had a secret, unacknowledged foreboding, was destined to grow and flourish. The "Philistines" could, at worst, arouse him to outbursts of petulant ill-humor, at best, to sputterings of sarcastic fun; but hear in what Jeremiah strains he speaks of another phase of the musical production of his day! As before, the letters to Moscheles furnish only hints at what his feelings were, but these hints are big with meaning.

"What you say of Berlioz's overture * I thoroughly agree with. It is a chaotic, prosaic piece, and yet more humanly conceived than some of his others; I always felt inclined to say with Faust: [here some words are wanting] for his orchestration is such a frightful muddle, such an incongruous mess, that one ought to wash one's hands after handling a score of his. Besides, it is really a shame to set nothing but murder, misery and wailing to music; even were he successful, he would simply give us a record of atrocities. At first he made me quite melancholy, because his judgments on others are so clever, so cool and correct—he seems so thoroughly sensible, and yet he does not perceive that his own works are such rubbishy nonsense." †

Here is another sample, which, although not bearing quite so directly upon the case in point, is still suggestive, and in the same general direction:

"I quite agree with you in all you say about Neukomm's music. Is it not wonderful that a man of such taste and refinement should not be able to transfer these qualities to his music? To say nothing of the fundamental ideas of his compositions, the working-out seems so careless and commonplace. . . . Then, again, that constant use of brass instruments! As a matter of sheer cal-

* "Les Francs-Juges."

† Dated Düsseldorf, April 1834. This was in reply to a letter from Moscheles, in which we find the following:

"After yours, I had Berlioz's overture, 'Les Francs-Juges,' to conduct. We were all curious to know what French genius could create. I say French, for, so far, no other country but France has recognized Berlioz as a genius. But oh! what a rattling of brass, fit for the Porte-Saint-Martin! What cruel, wicked scoring, as if to prove that our ancestors were no better than pedants! And oh! again, for the contrast of the middle subject, that would console us with a vaudeville melody, such as you could not hear to more advantage in 'L'Ours et le Pacha,' or in the 'Viennese in Berlin.' Then comes the mystic element, a progression of screeching harmonies, unintelligible to all but the March cats. To show that something terrible is agitating the fevered brain of the composer, an apoplectic stroke of the tam-tam shakes to shivers the efforts of the whole orchestra, as also the auditory nerves of the assembled audience. . . ."

culation, they should be sparingly employed, let alone the question of art! That's where I admire Handel's glorious style; when he brings up his kettledrums and trumpets towards the end, and thumps and batters away to his heart's content, as if he meant to knock you down, no mortal can remain unmoved. I really believe it is far better to imitate such work than to overstrain the nerves of your audience who, after all, will at last get accustomed to Cayenne pepper. There is Cherubini's new opera, 'Ali Baba,' for instance, which I have just been looking through. I was delighted with some parts, but in others it grieved me to find that he should chime in with that perverted new tone of the Parisians, winding up pieces, in themselves calm and dignified, with thunderclap effects, scoring as if instruments were nothing, and effect everything, 3 or 4 trombones blasting away at you as if the human ear could stand anything. Then the finales, with their uncouth harmonies, tearing and dashing about, enough to knock one up. How bright and sparkling, on the other hand, are some of the pieces in his former manner, from 'Faniska' and 'Lodoïska,' for instance; there really is as wide a difference as between a man and a scarecrow—no wonder the opera was a failure. To an admirer of the old Cherubini it is really annoying that he should write such miserable stuff, and not have the pluck to resist the so-called taste of the day and of the public (as if you and I were not part of the public, and didn't live in these times as well, and didn't want music adapted to *our* digestive capacities)! As for those who are not admirers of the old Cherubini, they will not be satisfied anyhow, do what he may; for them he is too much himself in 'Ali Baba,' and, after the first three notes, they spot their man, and set him down as a 'vieille perruque,' 'rococo,' etc." *

But here are three passages more to the point:

"What you say of Liszt's harmonies is depressing. I had seen the thing at Düsseldorf, and put it aside with indifference, because it simply seemed very stupid to me; but if that sort of stuff is to be noticed, or even admired, it is really provoking. But is that the case? I cannot believe that impartial people can take pleasure, or be in any way interested, in cacophony; whether a few reporters puff it, or not, matters little; their articles will leave no more traces than the composition. What annoys me is that there is so little to throw into the other side of the balance, for what our Messrs. Reissiger & Co. compose is different, but just as shallow, and what Heller and Berlioz write is not music either, and even old Cherubini's 'Ali Baba' is dreadfully poor, and borders on Auber. That is very sad." †

And again:

"What you say about Berlioz's symphony is literally true, I am sure; only I must add that the whole thing seems to me so dreadfully slow, and what could be worse? A piece of music may be a piece of uncouth, crazy, barefaced impudence, and, with all that, have some go about it, and be amusing; but this is simply insipid, and altogether without life.

"Some studies of Hiller's I saw the other day I could not bring myself to like either, and I am sorry for this, because I am fond of him, and believe he has talent; but Paris, no doubt, is bad soil." ‡

"Looking through new music, as you constantly do, have you come across anything good? I have not met with anything that I quite liked. A book of mazurkas by Chopin, and a few new pieces of his are so mannered that they are hard to stand. Heller, too, has written two books of songs that he had better left unwritten. I so wish I could admire it all, but it is really so little to my taste, I can not. A few things there are, too, by some Berliners and Leipzigers who would like to begin where Beethoven left off. They can 'clear their throats' as he does, and 'cough his cough,' and that is just all. It seems to me like riding across country after

* Dated Düsseldorf, Dec. 25, 1834.

† Dated Berlin, Aug. 13, 1835.

‡ Dated Düsseldorf, March 25, 1835.

the rain; on horseback they can dash along splendidly, even if they do get splashed, but when they try to walk, they get stuck fast in the mud." *

These, as I have said, are mere hints; but, taken together with what we know of Mendelssohn, of his artistic aims and principles, they are very eloquent to whoever has ears to hear. Through them all there runs a current of abhorrence of a musical something—call it essence, spirit, tendency, if you will—which had begun to show itself in his time, and which it were sheer blindness not to recognize as essentially identical with the dominant musical spirit of the present day. Mendelssohn did his best to stem its progress; it aroused a far more strenuous opposition in him than anything the mere "Philistines" could do, and both by precept and example—in his compositions, in his playing and conducting—he fought against it, tooth and nail. No doubt he combated it as something utterly bad and vicious, rather than as something he feared might, in the end, prove strong and victorious. He only saw the beginnings of it—in Liszt, Berlioz, and others—and his faith was too strong for him seriously to fear that it could ever thrive, for to his mind it was as a blasphemy against all that he held most sacred, all that he believed to be most true and eternal in music. He could not foresee that Brahms—that is, the Brahms we now know, the Brahms of the C minor symphony—would one day come out of Schumann, that the Berlioz spawn was to hatch out Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Bizet, and who knows whom else? that all the occult forces, then secretly at work, were to bring forth a Richard Wagner, with his "Nibelungen," "Tristan," and "Art-work of the Future." These were all hidden from his sight behind the impenetrable veil of the future. But the seeds, the first germs of these he did see, and, although he was far from rightly estimating their real vitality, their inherent power of growth, he abhorred them with a deeply rooted abhorrence as he would the thing unclean. What were the mere polite trivialities, the drawing-room commonplaces of the Herz and Hünten "Philistines," in comparison with this new spirit in music, which, if it were not exorcised, would drag the whole art down to utter destruction and ruin? To him the exorcism seemed simple enough, a thing that would be merely a matter of time; to his faith, founded on Bach, Handel, and Beethoven, this spirit might well seem moribund, even in its infancy, yet none the less detestable, for all that, and something in the extermination of which it might, upon the whole, be well to assist Nature.

Do not think, for a moment, that I am stating the case too strongly. Of the few surviving musicians who were once intimate with Mendelssohn, who remember him in the daily activity of his musical life, I am very sure, there is not one but would agree that, if Mendelssohn were suddenly to return to this earth to-day, and to see our musical doings, hear the compositions we take delight in, know the men whom we crown as heroes—our Wagners, Liszts, Berlioz's, Brahmses, Dvořáks, Rubinsteins—he would think to find himself in the midst of the crumbling ruins of a devastated art, the shattered and prostrate columns of a desecrated temple. Remember, also, that I am expressing no personal opinion; I am judging no one, neither Mendelssohn nor the men who have come after him, in many ways almost supplanted him. I am merely trying to show how the general musical production of our day, above all, how the reigning musical spirit and tendency of our day, would appear, if viewed through Mendelssohn's eyes. And I am impelled to this attempt by a far more serious and weighty motive than for the mere sake of performing a feat of imaginary resuscitation of a departed ghost, like that of the spirits in Dean Swift's Glubdubdrib. No, there is more behind it than that!

This new musical spirit which breathes through almost all of our contemporary composition, which sets our responsive hearts a-beating, but which Mendelssohn would have looked upon as veritably *to pneuma akatharton*, has brought with it—and necessarily, too—a corresponding style of musical

* Dated Düsseldorf, Feb. 7, 1835.

performance. This some of us are only too prone to forget. We are quite conscious of the gradual changes that have come over the face of the art of music—that is, the art of composition—from the time of Bach down to our own. These we cannot well forget, for it happens, now and then, that we hear works by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Berlioz and Wagner at one and the same concert. But how many of us take the trouble to think that, as the style of composition changed, from age to age, the style of performance which the composers had in view, when they wrote their works, must have changed in exactly the same ratio? This is a matter that it were well to ponder on a little. Think you that Mozart meant his G minor symphony to be played in the same way that Beethoven demanded for his "Eroica"? that Mendelssohn imagined the duet between the Widow and Elijah as sung with the same emphasis that Wagner heard in his mind's ear, when he wrote Brünnhilde's lament over Siegfried's dead body in the "Götterdämmerung"? Not a bit of it! The prevalent style of singing and playing that is characteristic of a musical epoch dogs the footsteps of the prevalent style of composition in that epoch with inveterate pertinacity. Only the very greatest performers—that is, those who are the best and most cultivated musicians—can, even at intervals, extricate themselves from the toils of that style of performance which the spirit of their time winds around them; and even they cannot always do it. The difference between musical performance to-day and a generation or two ago is something far more intrinsic than is implied in a mere increase or decrease in technical skill; it is a difference in spirit, in purpose, in general musical point of view. To take but a single instance, I remember a wholly trustworthy ear-witness telling me once that Liszt's playing in his Parisian period, when he dazzled the then musical world, not merely by his genius and virtuosity, but by the tremendous and almost exaggerated effects he produced, would strike us now as the height of classic purity, as sheer Arcadian simplicity, compared with the playing of Rubinstein.

Now, as Mendelssohn's whole nature was revolted by that spirit which has so taken possession of the musical production of our time, so is it unquestionable that the style of performance which the works of our contemporary composers demand is not that which he would have cared to see applied to his own works. And this fact should, by no means, be forgotten. Indeed it takes a certain effort, a certain voluntary assumption of a quasi-archaic point of view, in most of our performers and conductors to-day—excepting the few, the very few, who are still in perfect sympathy with Mendelssohn's musical instincts—to enable them to reproduce his works in the spirit in which they were written. And that Mendelssohn was very much of a purist in matters of musical performance, even for his own time, is indubitable. He once said that he could not play Chopin well, for he could not bring himself to "play out of time." In this matter, he was even more strict than Moscheles himself. One day when Mendelssohn and Moscheles were playing, in Leipzig, a four-hand piece by the latter for their own amusement, Moscheles began to coquet with the theme of the Rondo in the elegant salon fashion. Mendelssohn's eyes began to dart fire, and at the second or third return of the theme, which Moscheles persisted in playing in the same *rubato* style, he gave his partner a nudge in the ribs, with the horrified exclamation: "*Aber, Moscheles! was machen Sie denn da?*" (But, Moscheles! what are you about?), and when at last, the theme reappeared in *his* half of the keyboard, he played it with triumphant emphasis, in strict time. This little anecdote was told me by an eye-witness, who was turning over the music for the two players.

Now, although many of Mendelssohn's works have lapsed from the concert room to-day, a goodly number of them—and very important ones, too—still hold their own, and bid fair to do so for some time to come. And it behooves all who are interested in music to see to it that they are given, if given at all, in the style which belongs to them. That this is no such easy matter may be appreciated by those who have witnessed the woful distortions his violin concerto—to take one instance out of many—

has been made to undergo at the hands of more than one distinguished violinist, of late years, or who have heard what virtuoso atrocities have been committed upon some of his simplest Songs without Words by aspiring—and perspiring—pianists. But still, with good will, perseverance and, above all, with understanding, much can be done. If any, or all, of the more modern composers succeed in ousting Mendelssohn's works from the concert room, and relegating them to that dusty oblivion in which the works of many another composer of genius sleep in peace, and with little immediate hope of resurrection, the world will have no right to complain, for it will be its own fault if such a thing comes to pass. But, so long as Mendelssohn is played and sung, let it, in heaven's name, be in the Mendelssohn way! Let no reflections from Liszt, Berlioz, Wagner, Rubinstein, or no-matter-whom disturb the spirit in which his works were conceived, and in which they should be brought into complete being, that the ears of men may hear them!

[The selections from Mendelssohn's Letters will be concluded in the March number.]

BALLADE OF THE KING'S WAY.

By Andrew Hussey Allen.

MANY there be that wait for him,
Of damsels blithe and courtiers gay,
Far down the highway's distance dim,
From morning green to twilight gray.
He passeth by their light array—
The damsels fair the knights between—
No "*Vivat!*" doth the king betray,
For lo! he passeth by unseen!

Many there be that wait for him,
That wait and beat on the breast and pray,
Beside the rushing river's brim—
"A shrift! A grace! An hour's delay!"
No mercy doth their prayer repay;
Their outstretched palms, their suppliant mien,
He heedeth not—and blind are they,
For lo! he passeth by unseen!

Many there be that wait for him,
Or here or there. He will not stay!—
With footstep firm and visage grim,
Relentless on his iron way,
He leadeth the hours day by day,
From twilight gray to morning green,
And they that wait—wait as they may,
For lo! he passeth by unseen!

ENVOY.

"To-morrow he will come," they say,
"And golden guerdon shall we glean!"
But day by day the days decay,
For lo! he passeth by unseen.

FIRST HARVESTS.

By F. J. Stimson.

CHAPTER IV.

ARTHUR HOLYOKE'S DREAMS.

WHEN the living poet and the dead came out to see the stars once more, the Florentine found himself upon a grassy slope, alone in the early morning, with his silent guide. So, when Tannhäuser, after his ten years' sojourn in the Venusberg, broke through the walls of the mountain in a rift made by a prayer, he too found himself on the brow of a green and sunny mountain valley, filled with the long-forgotten breath of morning; and, in place of the devil's music, a shepherd piping to his sheep. So, reader, you in flesh and blood, as I hope, may follow me, in the story, to the time of dates and daylight, and a place—the time, September, 1883; the place, the village of Great Barrington, far down in Berkshire in old Massachusetts. The early morning shadows still reached long across the green carpet of meadow in the intervale; the shadows of the houses, and of the great masses of elm foliage, and of the tall spire of the meeting-house up on the hill; the undulating masses of greenery that robed the lower hills were striped here and there with autumn scarlet, like a blackbird's wing; and the silver lace in the meadow grass, and the long silken cobwebs in the air, and the rich violet-blue sky, shading off to pink like an onyx near the horizon, were precursors of the coming glory of the day.

No one was stirring in the village. In the ploughed uplands a few farmers were idly walking, hither and thither, like generals on the battlefield of their success, tightening a sheaf of fodder or replacing a yellow squash or two that had rolled off from a summit of the great golden pyramids standing, piled like cannon-balls, in the cornfields. But the day of sowing was over, and the day of reaping was over, and little remained but to sit and look at the crops and grow fat. Up on the hill, the roads were empty—who should travel when there was no need? Even the plodding oxen-teams were idle in their stalls, being fattened and coddled, perhaps, for the annual cattle-show. So that Gracie Holyoke and Arthur had the beautiful Stockbridge road, and the morning look of the mountains, all to themselves. They rode at a sharp canter, but with little conversation; at least, so a groom might have thought, riding behind them; as the two heads never seemed to turn inward. But there was no groom, and the chestnut horses had a way of riding so closely side by side (being in this constantly drilled) that to turn one's head was hardly necessary.

Were these two in love? A city groom, used to ride behind many a preening pair in their smart T-cart, seasoned and wearied with his master's catechism of flirtation, which he had so often overheard; being there in theory to play propriety, but in fact, as he well knew, only as a license to flirt, much as a policeman is stationed in the Park for the skating when the ice is thin—such a groom would have said No. For they hardly ever look at one another. But perhaps an older groom, good dan Cupid himself, the blind passenger who perches like dark care on so many a horse's back, and drives dark care away—he might answer Yea: for they are not flirting.

Now, there are several legitimate states of being in love, as, videlicet, to be in love and know it, to be in love and not know it, to know that she loves you and to think that you love her, to be in love, but with another person than the one you think:—but to know it and not be in love is but a modern and puerile intellectual trifling: this we call flirtation. And in that these two were surely not. Were they then simply indifferent to one another? Un-

likely—so early in the morning. And surely, the cosmic chances are all in our favor: is it not the normal relation, to be in love? Given, a young man of twenty-one and a lovely girl some few months younger—and the uplands, and the forest, and the sun, moon, stars, storm and springtime—and show me one such younker not in love and you will show me a wretched fellow you had best avoid.

No such selfish saint or sordid sinner can this slender Arthur be, who turns in his saddle and shows the clear-cut New English profile with the delicate but winning smile. But see, the smile has faded into earnestness; leaning yet farther from the saddle, he is looking up into his companion's face, and seeming to be searching for something there. Does he find it? Ah, Cupid, good dan Cupid, were you right once more? or were we both too hasty—for she has not blushed, but the one rounded cheek we see, as we press after them, grows quickly pale, and we can just make out the dark eye-lashes that droop quickly down, breaking the contour; and now they do not speak again, but ride at the run in mutual silence—oh, a silence that is surely mutual, if ever silence was—and we have much to do, being old and no longer in love, to keep behind these two, who do not dally. This was all that happened in the ride. Only, coming home, and both dismounting (she without waiting for his aid) and he taking her hand to say good morning (as he had done a hundred times before, that very summer) the color mounted in the young girl's face (as it had never done before) so that she turned the face aside which was too near her heart and ran indoors in haste and left him there.

This was all that happened on that ride—it was all that had ever happened—but in it, Arthur Holyoke had made bold to ask his cousin to become his wife; and she had bade him wait till evening for his answer; and then they both had ridden home. A city groom would have seen nothing of it all; yet these things had been done. A short probation, you will say, until the evening only; and Arthur hardly thought of it as such, but walked home briskly, hat in hand, castle-building; his dark gray eyes turned inward, and the wind making free with his curly, undecided-colored hair. For what probation was there more, after all their lives had so far been together, than living on together, man and wife? Not that she loved him then so much as he loved her—but that was to be expected. She loved him more than he deserved, he knew; but then, that is true of most pairs, and the men must needs not waste their pity, but resign themselves, as it is the way of women. And Arthur walked along the straight garden path that led from door to highway in Judge Holyoke's old place, switching off the prim asters with his riding-cane. For his uncle's house was built in the days of gardens, not of lawns—can we not imagine the large contempt with which the dwellers of a prairie would regard a barbered rood or two of grass?—and the flowers were part of Gracie's presence there, and she of them.

Arthur was not too stout, but strong and graceful, almost Greek in figure as in face; a strange, strong scion of that narrow-chested clergyman-father, so stout in spirit, but so fragile in this world, who had died and left him to his uncle's care, the Judge. There are many such: it seems our people (like some mute, inglorious poet) have had their period of pale and interesting youth, and now are comfortably stout and genial, in their easy-going middle age, the wasting spiritual fires quelled: like a sometime tractarian clergyman, now optimistic in a fat living. Arthur, however (not to carry the analogy too far), was spiritual enough in his way, though not the orthodox; delicately balanced, mobile, imaginative, Celtic more than Saxon, and rather Greek than either. Nor could you truly say that his way wanted depth, unless depth means sluggishness or stillness. Arthur was a New-Englander, and New England is in reality the essence of all things American, in germ and future; and the people, the crowds, are already rather Greek than English. Irreverent, fond of novelty and quick—in politics, if not in art, they are Athenian. The public of Aristophanes is the public of the American burlesque; of lions, fair ladies, lecturers; of advertised politics, priests and prophets, of the

mind-cure and of the secular Sunday newspaper.

Arthur Holyoke had been brought up by the Judge, chiefly on the simple plan of keeping him in the country and giving him plenty of books; a most admirable plan, never to be enough recommended. The Judge spent his winters in the city; then Arthur was kept at boarding-school; one of those quiet little boarding-schools of the wooden Doric variety, now disappearing. The Judge travelled abroad, or went to England or to the West, every summer; Arthur was left at Great Barrington. One winter Arthur had passed in Boston with his uncle, and had attended lectures at the Institute of Technology; it was the winter that Gracie had been away with her aunt in New York. This happened in one of these years when the whim of Hellenism seemed, in Boston, to be permanently eclipsing the Hebraism which has really made that city; and Arthur was intoxicated by the new atmosphere, as a hardy wind-flower might be in the rich sweet air and tempered light of a grapery. You do not make grapes of blackberries by putting them under glass; but you modify them considerably. If you had asked Arthur what was to be his profession, he would have answered engineering; but his inward consciousness was that he should be a great poet. But he knew the pitying contempt with which the world regards its contemporary failures—and its contemporaries are always failures—in that line; and in spite of his assurance that he had it in him (while others had not) he did not mean that it should be known until it was known only to his glory. These dreams had blended with his dreams of life with Gracie, until it was hard to say which was more the cause and which the effect; they grew apace together. To-day his dreams of love had the ascendant; and he wandered about the country many hours, rapt in his love and her. They would live where? in the city, of course; in New York, where was the largest focus for his genius. That, too, was the place where the most rapid fortune was to be made; for, of course, they must have money, and the money must be made quickly, that he might get his leisure and return to his poetry again. For this was to be the ultimate, the crown of his life. Engineering would not do; some quicker way than this must be found; banking, or railroads. The years of business would be irksome, no doubt; but then, with Gracie with him!

So the boy wandered, through the afternoon, working many a gorgeous variegation on the themes of love and fame; with but the least substratum of gold among them, as if to give strength to the pigments of his fancy. Meantime, Gracie, on her part, had been thinking, now happily, now in shades of sadness, oftener still in prayer. Yet she went about the household on her usual duties, passing silently like the daylight through the long library, where the old Judge sat over his briefs and closely-wrought opinions, nor ever noticed so slight a thing as a young girl's mood.

Arthur found her in the garden, when he came, in a favorite place of hers, sitting on an old stone seat by the little brook, where it was most densely overshadowed by the flowering shrubs. She had that serious look in her dark eyes which he loved best in them, and she neither blushed nor smiled when he took her hand and sat him down beside her. Arthur had often fancied that at this time a flow of speech worthy of a Petrarch would be his; but as it was, the simplest words alone seemed strong to him. "The day has seemed so long to me!" Perhaps he thought it true; but it was not. The day had seemed short, and full of dreams. She made no answer; but, in a moment, turned her head and looked at him, gravely, as it seemed to Arthur, fondly, as it might have seemed to an older man. "I do not think we ought to be engaged," she said; and this he could not make her unsay in all the afternoon.

But the old tragicomedy was re-enacted, which is so old, and will seem so new to our great-grandchildren; and Arthur knew, at the first, that she loved no one else; and at the last, he knew, or might have known, that she loved him. But the *yes* she would not say, but only, *wait;* and when he urged, But you may care for some one else? she only said, "I shall care for no one else, Arthur"—and at the last it grew to be but a pleas-

ant play, so sure he was of her. It was settled between them that he was to go to New York and make his fortune and hers; and that then he was to come back and ask her father's consent; or sooner perhaps, if the fortune was too slow in coming. She would not write to him, she said,—but she would answer a letter now and then—and he kissed her once for the first time, under the old lilac bush, before they left. And more, a thousand times more, he felt in love with her than he had even been that morning; and so they came out of the greenery into the broad sward with the long slanting shadows of the sunset, he still holding to her hand.

They were close on the Lenox road; and he had to drop her hand in haste, as an open carriage came swinging by, bearing an old acquaintance of ours—Mrs. Levison Gower and a guest of hers from Lenox. The guest must have made some quick remark to Mrs. Gower about them; for they both turned and looked at the young people, and she bowed to Gracie; and then the light wheels whisked by, leaving but the dust, and the crisp sound of the horses' trot. Arthur had noticed the glance, but did not speak of it; he saw that Gracie was blushing again. He forgot even to ask who Mrs. Gower was, as he took Gracie's hand again in his; and together, slowly, they went down the broad garden-walk.

CHAPTER V.

OF GRACIE HOLYOKE AND OF HER HEART.

A MAN'S grand life, says some one, is a dream of his youth realized in and by his later years; what then shall we say of a woman's? Think not on this; but let your soul answer. The answer should be there, in the hearts of all; but whether it comes from memory, from things now half forgotten, or from within, or from some birth-dream had in childhood, who shall say? Yet is it there; like a child's dream of a star; happy he whose manhood sees the star, its dream not yet departed. And all of us have fancied women so, at some time in our lives; have we never known one such? For but one such is enough, mother, bride or daughter. Some slight girl whose maidenhood was a sweet bloom, like Mary's lily in the Temple; and then we may have lost sight or knowledge of her, for a time. And then perhaps we have met some other woman, some old woman, with white hairs; not the same, of course, and yet it seems as if we could have pieced together their two lives and made them like one brook, that we have known in places only, which brings soft fields and flowers. And be sure that there was in between some womanhood, some mother's life, not known save to her sons and God, not preached in meetings and conventions; deep hidden in some human fireside, like the brook that makes so green a summer wood—Such lives are white and shining, like a dream of God's made real on the earth.

And all the world seems thirst, and lust, and envy, and desire; the fires of heaven are put out, and all men struggling, trampling, for the colored stones of earth; and yet such blooms do come upon it. But they blossom stilly, like silent lilies born above the meadow-mire. White and pure they shine, and breathe in heaven's sunlight, and give out heaven's fragrance, borne each upon its slender stem above the blind, black bog.

The day after this, Gracie had an errand, up in a little town beyond the hills. Arthur asked that he might go there with her; then they both might ride instead of driving. So they started, after luncheon; the new brown leaves lay crisp beneath their feet, and the light that flooded the valley was like yellow wine. Their way lay up over the hills to the eastward, and then, cresting their summits, along a rambling grass-grown road, between the crumbling stone walls and old unpainted farmhouses. What paint the farmers had to spare, they put upon the barns; a poor powdery stuff, weak in oil, and leaving but a brushing as of red earth upon the seasoned boards; the windows of the farmhouses looked out forlornly upon the fields already lonely, grim and unrelieved by any curtain. The places where gardens had been used to be, were common for the hens; along the fences for a hundred yards on either side of every house was a littering of chips where the wood-piles had been, but the piles were scant this year, and of

half-grown birch ; the reason was easy to see, for the great hills rolled off around them denuded of timber, save here and there a new growth of scrub oak. Beside each house the old well stood, its sweep pointing to the sky, but now disused and replaced by a patent log-pump, painted a garish blue.

Arthur rode very close to Gracie today ; there was an exhilarating space and sweep to the free wind that brought bright color to their cheeks, and their clear eyes sparkled as their glances soared far over the brown downs and rested with delight upon the distant skyline. There is something about our New England uplands like the barren worn-out plains of Old Castile ; yet these two might have stood for a youth and future that one cannot hope from Spain.

They came out from the table-land down into a combe that had been worn for itself by a little stream now dry ; as they ambled down the winding grass-grown way, the trees began again about them, oak and pines, then firs ; a house or two was passed, and then a little school-house, the houses boarded up, and the school-house closed. They came down upon the turnpike, which had come by the longer way, around the hills ; here was a bit of a village, a blacksmith's house, a country store and an old hotel. The weather-worn wood of these seemed older than any thatched and plastered cottage in old England.

Gracie's pensioners lived in a little house close by, the blacksmith's wife and her six children ; she had some medicine for them, and Arthur a few newspapers. While Gracie went to see them, Arthur led the horses to the inn ; there was a swinging sign of George Washington over the door, which the pride of each successive owner had kept well varnished ever since the memorable night when he had stopped there,—though nothing else about the place was in repair. No one came to the door as Arthur walked up, and he tied his horses to a well-nibbled rail, and went in. There was a long bare entry leading from the front door, with a row of doors ; each with a tin sign above it, "office," "dining-room," "ball-room" (now half obliterated), and "bar." Arthur opened the last one, and went in.

There was a high black stove with a hard-coal fire, in the centre of the room ; around it on the floor a square wooden tray, filled with sand. The walls were covered with gay posters, a cattle show, an advertisement of melodeons, of a horse stolen, of an auction sale of a farm, farming utensils, a horse and cow, many sleighs and wagons and some household furniture. An old man sat in one corner, in carpet slippers, with a newspaper, and a look upon him as if he had not been out-doors that day.

"Well, Lem ?" said Arthur, "business quiet, eh ?"

"There ain't much business, Mr. Holyoke," said the hotel-keeper, without changing his position, "'xcept what's in here." And he pointed to the bar, and the pitcher of water, and the row of tumblers behind it.

"I want you to give my horses a feed," said Arthur, "we came over from Great Barrington."

"Came over from Barrington, did ye ?" said he. "And what's the news in town ?" And without waiting for an answer, the old man rose and hobbled to the side door. "Mike!" he cried, "Mike!" There was no answer. "I guess the feller must ha' gone to Lee," he added, grumbling. "There's a cattle show there, to-day."

"Let me go," said Arthur ; "I'll look after them."

"You'll find the feed in the bin," said the innkeeper, relapsing into his stuffed chair, with a sigh of relief.

"And what's the news from your son, Mr. Hitchcock ?" said Arthur, when he came back.

"Lem's still out in Ioway," said Mr. Hitchcock. "There ain't much call for a young feller of sperit to be loafin' around here. I brought him up for the business ; but I guess the old place'll have to keep itself after I am gone."

"Still at your old books, Mr. Hitchcock, I see," said Arthur, taking up a well-worn copy of Tom Paine. "Why, I didn't know you read French !" And Arthur turned over with interest the leaves of a book the other had just laid down ; it was a volume of Voltaire.

"I l'arned it when I was a b'y in college. Perhaps ye didn't know as I was a college-bred man ?"

"I might have known it," said Arthur. "But you didn't send Lem there?"

"No," said the other, shortly. And then, with a chuckle, "They've pretty much all come to my way of thinking, now. D'ye notice the old meetin'-house as ye came along? They've had to shut it up, ye know. Have a cigar?" And Mr. Hitchcock brought two suspicious looking weeds out of a gaily pictured box, and extended one to Arthur. The latter took one, knowing the old man would be mortally offended if this rite of hospitality were passed by.

"Whose house was that I saw boarded up?" said Arthur, for the sake of something to say.

"What!" said the old man, "ain't ye heard? That's Uncle Sam Wolcott's. The old man was livin' there with his daughter and her little b'y." And Hitchcock took a comfortable pull at his cigar.

"Yes," said Arthur, "I remember now."

"The child's dead," said he.

"What?" said Arthur. "Dead?"

Hitchcock nodded assent. "Killed him, ye know."

"Killed him? who—"

"The grandfather—Samuel Wolcott. Killed him with an axe, Sunday week. Them air gospel folks got him crazy."

The old man spoke with a sort of grim satisfaction, and Arthur looked at him in amazement. "Great heavens! you don't mean to say he murdered him? Where's the mother?"

"Lucky for her she warn't there at the time, I guess. Fust time I ever knew o' church doing a critter any good."

"But where is she now?"

Hitchcock waved his hand in the direction of the biggest poster, "*Farm for Sale.*" "Gone back to her husband's folks, I guess. And when she come back, she found old Wolcott a-hangin' to a rafter in his barn."

"But what possible motive—" began Arthur aghast. "Had he no other family?"

"He had a sister—I never heard what became o' her. She married a feller by the name of Starbuck, from New London way, an' I mistrust he turned out bad. I guess the old man got kinder disperited. An' then the gospel folks—But he was the last of the old Wolcott family, an' they was gret folks in their day. So they put him an' the infant in the family tomb, and sealed it up."

Arthur looked at the old hotel-keeper, and then out at the empty street. Gracie was coming along under the elm-trees, the yellow leaves falling about her in the autumn wind. "I must be going," said he.

"Have a little something hot, before ye go?"

"No," said Arthur, "thanks, I guess not." And he made haste to get away, feeling the spirit of the place come over him like a pall.

"Well, good-bye?" said the other. "Always glad to see ye. But we've all got to come to it. Some day, ye'll find me hanging to the beam up there, I expect." Heedless of which gloomy prognostication, Arthur made haste to get to the stable and brought out the horses. They mounted, and rode some time in silence.

"Did Mr. Hitchcock tell you?" said Gracie with a shudder.

Arthur nodded. Something in the terror of the place brought out his love the stronger, as he looked at her, the tears in her deep gray eyes. "I wonder that we had not heard of it," said he; "but these places are so out of the world."

"Poor man, I have so often wondered if we could do nothing for him," said she. "I went there once; but he almost ordered me out of the house."

"Hitchcock says it was some religious mania," said Arthur.

"He never went to church when I knew him," said Gracie. "He cared most for his sister; and I think her husband turned out ill. Poor people, does it not seem cruel they cannot be taught to live? They could be so happy here, in this lovely country, if they only knew."

"We are happy, are we not, dear?" said Arthur.

"Yes, Arthur. It almost seems wrong—" and Gracie looked out over the hills ahead of them, where the sun was already low in the sky.

"Are we going home, now?"

"I want to stop a moment at the Kellys—that Irish family, you know."

Instinctively, they had taken another road back, leaving the old meeting-house and the now ended homestead on the right; and as they came up on the brow of the first hill, they passed a large wooden cross, painted freshly, with a gilt circle and the mystic letters I.N.R.I. in the centre. A short distance beyond this was a square old-fashioned farm-house, with a fine old doorway, needing paint like all the other houses. But the yard was full of pigs and hens and chickens; and about the door a half-score tow-headed children were playing. These ran up to Gracie as they rode up. "Mother's in the kitchen," said the biggest of the girls, putting a finger in her mouth. The boys stood still, and stared at them, abashed.

Gracie went in; and Arthur stood and looked about him. The fields were already stubble; but lit up with yellow piles of squashes; a noise of cattle came from the rambling old stable; and behind the house was a low peat-meadow, fresh-ditched and being drained. The healthy Irish stock had grown luxuriantly, where the older line was dying out. Gracie came out, smiling. "She is a nice old body, Mrs. Kelly," said she. "And now, for home!" and they put their horses at the gallop, and were soon up on the bare downs again. And Arthur, like a man, began to plead his suit once more.

CHAPTER VI.

THE JUDGE SUMS UP HIS CASE.

JUDGE HOLYOKE sat in his library, trying to reconcile good law with good conscience by distinguishing the present case, in which the plaintiff was clearly in the right, from a former one in which he had been as clearly in the wrong. The opinion was a hard one; and the Judge had got no farther than the summing up, when there was a knock at the door. The Judge always wrote his opinions with ease and clearness when law and right coincided; but when they did not, he would lie awake of nights to produce an opinion which would remain a marvel of learning and obscurity. His high brow wrinkled a little when he heard the knock at the door; he hated to be disturbed while in the agonies of judicial creation; and as Arthur came tentatively in, he looked at him sternly, as upon a counsel who ventured upon an unexpected motion, with a curtly short-cutting *well?*

(He has come for a larger allowance, thought the Judge; he knows that he is of full age, and wants his full income.)

(How shall I ask him for his daughter, thought Arthur. Well—at all events, he must know that she is mine.)

Arthur sat down, still hesitating. The Judge waited impatiently, though he thought he knew what was in his mind; for it was part of his legal training never to give his own ideas until he had fully extracted those of the other side. Thus, mutual misunderstanding like that of a scene in a comedy was averted; for when Arthur did begin, it was to the point.

"Uncle John," said he, "I am engaged to Gracie."

Uncle John was in fact more staggered than if he had moved him for a non-suit; but his judicial calm was as unruffled as if it were but a *similiter* in pleading. "And is Gracie engaged to you?" he answered, illogically, but to the point, in his turn. And Arthur's hesitation in replying gave him time to hastily adapt himself to the issue and make up his judicial mind; which was, as usual, that the court would reserve its decision. Arthur, however, hesitated but for a moment; and then with a faint blush mantling his ingenuous face, "I think, sir, she might be, if you would consent."

"But, dear me," said the Judge, "I don't consent! Don't understand me for one moment as consenting! Where's Gracie? Did you tell her of this—of this surprising motion of yours?"

"No, sir," said Arthur, "I thought—that—"

"That you wanted an *ex parte* hearing? Now I can't pronounce a decision, sir, in the absence of the parties; and Gracie has not made her appearance in this suit as yet!"

"I'll go get her," said Arthur, promptly.

"No, sir, you'll do nothing of the sort," said the Judge, appalled at this evidence of collusion between the parties. "You'll

go away from here for some years before you get her ; and then—"

"And then ?" said Arthur, eagerly.

The Judge looked at him curiously over his round spectacles. "What do you propose to live upon ?"

"I am coming to that," said Arthur. "I have fifteen hundred a year—"

"Two thousand," said the Judge, absently.

"Two thousand ?" said Arthur, "I did not think it was so much." And he began rapidly to calculate how much farther the extra five hundred would carry them.

"Well," said the Judge, "you don't propose to marry my daughter and live in Boston on two thousand a year, do you ?" But, secretly, it seemed to him the proper thing to do.

"No, sir," said Arthur ; ("Oh," interpolated the Judge, rather disappointed.) "I—I have decided to go to New York and enter a banking-house. And, in that, sir, I want to ask your help—and your advice."

The Judge was silent a minute. "In order that you may use the one and decline the other, I suppose, with thanks. Well ;—and granting this point (for the sake of argument)—What next ?"

"Then," said Arthur, "I shall try to make some money ; and then, if I succeed—will you give your consent to our engagem— to our marriage ?"

"Dear, dear," thought the Judge, "how persistent he is ! I haven't given my consent to your engagement as yet," he answered. "Why do you wish to go to New York ?"

"I don't know, sir," said Arthur, taken by surprise. "At least, it is a larger field—one may get on in the world more rapidly—and I thought, with my engineering training, as agent of a banking house I should be sooner able to support a wife."

"Do you think Gracie would be happier there than in Boston ?"

"I don't know—we had not got to that yet, sir," said Arthur, cleverly enough. True, they had not ; and the Judge smiled a little.

"I mean, in case we should consider this most preposterous scheme ?" he added. "Do you mean to be a banker all your life ?" he asked, suddenly.

"Oh, no, sir—at least, that is—I should like—"

"Suppose I should ask you to take some practical position on a railroad in the far West ?"

"I think I should rather be in New York, sir.—But, of course, I should want to follow your advice."

"Would you give up the New York plan entirely, if I asked you to ?"

"Yes, sir," said Arthur. "If you gave me Gracie."

The Judge paused. Arthur sat, twirling his light straw hat in his hand, but looking earnestly at his uncle. "Shall I send her here to you, sir ?" he said, finally, finding the suspense intolerable.

The Judge looked at him gravely, over his spectacles.

"On the whole, I think New York will be the best place for you. I will write to Mrs. Livingstone about it to-night. But not a word of this to Gracie, mind. And now, good-night."

Arthur got up ; but he hesitated nervously at the door, before turning the handle.

"And suppose—suppose she asks me, sir ?"

"You will tell her I unqualifiedly disapprove of the whole project," thundered the Judge in his most court-like manner ; and Arthur must fain go content with that answer. But he met Gracie in the parlor, and told her that her father would not give his consent as yet ; but that he had written to New York, and would find him, Arthur, a place in some banking-house.

And so, these two went on to talk of more important matters ; or rather, Arthur did ; as, how long he had loved her, and how much, and how he had come to speak upon just that day ; until Gracie, hearing nothing from her father, feared that he might be ill or worried, and gave Arthur his dismissal, and with more formality than usual. A certain constraint was between these two now, most new and delightful, to Arthur, at least ; but quite different from the old cousinly ease.

Meantime, the Judge had dropped his papers from him and set to considering this last case, that was so much nearer home. He had no objections—of course,

he had no serious objection to his daughter's marrying Arthur—if Arthur was good enough for her; for cousinship is but a slight objection in New England. The Judge had always looked up to his elder brother, the clergyman, as being far his own superior; but somehow, with his son and his own daughter, it seemed otherwise. The Judge strenuously kept out of his mind any consideration of Gracie's leaving him, lest it should bias his decision; he felt an odd desire to submit the case to some one else, as one in which he was too much interested to sit.

Perhaps in every middle-aged or elderly mind, there is a slight impatience with the matrimonial doings of the younger, as being always somewhat premature and ill-considered. When one's own life is neatly rounded off, when one has duly weighed its emptiness, and properly resigned one's self to it; when that resignation, which once seemed so unlike content, has become a habit; there must be a certain impertinence,—you being so ready to say *enfin!*—in any one's starting up and crying *recommençons!* Of course, Judge Holyoke knew that Gracie would some day wed—of course, he wished her to be well, *i.e.*, happily married—but not exactly here—not now—not to this one nor to that one. Not that he doubted that Arthur was in earnest—or that he spoke the truth in saying Gracie loved him—nor did he think that they were both too young to know their own minds. It is the fashion to scoff at first loves, but the Judge believed in them; whether rightly or wrongly, we cannot say; but this was part of that which made him trusted, even by the prisoner upon whom he was passing sentence; and yet, a just judge, too.

But somehow, things had changed so much since the Judge was young, that he did not see how any one could soberly contract to see them change much further, or take the risk of any new beginning. He himself had been a Rousseau, a Robespierre, a Lovelace with a dash of folly and Tom Paine, to the worthy people of the town where he then sat, the people who were then sleeping in the hillside yonder; and yet, how fine a town these same good folk had made, in the days when he was a young law-student under old Judge Sewall! But in middle life, the world and its movement had passed him; and now, the gay folk and the band were almost out of sight ahead of him, and he behind with the feeble and the stragglers, the old and the obstructive, and no longer any hankering to be drum-major.

For it seemed as if the old prizes had lost their lustre; and there were no longer any public for a man; an honest one getting so little applause, in this world's stage, and the general taste being vitiated, and too coarse to relish the finer flavors of the human soul. He believed Arthur to be an honest man, with the education and breeding of a gentleman; more he did not ask, his smartness, or his faculty for getting on. The old Judge had little of the avarice miscalled of age; he thought too little of the worth of money for one who grieved so much that it alone had worth; perhaps Arthur, in his way, thought as much of this. With Gracie married, he at least might well go off the stage. Many creatures live but to their time of reproduction; this is all that nature seems to care; and the time which is given to live with and cherish his children to nature would seem but surplusage. He had lived and married; he had found all that even his youthful ambitions had dared to formulate or hope; but was he quite content? Somehow, the sky, so blue in the morning, had grown troubled and overcast toward the twilight. There was no one thing he could say was wanting; he had done what he had sought to do; he had been honored more than he had hoped; he would leave—what? A few well-wrought opinions, valuable until the next statute; a reputation as a nice old-fogy; a few poor dollars, some books, and——

The door opened softly, but the Judge did not hear it; and his daughter entered and placed her soft hand on his. He started, as if he had been dreaming. Gracie was troubled by his absence of mind, and feared she might be the cause; she looked at him, not timidly, nor inquiringly, and yet so that the old man's eyes grew softer as he looked at hers. "No, dear, you did not disturb me,—neither you nor Arthur," he added, at

her half-spoken word. "Tell me, do you care for him very much?"

"No more than I do for you, dear," said the girl; but in her manner the Judge could read her silent strength of love. And more was said between them; but come, we are not fit for such scenes, you and I; let us go out gently and leave these two alone.

Meantime, Arthur, the cause of all this, was sleeping quietly, with the sleep of a hunter of any manner of wild-fowl, and the dreamlessness of insouciant youth. For Gracie loved him—that was clear, both to happy Arthur and the wakeful Judge.

. . . . . .

There is a curious timeliness in our modern ailments; a timeliness which would be still more striking if we could know the elements of each man's life. In older times, men wore out slowly, by labor or by rust; they set about dying deliberately, as they worked their land or managed their daily concernments. But in these days of steam and dynamite, our mode of death is sudden, quick and certain, like an explosion or a railway catastrophe; less like the processes of nature than those of man. Paralysis, like nihilism, has developed in the nineteenth century, and chooses, as if by some secret intelligence, its moment with a terrible skill.

So, one such night as this, and not long after—of the exact date I am not sure—death came upon the Judge, as he was sitting with his papers, working late at night and lonely, striving to fashion human statutes to fit diviner laws, that justice might be seen of men.

EPHEMERON.

By Mrs. Fields.

"Behold," she said, "a falling star!"
I followed where her vision led,
And saw no meteor near nor far;
So swiftly sank the lustre, dead.

In silvery moonlight stood she there,
Whiter than silver gleamed her hand,
And gleaming shone her yellow hair,
While dusky shadows filled the land.

She seemed a slender flickering shape,
Framed in the blackness of the porch.
How should a child of night escape!
A foolish moth that loved the torch!

Out of my dusk I came to her:
Voices were stilled, anear, afar;
I stood there lost, her worshipper;
What eye beheld that falling star?

THE MAN AT ARMS.

By E. H. Blashfield and E. W. Blashfield.

II.

LET us look at the footman, who, at first "a poor cipher to help swell the numbers of kings' armies," became later a factor, and at last a power. In the early centuries he was often a mere bondsman, but, bond or free, he was vassal to some overlord, laic or ecclesiastic, and had to draw sword for castle or abbey. To say draw sword is to credit him with over much wealth, for in the black early times, "the iron tenth century," when, as Stendhal says, "every man wished two things, first not to be killed, next to have a good leathern coat," the footman was by no means always lucky enough to have a sword: called from his fields by some superior, he fastened his pruninghook to a long pole, and cutting him a stout bludgeon, hardened its end in the ashes of his fire until it became his mace-at-arms, and went out to repel some invader, fighting side by side with every able-bodied man in his district, young or old, even the monks, with gowns kilted to the knee, bearing their good share of the blows. Such was the early mediæval footsoldier; only a poor fellow armed with a club or a spear, who ran from the knight while the latter was on horseback, and who, once the horseman was down, cut his throat with his boar-knife. Rudely equipped as he was, something greater than he fought with him, and the history of the footman is also the history of individual liberty. He first appeared in Italy, where feudalism had never become deeply rooted, and where the antique tradition of the legionary who conquered the world was still strong. The liberty he enjoyed was the gift of the free city to the serfs, the free city which really deserved its name and which, unlike the Flemish or German burg, had no suzerain close at hand to enforce his will, but owed a nominal allegiance to a far off Emperor, who had to come over the Alps to exact homage at the sword's point. When even that light yoke became intolerable and in the twelfth century the Lombard league of free towns prepared for war with the German, each city freed and armed the serfs of its contado, or surrounding country, who fought side by side with nobles and burghers

and shared with them the glories of Legnano. Cæsar after Cæsar dashed himself in vain against the iron wall of civic liberty, and the German knights, the bravest in Europe, clad in complete steel, found their match in the lightly armed militia of the burgs. Even when the Emperor had been conquered, soldiers were still needed in the ceaseless wars between neighboring towns, and to destroy the power of those great lords and imperial vassals, whose castles and retainers were a perpetual menace to the republics. So liberty generated liberty, and out of the struggle against a great despot arose another struggle against petty tyrants; the nobles were forced to become law-abiding townsfolk instead of robber-princes preying on merchants and travellers; their estates, sometimes divided, sometimes confiscated, were not preserved for hunting, as in France or Germany, but laid out in thrifty olive orchards, vineyards, or cornfields. Feudal tenure and villeinage, rudely attacked in the twelfth century, steadily declined during the thirteenth and disappeared in the fourteenth. The peasant, no longer a serf, was a hired laborer, or a farmer paying no rent or taxes, and sharing the produce with the proprietor of the farm; through thrift and prudence he might become a land-owner; in any case he had an interest in the soil he cultivated; while in war-time, more fortunate than the townsman, he often received a sum equivalent to his daily wages for services in the field. So when war was declared, and he laid down spade and mattock for shield and pike, he had something to fight for, and *patria* to him had become more than a word. As we look back eight centuries upon that descendant of the Roman legionary, the citizen of the free Italian burg and first organized infantryman in mediæval warfare, we see amid the ranks of whatever republic it might be, and behind the triangular shields, whether they bore the lion of Florence, the wolf of Siena, or the griffin of Perugia, towering above all the battle the Palladium of the Commonwealth. This was the caroccio (XIV.),

XI.—*a*, Chevalier Bayard.
(Passegardes at shoulders; and bears' paws shoes.)

b, Swiss Mercenary.
(Fluted cuirass with tassets; costume, woollen; shoes, steel.)

the standard-bearer of the city, and much more than that, a real strategic point, the nucleus of the infantry, their support and safety. It was a large platform upon wheels; above it from a thirty-foot mast or yard floated the banner of the town, and it was drawn by oxen, two, four or six in number.

The slow pace of these animals gave its strategic importance to the caroccio. Come what might, the banner was to be surrounded and defended, and the slow movements of the bullocks not only precluded the possibility of a rapid flight, but prevented the almost equally dangerous chance of its defenders' rashly breaking their ranks in a moment of success, to pursue too vehemently or too soon.

Archbishop Heribert of Milan is said to have instituted the caroccio—it was painted vermilion, wheels and all, while the housings of the oxen and the dress of the driver, who was always a man of consequence and served without pay, were of vermilion cloth. The Florentine caroccio was followed to the field by La Martinella, a bell placed upon a wooden tower on another wheeled platform, and which rang for thirty days before the commencement of hostilities, "for greatness of mind, that the enemy might have time to prepare himself." The cars went out only when the whole force of the commonwealth was to be employed, "and with these two pomps of the caroccio and the campana," says Malespini, "the pride of the old citizens, our ancestors, was ruled." In those days of "greatness of mind," of bloody reprisals and savage hand-to-hand fighting, warfare was very picturesque. We can imagine a free burg, such as Florence or Milan, at a moment of sudden invasion or attack. Such a town was like a huge castle, its slits of streets were like the high-walled corridors still seen in ruins of Rhenish or French feudal chateaux. From each of the narrow thoroughfares, the townsmen poured forth; the banners of the quarters were carried to their respective rallying-points, and every able-bodied man from sixteen to sixty had to follow them. When the great bell rang the general alarm, the

XII.—Battle Order, Fifteenth Century.

artisan dropped his hammer, the painter his brush, the shop-keeper his woollens or his silks; shield and sword were unhooked from the wall, and the headpiece was buckled on. The petty officer hurried to collect his fellow craftsmen and group them under the banner of the linen-drapers or the hosiers. The noble families mustered their sons and brothers and cousins, the horses issued from under the arches of the great palaces, and, surrounded by servants and retainers, all armed to fight for St. John and the Florentines, the Buondelmonti and Bardi Amieri or Cavalcanti marched under their separate blazons to the square. Everyone went; Dante armed himself among the Alighieri; the apprentices of Giotto left their drawing and color-grinding and hastened to the quarters of the painters' guild, to serve under the banner which they had made themselves. Orgagna and the Gaddi hurried to the palace of the Priors to be ready at hand with their knowledge of entrenchment and fortification; and all the time the great bell clanged, the sharper hammering of La Martinella continued, and the trumpets of the republic swelled the uproar, sounding from the platform of the caroccio, which, bearing upon it a few of the bravest and noblest knights, rolled slowly through the city gates. Once in the pitched field, the Feditori, or heavily armed cavaliers, began the attack, the second or heavy division supported them, while the reserve used the baggage-wagons, in case of necessity, as a kind of movable redoubt, behind which broken ranks could reform. There is a fascination in looking back upon an army which at various epochs enrolled such soldiers as Dante, Michael Angelo, Brunelleschi, and Ferrucci. Sometimes a whole Homeric train of war-chariots emphasized the classical descent of the Italians. The Milanese sent three hundred cars to the field, and the people of Asti are said to have had a thousand, each holding ten men. Thus in Italy the burgher with his heritage of experiences from Cannæ and Thrasymene, from Pharsalia and Philippi, had become a stout infantryman early in the twelfth century, but on the other side of the Alps the French knights rode scornfully through the ranks of the peasants, hardly deigning to lower their lances against the "foot pad churls" until, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, they received a lesson.

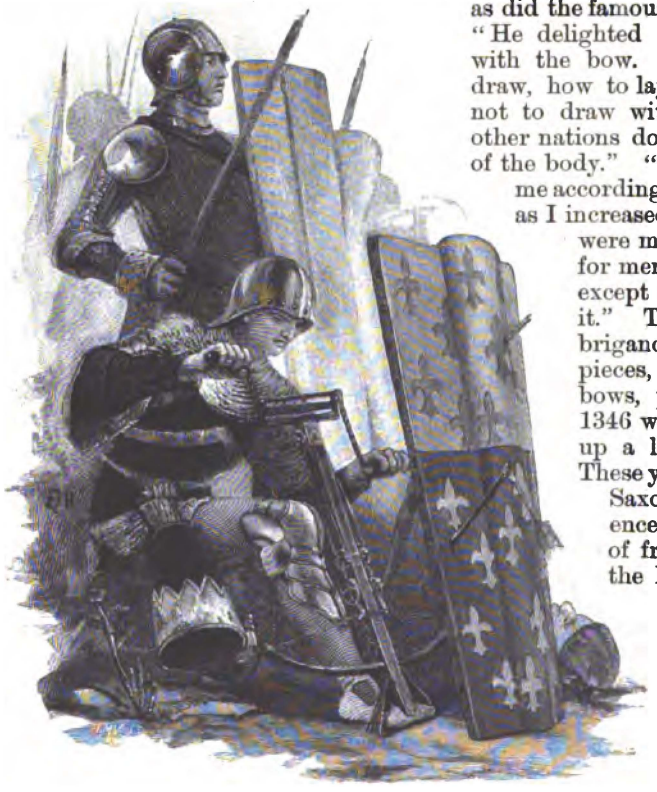
XIII.—Armor of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick.

In 1302 some Flemings, who were weavers, tailors and merchants, and hence naturally cowards and rogues, resisted the payment of exorbitant taxes. Their suzerain, the French king Philip, called the Fair, with his brother of Artois, his lord high constable, Pierre Flotte, and an army of nobles, met the rebels in the flat Flemish country near the town of Courtrai. Since the burgesses must needs pay for horses and armors, they put both to their own uses. They had trained their companies behind the city walls, and wonder of wonders! their infantry did not run away.

XIV.—The Italian Caroccio.

The Flemish bills, hooked into loose sword-belt or shield-strap, were terribly efficacious in dragging the knights from their saddles, and the ditches threw the horsemen into disorder. Philip fought in person, but after seeing prince and constable go down before the commoners, the crowned helmet gave way with the rest, and only a judicious use of the royal spurs saved them from being hung up with the hundreds of others in the churches, to be a sight for all Flanders and give a name to the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold. Almost before the belfries of that same Flanders had ceased to call the victory to each other, the spears of the foot-soldiery were again seen glinting through the Scotch mists

about the banner of Robert Bruce at Bannockburn, where among the planted stakes, "the horses that were stickit rushed and reeled right rudely," and where another crowned helmet was nearly captured upon the person of the English Edward II. Thirty-two years afterwards (1346), the battle fought near the little village of Cressy, or Crécy, in Ponthieu, showed the foot-soldier as a power which not only surprised all Europe, but changed European tactics.



XV.—*a*. Crossbowman.
(Salade; linked collar and apron; brigandine; steel knee-pieces; woollen sleeves and tights; pavis, or shield; quiver, of goat skin.)

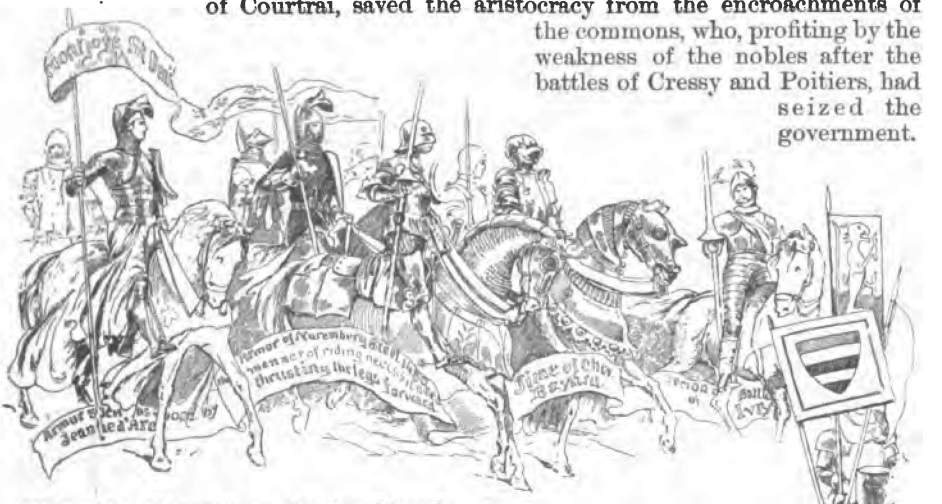
b, Pikeman with Pavis.
(Salade; shoulder, elbow, and upper arm, of steel; cuirass, a brigandine.)

The English axe, the axe of Hastings, had given way to the bow. The descendants of Robin Hood shot at the butt on their festival days, and practised on the king's deer in the great forest preserves which William made over the wasted lands of the Saxons. As poachers and soldiers alike, marvellous stories were told of their marksmanship, and like Locksley, of Ivanhoe, before the walls of Front de Bœuf's castle, they could ring every joint in their enemy's armor with their cloth-yard shafts. Each yeoman might say of his father as did the famous Hugh Latimer of his: "He delighted to teach me to shoot with the bow. He taught me how to draw, how to lay my body to the bow, not to draw with strength of arm as other nations do, but with the strength of the body." "I had my bows bought me according to my age and strength, as I increased in them so my bows were made bigger and bigger; for men shall never shoot well except they be brought up in it." These archers in their brigandines and light headpieces, and with their long yew bows, poured into France in 1346 with Edward III., making up a large part of his army. These yeomen, in whom the old Saxon spirit of independence, the old Danish right of free speech, had survived the Norman conquest, were well treated and respected by their commanders. The Genoese crossbowmen in the French pay found that their bowstrings had been slackened by a shower and broke before the more terrible storm of arrows from the English ranks—which came so thickly "that it seemed as if it snowed." "Kill me these Genoese rascals," said Philip to his knights, who, cutting their way through the flying auxiliaries, were overwhelmed in turn by the awful snowstorm, till all fled in disorder, all except the two dukes, eleven princes, eighty barons, twelve hundred knights, and thirty thousand soldiers who lay dead upon the field. In a day the English archer had become the central figure of European warfare and had raised up a

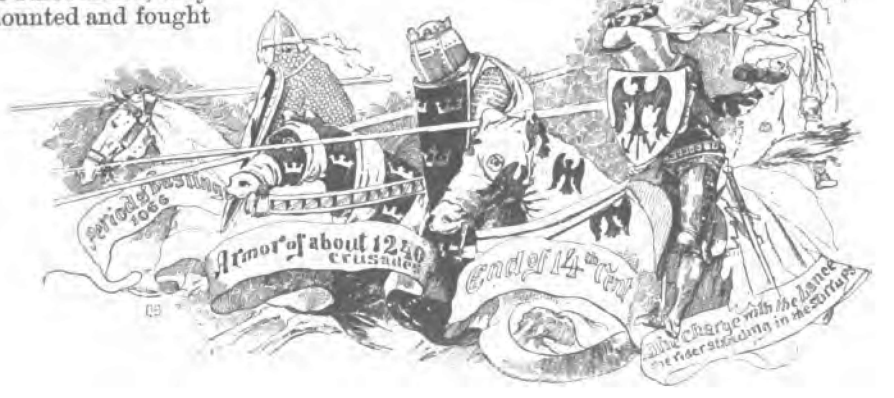
spirit of panic terror that was only exorcised by the enthusiasm of a nation in arms which followed Jeanne d'Arc to battle, seventy-five years later.

More than this, he had struck feudalism with a mortal shaft, "and from the day of Cressy it tottered slowly but surely to its grave."

It was, however, two centuries dying. The lesson had to be written again and again in their own blood, before the French nobles could spell out its meaning, for the conflict between footman and knight was deeper and more significant than a mere question of tactics; it was a struggle between the old order of things and the new, between Feudalism and Democracy. Dull as they were, the knights soon learned this, and Froissart tells us that the victory of Roosebeke, where the French gentlemen crushed the Flemish artisans and effaced the shame of Courtrai, saved the aristocracy from the encroachments of the commons, who, profiting by the weakness of the nobles after the battles of Cressy and Poitiers, had seized the government.



Elated by this victory, the hard-headed French nobles, not yet schooled by Flemish pikeman or Saxon archer, must needs go as far as Nicopolis for another lesson and charge so furiously into the Turkish ranks as to leave the rest of the army far behind them; and though, when surrounded, they dismounted and fought



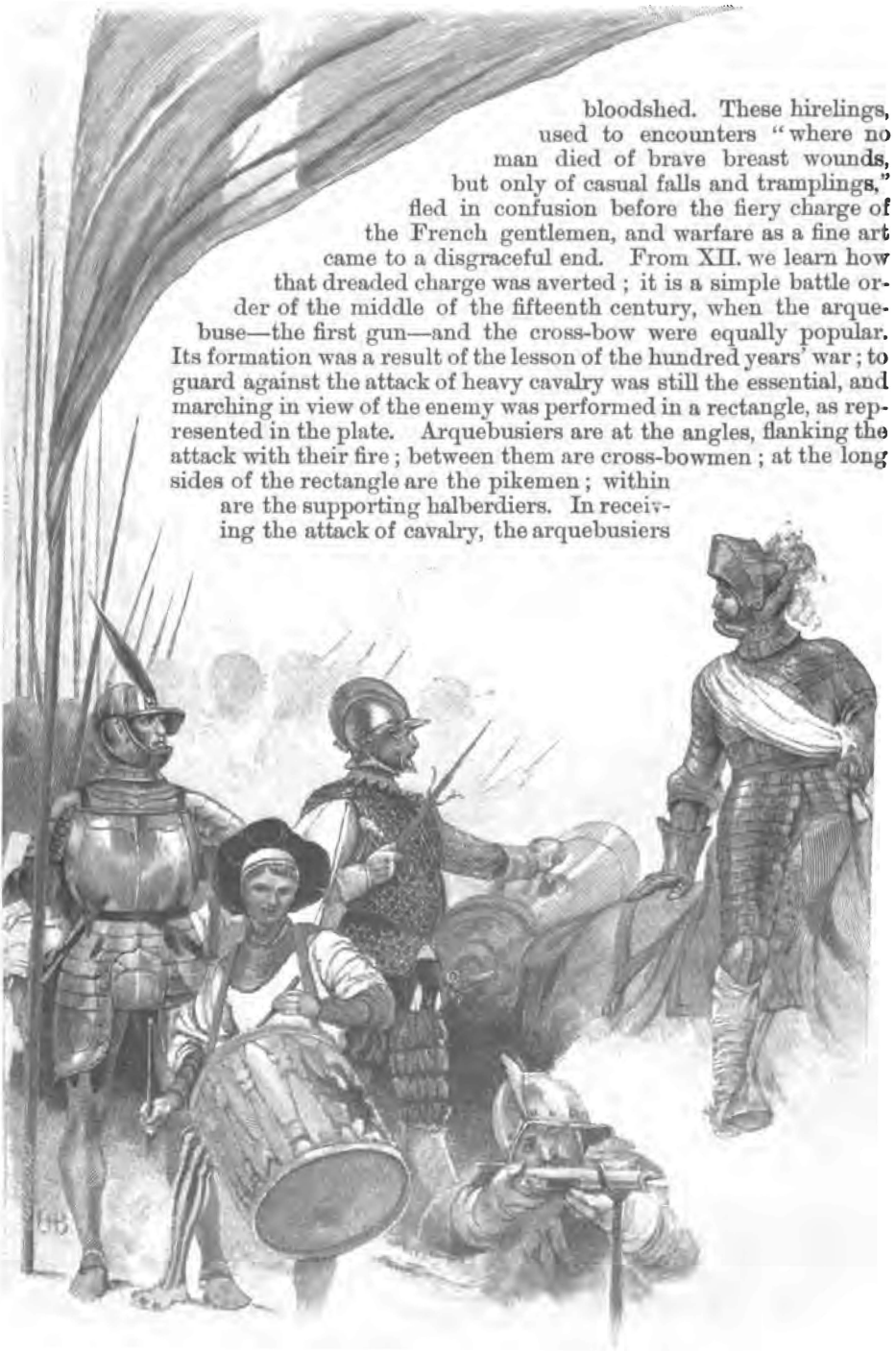
like true Franks, cutting away the yard-long points of their steel shoes to the astonishment of the enemy, they were exterminated before the infantry could reach them. So strong, however, was tradition, so hard to discipline was the *furia Francese*, as the Italians called it, that a hundred years later, at Fornovo,

XVI. – Maximilian Armor.
(Horse armor with chamfron crinet; poitrel; flanchards and crupper-piece.)

Charles VIII., most fortunate of knights errant, pursued the flying Italians so hotly that he distanced his own chivalry, and if his war horse Savoy had not fought as well as his royal master, the king would have been taken and a brilliant victory spoiled.

As it was, this battle decided the fate of Italy. Many things had changed since *Campaldino* and *Monteaperti*. Since the fourteenth century, the burghers, who found handling the pen and the florin more profitable than wielding sword and pike, had abandoned warfare to the professional men at arms. These made a trade of war, sold themselves to the highest bidder, and served under *Condottieri* as mercenary as themselves; in such hands a battle became an affair of skill, as scientific and often as harmless as a game of chess. To take as many prisoners and as much booty as possible was the object of contending armies, and as one of them when outmanœuvred promptly ran away, it was achieved with but little resistance or

bloodshed. These hirelings, used to encounters "where no man died of brave breast wounds, but only of casual falls and tramplings," fled in confusion before the fiery charge of the French gentlemen, and warfare as a fine art came to a disgraceful end. From XII. we learn how that dreaded charge was averted; it is a simple battle order of the middle of the fifteenth century, when the arquebuse—the first gun—and the cross-bow were equally popular. Its formation was a result of the lesson of the hundred years' war; to guard against the attack of heavy cavalry was still the essential, and marching in view of the enemy was performed in a rectangle, as represented in the plate. Arquebusiers are at the angles, flanking the attack with their fire; between them are cross-bowmen; at the long sides of the rectangle are the pikemen; within are the supporting halberdiers. In receiving the attack of cavalry, the arquebusiers

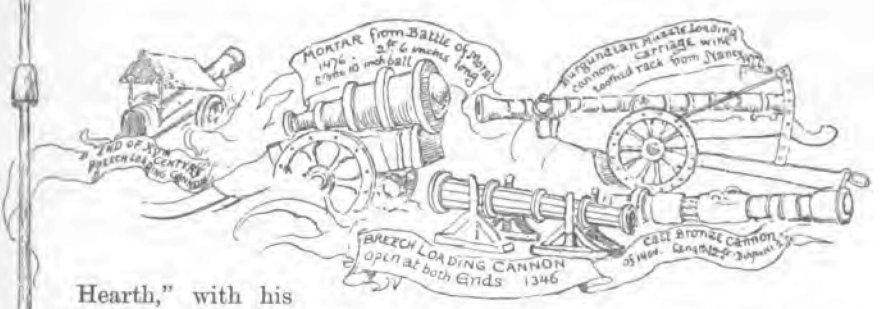


XVII.—*a*, Regiment of Picardy; *b*, Drummer of Lansquenets; *c*, Artillery Officer, 1555; *d*, General Officer, 1590.

XVIII.—*a*, Gentleman in Half-armor of 1550.
(Morion; cuirass and tassets.)
b, Arquebusier, 1580.
(Morion; cuirass and tassets; and powder-belt slung over shoulder.)

and bowmen, after firing, retired between the ranks of the pikemen to reload, and the rectangle became a hedgehog, the pikemen advancing the left leg and placing the pike-butt against the right foot on the ground. The cavalry flanked the rectangle at right and left, and in the latter the men, when stationary, faced outward. Such a formation was called a battle—whence our modern battalion.

In the cross-bowman (XV., *a*) we might see the counterpart of the delightful Denis of Burgundy, of "The Cloister and the



Hearth," with his heavy weapon, good against bear or robber or soldier, in the days when, in spite of danger, "the divell was dead." There, too, is his pavis, the great wooden, leather-covered shield, fastened upright in the ground, and behind which, with his foot in the bow-stirrup, he could bend the heavy steel by a system of windlass and pulley wheels, and shoot away merrily. Though he could send but one bolt to six shafts of the archer he was nevertheless of great importance in mediæval fighting and was principally used in sieges and to cover entrenchments. Take away cross-bow and pavis and give him the long-bow, and he might be the cockney 'prentice archer, Nicholas Alwyn, who, in Bulwer's romance, steadied his wavering comrades at Barnet field with, "What will the girls say of us in East Gate and the Chepe?" Behind him is a pikeman (XV., *b*).

Foot-soldiers generally wore the brigandine, lighter and cheaper than a plate cuirass. It was made of small pieces of metal, quilted into or sewn upon cloth or leather. The day of the arquebuse had not yet quite come, in Denis's time, but the bow was at its zenith, and in the game of war the pawns began to put the king in check. In the earlier centuries an army was a collection of feudatories who came, each with his vassals, at the call of their prince. Later, mercenaries were added. In the pauses of the hundred years' war these soldiers, having nothing else on hand, ravaged the country. To suppress such bands, the levying of troops was forbidden, except by royal order, and under Charles VII. and Louis XI. regular companies of lances were formed—a lance meaning six men, including the knight, his page, varlet, footmen, and two archers.

XIX.—*a*, Armor of Gaspard de Coligny, 1550; *b*, Time of Charles I. of England.

XX.—Spanish Armor. Time of the Invincible Armada.

The former paper upon the man at arms left the knight at the middle of the fifteenth century, when armor was at its best. In XIII. the singularly elegant and well adjusted armor of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, we have the harness which, with slight modifications, lasted through the wars of the Roses, was battered to pieces at Tewkesbury and Towton, served the king-maker at Barnet, and bore the Boar's crest of Richard of Gloucester.

It served, too, the Spanish knights who took Grenada in 1491, and was dinted by the last blows struck in that long romance of three thousand seven hundred battles fought against the Moors by Christian cavaliers, who filled Spain with fortresses, gave Castile its name, "the castellated," and stood so incessantly upon the brink of combat, that in the rough earlier centuries, the war-horse was stalled at night in the sleeping-chamber of the knight and lady.

We may costume all the knights of Bosworth with XVI., may frighten Richard with such armored phantoms, may see "seven Richmonds in the field," and at last the king's body, the crown stricken from the helmet and lying under the historic hawthorn bush; one had almost said before the footlights, so suggestive of Shakspere are these English armors of York and Lancaster.

Figure XVI. is too simple for the taste of the most lavish prince in Europe, but its general lines follow the armor which in 1477 was borne away by the Swiss as they left the stripped body of another famous ruler, Charles the Bold of Burgundy, "the great duke of the west," lying in the frozen swamps outside the walls of Nancy. The flutings, which make this armor very strong, came into use somewhat later than the battle of Nancy. It was popular at the end of the fifteenth century, and was called the Maximilian harness, after the penniless emperor dear to the Germans and celebrated in the famous triumph of Albert Dürer. For the first time, the breastplate was made in a single piece, and passe-gardes, or upright pieces of metal, appeared at the shoulders, while the solerets were the broad shoes called "bears' paws." By the time of Charles the Bold artillery had become a real power. The Bombards that at Cressy* "threw with fire, little balls to frighten the horses" developed into the bronze cannon which rumbled into Italy with Charles VIII., a sight to the novelty loving Italians, but causing some uneasiness even to those who claimed alliance with the most Christian king. The first pieces were mortars and small cannon of bars hooped together. They were wrought-iron breech-loaders, open at both ends, and in the old prints they look extremely deadly and dangerous—to the man who had to fire them. These were the cannon of the fourteenth century; after them came cast-iron pieces containing fire-chambers, also put in at the breech; last came muzzle-loaders of bronze.

Artillery developed especially during the latter part of the hundred years' war—when the fighting was largely confined to sieges; and in the hands of the burgesses cannon continued to improve, till in 1425 they had attained a range of more than 500 metres. The squat little mortars and long cannon taken from Charles the Bold by the Swiss, and exhibited in the museum of Lausanne, are rough looking affairs to us; so are the rusted pieces fished up from the Mary Rose and other wrecks of the old times; —but they seem finished, in comparison with the first hand-cannon or guns.

The latter were brutal in workmanship at a moment when the fashioning of steel was at its highest point. This is not hard to understand—cannon, to some extent legitimate successors of the mediæval war-engines, were condoned by the chivalry—though they disliked them. But they hated the hand-cannon and the bullet, which, cast by some working-man and fired by a commoner, beat in the blazon upon the noble's cuirass as if it had been a doublet of coarse serge. The cross-bow makers naturally opposed the gun vigorously, and the captains disliked an engine which disturbed their tactics and was as rude a breaker of prejudices as of bones.

So the weapon which in a hundred years was to change the face of warfare was, till after the middle of the fifteenth century, made only by the rudest artisans and found only in the hands of the

* Authorities disagree. Viollet-le-Duc believes they were not Bombards but light cannon carried on mule-back.

humblest soldiers. The new fire-arms at first were made without a stock, then provided with a stock held under the arm; at last a shoulder-butt was added, till arquebuse, matchlock, wheel-lock and musket followed each other and took their place in modern warfare, to the history of which they belong, rather than to a paper upon the ancient man at arms.

As the capacity of the arquebuse grew, the hand-to-hand weapons declined in favor. At Fornovo, in 1495, the heavy lance, which had been almost laid aside as a weapon, was used with effect, and recovered some of its prestige; but between that date and 1525 the individual prowess of splinterers of lances showed itself for the last time. Charles VIII. fought single-handed among his enemies at Fornovo. Francis I. charged at Marignano. Bayard distinguished himself at Ravenna; but the battle of Pavia proved to the most zealous cavalier that the true strength of an army lay in its infantry, and that cavalry should only be used as a support for the latter.

The bow was at last thrown aside; the arquebuse, which could now be fired from the shoulder by means of a cross-butt, had proved itself superior in Spanish hands, and after the disaster of Pavia the armorers were unable to fill the orders for the new fire-arms which poured in upon them from all quarters. In the French ranks every tenth man was a halberdier, and there were two arquebusiers to every three pikemen. In the time of Louis XII. (XI., *a*, in the Museum of Artillery, representing Bayard) armor was made heavier to resist bullets, an upright passe-garde appeared at the shoulder-pieces, breast and back were at last, after so many experiments, protected by single plates, the sword-hilt, until then a simple cross, received a guard, and the head-covering, the armet, was provided with a visor composed of several pieces; from the cuirass and over the tassets fell a pleated skirt. Armed in this fashion, a procession of well-known figures might pass before us: Gaston de Foix, from the exquisite tombal effigy in Milan; Giovanni de' Medici of the Black Bands, as Titian painted him; the young Charles V., leading his terrible Spanish infantry; the heroes of the last siege of Florence, with Ferrucci at their head; Henry VIII. and his monk-hunting soldiers; Howard, Earl of Surrey, rhyming sonnets within his visor; Bayard, giving the accolade to his king after the victory of Marignano; Cæsar Borgia, welcoming his doomed guests at Sinigaglia. Cortes and Columbus wore its like; and in the sack of Rome just such an armor on the Constable of Bourbon, if we may believe a braggart, went down before the cannon-shot aimed by Benvenuto Cellini.

In XI., *b*, is one of the Swiss mountaineers, so rashly oppressed by Charles the Bold. They rolled down upon him with their two-handed swords and their morning stars—taking from him "at Grandson his prestige, at Morat his baggage, and at Nancy his life." Every sovereign bid for them, and they were to be found in all armies. They are the lanzknechts of Dürer's and Schongauer's prints, grotesque and terrible, dirty and splendid, in their slashes and their feathers, with their gay banners and their long drums. With beards and plumes alike curling to their waists, with parti-colored garments, one leg in tight striped hose, the other, maybe, in full hanging folds—they stand, like ferocious, armed harlequins, watching a martyrdom or flagellation in some sixteenth-century engraving, or mount guard over an initial in a black-letter Hans Sachs. The etchers of Nuremberg and Augsburg loved them, but to the Italian artists they came as destroyers, joining in the sack of Rome the license of the mercenary to the hatred of the Lutheran.

Of the native bands in the French army, that of Picardy (XVII., *a*) was earliest organized as a regiment. These Picards wore the burgonet, articulated shoulder-pieces or pauldrons, long tassets, and a very convex breastplate.

By 1548, in spite of the bitter opposition of the Constable Anne de Montmorenci, simple steel armor was superseded by chased damascened or gilded steel; it was easier to keep clean, and gratified the splendor-loving taste of the time. The officer of artillery of about 1555 (XVII., *c*) wears a cuirass of dark-colored steel covered with a silver pattern representing scales. The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had been prodigal of wealth

on baldric and trappings, and the Count de Foix, giving his horse's housings to the cathedral of Bayonne to be made into robes for the image of Our Lady, had been esteemed a royal donor. The knights of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries had set precious stones in helmet and girdle; the sixteenth century enriched the steel itself, hammering it sometimes into ugly imitations of slashed doublets and trunks, now chasing and engraving it, representing scenes from the Bible or the Greek myths upon casque and buckler, fashioning helmets into dolphins, lions' heads, and grinning masks, covering whole armors with sculptured stories, silvering, gilding, enamelling in colors, and fulfilling every extravagant fancy. The forges of Milan and Nuremberg were famous; the Italian helmets and morions, the German corselets, had a European reputation. Many museums possess magnificent specimens ordered by princely patrons from Cellini, Goujon, Negroli, the Milanese Gamber, and the most celebrated smiths of the time. These panoplies seem more like gorgeous pieces of goldsmiths' work than the shells of fighting animals. Until the sixteenth century armor developed in a logical way, its forms were governed by the necessities of war, changes in it were the result of practical experience and actual experiment on the battle-field—not decided upon in the office of the minister of war. After the sixteenth century it became fantastic and meaningless, a gala costume rather than a harness; the greatest captains opposed its use, but the nobles clung to it as a mark of distinction. After it was made bullet-proof, it became so enormously heavy that at the end of the sixteenth century Lanoue complained that gentlemen of thirty were already deformed by the weight of their armor.

In spite of the huge armors of Henry VIII., of Anthony of Burgundy, and of some others, the average size of the modern man is greater than that of the soldier of the middle ages and the Renaissance, if we can judge from the armors preserved in the museums of England and the Continent, which are, with few exceptions, small and narrow, especially the leg and thigh pieces.

Throughout the middle ages armor was international, its analogies being far greater than its differences with different nations; yet the latter were quite sufficient to be worth mentioning.

In general, the heaviest armors seem to have come from the North and worked their way gradually South. The somewhat negative character of mediæval equipment strikes the modern mind. It seems more calculated for defence than for aggression or activity. Not only is the lightly clad soldier of to-day close to us, but we revert to the Greeks who resisted Xerxes and the Romans who conquered the world, clad in armors which were light, indeed almost trifling in weight, when compared with those of the mediæval knights, and say to ourselves that Epaminondas and Scipio, in their open head-pieces, light thoraces, and greaves, looked more like preux chevaliers, than do Richard Cœur de Lion in his great pot-helmet and clumsy long hauberk of chain, or Warwick in his complete suit of plates—visored and covered all over like a rhinoceros.

But there were reasons for this, and the development of armor was logical rather than phenomenal. The Roman was an infantry-man, and except in the middle of the fifteenth century, the mediæval infantry-man was not armed more heavily than the legionary. Above all, the Romans, once their evenly matched struggle with Carthage was over, opposed a perfect system of military discipline to disorderly and undisciplined peoples, and, having conquered them, kept them in order by trained garrisons and wise moderation. Their armor, relatively light, was superior to that of their enemies. When Cæsar's legionaries charged in light helmets and breastplates upon the Gauls of Vercingetorix, they found helmets still lighter than their own, and often no breastplates at all. So, too, with Picts, Britons, and Germans. The Roman was always the better armed, and his equipment was peculiarly fitted to fighting in the closed ranks of the legion, where the great overlapping square shields formed a wall or tortoise. Mediæval Europe, on the other hand, was a continuous battle-field of nations, nearly matched as to knowledge, wealth, and mode of attack.

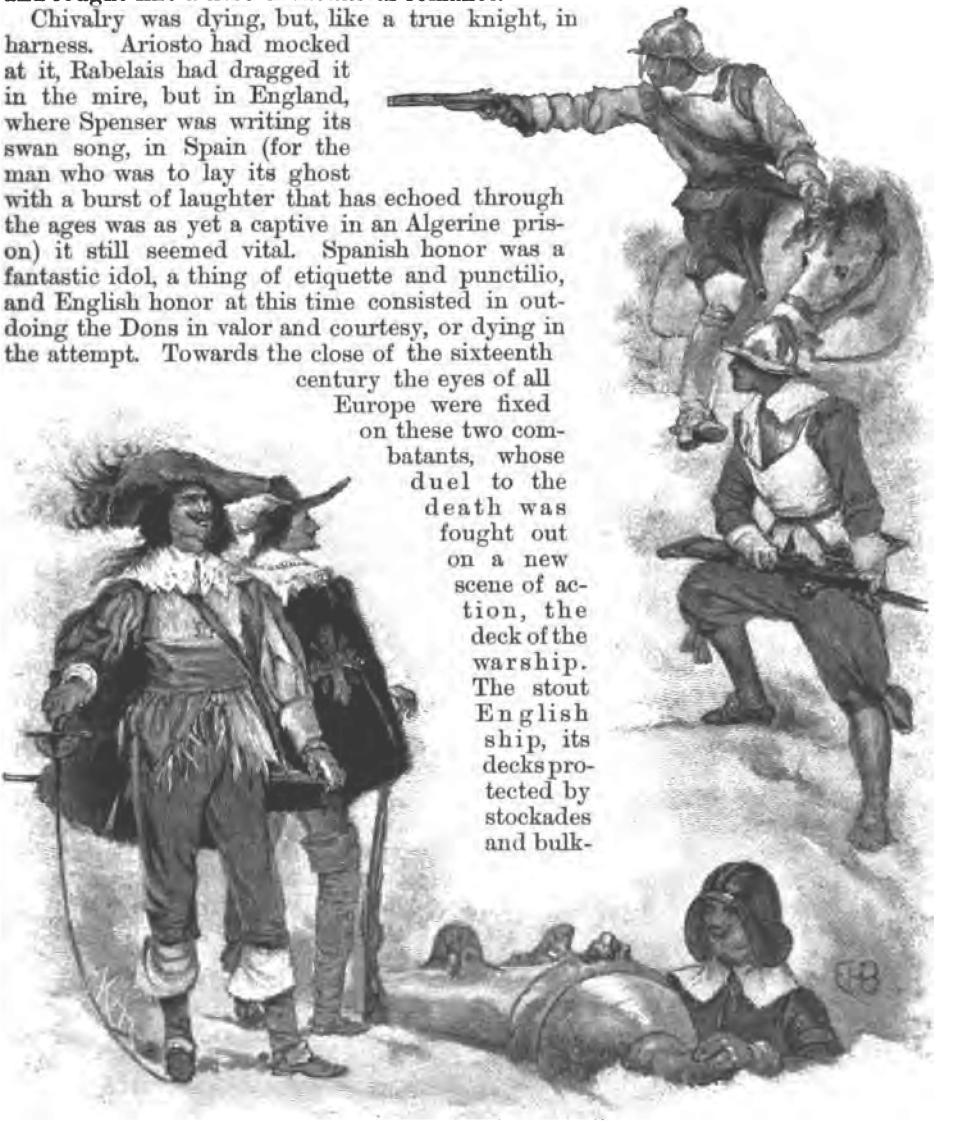
Had one nation, as in the case of the Romans, distinctly preponderated by discipline and excellence of arms over all the others—conquering one after another—it would have been quite contented with its equipments, and there would have been no occasion for the rivalry which kept the smiths of North and South hard at work forging armors strong enough to resist the weapons of the last campaign, then making swords and axes heavy enough to batter them to pieces in the next engagement, till shell and weapon were alike mighty to resist and attack; and at the battle of Roosebeke, in 1382, as Froissart tells us, the hammering in the infernal forge "of axe and sword and mallets of iron upon the bassinets was so great and high," "that I have heard that had all the helmet-makers of Paris and Brussels been working together at their trade they could not have made a greater noise."

English and French armors always resembled each other, and in the fourteenth century they were identical. With the former the angles of elbow- and knee-guards, helmet and gauntlets, were more salient than in the French armors, but the Germans exaggerated these points and sallies still more and retained the ridged salade after the smoother armet had become popular on either side of the Channel. The heaviest armors came from Germany, and the earliest suits of plates, which appear in the MS. of Tristan and Isolde long before they were known to the south and west of the Rhine. If they defended their bodies carefully by armor, they did not spare them in action, the German knights being typically gallant and reckless. Defensive armor was defective with the Italians till they came into contact with the northern nations. They clung instinctively to classical tradition. The head-piece was always relatively small and elegant; they rarely covered the face, and seemed not to feel the need of protecting the neck as did the other peoples. Their bassinets sloped backward more than those of the French; their salade was very elegant in shape, while some of the latter helmets are almost exactly like those of the Greek hoplites. In XVIII., *a*, we have the last complete armor just before the greave was abandoned and the buff boot adopted. It is the harness of 1550 to 1559, of Henry II. in France, of the last years of Charles V., and of the beginning of the wars of religion. As we have seen, by 1550 armor was in full decline. Up to that time its modifications had been logical, to meet exigencies and to protect its wearer against new weapons, but after 1550 the "style" of the cuirass became that of the latest doublet—the waist was high or low, the ridge of the breastplate flattened or convex, according to the last fashion at court, and when we see the cuirasses of Henry III.'s time hammered into the shape of the Punchinello paunch (*ventre à la polichinelle*) so dear to the king and his Mignons, we feel that the armorer's anvil is in undignified proximity to the tailor's goose. The half-armor of 1572 (XIX., *a*) was still exceptionally elegant and graceful. The gentleman of the time of Charles IX. in France and of Elizabeth in England wears a damascened morion and cuirass, while the heavy sword has grown lighter, and is here very long, for thrusting rather than cutting, and has a complicated hilt. To the student of history no figure in the series is more suggestive than this one. It shows us the armor of the English Renaissance, of the Spanish decadence, of the Dutch war of independence, of the French Huguenots and Leaguers, of the Portuguese, Spanish, and English mariners. We find it everywhere in the old world and the new, on the Atlantic, the northern seas, and the sunny Greek waters. This man (XIX., *a*) might be De la Mole, or the swashbuckler Count Annibal de Coconnas, exactly as Queen Margot saw them ride out of the Louvre on parade-day, long before all Paris rushed to their famous execution. Men in such armors dragged out Coligny and massacred him. Such as he were the Guises and all the chiefs of St. Bartholomew's Day. Take away the order of St. Michael that he wears, tan his complexion with the sea-winds, and he might be Raleigh, Drake, Essex, or Kingsley's stout Amyas Leigh, plunging through the forests of the New World. He might ride with Mary Stuart as she galloped, by night, with pistols at her belt, or, his steel blackened to the liking of a sombre Spaniard, he might burn

and torture with Alva in the Low Countries, or, sailing with the great Armada, leave his bones and his armor upon the Irish coast. Any of these he might be, for navigators, inquisitors, poets, playwrights, and fighters of every description wore the breastplate and burgonet in the days of good Queen Bess, of Philip II., and the Guises.

When the forges of Milan were full of morions and cuirasses like those in XIX., *a*, the slowly flowering English Renaissance was in full bloom. The English gentleman at home talked Euphuism with Lilly, studied verse-making with Sidney and Spenser, wore big pearls in his ears and a whole manor on his back, and spent days in the Cockpit or the Globe Theatre, but he was terrible enough abroad where he "singed the Spanish king's beard"
and fought like a hero of mediæval romance.

Chivalry was dying, but, like a true knight, in harness. Ariosto had mocked at it, Rabelais had dragged it in the mire, but in England, where Spenser was writing its swan song, in Spain (for the man who was to lay its ghost with a burst of laughter that has echoed through the ages was as yet a captive in an Algerine prison) it still seemed vital. Spanish honor was a fantastic idol, a thing of etiquette and punctilio, and English honor at this time consisted in outdoing the Dons in valor and courtesy, or dying in the attempt. Towards the close of the sixteenth century the eyes of all Europe were fixed on these two combatants, whose duel to the death was fought out on a new scene of action, the deck of the warship. The stout English ship, its decks protected by stockades and bulk-



XXI.—*a*, *b*, White and Black Mousquetaires of Louis XIII.; *c*, *d*, Cromwellian Soldiers; *e*, Engineer Officer.

heads which divided it into a number of separate forts, its captain some sturdy commoner or newly made knight, its crew trained from childhood in the use of arms, befriended and even consulted at times by its officers, younger sons of noble families or gentlemen adventurers who could not refuse, at least when they sailed with Sir Francis Drake, "to set their hands to a rope," or "to hale and draw with the mariners,"—this ship was opposed to the great gilded Spanish galleon. Clumsy and unwieldy for sea fighting, the galleon was wonderfully picturesque, with its chapels and pulpits, its paintings, and holy images, its companies of soldiers drilling and exercising, its Flemish gunners, its poor mariners, who were "slaves to the rest to moil and toil day and night, not even suffered to sleep or harbor under the decks." Fellowship between the overworked crew and officers whose knightly gauntlet would be dishonored by handling anything but a sword hilt was rendered impossible by the pedantic etiquette that was stifling Spanish genius. There were always plenty of morions and breastplates on board, and many stout men at arms to wear them, whether the galleon sailed eastward against the Moslem or westward towards New Spain; full of soldiers, too, were the plate-ships homeward-bound, laden with pearls and gold, for at any moment the English pirates, descendants of the old Vikings, Frobisher, Carlisle, or Drake, might swoop down upon them. Crowded with fighting men as well were those 200 royal galleys which, in the Gulf of Lepanto, on October 7, 1571, destroyed the Turkish fleet and saved Europe from a Moslem invasion. From their decks, before the fight began, these soldiers could look down on their young commander, Don John of Austria, could hear him as his light galley darted from ship to ship, exhorting them as soldiers of the cross to do their duty, promising them a glorious immortality if they lived or died. One of them, a poor Spanish hidalgo, has won that immortality which was promised him, but not only by his exploits at Lepanto. When we look up at the tattered banners, trophies of the great sea fight, that fill with faded splendor the Church of the Cavaliers of St. Stephen in Pisa, it is of that soldier that we think first of all. Don John, of whom the pope said, bursting into tears of joy, "there was a man sent by God and his name was John," and the gallant captains, Doria Colonna and Veniero, are but memories, but Cervantes is a household word and part of our life of to-day.

Redoubtable as they were to the Turk, the galleons were generally outsailed, out-manœuvred, often sunk or captured, by English craft of half their size; indeed it was in these sea-fights against overwhelming odds that the English sailor more than once proved himself the peer of Charlemagne's paladins. Authentic accounts of their adventures read like a romance of chivalry.

Don Diego Garcia held a bridge against an army, but Sir George Cary's ship, the Content, fought single-handed for sixteen hours with four huge men of war and two galleys, though most of the time she had but thirteen men fit for service; and two "valiant Turkey merchantmen," with three small consorts, crippled a whole fleet of Spanish galleys sent to intercept them. The chronicles tell us that Earl Waltheof, son of Siward Beorn, kept the gate of York against the French army, but Sir Richard Grenville engaged alone with a Spanish fleet of fifty-three sail, repulsed the enemy fifteen times, and sunk four galleys; nor would he strike his colors until his powder was gone, his masts and sailing tackle had been shot away, his sailors were all killed or wounded, and he himself was dying! Most glorious of all was the defeat and dispersion of that great Armada, too soon styled the Invincible, which, on the 19th of July, 1588, the Scotch pirate Fleming saw off the Lizard sailing towards him in a great crescent which measured seven miles from horn to horn. Naval warfare has perhaps seen no such sight as that running fight of a week going flaming up the British Channel—now nearing the English cliffs, where an armed population trooped along trying to keep pace with the battle, now running over towards the Dutch coast, where Protestant Hollanders hung like panthers upon the skirts of Parma's fleet, foreseeing salvation or ruin in the day's chances of war.

Out from all the harbors to join the

admiral came every Englishman who had a purse to equip a ship and a sword to defend it. Northumberland, Oxford, Cecils and Blounts, and with them the gallant Catholic gentlemen of England, so forgetful of persecution and ill usage, so mindful that behind their government was their country, that Elizabeth who had hung Papists gave her whole fleet and hopes into the hands of the Catholic Charles Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral.*

What a sight, too, must have been the galleons, and such a water-spider as a great galliass, whipping the waves with three hundred oars,—the poor slaves chained to the handles hurled from their seats in heaps as some English ship, her main and foreyards lowered to prevent boarding, swept by the galliass's side hardly a pike's length off, snapping the oars by the score, smashing her chain-shot into pulpit and picture and gilded lantern, sweeping the three gundecks, sailing round and round the unwieldy Spaniard, till the great banner shot away floated upon the water,—the banner so big that one hung as a trophy in Leyden church from the groined roof to the pavement.

Under Francis I. of France, the morion, burgonet, and cabasset were already the helmets of the arquebusiers and pikemen, and they became the distinctive head-dresses of the wars of religion, whether of Catholic or Huguenot, of soldier of emperor, elector, or stadtholder. The Protestant arquebusier (XIX., *b*) "wears white to prove the purity of his conscience." In those days of tergiversation, of a recanting king and of incessant campaigns, the white may have become somewhat smirched. Under Henry IV. armors of dark-brown colored steel were popular; the shoulder-pieces were immense; the tassets extended from the high waist to the knee-pieces and buff boot. The complete armor no longer existed with the gentlemen (XVII., *d*) who at Ivry "charged for the golden lilies;" it was still less complete under the son of Henry IV., and upon the "Ironsides" of Cromwell, the Puritans of Naseby and Marston Moor (XXI., *d*, *e*), only the lobster-tail helmet, the breast and back-plate—or, with the footman, the morion and gorget—remained. Nevertheless, during the first half of the seventeenth century, the armor XVIII., *b*, may still be considered typical and was much worn not only by general officers, but by certain especial corps. It was the armor of the thirty years' war, of Tilly and of Wallenstein, of Charles I. of England, and of many another of Vandyke's noble sitters. The wounded Hampden may have worn it as, drooping over his horse's neck, he rode away to die. Cromwell is generally represented in a lighter armor, more like his own Ironsides, but the Germans apparently clung to the long tassets; Gustavus Adolphus, "The Lion of the North," wore them, and we see the cuirass and its armpieces over the scarlet robes of the great cardinal as they blow in the wind upon the wooden boom that Richelieu built against blockaded La Rochelle. The rank and file of European armies had lightened their armor, and when the psalm-tune mingled with the scabbard-rattle, and the charge swept after the cavaliers at Dunbar, there was no more iron upon the troopers than on those who dashed upon the squares at Waterloo, or who parade to-day on the Unter den Linden. But, however useless in Europe, in New England and against the Indian arrows armor still served "the courageous captain of Plymouth" as well as it had Cortez and Pizarro. Louis XIII. clung to it, and his black musketeers wore cuirass and armpieces —during a campaign, but old prints show us Athos and d'Artagnan as in XXI., *a*, *b*. Engineers still went to the trenches in head-piece and cuirass (XXI., *c*), and gentlemen had their portraits painted in full panoply; but in the middle of the seventeenth century, armor had had its day.

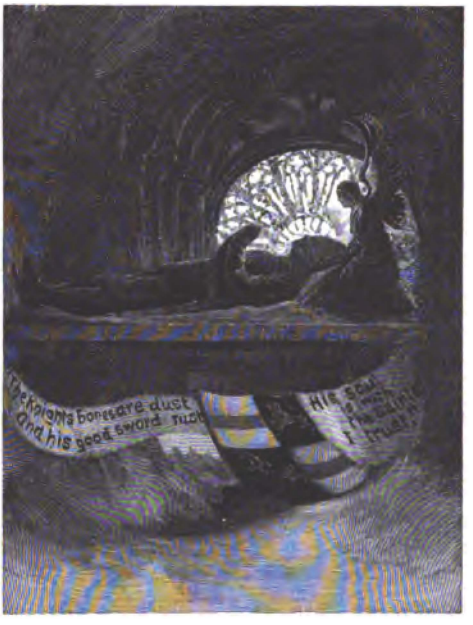
And it has had its analogies. Have not we, in the last twenty-five years, repeated in another field three centuries of experiments? Were not the light cruisers of Drake and Hawkins circling about the huge Spanish galleons a foretaste of what may yet be to come?

When the Merrimac steamed down into Hampton Roads, crushing the Congress and the Cumberland, it was the barded knight destroying those lighter

* See Kingsley's fine description of what has been called "Britain's Salamis," in "Westward Ho."

armed; and since then, in the armoring of ships, improvement has followed improvement.

In the old times the individual shut himself up in a shell, which he thickened and strengthened to resist projectiles, till, condemned to be immovable or risk the chances of bullets, he cast away his armor.



To-day, instead of one, we shut up many in a floating iron shell. Every year sees a heavier gun and a heavier target. Again it is the costly knight whom a single shot sends down with all his wealth of armor. Shall we not, too, perhaps, with our great ships of war, cast off, as did the knight, first the greave and soleret that impeded the feet, then another and another piece of iron, till to the 140-ton gun we oppose only speed and activity?

If so, we shall have repeated the experience of the middle ages. The knights of Cressy and Agincourt will stand to us not merely as entertaining historical figures, but as teachers; and the faint echo of the splintering lances of the crusaders will come to us charged with a lesson.

LOVE'S WAYS.

By Henrietta Christian Wright.

TWO paths hath Love for entering lovers' feet,
And one is broad and fair and very sweet,
And every grace of song and flower hath;
The other is a straight and narrow path
Where stones and brambles choke the bitter way,
And songs it hath, but never one is gay.
And some who enter are with roses bound,
And some with thorns, but none may go uncrowned;
And yet, both ways are thronged with eager feet,
And voices, gay and sad, chant—Love is sweet.

NATURAL SELECTION.

A ROMANCE OF CHELSEA VILLAGE AND EAST HAMPTON TOWN.

By H. C. Bunner

PART II.

RANDOLPH'S communication was not a surprise to his mother. In such matters the maternal instinct needs but a small clew for its wonderful intuitive processes. It is not often that a young man surprises his mother in this sort of avowal. There are such cases, but they are rare. I knew one dear old lady whose son took her aside one day. "I'm engaged," he said. "I know it, dear," the sweet old gentlewoman replied, "and I wish you would tell Sally Hastings that I shall love her as though she were my own daughter." "But it isn't Sally Hastings, mother," said the young man, who had never been a steadfast young man, "it's Miss McIlvaine, from Tonawanda."

Mrs. Wykoff had known for some months that her son was a constant visitor at the Leetes. She knew that there were two girls in the family, and that the younger was a pretty girl, and superior to the rest of the Leetes in taste and education. She knew, also, that however valuable Mr. Leete's aid and advice might be to her son, the young man's enthusiasm for his new work was not great enough to make him forget a social code acquired by inheritance, inculcated in early youth, and ratified by the authority of Harvard College. There was but one interpretation to be put upon his devotion to these new friends.

All this Mrs. Wykoff knew from the little her son had told her. It was little enough. Randolph was not secretive or deceitful, but he rarely talked personalities, and of his own doings he spoke no oftener than was necessary. He had a young man's sensitiveness to the criticism and comment that fall to the lot of the open-mouthed enthusiast. And then his position was not so clear to himself that he could make it clear to others. Do not blame him. If you were falling deeper and deeper into love, and knew that the object of your affections could not be acceptable to your kind parents, would you issue daily bulletins of the progress of your case, with conscientious diagnosis and prognosis? Was there ever a pair of lovers who did not yearn to keep their common joy eternally a selfish secret? Frown all you care to, stern censor—if all the lovers had their way, there would not be desert islands enough to go around.

Mrs. Wykoff knew something, and guessed a great deal, yet she could not act either on the certainty or the suspicion. She knew that she could not oppose Randolph. He had all his father's self-confidence and stubborn courage without—the widow sadly thought—without, as yet, John Wykoff's clear judgment, fine sense of right and wrong, and unselfish devotion to principle.

John Wykoff's wife knew well the Wykoff strain. She had married John Wykoff when his father, by ill-judged speculations, had ruined not himself only but all the Wykoff family, root and branch, and had made himself hated by the whole body of his kith and kin. She had been her husband's best friend and counsellor through all the years that it took to build up again the great shipping-house of Wykoff & Son, and during those years she had led a pinched, narrow, meagre life. Then, when the new fortune was made, and the honor and credit of the old firm re-established, it was her tact that won them admission to the society from which Grandfather Wykoff's recklessness and their own poverty had exiled them. It was her task to renew old associa-

tions, to strengthen long-enfeebled ties, to close up breaches, and negotiate reconciliations. She had to bear snubs and slights; she had to win her right to respect and esteem in a long and hard fight; and all that she had to do and bear was done and borne, not for her own sake, but for the sake of her husband and her boy. For herself she had no need to take thought; she was a Broadwood, of Philadelphia, and her family thought that she lowered herself when she married the son of a bankrupt Wykoff.

The struggle had ended years ago, and now Mrs. Wykoff was a widow, still handsome, rich in money and in friends. The discipline of her life had not been lost on her. Her nature, that was always sweet, had grown strong in troublous times, and she was, at forty-five, a chastened woman of the world. I think the world makes as many saints as sinners.

She received her son's story with a calm acceptance of the situation that ought to have put him on his guard. To be sure, she cried a little, but only for a moment; and for the rest she was all loving interest and attention. It must be said for Randolph that, having come to confession, he made a good, honest, clean breast of it. He made no attempt to put an imaginative gilding on the Leetes. In speaking of the family he dwelt only on their unimpeachable probity and respectability. Of Celia he could truthfully say that her manners and her speech were correct. If he dwelt too much on her intelligence, on her cleverness, and on her understanding of and sympathy with his hopes and ambitions, it must be kept in mind that Celia was an uncommonly good listener.

"I am thinking of your happiness, my dear," his mother said; "I trust I am not selfish. I could have wished, of course, that it had been someone who — someone whom I knew and loved, but——"

There lurked in this broken sentence an allusion that Randolph understood — an allusion to a cherished hope of his mother's. Perhaps he felt in some way guilty, for he made no direct reply, saying only:

"You will know Celia, mother, and you will love her. You cannot help it."

"I hope so," said the poor woman, with the best smile that she had for the occasion. "When shall I see her? Would

it not be well for me to call on her mother."

Randolph Wykoff went away from this interview with an easy mind and a heart filled with loving admiration of his mother. She was a wonderful woman, he thought, thus to combine feminine gentleness with masculine common-sense. How kindly and how wisely she had taken it! It did not come into his mind that in the course of that brief conversation he had been led to propose and to pledge himself to two things which he had never thought of before —first, that there should be no announcement of his engagement to Celia —no actual engagement, in fact—for a year to come; second, that the engagement should not be of less than a year's duration from the date of the announcement. These two ideas seemed to have been of his own conception. He knew, or he thought he knew, how much personal annoyance his marriage to Celia Leete would bring him. He had no desire to add to this annoyance, or to be guilty of a precipitancy which he himself could not excuse. His world would be ill-spoken enough; it was not for him to justify unkind criticism. It came to him as the most natural thing imaginable that Celia Leete ought to be introduced to some of his friends, at least, as Celia Leete, before they knew her as his betrothed. And he could hardly get his present business off his hands and feel free to devote himself to a wife short of a year or two of hard work.

Three days later Mrs. Wykoff was sitting in the darkened front parlor of the Leete house on the hair-cloth sofa under the chromo of the "Old Oaken Bucket." On the opposite wall hung the ambrotype of Mrs. Leete's mother, taken at the age of eighty-seven. Mrs. Leete's mother showed a mouth that seemed to be simply a straight line where the lips

turned in. What little hair she had hung in a large flat festoon on either side of her head. A broad lace collar covered her shoulders. It was fastened under the chin by a brooch of vast size, which was, in fact, a box with a glass front, designed, apparently, to contain specimens of the hair of deceased members of the wearer's family, after the depressing fashion of the days of ambrotypes and inchoate civilization. On the face of Mrs. Leete's mother was an expression of stern resolve. She was sitting for her picture, and she was sitting hard.

Mrs. Wykoff was gazing hopelessly at this monument of respectability when

Mrs. Leete entered the room, red in the face from a hasty change of dress, and agitated by a nervousness the existence of which she would not have admitted to herself.

Why does your thoroughbred collie bark at the tramp or the peddler within your gates, and greet shabbiest gentlehood with a friendly wag of the tail? It is because there is a difference in human beings, just as there is in dogs, and the dogs know it. The human beings know it, too, although there are some who belie their knowledge—who, having learned that the rank is but the guinea's stamp and that the man's the gowd for a' that, go about trying to make themselves and others believe that there is no such thing as an alloy in the world, no counterfeit coin, no base metal.

Mrs. Leete was agitated even to her inmost spiritual recesses when she saw this handsome and well-dressed woman rise and come forward to meet her, with such an easy grace and dignity—with such a soft rustling of her black raiment. It was five minutes at least before the perfect tact that went with these outward and visible things had put the hostess at her ease.

After a little, Celia came shyly into the room, with cold hands and a pale face. Mrs. Wykoff's heart leaped in pleased surprise when she saw the girl of her son's choice. She kissed Celia almost with tenderness, and she felt a genuine thankfulness for the child's delicate beauty and her modest bearing. "I can understand it now," she thought, "and it is better than I had dared to hope."

But presently in came Mr. Leete, in his Sunday broadcloth, with a new collar making him very uncomfortable about the chin, and with him came Dorinda, red as to her bodice and black as to her skirts and wonderful as to the dressing of her hair, and all was not so well with Mrs. Wykoff.

Mrs. Wykoff's visit lasted scarcely an hour, yet, when she had gone, every member of the family except Celia felt that affairs wore a new and less pleasing aspect. There was no longer a delightful certainty about the prospective alliance of the Leetes to one of the oldest and wealthiest families in the country. Three days before, Randolph Wykoff had asked Mr. Leete for his daughter's hand, and the offer had been accepted with no longer hesitation than was absolutely demanded by the self-respect of the head of the house. Since then, all the family had lived in a rose-tinted dream. Now, Mrs. Wykoff's friendly, informal chat had somehow served to marshal before their eyes an array of hard, cold, unwelcome facts. How had it been done? They did not know. They could not blame Mrs. Wykoff; she had been amiability itself. Yet there were the facts, patent to all of them. Why, it was Mr. Leete himself who had advanced the idea that for two young people to talk of marriage after three months of acquaintance was simply absurd. It was he who had said that people—he did not perhaps know what people, but, in fact, *people*—would comment with justifiable severity upon such heedless haste. Certainly the suggestion that at least a year must elapse before the announcement of the engagement had come from him; and none of the house of Leete was sufficiently versed in the subtleties of polite diplomacy to inquire how the notion came *to* Mr. Leete.

It was at Popper Leete, in very truth, that Mrs. Wykoff had directed her masked batteries, and with more effect than she suspected. She had touched lightly on Randolph's youth, his inexperience, his impulsive nature, and she had called attention to the undeniable truth that young men do not always know their own minds. Mr. Leete had taken the hint, and to his mind it had an exaggerated significance.

"I d'no but what she's right," he said to his wife; "mebbe we've been too easy about sayin' 'yes.' She's a business-woman, and she's got a good, sound head. Folks useter say that John Wykoff and wife was as good a business-firm as there was in town. Now, she knows this young feller, an' what do we know about him? Nothin', when you come right down *to* it. We don't know what his ideas are, or what sort of a man he is, anyway. We don't know how he spends his evenin's, or what he does with himself when we don't see him. Now, s'pose he was on'y foolin' with Celia, and was to get tired of her

an' skip out to Europe, some day eruther? We can't tell. S'pose he was to marry her and then turn out bad? Look at the way them Newport folks are all the time gittin' divorced an' bein' shown up in the noozpapers. How do we know but what he's bean a-makin' up to a dozen girls over there in Europe. Now, reelly, we don't know much more about that young man than if he was a Eu*r*opean himself."

"Oh, Popper Leete," remonstrated his wife, "'tain't so bad as *that!*"

"Well," Mr. Leete insisted, shaking his head in stubborn doubt, "'tain't much better, when you come right down *to* it."

. . . . . .

There are plenty of married couples in the world who can lay their hands on their twain hearts and unanimously declare that the time of their betrothal was the happiest times of their lives. There are other people, however, who can as honestly say that they were never more uncomfortable and generally miserable than they were in the No Man's Land through which civilized matrimony must be approached.

Perhaps the months or years of engagement may be enjoyable to those who enter upon their contract in a business-like and practical spirit, or to those easy-going mortals who take their love on trial, much as they might take a type-writer or a patent lamp. But to two young people dreadfully in love and dreadfully in earnest, this stretch of time is like the trying pause when the soldier on the battle-field waits for the order to advance.

The woman's position is certainly doubtful and disagreeable. She belongs neither to her parents nor to her betrothed—not even to herself. Hers is the proud prerogative of deciding between blue and pink for the dining-room paper, between script and old English for the engraving on the spoons—while, perhaps, her former owners and her future owner are settling on a religion for her and for her children *in posse*.

We do not all of us have to suffer the possible rigors of this state of interregnum. The kindly refinements of modern life make the situation as agreeable as may be. Yet among the gentlest and most delicate of people, it is often a situation at best but barely tolerable. What must it be among people who are not given to yielding to others, and who are given to speaking their minds—those hastily made-up minds which for the most part were best left unspoken?

It was a cocksure and outspoken family into which Randolph Wykoff had tumbled; and one that had well-defined opinions on all matters of personal conduct, and wanted no new lights from any source. And as Randolph himself could be cocksure on occasion, and as he certainly had not come down to Chelsea Village to seek illumination on any dark points of social doctrine, a clash was inevitable, and the clash came promptly.

It came when the chilling truth was first clearly recognized by the Leetes that young Mr. Wykoff was engaged to Celia exclusively, and did not hold himself bound to the rest of the family by any ties so tender. To be sure, Wykoff was the soul of kindly courtesy in his relations with them all, and yet, like the old farmer in *Punch*, sipping airy champagne in place of his accustomed old ale, they "didn't seem to get no forr'ader." When Randolph broke one of Mrs. Leete's teacups, he made the accident an excuse for sending her a full tea-set, so delicate of mould that Mrs. Leete never dared to use it. He gave Father Leete a meerschaum that he had brought from Europe. He adorned Alonzo's scarf with a scarabæus of rare beauty. (Alonzo held the gift but lightly until it occurred to him to have its money-value appraised at a Broadway jeweller's.) He loaded Celia with gifts, and he did not forget to select for her sister, every now and then, a trinket of a fashion more noticeable than he would have held fitting for his betrothed. And as for flowers—he made the dingy house brilliant with the artificial refinements of the hothouse. But beyond courteous speech and an open hand, they soon found that nothing was to be expected of the newcomer in the family circle.

Alonzo had to accept the obvious fact that he would never be put up at Mr. Randolph Wykoff's club, even if he sought such an honor—which he told his own conscience he did not. Dorinda

saw bright visions fade before her eyes when she learned that Mr. Wykoff, whether he were in mourning or out of mourning, was not in the habit of taking his "lady friends" to the public balls, and that he did not so much as know the "Triton" from the "Männerchor." And Mrs. Leete, while she understood that John Wykoff's widow must live for many months, at least, in strict retirement from the world, yet felt that it had in some subtile way been made clear to her own perception that the hand of society would never be stretched out to the Leetes at the particular request of the Wykoffs.

There was no question about it, Mr. Wykoff had no proper sense of his position as a prospective son- and brother-in-law; and hint and suggestion fell upon his calm unconsciousness of his delinquency as little sparks upon the breast of an ice-bound lake. They did their best to bring him to a knowledge of what they called among themselves "the proper thing;" but neither precept nor example availed aught against his vast, innocent ignorance.

In this he was quite honest, although the Leete family could hardly believe it. It did occur to him, at one time, that he had been made to hear a great deal about a certain Mr. Cargill, soon to be wedded to one of Dorinda's bosom friends. This gentleman had acquired what seemed to Randolph a strange habit of taking his bride-to-be and all her family, including a maiden aunt, to the theatre some four or five times a week. For this ceremony, or operation, Mr. Cargill was wont to array himself, according to Dorinda's account, in a swallow-tail coat, a lavender satin tie, and an embroidered shirt. But beyond a vague wonder if perchance Cargill completed this costume with shepherd's plaid trousers and Roman sandals, Mr. Wykoff saw no hidden significance in the parable.

Thus it came to pass that Randolph, for his contumacious and persistent abiding in darkness, was put under a ban by all save one member of the family. Father and Mother Leete, it is true, visited their displeasure upon him only passively, and far, far more in sorrow than in anger. But Alonzo and Dorinda declared him anathema, and would have none of him. I need hardly say that their parents knew nothing of this unwise severity.

There was a time when Wykoff was welcomed at the portal by Celia's brother or her sister, as it might happen. (It was a convention in the family—one of the "whats" which are "what"—that Celia might not with propriety open the front door to her beloved.) He was allowed to meet her in the hall-way, and they went into the parlor to chat out their private chat. Then they joined the family circle in the dining-room, where the evening lamp shone cheerily on the red cloth that turned the dining-table into a centre-table, and Randolph answered questions about his mother's health, or talked of building-matters with Mr. Leete, or made engaging conversation on topics judiciously selected from the news of the day.

But that time was long past ere the winter had travelled over the brow of Christmas Hill. Now it was always Dorinda who opened the door to him. He did not know it, but Dorinda, on the nights when he might be looked for, took her seat by the dining-room door, on the most uncomfortable chair in the room, and awaited his coming in a gloomy spirit of duty. She always opened the door with the chain up, and peered through the crack as though she were expecting a stranger of murderous intentions. Then she said, with the corners of her mouth drawn down in a painful smile: "Oh, I *beg* your pardon, Mr. Wykoff; I didn't know it was you, to-night." The door was closed, the chain let down, the door swung open slowly, and Randolph was admitted, to face a greeting that rarely varied much in form:

"I don't *s'pose* you want to see the *fam'ly*, Mr. Wykoff; if you'll be so *kind* as to step into the *parlor*, I'll tell my *sister* you're here."

Dorinda had reduced the difficult arts of irony and sarcasm to a few simple formulas of vigorous emphasis, applied to the direct deliverances of ordinary conversation. Yet, had it not been for a certain ring of triumphant satisfaction in her tone, and a sparkle of proud achievement in her eye, Wykoff would perhaps have failed to suspect her intent.

In the front parlor, dimly lit and chilly—Alonzo was in charge of the furnace—Randolph awaited his betrothed. After what was held a proper and dignified space of time, she was permitted to join him. She came in, often, with a flush high on her cheeks and with a fluttering breath, and hid her head on his shoulder, where he let it lie. He was not an observant young man; he was not a demonstrative wooer, but he felt that his little girl was suffering persecution, and he pitied her.

He had more than Dorinda's depressing salutation to open his eyes. As he sat in the shadowy parlor, waiting for Celia, he heard Dorinda return to the dining-room to announce his coming. Her entrance was followed by a silence. Then came a loud grunt, from far down in Mr. Leete's deep lungs, as if he said, "Oh, is *that* all?" Sometimes a profound sigh was audible through the closed folding-doors, and he could guess that there was a weight on Mother Leete's mind. And regularly, every night that he sat there, he heard Alonzo arise, march through the hall, put on his coat and hat, and go out into the night. And, in doing this simple thing, Alonzo contrived, in every step along the hall, to put a staccato accentuation into the setting down of his heel which could not fail to carry its meaning to the lost soul in the front parlor. It was the righteous man stalking out of the neighborhood of the accursed thing.

But of Celia's sufferings at her relatives' hands, Randolph had an exaggerated conception. Alonzo and Dorinda annoyed her in their different ways, but she was quite able to take care of herself in every sort of family spat. She was gentle of spirit, gentle in her tastes; but she had learned to spar in many wordy contests, and she was now no longer dependent upon the love or the approval of either Alonzo or her sister. Indeed, all minor matters, all the little things of the house which had been important to her a few months before meant nothing to her now. She was leading a life of which her brother, her sister, her father, her mother, knew nothing; she was walking in paths where their petty jealousies, spites, disappointments, and misunderstandings could not follow her.

There is, however, no telling where combatants like Alonzo and Dorinda will stop when they once start on a line of aggressive conduct. It is not enough for them to see that their weapons strike home; to see the punctures, to know, whatever momentary exaltation of soul may stay the physical pain of the victim, that, sooner or later, the wounds must begin to bleed, and the tender flesh to burn with fever. Theirs is a grosser warfare. They must see the suffering, they must hear the cries; they must realize that they have inflicted material damage before they can feel that they have done what they set out to do. Especially must their vengeance be complete when it constitutes what they consider merited punishment—and to judge and to punish is the especial mission of these right-thinking and right-doing people, who, being ever in the right, have but small pity for those erring mortals who have not their light.

So it was not long before Dorinda laid down the foil of polite irony, and took to broadsword-practice. She had been content with the pleasure to be derived from outspoken conjectures as to her sister's probable behavior after she should have joined her "swell friends"—whether or no she would recognize her kinsfolk when she met them on the street—or look at anyone who lived in a frame house—or use baking-powder in her kitchen. But now she relieved her mind with open and vituperative onslaughts upon Randolph Wykoff, his mother, and all that they stood for and represented in the social scheme. She gave up going to the door to let Randolph in, and that duty was delegated to Alonzo, who performed it in absolute silence, with a discourteous hostility in his bearing that, had he not been Celia Leete's brother, would have got him a sound thrashing at the hands of a young gentleman who had been held, in his time, one of the prettiest middle-weight boxers that had ever sparred at Harvard College.

It was a most unpleasant state of things for the engaged pair, and they talked it over at every meeting. Wykoff was for going to Mr. Leete and demanding an abatement of the nuisance; but Celia, who underestimated the strength

of her position, told him that parental interference would only embitter her persecutors, and make her lot the harder; and her lover unwillingly held his peace. It was Dorinda who brought matters to a climax.

Mrs. Wykoff had been ill. Her lungs just held its own for brilliancy against Dorinda's red bodice of state.

The Cargill and the Cargill-expectant glanced at the Wykoff as he entered and sat down in the farthest corner of the room; Dorinda did not even turn her head, but pitched the conversation in a

were not over-strong, and she had been taken with something that looked like pneumonia. Randolph stopped at the Leetes, late one January afternoon, to tell Celia of his mother's progress toward recovery. He was admitted by the servant—a rare event; for attendance upon the front door was not among that handmaid's many duties. She let him into the parlor, and there he found Dorinda, volubly entertaining a young man and a young woman whom he at once guessed to be the much-vaunted Cargill and his bride-elect. Cargill was a tall young man with a large black mustache. His clothing had that effect of shiny and unwrinkled newness which is rarely to be observed save on the wire frames in the tailors' windows. Huge diamonds sparkled on his fingers, in his necktie, and even in a shamelessly exposed collar-stud. Mrs. Cargill, that was to be, was clad in a blue velvet dress that higher key, so that he might lose no word of it.

"Was you at the Sweatman's sociable?" she inquired.

"Nope," said Mr. Cargill, sucking the big silver head of his cane.

"I heard it was real el'gant," Miss Leete ran on; "I couldn't go—ma 'n' me had to go to a meetin' of the church fair c'mittee. I s'pose you know I'm goin' to have the Rebekah booth at the fair. Hope you're comin' to patronize me. I'll sell you some lem'nade—'f you ever drink lem'nade, Mr. Cargill."

The simper with which this speech was ended was a beautiful tribute to Cargill in his quality of man of the world.

"Ain't sellin' beer this trip?" was Mr. Cargill's jocular inquiry. "Then I guess I'll take lem'nade. Sell a stick with it?"

"Oh, do hush," said the bride-elect, dabbing at him with her muff, and pre-

tending to be scandalized at his wickedness. "*I* think lem'nade's reel nice, don't you, D'rinda? I'm comin' to get some, 'n' I'm goin' to make *him* pay for it, too."

Two treble laughs and a bass laugh did honor to this witticism, and, when the spasm of merriment was over, Dorinda began again.

"D'you see Mr. Cree at the Sweatman's? *I* think he's one 'f the nicest gentlemen I ever *saw*."

Celia was out; it was a quarter of an hour before she came in, and through that quarter of an hour Randolph Wykoff sat in his corner of the parlor and heard the chronicle of a society that in one way might well be called, as it would have called itself, "el'gant."

This was bad enough, but there was worse yet. The visitors took their leave at last, and Dorinda followed them into the hall-way. She closed the door behind her, but one door was a poor obstruction to Dorinda's voice, and Wykoff heard what probably it was intended that he should hear:

"*Him?* Oh, that's Mr. Wykoff—Celia's friend, you know—he ain't any 'f *mine*. I'd have introduced you, on'y I don't hardly know him well enough. We ain't fine enough for him, 'n' I thought maybe our friends wasn't. Guess you ain't lost much, though."

When Celia came in, Randolph told her, as gently as possible, but definitely and definitively, that thereafter he would come to the house only when her sister was not at home, and he kept his word.

Yet they had to see each other, and so they fell into a bad way of meeting in the streets. Celia contrived to let her lover know that on such a day a shopping tour would bring her through such and such a street at this or that hour; and at the time and place appointed, Randolph would meet her to walk home with her. This unwise arrangement brought itself to a timely end, happily for both of them. Celia's sources of supply were among the marts of fashion that line West Fourteenth Street and the region round about. Thence she could find no route homeward on which a young man like Randolph Wykoff could have the ghost of an excuse for loitering. He therefore suggested to her to make her purchases at the larger shops on Broadway, so that he might join her in the quiet side-streets to the east of the great thoroughfare. Those streets between Union and Madison Squares are, for the most part, given over to boarding-houses and lodging-houses of dull respectability, and although they are not much traversed,

they lie in lines that anyone might follow who would pass from Murray Hill to—say, for a fine old-fashioned quarter, Stuyvesant Square. And as the Wykoffs lived near Stuyvesant Square, Randolph might well take any one of them on his way home, without drawing undesired attention to the fact of his meeting a young lady, and turning on his track to walk a few blocks with her.

But the Broadway tradesmen have

not the Fourteenth Street idea of "bargains;" and it soon became known in the Leete household, where nothing was done in privacy, that Celia was buying embroidery-silk, and gros-grain ribbons, and cotton-lace, and ruchings, and the like, at prices that were simply scandalous to the apprehension of Fourteenth Street shoppers. Dorinda drew her own conclusions, which were quite correct; she communicated them to her mother; her mother brought the case before Mr. Leete, and he, summoning Celia to his presence, heard the whole story. Up to that point Celia had suffered in silence, obeying that unnumbered commandment which the experience of childhood has added to the decalogue: Thou Shalt Not Tell Tales. Now, there was nothing for it but to uncover the history of her ill-treatment and her lover's at the hands of Alonzo and Dorinda. Popper Leete heard; he constituted himself a dictatorial court of inquiry and judgment, and when the culprits had made their inadequate defence, he laid down the law.

"I want this nonsense stopped right here," he said, sternly; "when your ma 'n' me wanter break off that match we'll do it, an' when we want any help from either of you we'll let you know. What your ma an' me think of him is none of your business, you understand! When he comes here you want to treat him decent and civil. I'm ashamed of you, that a gentleman should come into my house and be treated so by you two young whippersnappers that he can't come to see your sister like she was a lady. Don't let me hear of this nonsense no more; you hear me—NO more! An' quit a-naggin' of your sister!"

Mr. Leete's judgment, once put forth, allowed no disobedience, either in letter or in spirit, and as he took pains in his own person to show a proper and dignified courtesy toward Mr. Wykoff, it was not long before Celia and her betrothed were enjoying to the full such comfort as there may be in a forced peace. But it was not a pleasant air to breathe, and though the occasion of their parting was sad in itself, they both felt more relief than either would have cared to own, when Randolph was summoned to Florida, where his mother lay ill. She had gone South to regain strength, after her illness of January, only to catch cold again in six weeks. She was nursed by the two Curtis girls, the daughters of her favorite cousin, and she was well nursed; but her relapse proved a serious matter, and Randolph was sent for. He set out at once, and stayed with his mother until the worst was over, and while she regained her strength. It was in the last of May that he brought her home to the old Wykoff house near East Hampton. During this time he and Celia corresponded with regularity. It was a most satisfying correspondence, at the bottom, as our French friends say; but when Randolph tied up the little package of letters and tucked it away in the safest corner of the trunk that he was packing for the homeward journey, he thought that perhaps it would be a good thing to suggest to Celia that he would be greatly pleased

if she cared to read one or two books that he had found serviceable in his own studies.

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One little incident that took place just before Mrs. Wykoff went to Florida made a deep impression upon Mr. Leete, and set him to thinking uneasily of the future. His wife drew his attention to the fact that Mrs. Wykoff having passed through a serious illness, a call of congratulation, from the head of the house of Leete, would be an appropriate and delicate attention to the convalescent. Perhaps, the good wife suggested, the Leete family had been remiss in such matters of courtesy. Mrs. Wykoff's visit was still unreturned, and, as Mrs. Leete truly said, it was only because Popper Leete had kept saying that he would go with her some day, and had never yet found the day to suit him. *Now*, they didn't both of them want to go streakin' down there together, when Mrs. Wykoff was sick, or sort of sick; and she herself couldn't go, with the church fair to look after; but Popper Leete could go just as well as not, and it would look as if they meant to do the right thing; and if he'd go now, he'd never have to go again, and he might just as well go, and have *done* with it.

Mr. Leete went. Dressed in his Sunday broadcloth, he presented himself at the door of the Wykoffs' great house on Second Avenue, and gave the liveried menial his one card, neatly written in Dorinda's elaborate "Anserian System" handwriting.

Mrs. Wykoff was lying on the lounge in her sunny sitting-room, which looked out on a little snow-covered corner of the garden, where a half-clad Venus snatched at her scanty raiment, and looked as though she would like to be able to shudder, and shake the snow off her bare shoulders.

Mr. Leete had a pleasant call. He soon found himself talking readily with the gentle, gracious lady on the lounge, and he was so much at his ease that he was even able to cast furtive glances at the room and its furniture—rich, yet simple and old enough in fashion to come within the scope of his knowledge. He was so much at ease, indeed, that when Mrs. Wykoff's tea was brought in, he accepted her offer of a cup, and, becoming

interested in the conversation, dropped the cup on the floor and broke it into many fragments.

He was deeply distressed. It took all Mrs. Wykoff's tact and discretion to make him feel that she saw no uncommon awkwardness in his mishap.

"They are absurd things, those little egg-shell cups," she said, "they are forever breaking. Randolph brought me that set only three months ago, and I think that he and I between us have contrived to break half a dozen cups since then. Don't give it another thought, please."

Mr. Leete did give it another thought, however. He gave it thought enough to privily examine the mark on the bottom of the broken cup. It bore a French name, strange to him; but he succeeded in getting some sort of mental picture of the combined characters. In his own phrase, he sized it up roughly. When, a quarter of an hour later, he found himself in the street, with no clear idea of the means by which his visit had been brought to a painless close and an easy exit, he was already nursing the germ of a great idea.

Why should not a Leete, as well as a Wykoff, replace a broken set of china-ware? Mrs. Wykoff had said that six cups were already gone—Mr. Leete's cup made the seventh. Here was a chance to perform an act of substantial courtesy, and with credit to the family. "I guess I'll do a little suthin' in the crockery line myself," thought Mr. Leete.

He remembered that Randolph's gift of china had come from a well-known shop on Broadway, and thither he went at once. A polite little salesman met him near the door of the long ware-room, and inquired his pleasure. Mr. Leete was conscious of feeling large, ponderous, and solid amid all the fragility. Faïence and Limoges were in front of him, Sèvres and Belleek to right and left, and his eyes rested on nothing simpler or more modest than that sturdy Meissen ware which is still honored under the name of Dresden.

"I want some tea-things," began Mr. Leete, "of the kind you call—" the French word failed him, but his eye lit on the thing itself, a set of the identical pattern, different only in color, lying in state among the satin folds of a huge leather case.

"There—them!" he said; "that's what I'm lookin' for, only I want it in blue."

"We haven't a blue set, sir," said the clerk; "we had one, but we sold it a few months ago."

"D'ye know who you sold it to?" queried Mr. Leete, hiding his detective intent under a mask of simplicity. "Maybe the party would be willin' to sell."

The clerk smiled superciliously.

"I hardly think so," he said; "our trade is pretty much with private customers."

"I'd like to have you make sure," persisted Mr. Leete; "I want blue, an' I'm willin' to pay for it."

The salesman trotted to the back of the shop, and spoke to a clerk at a desk. The clerk fluttered the leaves of a great book, and the salesman trotted back, with a superior smile on his lips.

"I don't think you'll be very successful, sir," he said; "that other set was bought by Mr. Wykoff, son of old John Wykoff, who died last year. You may have heard of him. They're one of the oldest families in the city, and one of the richest. I don't believe they'd be willing to dispose of anything they bought."

"I've heard of 'em," said Mr. Leete, smiling in his turn. He wanted to see that salesman's face when he told him to box up the pink set and send it to Mrs. John Wykoff, Second Avenue. After all, the pink would do as well as the blue.

"What's the price of this set here?" he asked, touching one of the egg-shell cups with a careful finger.

"Four hundred and twenty dollars," said the salesman.

"Eh?" said Mr. Leete.

"Very cheap at that, sir—marked down from four hundred and seventy-five. All hand-painted by one of the first artists in France. Only these two sets ever imported—quite unique."

"Hum!" snorted Mr. Leete, "too bad you ain't got the blue. Good-day."

Out in the street he made a rapid calculation.

"Four hundred 'n' twenty—cup 'n' saucer's one piece, I s'pose; one ain't good for much 'thout t'other—twelve—teapot, jug, an' sugar's fifteen—wa'n't no slop-bowl—fifteen into four hundred 'n' twenty—twenty-eight dollars. Moses Taylor!"

This is the New Yorker's special oath of astonishment; though why that eminent and sober-minded merchant has received such strange canonization in the calendar of mild profanity no one may know. When he was at home he told his wife all about it, and shook his head dubiously as he drew some uncomfortable conclusions.

"I don't see," he said, "that we've got any occasion to travel with folks that c'n smash twenty-eight dollars wuth 'f crockery an' not so much as know it. That ain't any sort of housekeeping for Celia. She ain't been brought up in that way, an' I don't want her to get sech ideas. Twenty-eight dollars! Why, Ma Leete, I'd ruther have her eat off stone china all the days 'f her life—an' so would you."

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And yet Mr. Leete was as much pleased as was his wife when, in July, a letter came from Mrs. Wykoff, at East Hampton, inviting Celia to spend a few weeks at the Wykoff homestead.

"You will have a dull time," she wrote, "for I am still something of an invalid, and, of course, we see no one; but my nieces—I call them so—are spending the summer with me, and they and Randolph will do what they can to make it pleasant for you. Write me that you will come, and Parker, my faithful factotum, will call for you and make you comfortable on your journey."

Even Alonzo felt some tender stirrings toward mercy in the depths of his stern soul; and Dorinda gave it as her opinion that Celia could adequately display her self-respect and sense of independence by delaying her answer for the space of twenty-four hours.

As it took poor Celia that time to prepare a missive sufficiently lofty in tone to pass the family conclave, Dorinda had her own way, and, being placated, entered with an interest only too active and energetic into the preparation of her sister's paraphernalia.

THE LAW AND THE BALLOT.

By Joseph B. Bishop.

O one can seek an explanation of the demand for a reform in our ballot system, which is heard in so many parts of the country that it may properly be called general, without being struck with two things,—first, that the cause of the evils which give rise to the demand is so obvious, and second, that the advocates of various kinds of political reforms have been so slow in perceiving it. In all cases the demand is found to spring from a profound dissatisfaction with the increasing influence which money is exercising in our elections, especially in the large cities. The complaint everywhere is that the political organizations, or "machines," have grown to such power that they have, in many localities, deprived the people of their right to control their own nominations and elections. When we seek for the source of the power of the machines we find it always in their control of the money which is used in elections, and when we ask why they have the money, we find the original reason to have been that they were given it to meet the expense of printing and distributing the ballots. Why must they do this work? Simply because the State has neglected to make any provision for having it done.

To this neglect of the State all the worst evils of our municipal, state and national politics are so easily and surely traceable, that the first emotion of any inquirer who has gone to the bottom of the subject is one of astonishment that the neglect was not seen and remedied long ago. Nothing is more curious, when one comes to think about it, than most of our election laws, so far as they relate to this subject of ballots. It is doubtful if there is, for example, a better election law in the whole country than that of the State of New York. It is a perfect Gibraltar against any attempt to prevent an honest counting of the votes as cast. The candidate who has a plurality of ten votes in the boxes is just as certain of being declared elected as if he had a plurality of 10,000. Equally admirable are the provisions of the same law relating to the registration of voters in the large cities of the State and the reception of their ballots on election day. These provisions were drawn for the purpose of putting an end to repeating and personating, and they have practically abolished both those abuses. Every precaution has been taken by the State to protect the legal voter in the exercise of his franchise, to exclude all others from exercising it, and to insure an honest counting of the ballots after they have been cast; but no provision whatever has been made for furnishing the ballots themselves. There is a complete lapsus in the law in this respect. Not only is no provision made for the State to do the work of printing and distributing the ballots, but no authority whatever is given to anybody to do it. By what seems to be little less than a joke in legislation, minute directions are given in the law concerning the typography of ballots which nobody is authorized to print. This work, which nobody has any legal authority to do, the political organizations have voluntarily undertaken. If the leaders of these organizations were to agree secretly on the eve of an election that they would not print any ballots, or that they would either destroy or fail to distribute those already printed, there could be no election and nobody could be held responsible for the default. The law reserves for any voter the right to write his own ballot, but how many voters in a city like New York would be able to do that accurately? Again, if the organizations were to enter into a conspiracy to distribute only the ballots of one political party, the candidates of other parties would virtually be excluded from the election, and nobody could be held legally responsible for it.

The simple fact is that in adapting our election machinery to meet the demands of our growth in numbers, we have overlooked an important point. There was a time when we needed no registration laws and when the counting of the vote did not have to be so carefully guarded; but we passed that long ago and framed the laws necessary to protect the ballot-box against the new dangers which threatened it from those directions. Nothing remains of the primitive system, as it existed in the old "town meetings," except the method of providing ballots. That alone has not been adapted to modern needs. When communities were small, the expense of printing and distributing ballots was so slight that the question of paying it was of no importance. Gradually it became the custom for candidates, as the persons most interested, to pay the expense. From this simple practice we have gone on, practically without change to the present time. Not only has the expense of printing the ballots reached formidable proportions in all our large cities, but to get the ballots distributed at the polls requires the employment of large forces of men. Each party must have its own force, consisting of ballot distributors, workers and watchers, and to pay these large sums of money must be raised, chiefly by assessments or levies upon candidates. Here we have the genesis of the modern political machines which have come to play so dominating and so pernicious a part in our municipal politics, and consequently in our national politics;—for in nearly all the states the decisive influence in politics comes from the cities.

From the nature of the case the machines long since passed beyond the simple work of attending to the printing and distributing of the ballots. It was that work which gave them the excuse for raising funds, and from raising money for the legitimate expenses of an election, it was an easy and natural step to raising some for illegitimate expenses also. The very conditions of their existence formed an irresistible incentive to dishonesty and corruption. In the first place, the machines were made up of men who had gone into politics from no sense of public duty or patriotism, but simply for hire. The more extravagant and dishonest they could make politics, the better living would they get. In the second place, no legal authority had appointed them for their work and they were responsible to nobody for its faithful performance. They had absolute control of the ballots. They could ruin a candidate's prospects by failing to distribute his ballots, or by substituting upon them somebody else's name for his. The more they cheated, the more sources they could find from which to extract pay, either in the form of blackmail or bribes,—the larger would be their profits. They demanded every year more money for their services and had little difficulty in obtaining it. As much of it was given to them to be used for corrupt purposes, they could not be required to give an accounting of its expenditure, since such accounting would make persons contributing it liable to indictment for bribery. What wonder that under these conditions the machines grew more corrupt and dishonest with every election! No responsibility under the laws, no accounting for moneys received, no inquiry even as to its use!—why, there is not a church, or any other institution, religious or secular, in Christendom, whose officers could be safely trusted with such freedom.

But the demoralization long since passed beyond the limits of the political organizations. The continually growing demands for money for campaign uses, or election expenses, has had the inevitable effect of putting up nominations for office to be knocked down to the highest bidder. From controlling the elections the machines have passed naturally to controlling nominations, for no man can have their support who will not promise in advance of his nomination to pay an assessment as the means of defraying the cost of his election. Undoubtedly this evil of assessments has reached its most aggravated form in the city of New York, but it exists in greater or less degree in nearly all the large cities of the land: In New York, as was shown about a year ago by Mr. William M. Ivins, the City Chamberlain, in a remarkable paper before the Commonwealth Club, the ag-

gregate of assessments in every general election is about $210,000. Single candidates are assessed as high as $25,000, and from that point the rate tapers down to $500. It seldom goes below that point for any kind of office. This is simple bargain and sale. Large as the amount is, it is only about a third of that which the machines in that city have to divide among themselves in an ordinary election, and not more than a fifth or a sixth of what they have in a Presidential election when they become, in close contests, the ready and most effective medium for the systematic and wholesale bribery of voters. The ordinary or regular force of workers in the New York organizations numbers 45,000 men, or about one-fifth of the entire voting population. They have an average of 46 men for every election district in the city, and they can increase this to any limit by hiring as many additional men as the exigencies of a campaign may require. This enormous force, of different party names, is actuated by a common purpose, and its members are always ready to combine for the election of a candidate whose views of public office meet their approval, or the defeat of one whose election would be likely to interfere in anyway with their "business."

The control of nominations and elections in all our large cities has thus passed almost completely out of the hands of what is called the "virtue and intelligence of the community." The voice of what Matthew Arnold calls the "Saving remnant" is stifled absolutely in the nominating conventions, and only occasionally is able to make itself heard in elections. Nothing could be more completely the reverse of the theory of popular government, by means of representative and deliberative assemblies, than the manner in which nominations are made. The so-called nominating conventions are merely assemblages of machine leaders and their workers who formally ratify a ticket which one or more bosses had made up from a list of names of men who are willing to pay the assessments demanded. The popular voice does not enter into the work at all. The men who decide the matter are usually all officeholders who get a living for themselves and their followers out of public office and are personally interested in making the public service as extravagant as possible. A particularly ominous thing, about which a whole paper might be written, is the prominent part which police magistrates are taking in this as well as in other branches of machine leadership. It does not require much imagination to see the inevitable evils which must result from this combination of the powers of political leadership and police magistracy. If we were to trace them out we might find why it is so difficult to enforce liquor laws in our large cities, and thus get a glimpse of the fostering influences under which the liquor traffic has grown to be such a portentous power in our politics.

The effect of offering office for sale, which the machine system really amounts to, has been to limit our officeholders almost entirely to two classes, the rich, and those willing to use public office for personal or partisan gain. Much has been said, and truthfully, of the deplorably demoralizing influence of having the mere possession of wealth substituted for fitness as a qualification for office, but it must be admitted that the harm which rich men have done in our municipal affairs is a mere trifle compared with that done by the political adventurers and speculators. Many of the rich men, who have paid for the privilege of holding office, have done so with a sincere desire of rendering the State needed service; and they have carried out that desire effectively in office. In general it may be said that the very rich man who obtains office through his wealth is content with no other return than the thanks of the public for faithful performance of its duties. It is the man who buys office as a speculation, either for cash down, or in promises of services to the political organization with which he is identified, who is the worst outcome of the system. He pays for a legislative office a sum two or three times the amount of his salary and counts upon "making a good living out of it" by selling his vote or influence on all possible occasions. He gets a nomination for an administrative office by pledging a large part of his salary as an assessment, and intends to get it back again in some way

out of the office. He will take a judicial office, and either pledge a part of his salary in advance, or promise to use the office to protect the interests of all his political friends, or of those who will contribute to his "assessment." Men of this kind swarm in all city offices, and in our legislatures. They are the cause of swollen payrolls, of extravagant expenditures, of indirect pilferings, of all kinds of jobbery, of the enactment of bad laws and the defeat of good laws. They cost the State ten times over every year the price which they give for their nominations. Until they can be driven out of the public service, economical administration will be impossible and the enactment of just and necessary laws will become every year more and more difficult.

Is not the line from cause to effect drawn with absolute directness through all this demoralization? There is the neglect of the State to provide a method for ballot printing and distribution. This gave the machines the excuse for their formation. The expense of the work gave them the excuse for their assessments and thus led to their control of the money to be used in elections. Their control of the money has given them the control of both nominations and elections; and this in turn has given them the control of the offices and of the public patronage. Is not the remedy as obvious as the cause? As the neglect of the State has been the primal cause of all these evils, so the remedying of that neglect must be the first step toward reform. If the control of the printing and distributing of the ballots be taken from the machines and made the legal business of the State, we shall at one blow take from the machines their excuse for existence and their means of support. The advocates of this reform do not claim that it will work an immediate removal of all the ills which have sprung from the original neglect, but they do claim that it must be the first step not only toward such removal but toward any permanent reform in municipal government. They claim that until the ballot-box shall have been so completely removed from the contaminating touch of politics and politicians that it shall be in practice, what it is in theory, the free and untrammelled register of the popular will, it is useless to hope for relief through such sources as cumulative voting, increase of official responsibility or any other of the many excellent projects which have been so long and so ably advocated. The foundation must be made solid before we can add to the stability of the superstructure.

Steps in the direction of this reform have been taken in at least four States. Wisconsin passed last year a new ballot act, which, though by no means a perfect or adequate measure, contains some of the principles which are of vital importance to the work in hand. Under this act the State is put in charge of the work of distributing the ballots, but the expense of printing them is to be defrayed as heretofore by the political organizations. These organizations furnish the ballots to the State's inspectors of election, who have charge of their distribution and are under oath to discharge that duty faithfully or suffer a fixed penalty. They are to arrange the ballots under their respective political titles in a room hired by the State for that purpose and separated from the voting room by a passage or hall. Each voter enters the first room alone, selects his ballots, and passes to the voting-room, where, if found to be qualified, he deposits them, and passes out at a door provided for that purpose. Each political party is given the privilege of naming two persons to act as challengers and two others to act as custodians of the tickets. The inspectors employed by the State are to select one of the two challengers designated by each political party and designate such a place for them to stand, outside the voting-room, as will give them convenient opportunity to challenge voters. The inspectors are also to select one of the two challengers named by each political party and permit the same to remain in the ticket-room and take charge of the ballots of their respective parties. These are to be the only persons allowed to remain in the room other than those prescribed by law, but they are compelled to take an oath of office, and are forbidden, under fixed penalty of fine or imprisonment or both, to "directly or indirectly solicit, request, or attempt to influence

any voter to vote for any candidate," though they may at a voter's request alter a ticket in such a manner only as he desires. No one is allowed to accompany the voter to the voting-room, which he enters alone and in which only one voter is allowed at a time. The law expressly provides that all windows shall be so secured as to prevent any person outside from looking into the ticket room. It is forbidden also for any crowd of persons to collect or remain within 100 feet of the voting or ticket-room during an election, or for any person to offer tickets or solicit votes within 100 feet of them.

The chief effects of this law will be, of course, to banish ticket peddlers from the polls, and with them all the other gangs of workers and intimidators; and to insure for the voter freedom from espionage in the selection and voting of his ballots. These are both most important reforms, but they ought to be accompanied by the other reform of having the work and expense of printing the ballots assumed by the State. The Wisconsin act was passed in the winter of 1886–7 and became a law in April last. It applies only to cities of 50,000 or more inhabitants, and is consequently limited to Milwaukee in its application.

The most comprehensive and careful ballot act which appeared last year was one drawn in Michigan, and which passed one branch of the Legislature. This was modelled largely upon the English and Australian acts. It was very appropriately entitled a "bill to preserve the purity of elections and guard against abuses of the elective franchise." It provided for three sets of ballots in as many different colors, a white ballot containing the names of all National and State candidates to be printed by the Secretary of State at the State's expense, a blue ballot containing the names of all county candidates, to be printed by the County Clerk at the county's expense, and a red ballot containing all the names of city candidates to be printed by the city, village or township clerk at the city, village or township expense. Any candidate could have his name placed upon the ballots by presenting to the officer in charge of the printing a certificate of his nomination by any assembly, gathering or convention of citizens qualified to vote for any candidate for such office, provided he present his name 30 days before election if he were a candidate for a State office, ten days before if for a county office, and four days before if for a city office, and on payment of a fee of $50 for a State, $10 for a county and $5 for a city or township office. The ballots were to be of uniform size and to bear the name of State, county, or city and ward printed at the top. The names of candidates were to be printed after the name of the office and in the order in which they were handed in. After each candidate's name his politics was to be designated, and opposite each name, in the margin of the ballot, there was to be a vacant space in which the voter should designate his choice by a (×). The form of the ballot for all offices would be like the following for Governor:

State Ballot.

			Vote for one.
Governor.....	John Smith	Republican....	×
Governor.....	John Jones.....	Democrat	
Governor.....	John Robinson ..	Prohibition...	
Governor.....			

The blank space at the bottom was required on each ticket and at the close of each list of names for each office, to enable the voter to write in the name of any person, whose name was not printed on the ballot, for whom he desired to vote.

The provisions of the Michigan bill in regard to the act of voting were in the main excellent. Elections were to be held in districts of not more than 300 voters each. At every polling place there was to be a room in which there were separate compartments in the proportion of one for every 50 voters. This room was to be in sole charge of the election officials who had exclusive control of the ballots, none of which were allowed to be distributed anywhere else. When the voter entered, he must first show that he was qualified to vote, after which he would receive his ballots from an inspector who would place his own initials upon the back of each. The voter was then to retire to

one of the compartments, which must be so constructed that he would be free from observation, and there indicate by a cross in the margin the candidate for each office for whom he wished to vote. Coming from the compartment after marking his ballots he should fold them so that their faces would be concealed, but so that the initials of the inspector could be seen upon the backs, and offer them to the inspectors who were to put them in the ballot-boxes. No persons were to be allowed in the voting room except the officers of election and policemen, and the number of voters admitted at one time must not exceed the number of compartments by more than five. The time during which a voter could remain in the voting rooms could be regulated by the election officials, but could not be made less than three minutes or more than ten. It was made unlawful for any election officer or any person in the polling room or compartments to persuade or to endeavor to persuade any person to vote for a particular candidate, and the penalty for such conduct was fixed at a fine not exceeding $100 or imprisonment not exceeding 90 days.

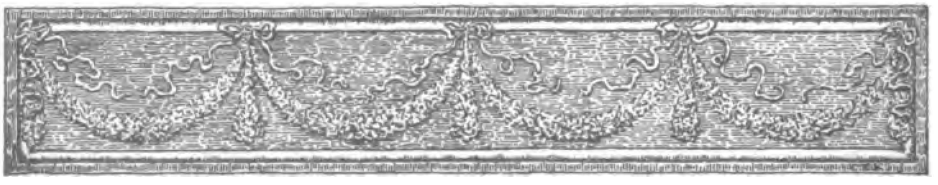
These provisions for the secrecy and purity of the ballot are founded upon the principles of the laws which have been put in practice with such signal success in both Australia and England. It has been found in those countries that the simple requirement that the voter shall be alone with the election officers while he casts his vote, has practically put an end to bribery, for no briber will pay money to a voter whom he cannot follow to the polls to see if he votes as he is bribed. Under our present system whole squads of voters are marched to the polls with their ballots in their hands so held that the boss can see them from the time they are received till they are deposited in the ballot-boxes. Under the provisions of the Michigan bill the boss could not get in sight of the polls and could not therefore either intimidate or bribe a single voter. All excuse for machine existence would be taken away, for there would be nothing for the machines to do and no pretext upon which money could be raised for their support. The one serious defect in the Michigan bill was the provision requiring fees from candidates when they filed their names with the officers in charge of the printing. That is an indefensible recognition of the pernicious theory of the present system that candidates ought to bear an expense which really belongs to the whole people.

In no State has the subject under consideration received more serious and thoughtful attention than in New York. It was in New York City in fact that it received the impulse which has brought it to the attention of the whole country. The discussions of the Commonwealth Club last Winter led to the rough drafting of a bill which has been made the basis of a measure which it is hoped the New York Legislature will enact into a law before the present session closes. It follows in the main the lines of the Michigan bill and seeks to secure, in the simplest, most direct, and most effective manner, the complete control by the State of the printing and distributing of ballots. There should also be in it a provision making it possible for a fixed number of citizens, by certifying within a certain period of an election that they wish to vote for the same person for a particular office, to have his name printed upon the ballots for that office. A bill which was prepared in Connecticut last Winter, but never presented to the Legislature, went a step beyond this, and placed a limit to the campaign expenditures of candidates.

The advocates of electoral reform are unanimous in believing that the limitation of campaign expenditures is a most desirable thing to accomplish, but they think it would be wiser to advance a single step at a time. When the State has been put in control of the ballot machinery, the next step in the series will naturally be the passage of a law fixing a maximum limit for the expenditures of candidates and requiring the publication, after election, by the candidates or their agents, of a sworn statement of every item of expenditure. All these provisions are in the English Ballot Acts and the Corrupt Practices Acts, and their complete success in practice has been one of the most signal triumphs of modern legislation. They have lit-

erally exterminated all the many evils which flowed in that country, as they do in this, from the unrestricted use of money in elections. They have also greatly reduced the legitimate expenses of elections, and have thus put public office within the reach of others than the rich. When the law limiting expenditures was first passed the maximum allowed was pronounced too low by nearly everybody, but after two elections had been held under it, the surprising fact was revealed that it was at least one-fourth too high. The last total of election expenditures for Great Britain before the law went into effect was estimated at about $15,000,000. At the first election under the law it dropped to about $3,900,000, and in the second, that of 1886, it dropped to less than $3,000,000, or one million less than the maximum allowed by law. At the last election before the law went into operation, there were no less than 95 petitions against returns on the ground of corruption and bribery. After the election in 1886 there was not a single one. As competitive extravagance and bribery under the old system had had the effect of constantly increasing the extravagance and dishonesty of elections, so had limited expenditure and inability to bribe produced economy. If one candidate does not bribe and corrupt, his rival has no incentive to do so.

Nobody can deny that there is a crying need for such restrictions in this country. The present agitation is confined mainly to measures designed to effect reform in our cities, but the movement must in time be extended to the whole country. The evils of the use of money in elections are by no means confined to the cities. They are found in every state and in almost every election that is held, and they are all traceable to the same source, the payment of "election expenses." Many a United States Senatorship has been decided in this way far in advance of the meeting of the Legislature whose members were to make the choice. The candidate has gone into the primaries which were to nominate the members and has secured a mortgage upon their votes then and there by agreeing to pay the expenses of their campaigns. In this practice alone—for it long ago became a practice—we obtain a hint of the causes which have led, on the one hand, to a steady moral and intellectual decline in the character of our State legislatures, and, on the other, to the appearance of the "millionaire Senator" at Washington. A law limiting expenditures and requiring the publication of the use made of every dollar spent, would put an end to this doubly demoralizing practice instantly, as it would also to any attempt in a national election to capture the presidency by bribing voters in the so-called "close" States. By making the ballot laws so rigid that the act of voting becomes really secret and untrammelled, we shall abolish individual bribery at the polls, simply by making it unprofitable to the briber. By limiting expenditures and requiring their publication, we shall abolish bribing everywhere by forcing the briber into the light and within the reach of the law. The surest way to abolish bribery, in other words, is to legislate not against the poor and ignorant voter who may be tempted to sell his vote, but against the man who tempts him, for it is the latter and not the former who has been found to be in all democracies the worst enemy of free government.



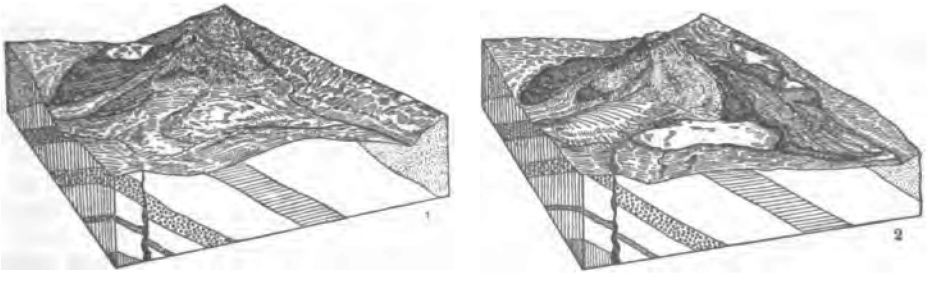
VOLCANOES.

By N. S. Shaler.

THE greater part of the earth's machinery operates, in a quiet manner, with something like the order of movement which we associate with the motions of the celestial bodies. Steadfastly, and without violence of a perturbing kind, the seasons come and go, the continents and mountain-chains rise up, the rivers and seas wear them down, and from age to age the great procession of life moves onward. Even the great perturber, Death, is so ordered in his work that the destruction of the individual or of the species rarely, if ever, breaks the succession on which advance depends. That man is here to-day as the summit and crown of all the life through which he has come to his present state is sufficient evidence that the earth's machinery has never worked with such violence as to throw the delicate mechanism of organic life out of adjustment. This order and harmony of the earth's machinery would appear to be one of its most startling features if we could conceive the gigantic nature of the forces which act upon and within this sphere. But the tumults of the sun, the great temperature of the earth's interior, and the vast weight of the masses of the earth's crust which are slowly bent into the continents and mountains, elude our imaginations. It is only in volcanoes that we may see something of the Titanic energies of the universe. They alone show us by what delicate adjustments of strengths and strains this frail mantle of life is enabled to maintain itself on the surface of the sphere.

Although the popular accounts of volcanic eruptions give the general reader some idea of the great energy of these catastrophes, they afford no adequate conception of the nature of the operations which constitute these outbreaks. Still less do they afford him any knowledge of the history of the craters from which these discharges take place. We will, therefore, begin our inquiry with a brief outline of what is known concerning the history of Vesuvius, the one volcano of which we have a tolerably full account for a period of over two thousand years.

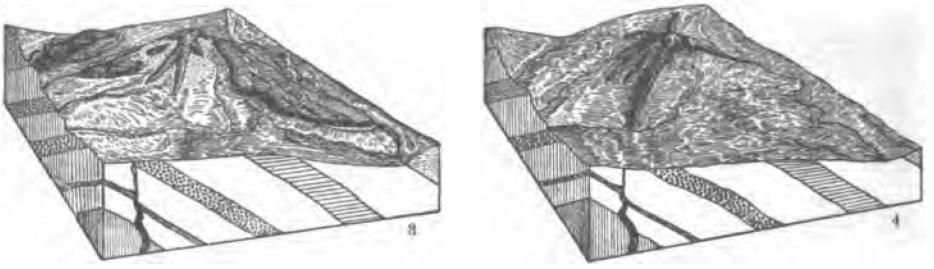
The reader will remember that Vesuvius is situated on the shores of the Bay of Naples. This part of the Italian coast affords excellent harbors, a charming climate, and a fertile soil. Moreover, it has within its broad expanse a number of islands which in the early days afforded admirable strongholds for the small colonies of the Greek folk who for centuries, in a milder way, played the part of the Scandinavians of the later time in



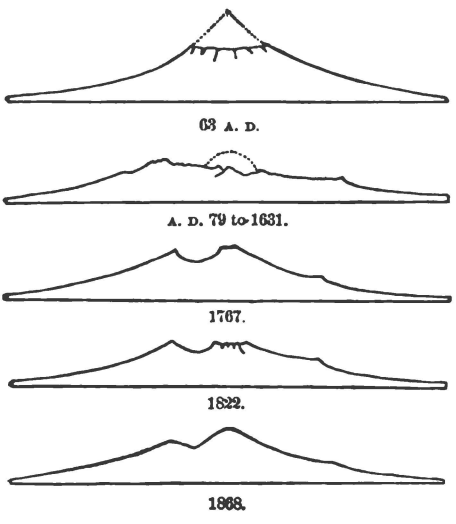
Four Stages of a Volcanic District. (From series of school-models by N. S. Shaler and W. M. Davis.)

1. Two new lava-cones. Lava-stream partly blocking a valley, forming a lake.
2. Smaller cone grown to be the larger, its lava blocking two other valleys; the first lake drained.

the northern seas. The island of Ischia lying upon the western border of the bay which was in time to receive its name from the relatively modern city of Naples, was in the fifth century B.C. the first seat of this Grecian settlement. At that time, and for about six centuries afterward, the volcanic cone of Vesuvius was not in activity and had a very different aspect from that it has in the present day. It was, as is shown in the cut, a broad, low mountain, not rising more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea. The crater was deep and wide, and to a modern eye would have told its volcanic history by its form; but this history had not been unravelled, and to the people of that time it was a hill and nothing more.



3. Volcanoes extinct; the cones wearing away, showing their roots; new valleys forming; lakes drained; obstructing lavas taking the form of hills.
4. Volcano and lavas destroyed; nothing remaining but the dikes at the old base of the cone to mark its former presence. A study of the lines indicating strata will show the rate of downwearing.

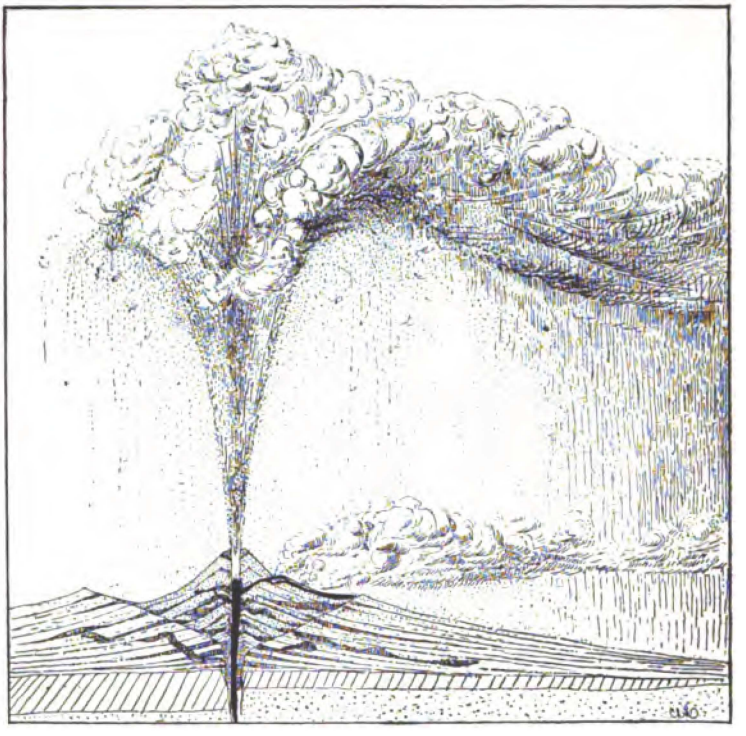


Diagrammatic Sections through Mount Vesuvius, showing Changes in the form of the Cone. (From Phillips.)

During the long sleep of Vesuvius the settlers on Ischia were afflicted with very serious eruptions from the craters on that island, and at one time were driven away from their settlements by these disasters. In this period, while Vesuvius was at rest, there were perhaps other slight eruptions of volcanic gases in the country west of Vesuvius known as the Phlægrean Fields. It is now evident that the pent-up volcanic powers were struggling to open another way for their exit. They were, however, so unsuccessful that the country remained for centuries but little disturbed. It became the country-seat of the wealthy Roman citizens, who found there exemption from the distractions of the capital. Around Vesuvius itself, along the shore of the bay, and on the vine-clad slopes of the mountain, there were wealthy towns, temples, baths, and all the other rich constructions of that architecture-loving people. Except for the eruptions in Ischia, which was sufficiently remote from the mainland to make its disturbances of no great importance, this Vesuvian district enjoyed an undisturbed tranquillity down to the year 63 of our era. In that year there began a series of moderately strong earthquakes produced by the volcanic gases in their struggle to reopen their long-closed passages to the crater. In August, 79, these subterranean movements became more and more violent until they terminated in a furious eruption.

We gain all our knowledge of the circumstances of this great catastrophe

from the letters of the younger Pliny to the historian Tacitus, in which that writer gives an account of the death of his uncle, the naturalist Pliny, who lost his life during the eruption. The elder Pliny was admiral of the Roman fleet stationed in the port of Misenum, now known as Baiæ, on the western shore of the bay. The eruption began about mid-day, and in a short time the whole of the eastern side of the bay was hidden by the vast cloud of steam, commingled with finely pulverized dust, which constitutes the so-called smoke of a volcanic eruption. Gradually this cloud extended, until it brought the darkness of night over all the area within twenty miles of the volcano, and a wide field beyond, extending its shadow, according to Dion Cassius, over Africa, Syria, and Egypt.



Diagrammatic Section through Vesuvius, in Time of Eruption, showing the General Form of the Vapor-column and the Falling Ashes and Rain.

The lower cloud of steam is from lava-flows. The lower cup of the crater is that formed before the Christian era.

The letters of the younger Pliny were designed not to give a detailed account of the eruption itself, in which the writer seems to have had none of the enquirer's interest which led his uncle to his death, but to give Tacitus information as to the last hours of the great naturalist.

This account gives, though incidentally, a picturesque description of the catastrophe, as seen by a cultivated Roman youth of eighteen years. Notwithstanding the beauty of their style and their charming simplicity, the letters of the younger Pliny are but little known to the public, even in translation. I therefore give the greater part of the two which refer to the eruption, omitting those portions which contain the compliments in which Roman correspondents were wont to indulge. This translation I owe to my friend, Professor J. G. Croswell, who has given a better and more lively rendering of the text than can be found in any of the previous versions.

Pliny's Letters. Book 6, 16.

Gaius Plinius sends to his friend Tacitus greeting.

You ask me to write you an account of my uncle's death, that posterity may possess an accurate version of the event in your history. . . . .

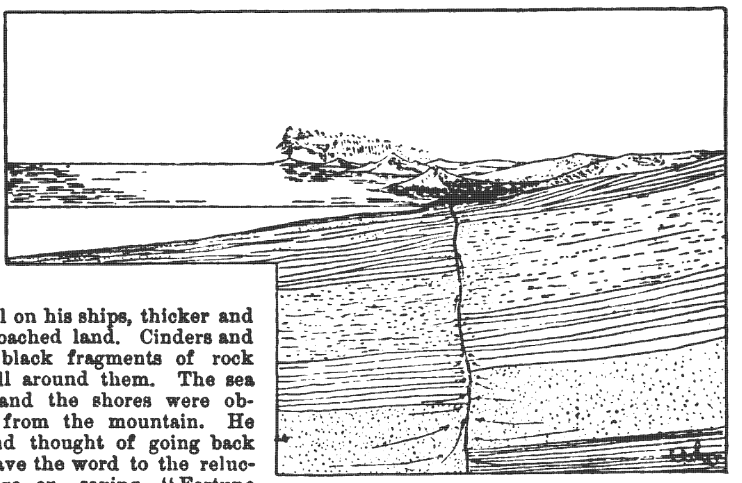
He was at Misenum, and was in command of the fleet there. It was at one o'clock in the afternoon of the 24th of August that my mother called his attention to a cloud of unusual appearance and size. He had been enjoying the sun and after a bath had just taken his lunch

and was lying down to read; but he immediately called for his sandals and went out to an eminence from which this phenomenon could be observed. A cloud was rising from one of the hills (it was not then clear which one, as the observers were looking from a distance, but it proved to be Vesuvius), which took the likeness of a stone-pine very nearly. It imitated the lofty trunk and the spreading branches, for, as I suppose, the smoke had been swept rapidly upward by a recent breeze and was then left hanging unsupported, or else it spread out laterally by its own weight, and grew thinner. It changed color, sometimes looking white and sometimes, when it carried up earth or ashes, dirty and streaked. The thing seemed of importance, and worthy of nearer investigation to the philosopher. He ordered a light boat to be got ready and asked me to accompany him if I wished; but I answered that I would rather work over my books. In fact he had himself given me something to write.

He was going out himself, however, when he received a note from Rectina, wife of Cæsius Bassus, living in a villa on the other side of the bay, who was in deadly terror about the approaching danger and begged him to rescue her, as she had no means of flight but by ships. This converted his plan of observation into a more serious purpose. He got his men-of-war under way, and embarked to help Rectina, as well as other endangered persons, who were many, for the shore was a favorite resort on account of its beauty. He steered directly for the dangerous spot whence others were flying, watching it so fearlessly as to be able to dictate a description and take notes of all the movements and appearances of this catastrophe as he observed them.

Ashes began to fall on his ships, thicker and hotter as they approached land. Cinders and pumice, and also black fragments of rock cracked by heat, fell around them. The sea suddenly shoaled, and the shores were obstructed by masses from the mountain. He hesitated awhile and thought of going back again; but finally gave the word to the reluctant helmsman to go on, saying, "Fortune favors the brave. Let us find Pomponianus." Pomponianus was at Stabiæ, separated by the intervening bay (the sea comes in here gradually in a long inlet with curving shores), and although the peril was not near, yet as it was in full view, and as the eruption increased seemed to be approaching, he had packed up his things and gone aboard his ships ready for flight, which was prevented, however, by a contrary wind.

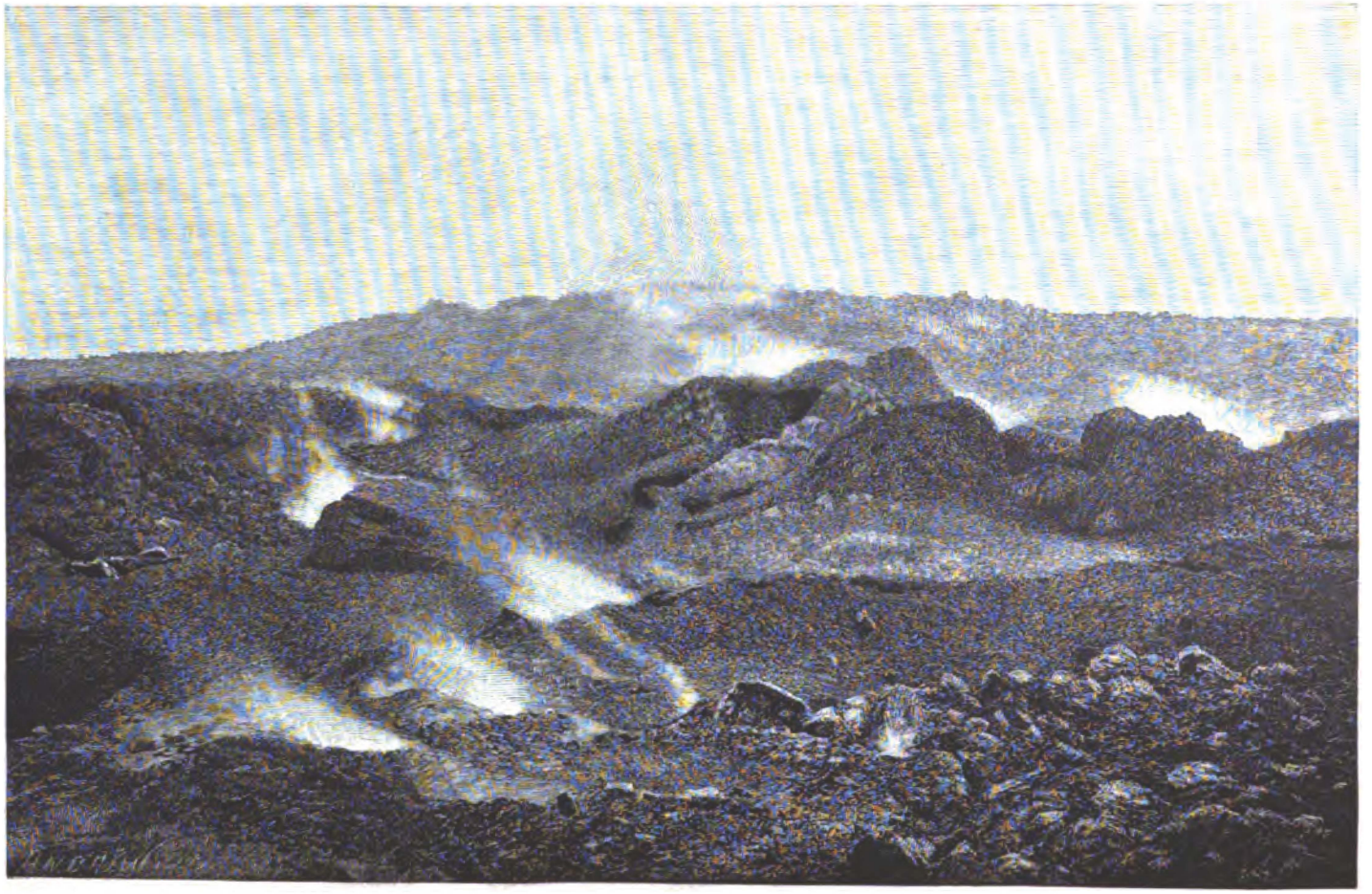
My uncle, for whom the wind was most favorable, arrived, and did his best to remove their terrors. He embraced the frightened Pomponianus and encouraged him. To keep up their spirits by a show of unconcern, he had a bath; and afterwards dined, with real, or what was perhaps as heroic, with assumed cheerfulness. But, meanwhile, there began to break out from Vesuvius in many spots, high and wide-shooting flames, whose brilliancy was heightened by the darkness of approaching night. My uncle reassured them by asserting that these were burning farm-houses which had caught fire after being deserted by the peasants. Then he turned in to sleep, and slept indeed the most genuine slumbers; for his breathing, which was always heavy and noisy, from the full habit of his body, was heard by all who passed his chamber. But before long the floor of the court on which his chamber opened became so covered with ashes and pumice that if he had lingered in the room he could not have got out at all. So the servants woke him, and he came out and joined Pomponianus and others who were watching. They consulted together as to what they should do next. Should they stay in the house or go out of doors. The house was tottering with frequent and heavy shocks of earthquake, and seemed to go to and fro as if moved from its foundations. But in the open air there were dangers of falling pumice-stones, though to be sure, they were light and porous. On the whole, to go out seemed the least of two evils. With my uncle it was a comparison of arguments that decided; with the others it was a choice of terrors. So they tied pillows on their heads by way of defence against falling bodies and sallied out.



Hypothetical Section through Rocks near a Fault on which a Line of Volcanoes has Formed.

The arrows show the direction of the movement of gases; their length, the relative energy of the movement.

It was dawn elsewhere; but with them it was a blacker and denser night than they had ever seen, although torches and various lights made



Crater in the Sandwich Islands at the End of an Eruption. The Lava still throwing off Steam.

Crater, Lakes of the Seven Cities, St. Michael's, Azores.

There are two of the craters united by the breaking down of a part of the bounding walls.

it less dreadful. They decided to take to the shore and see if the sea would allow them to embark; but it appeared as wild and appalling as ever. My uncle lay down on a rug. He asked twice for water and drank it. Then as a flame with a forerunning sulphurous vapor drove off the others, the servants roused him up. Leaning on two slaves he rose to his feet, but immediately fell back, as I understand, choked by the thick vapors, and this the more easily that his chest was naturally weak, narrow, and generally inflamed. When day came (I mean the third after the last he ever saw) they found his body perfect and uninjured, and covered just as he had been overtaken. He seemed by his attitude to be rather asleep than dead.

In the meantime, my mother and I at Misenum—but this has nothing to do with my story. You ask for nothing but the account of his death. . . . .

Book 6, 20.

Gaius Plinius sends to his friend Tacitus greeting.

You say that you are induced by the letter I wrote to you, when you asked about my uncle's death, to desire to know how I, who was left at Misenum, bore the terrors and disasters of that night, for I had just entered on that subject and broke it off. "Although my soul shudders at the memory, I will begin."

My uncle started off and I devoted myself to my literary task, for which I had remained behind. Then followed my bath, dinner, and sleep, though this was short and disturbed. There had been already for many days a tremor of the earth, less appalling, however, in that this is usual in Campania. But that night it was so strong that things seemed not merely to be shaken, but positively upset. My mother rushed into my bedroom. I was just getting up to wake her if she were asleep. We sat down in the little yard, which was between our house and the sea. I do not know whether to call it courage or foolhardiness (I was only seventeen); but I sent for a volume of Livy, and quite at my ease read it and even made extracts, as I had already begun to do. And now a friend of my uncle's, recently arrived from Spain, appeared, who, finding us sitting there and me reading, scolded us, my mother for her patience, and me for my carelessness of danger. None the less industriously I read my book.

It was now seven o'clock, but the light was still faint and doubtful. The surrounding

buildings had been badly shaken and though we were in an open spot, the space was so small that the danger of a catastrophe from falling walls was great and certain. Not till then did we make up our minds to go from the town. A frightened crowd went away with us and as in all panics everybody thinks his neighbors' ideas more prudent than his own, so we were pushed and squeezed in our departure by a great mob of imitators.

When we were free of the buildings we stopped. There we saw many wonders and endured many terrors. The vehicles we had ordered to be brought out kept running backward and forward, though on level ground; and even when scotched with stones they would not keep still. Besides this, we saw the sea sucked down and, as it were, driven back by the earthquake. There can be no doubt that the shore had advanced on the sea and many marine animals were left high and dry. On the other side was a dark and dreadful cloud, which was broken by zigzag and rapidly vibrating flashes of fire, and yawning showed long shapes of flame. These were like lightnings, only of greater extent. Then our friend from Spain attacked us more vigorously and earnestly. "If your brother, your uncle," said he, "is alive, he wishes you to be safe; if not, he certainly would wish you to survive him. Why, then, do you delay your flight?" We said we could not bring ourselves to think of our own safety while doubtful of his. So, without more delay, the Spaniard rushed off, taking himself out of harm's way as fast as his legs would carry him.

Pretty soon the cloud began to descend over the earth and cover the sea. It enfolded Capreæ and hid also the promontory of Misenum. Then my mother began to beg and beseech me to fly as I could. I was young, she said, and she was old, and too heavy to run, and would not mind dying if she was not the cause of my death. I said, however, I would not be saved without her; I clasped her hand and forced her to go, step by step, with me. She slowly obeyed, reproaching herself bitterly for delaying me.

Ashes now fell, yet still in small amount. I looked back. A thick mist was close at our heels, which followed us, spreading out over the country, like an inundation. "Let us turn out of the road," said I, "while we can see, and not get trodden down in the darkness by the crowds who are following, if we fall in their path." Hardly had we sat down when night was over us—not such a night as when there is no moon and clouds cover the sky, but such darkness as one finds in close-shut rooms. One heard the screams of women, the fretting cries of babes, the shouts of men. Some called their parents, and some their children, and some their spouses, seeking to recognize them by their voices. Some lamented their own fate.

Vesuvius, looking East from the "Observatory," 1880, showing Vent-cone and Old Eroded Pedestal of Lava and Ash. The dark line on the right of the cone is the railway up the mountain.

Vesuvius; near View of the Small Inner Cone of the Crater, showing Recent Undecayed Lava on which Rests the Ash-heap of the Cone.

others the fate of their friends. Some were praying for death, simply for fear of death. Many a man raised his hands in prayer to the gods; but more imagined that the last eternal night of creation had come and there were now no gods more. There were some who increased our real dangers by fictitious terrors. Some said that part of Misenum had sunk, and that another part was on fire. They lied; but they found believers.

Little by little it grew light again. We did not think it the light of day, but a proof that the fire was coming nearer. It was indeed fire, but it stopped afar off; and then there was darkness again, and again a rain of ashes, abundant and heavy, and again we rose and shook them off, else we had been covered and even crushed by the weight. I might boast of the fact that not a groan or a cowardly word fell from me in all the dreadful peril, if I had not believed that the world and I were coming to an end together. This belief was a wretched and yet a mighty comfort in this mortal struggle. At last the murky vapor rolled away, in disappearing smoke or fog. Soon the real daylight appeared; the sun shone out, of a lurid hue, to be sure, as in an eclipse. The whole world which met our frightened eyes, was transformed. It was covered with ashes white as snow.

We went back to Misenum and refreshed our weary bodies, and passed a night between hope and fear; but fear had the upper hand. The trembling of the earth continued, and many, crazed by their anxiety, made ludicrously exaggerated predictions of disaster to themselves and others. Yet even then, though we had been through such peril and were still surrounded by it, we had no thought of going away till we had news of my uncle. . . .

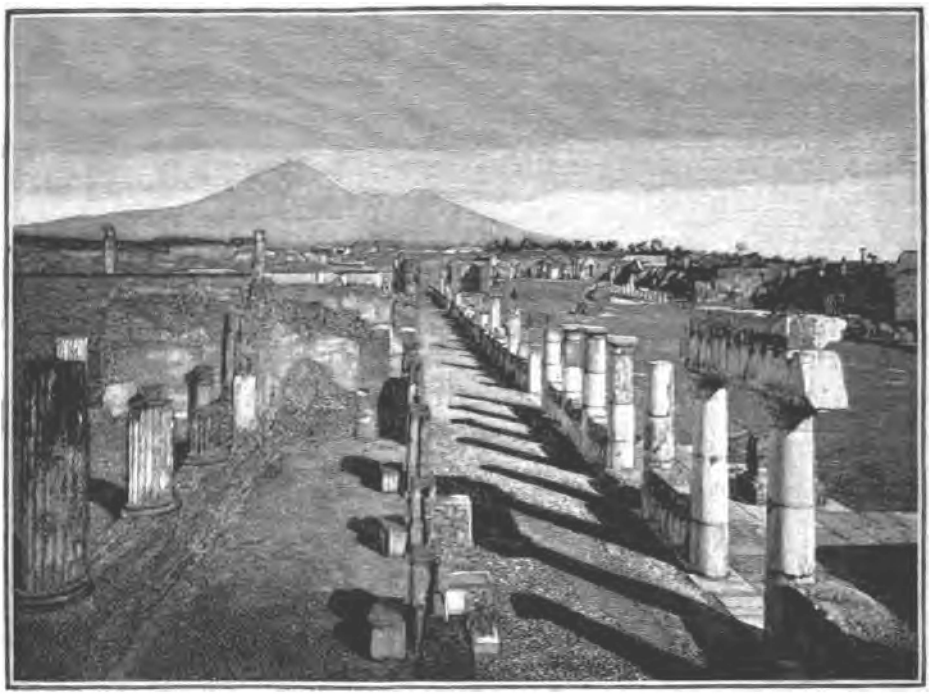
It is evident that this eruption produced great changes in the surface of all the country about Vesuvius. Although no lava-streams flowed from the crater, for the reason, as we shall hereafter see, that the eruption was so violent as to prevent their formation, the quantity of molten rocky matter which was blown into fragments and fell mainly in the form of dust upon the surface of the earth about the crater was enormous. For a distance of several miles from the vent, this accumulation seems to have attained the depth of ten to thirty or more feet. Owing to the extreme lightness of this dust, which is pumiceous, or filled with air-bubbles, the greater part of the deposit has probably been washed away by the rain, as have the lesser ash-showers of later years. At the close of the eruption of Pliny, this dust probably cov-

ered the ground to a far greater depth than is indicated by the scanty remains of the great shower which still exist on the surface. On no other supposition can we account for the abandonment of the two cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, which were so far lost that no tradition as to their position remained. Both of these cities were probably stripped of their more precious treasures before they were covered with the ash, and the mud which was formed of it by the torrential rains ; still so much that was valuable was left behind, that we can hardly conceive how the dispossessed people should have failed to dig for the treasures, unless they were deterred by a thicker sheet of *débris* than now remains upon Pompeii.

View of Excavated Portion of Pompeii, looking Northwest.
Shows, on either side, the depth of the ash-covering. Vesuvius in the distance.

At the close of this eruption the surface of the country immediately about Vesuvius must have been a waste of ashes. Besides the two important towns of Herculaneum and Pompeii, there were, it may be, scores of villages which were buried in the same way. It is not likely that the loss of life in this catastrophe was very great. It was some hours before the eruption became of fatal violence, and nearly all the inhabitants, save the sick and prisoners, found safety in flight. Of the hundred or so skeletons which have been found in the excavation at Pompeii, many appear to be the remains of soldiers, who, receiving no orders to withdraw, met death in their appointed places. Occasionally as the explorers are removing the firmly cemented ash from the cellars of a house, their picks penetrate a cavity. Experience has shown that these spaces are generally moulds which the wet ashes formed about a prostrate human body. By pouring plaster-of-Paris into the empty places, it has been found possible to obtain accurate casts of the long-vanished forms.

The eruption of the year 79 was followed, as is usual after great eruptions, by a long period of repose. The next



View in Pompeii, looking Northwest, showing the Unexcavated Portion on the Right Hand, and in the Distance the Present Cone of Vesuvius; on its Right a Portion of Prechristian Crater-wall.

outbreak of the volcano was in the year 203, and appears to have been of moderate violence. After another equally long pause, in 472 there was an extremely violent eruption, which is reported to have scattered ashes over nearly all Europe, and so darkened the sky at Constantinople, about eight hundred miles away, that the Emperor Leo fled from the city, and for a long period thereafter the deliverance of the town was celebrated by an annual festival. Thence to the year 1036 of our era we have records of occasional slight eruptions, but, as the reader knows, this was the night time of history, and the chronicles are very imperfect. In 1036 it seems tolerably clear, from an ancient itinerary, that lava flowed from the cone to the sea. This appears to have been the first eruption during the historic period in which lava flowed from Vesuvius, though in the prehistoric period of the mountain's activity it was abundantly produced.

From this eruption onward to modern times we have an excellent catalogue of the eruptions of both Vesuvius and Ætna, which, curiously enough, we owe in good part to the superstitious notion that the outbreaks may be stopped by the intercession of the patron saints of the country. Whenever an eruption occurs the priests who guard the relics of St. Januarius, in Naples, or of St. Agatha, in Sicily, address these patrons of their respective cities through their relics, vestments, or images. If the eruption speedily diminishes in violence, as from the nature of its action it must always do, the amendment is attributed to the influence of the saintly power, and the fact, with date and circumstance, is a matter of careful record.* Thus science has come to owe a considerable debt to superstition. Although this picturesque relation adds a certain interest to the chronicles of the eruptions of Vesuvius, we need not weary the reader with them, but sum up the record in brief. In short, the story is that from 1036 to 1500

* See "Vesuvius," by John Phillips (page 45). Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1859. From this valuable work I have condensed the foregoing statements concerning this volcano.

A Lava-stream Overwhelming a Town on the West Side of Vesuvius.

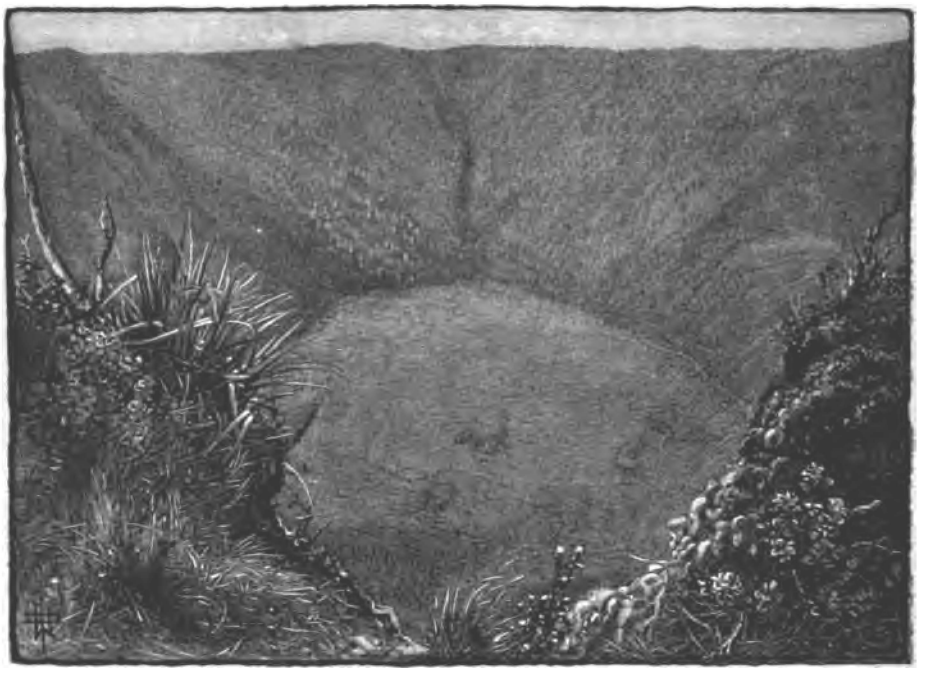
there were five eruptions, or about one each century, and none of them of great violence. It seems, indeed, likely that from 1139 to 1631 there were at most slight threats of activity and that the internal pressure was not relieved until the great explosion of the last-named year.

The eruption of 1631 was, next after that of 79, the most violent explosion which has taken place from Vesuvius. Like the eruption in which Pliny met his death, the disturbance was ushered in by a succession of earthquake shocks. These shocks, due doubtless to the struggle of the imprisoned gases with the barriers which the earth interposed, grew more and more violent, until, on December 16th, the outbreak began suddenly and with extreme fury. Unlike most eruptions from this and other craters, where the flow of liquid rock usually begins some time after the gases break forth, a great tide of lava at once burst forth from the side of the cone, at some distance from the summit of the crater. The streams rushed forth from a number of points along the southwest slope of the mountain, at a height of about three thousand feet above the sea, and swept down toward the shore of the bay. Although a large part of this lava remained in the depressions in the flanks of the mountain, a dozen or more of the streams which diverged from the great sheet attained the sea along a length of seven and a half miles of the shore. Then, as now, the coast was bordered by an almost continuous line of populous towns. Although the inhabitants had fled in great numbers, moved by the fear with which the earthquakes and roarings from the mountain inspired them, the lava-flow came so suddenly that eighteen thousand persons perished in the towns of Resina, Torre del Greco, and Granatello, which were overwhelmed by the streams. The ash, or finely divided lava, was blown forth in prodigious quantities, once again darkening the skies as far to the east as Constantinople. The rain which fell from the cloud which hung over all the region about the mountain was torrential; mingled with the fine dust, it produced vast inundations of mud, which swept over the fields and villages, producing destruc-

tion more widespread, if less disastrous to life, than the streams of fiery lava. In this, as in all the great eruptions, the lightning from the clouds was extremely violent and caused much loss of life.

From the time of this disaster down to the present day the eruptions have been more frequent than in any other part of the volcano's history. Rarely have twenty years passed without an outbreak of considerable violence, though none of them have attained to the appalling fury of the first historic outbreak or that of 1631. Near four score eruptions are chronicled in this period of about two and a half centuries; nearly all of them have been of moderate intensity, but have led to a singularly large extrusion of lavas. It is evident that the channels which lead to the rents of the volcano are now gorged with fluid lava; wherever the pressure of the imprisoned gases becomes strong enough this lava is forced up into the crater; by its weight rends open the walls of incoherent cinders and escapes upon the steep slopes of the cone.

Many of these outbreaks are of very slight energy. It was the present writer's good fortune to obtain an unusually near view of the beautiful little eruption of the winter of 1882, which afforded a singularly good opportunity for watching the essential processes of volcanic explosions with little danger. At this time, from the slight violence of the outbreak, the crater was reduced to a small depression near the summit of the cone, which had a diameter of not over six hundred feet and a depth of about one hundred feet. Taking advantage of a strong gale from the north, the well-known *tramontana* of Italy, it was possible to creep up to the very edge of this crater and look down upon the surface of the boiling lava, from which the gases were breaking forth. Although the pit was from time to time filled with whirling vapor, the favoring wind often swept it away so that for a few seconds it was possible to see every feature of the terrifying scene. Several times a minute the surface of the tossed lava was rent by a violent explosion of gases, which



Volcanic Cone, Sandwich Islands, showing the Aspect of Crater-walls and Floor after the Surface has been Covered by Vegetation.

Rent in the Earth from which Sulphurous Vapors Attendant on an Eruption have Escaped; Partly Closed by Tropical Vegetation.

Showing Volcanic Tufa of Naples, in which Subterranean Dwellings have been Excavated.

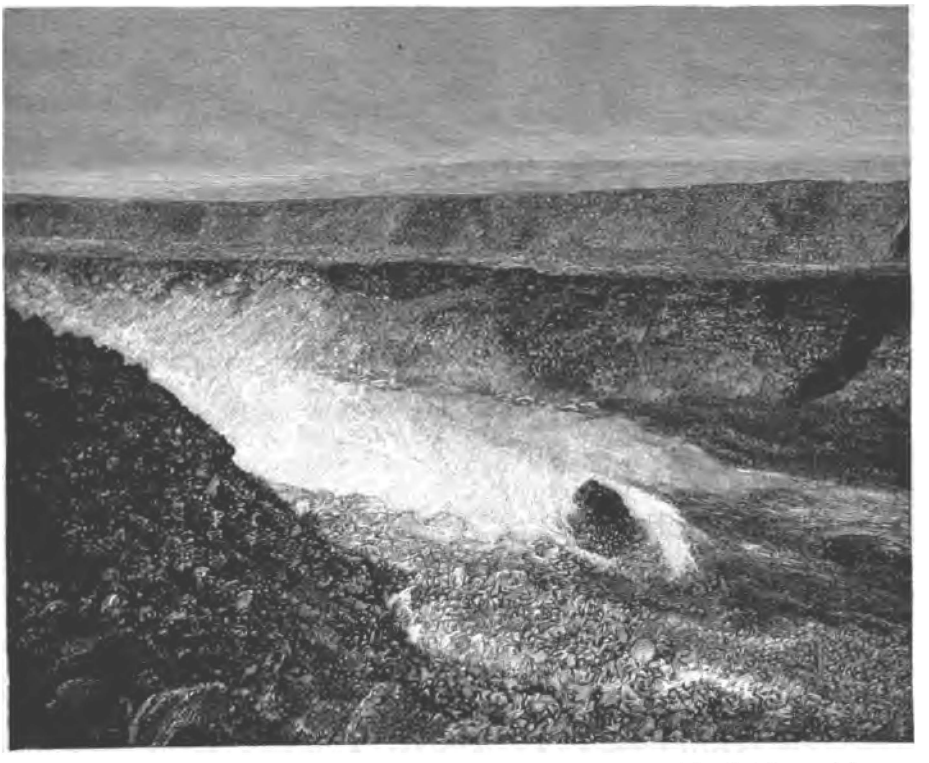
'Deposit 'formed of volcanic ash laid down on the sea-floor during prehistoric eruptions in the Vesuvian district.

appeared to hurl the whole mass of fluid rock into the air. The ascending column of vapor and lava fragments rose as a shaft to the height of several hundred feet. Many of the masses, which seemed to rise with the ease of bubbles, were some feet in diameter, and made a great din as they crushed down upon the surface on the southward side of the crater. They often could be seen to fly into fragments as they ascended. At the moment of the explosion the escaping gases appeared transparent, a few score feet above the point of escape the ejected column became of a steel-gray color, and a little higher it changed to the characteristic hue of steam. That it was steam slightly mixed with other gases was evident wherever in its whirling movements the vaporous column swept around the point of observation. The curious "washing-day" odor of steam was perfectly apparent, together with a pungent sense of sulphurous fumes suggestive of an infernal laundry.

Although the heat at the moment of explosion was great, it was possible, with the shelter to the face secured by an extemporized mask, to avoid any serious consequences from it, and even to make some rather rude and unsatisfactory diagrams of the scene. The principal obstacle arose from the violence of the shocks given to the cone and propagated through the air by the explosions, which made it extremely difficult to fix the attention on the phenomena. The earthquakes attending each explosion were almost strong enough to shake one from the ground, and the blow received through the air was like that which those familiar with mines have received when a heavy charge of gunpowder or dynamite is exploded. The sensation is such as might come from being violently struck by a feather bed; not dangerous, but extremely disorganizing to the wits. After about fifteen minutes of observation a slight change of the wind allowed the descending masses to fall so near the

point of view that it was necessary to hurry away.

As if to complete the illustration of volcanic phenomena which this little outbreak afforded, there was a small rivulet of lava pouring from the low wall of cinders on one side of the cone and flowing quietly down the slope. It was not much larger than the stream of liquid iron which flows from an iron-furnace to the moulds which await it, but in the motion all the essential features of the greatest of these fiery torrents could be seen. The surface of the fluid, cooled in the air, slowly hardened into a viscid scum. This scum, urged forward by the swifter movement of the more fluid matter below, was wrinkled as is



A Crater in the Sandwich Islands at the Close of Eruption; showing Lava-terraces and Stratified Nature of Cone.

the cream on a pan of milk when it is slowly poured over the edge of the vessel.

A tiny eruption such as this can be transformed into those of the greatest energy by simply increasing the volume of the discharging gases. We have only to conceive the ascending column of intensely heated steam, in place of breaking out in the separate cannon-like explosions, discharging in a continuous rush and mounting to the height of several miles above the vent; the increased force of the outbreak blowing away the summit of the cone, enlarging the crater until it was perhaps a mile in diameter; the steam imprisoned in the fragments of lava tossed up by the explosion expanding with great energy, not only rupturing the blocks, but rending them into powder, and the rivulet of lava magnified to a torrent such as so often sweeps down the flanks of the mountain. Thus, by a change in the magnitude of the action alone, we pass from the most trifling to the greatest eruptions.

This glance at the history and structure of Vesuvius serves to give us a general notion of volcanoes; we see that

Lake of Lava in the Sandwich Islands, showing Deposit of Very Fluid Lava.

they are essentially jets of extremely heated steam, and that the ashes and lava, though they are the only permanent remains of the successive explosions, are by far the least important element of the matter cast forth during an eruption. It seems probable that if we could gather again all the water which in the form of steam has poured from Vesuvius since the cone began to form, we should find that it amounted in mass to several times as much as all the ash and lava which forms the cone. This water falls in torrential rains in the region about the crater, or drifts away in clouds to other countries, and so leaves no sign except in the furrowed sides of the volcano, which are deeply eroded by the floods that attend the greater eruptions. We may compare the explosion of a volcano to the action of a bursting boiler, when in a moment the rupturing agent disappears in the air, leaving only the fragments of the vessel which contained it and which it has torn to pieces.

A large part of the materials thrown out by a volcano does not fall upon the cone; in most of the eruptions of Vesuvius the dust has been the largest part of the solid matter cast forth, the lava perhaps not amounting, on the average, to as much as one-fiftieth of the mass of rock-material ejected. The coarser part of this dust falls in the region near the cone, but a large share of it drifts to great distances, to darken the skies, it may be, a thousand miles away. During several of the great eruptions of Vesuvius the dust which fell within ten miles of the crater formed a stratum averaging more than a foot in depth, greatly exceeding in volume the ejected lava; still it seems likely that by far the larger part of this dust did not fall near the crater, but was borne by the winds far and wide over land and sea.

After the reader has conceived the magnitude and continuity of the Vesuvian eruptions, it is well to consider that this vent is really a very small affair, not deserving to rank as more than a third-rate volcano, if we determine the order of importance by the size of the cone, the diameter of the volcanic tube, or the velocity of the eruptions. The family of Italian volcanoes includes at least

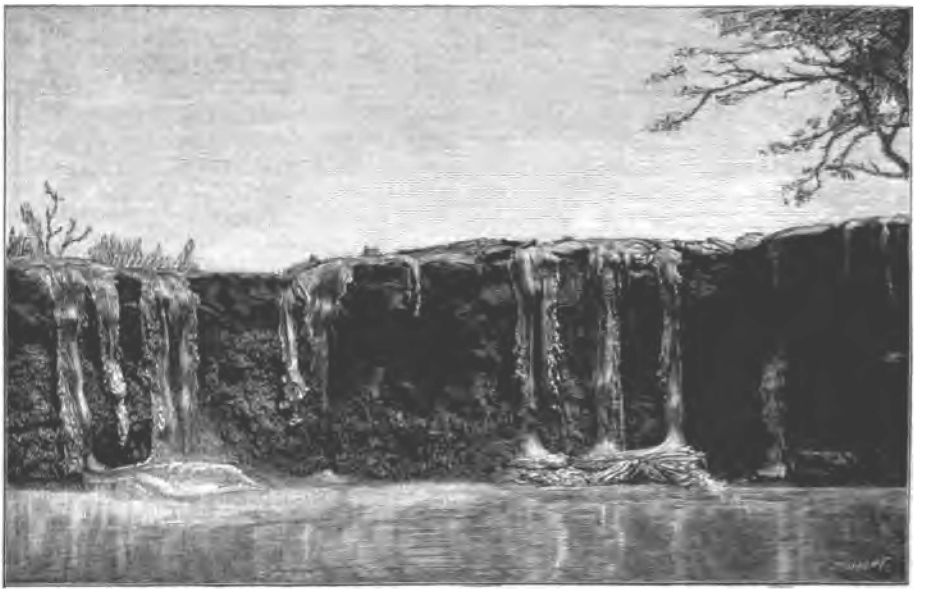
three other vents which have, or have had in their period of activity, a larger measure of dignity than the Vesuvian cone. Ætna has at least twenty times the bulk, and presents to us phenomena of Vesuvius exhibited on a far greater scale. Among the numerous dormant or extinct volcanoes which lie along the shore between Naples and Southern Tuscany, those of Bracciano and Bolsena, whose vast craters are now occupied by lakes, were in their time far more majestic than Vesuvius. The crater of Bolsena now affords a basin for a lake having an area of about forty

Border of Lava-stream in the Sandwich Islands, showing the Form Assumed by Partly Cooled Lava. Note the "roping" in the lava.

square miles, and yet the whole of its vast expanse is not completely occupied by the sheet of water. It is doubtful if the area of the Vesuvian crater was ever six square miles. That of Bracciano is smaller than Bolsena, but still several times as large as the Vesuvian crater. These two volcanoes of Bolsena and Bracciano were giants in their youth, but they came to an untimely end. Their subterranean fires were extinguished before they had time to construct cones at all proportionate to their vast orifices.

Although the total number of volcanoes, active and extinct, amounts, in Europe, to several hundred, including those of Central France and Germany and the peripheral cones of Ætna, we must go beyond the bounds of that continent to find instances of eruptions of the first order.

The noblest and most characteristic volcanoes, whether we class them by the energy of their explosions or the volume of their ejections, are found in Iceland and in the Malayan Archipelago. In Iceland the volcano of Skaptar, in the single eruption of 1783, poured out a tide of lava exceeding in bulk all that has flowed from Vesuvius and Ætna combined since the eruption of Pliny. It has been computed that the volume of lava which flowed from Skaptar in that year was greater than the mass of Mont Blanc. The gas-eruption which attended this molten tide was proportion-



A. Front of a Lava-stream Falling in Rivulets into the Sea, Sandwich Islands.

ally great; the clouds of fine cinders floated over Europe and so darkened the sky as to occasion fears of some great calamity. Although Iceland is a thinly peopled country, this catastrophe was extremely destructive to human life; nearly a fifth of the population perished in the villages which were overwhelmed by the eruption, from the famine which came from the loss of the year's crops, and the frightening of the fish from the neighboring sea.

The thousand years of struggle which the Icelanders have had with polar cold and central fire is one of the most pathetic incidents in the history of our race. Almost every generation on that island has borne a heavy burden from earthquake-shocks or volcanic explosions, and yet this people have managed, by labor and thrift, to develop and maintain a well-ordered civilization. For centuries the social order has been more secure, education more general, and the moral quality purer than in the happier parts of the world. Everywhere else save in this marvellous island we find that man is degraded in spirit from a hopeless contest with physical ills.

Although Iceland's Skaptar is a great [illegible]o, and as a lava-producer has perhaps the first place among volcanoes, it is in the region about the Pacific Ocean we find the kings of this race of giants. Around the shores of this great area of waters we have a singularly continuous line of volcanic vents. Counting only those which have been in activity since the beginning of the present geological period, the aggregate probably amounts to many hundreds. Although the volcanic energies are, or have recently been, violent in all parts of this vast field, they exhibit their maximum energy in the central part of the great Malayan Archipelago. This region has been well termed a "rookery of volcanoes." Not only are great cones more numerous in this field than in any other equal area, but we have had there the greatest eruptions of which we have any historical record. We can note only a few of these great explosions.

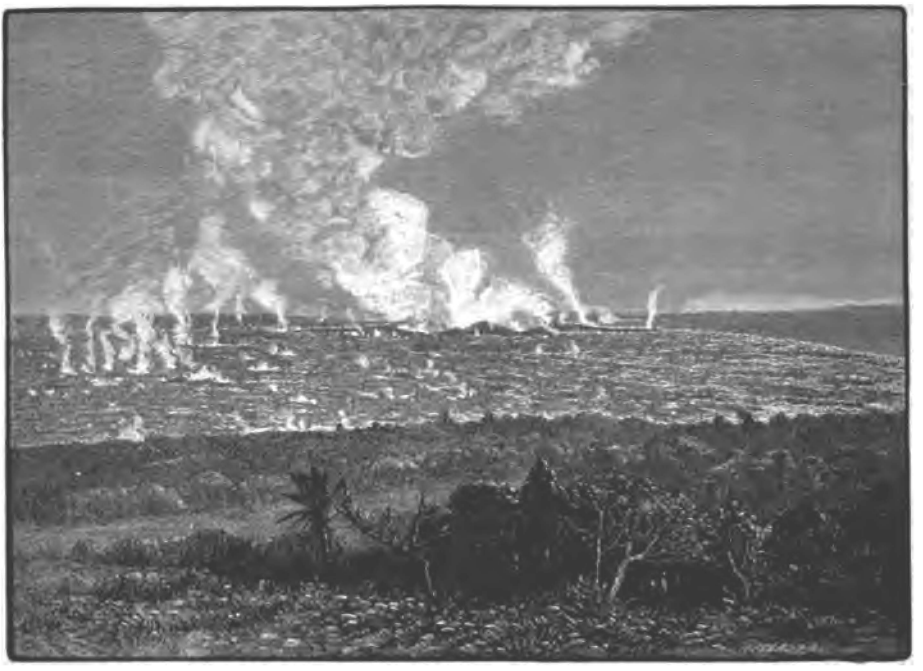
In 1772, Papandayang, a great volcano over nine thousand feet high, broke out with such violence that the upper part of the cone for a height of four thousand feet was tossed into the air, and, together with a prodigious amount of ashes discharged by the eruption, overwhelmed forty villages. In 1822, Sumbowa, on an island a little to the east

of Java, was the seat of a yet more powerful eruption. As in the other great explosions of this region, the sound was heard a surprising distance, being audible in Sumatra, nine hundred and seventy geographical miles to the west, and at Ternate, seven hundred and twenty miles on the east. This is as if a volcano at Chicago should make its explosions heard by the people in Boston and Omaha. The fall of ash and pumice was enormous; it crushed buildings more than forty miles from the crater. Whirlwinds, caused by the atmospheric disturbance common in all lives. This coating of mud was so thick that for the distance of twenty-four miles on one side of the mountain there were no visible remains of the numerous settlements which had existed there before the eruption began.

In 1883 a century of gigantic eruptions was completed by the outbreak of Krakatoa, by far the greatest explosion of which we have any account. Krakatoa is a small island lying between the greater masses of Java on the east and Sumatra on the west. Although manifestly a volcano, it is likely that it had never within historic times been in

B. The Same Lava-stream Pouring in Full Tide into the Sea.

great eruptions, rent the forests from their roots, and did much to complete the catastrophe which reduced a populous and fertile region to a desert. Of twelve thousand people in the province of Tomboro, in which the crater is situated, but twenty-six escaped alive. In 1822, Galongoon, a crater never before known to have been in activity, exploded with extreme violence, and in a period of four hours covered the country about it with a thick coating of ashes and hot mud, destroying one hundred and forty villages, with a loss of four thousand eruption until May 23, 1883. At that time it was the seat of an outbreak which was considered trifling, only adding one more to the many points of modern volcanic activity in that region. The eruption was soon over, and on the 27th of the month many observers visited the mountain to note the changes which it had brought about. For three months it seemed absolutely quiet; but in August of the same year, with little preliminary commotion, a memorable outbreak occurred. Nearly the whole of the original island was blown away down to below the



Wide Lava-stream at Point of Egress, showing Very Fluid Condition, with Escaping Steam, Sandwich Islands.

sea-level, probably at the first discharges of the gases, so that the greater part of the eruption took place from the floor of the sea. The violent boundings of this floor created vast waves in the ocean, which rose to the height of fifty or sixty feet along the populous shores of the neighboring islands of Sumatra and Java, sweeping away villages and plantations, and killing over thirty thousand people. Thence, with diminishing height, these waves rolled onward like the tides until they were felt in the Northern Atlantic and along nearly the whole of the Pacific shore.

The movements which this shock impressed on the atmosphere were even more remarkable than those which it gave to the sea. The sounds of the explosions were heard for double the distance to which we have any record of their having been audible in previous eruptions. If an eruption of Skaptar in Iceland should be audible at once along our great lakes and upon the Mediterranean, we should have a case of sound-transmission comparable to that in Krakatoa in August, 1883. The waves of the air caused by the sudden pressure of the escaping gases rolled around the earth, twice girdling its circumference. Besides the enormous mass of dust which fell upon land and sea within a few hundred miles of the point of explosion, which probably amounted in bulk to as much as twelve cubic miles, an unknown amount of the more finely comminuted rock remained for a long time suspended in the atmosphere and was floated over all parts of the earth's surface, giving to the sky at morning and evening the memorable ruddy glow it presented in the two years following the eruption. The amount of this widely scattered matter cannot be accurately computed, but it possibly exceeded in volume that which fell about the crater.

The foregoing brief notes of volcanic eruptions will, in a limited way, suffice to show the reader the immediate physical importance of these accidents, and the extent to which they may enter into the conditions of human life. They will not, however, give him any measure of the range and constancy of this volcanic action, or the part it plays in the machinery of the earth's crust. To gain some notion of this he must imagine many

thousands of these vents scattered over the sea-floor or along the shores of the continents, all of which have been active in recent geological times. He must, furthermore, conceive that at every stage in the earth's history there have been similar, perhaps equally numerous, volcanoes at work. It is doubtful if since the beginning of the geological record there has been a day during which some crater, great or small, has not been hurling its gases toward the sky, scattering its dust over the fields of land and sea, and destroying with its attendant earthquakes, or by its emanations, the life of air or water. Lying as they do along the shores or in the fertile islands of the ocean, these vast engines of destruction are a perpetual menace to many of the most fruitful and beautiful parts of the earth; they therefore have an element of human as well as scientific interest, leading us to investigate the nature of their cause and their relation to the mechanism of this planet.

In seeking to explain any of the superficial phenomena of our globe, it is well to begin the inquiry by considering the way in which they are distributed over its surface. In this way we are most likely to come upon a clew to the origin of any unexplained feature of the facts. A glance at the geographical position of volcanoes suffices to show us that they are very peculiarly grouped in and about the great water-areas. Probably all of the active vents in the earth's surface lie on the floor of the oceans or greater seas, or within a few score miles of their shores. We may, indeed, say that active volcanoes normally occupy the floor of the greater seas as their proper field, and that this volcanic area here and there overlaps the shore for a very small distance. Moreover, among the extinct volcanoes which lie far inland, we can often observe that their activities ceased soon after the elevation of the continent forced the sea-margin far from their bases. It was long ago perceived that these facts indicated a necessary connection between the effects brought about by large masses of water and the volcanic explosions. At first it was suggested that the sea-water penetrated through crevices to the heated interior of the earth, and there, being converted into steam, was expelled through the volcanic vent along with the lava from a central molten mass. But it was directly seen that the facts were against this hypothesis; for why should the volcanic emanations not return to the surface by the same crevice which gave the water access to the earth's interior? Why should the lava of Ætna and other volcanoes rise against its own enormous pressure to the height of twelve or fifteen thousand feet above the tube by which the sea-water gained access to its base?

It has since been suggested that the water from the seas gains access to the central heat while it is imprisoned in the fine interstices which lie between the grains of the rocks, passages which are too small to permit the exit of the gases. A curious experiment seemed for a time to make this notion seem possible. As was shown by the distinguished naturalist Daubrée, if we take a vessel of metal and fix upon its top a sheet of dense sandstone, so that the chamber is air-tight, then place water upon the top of the sandstone, and finally apply heat to the base of the metal chamber, the water will penetrate through the interstices of the stone and generate steam in the enclosed space, producing a pressure which is much greater than the gravitation-force which impels the water to descend through the stone. If we provide an avenue of escape for this steam by means of a pipe filled with mercury, we shall find that it will force the mercury up the tube, much as the volcanic steam pushes up the lava in the crater. It is evident that we have here what seems, at first sight, like a promising explanation of volcanic action: we have only to conceive that water penetrates through the interstices of the rock on the sea-floor, just as it does through the slab of sandstone in the experiment; that the internal heat is represented by the lamp, and the volcanic tubes with their contained lava by the pipe containing mercury, to have the likeness complete. But a little consideration shows that this explanation will not serve us at all. It is true that the rocks beneath the sea-floor contain a good deal of water—all, in fact, that their interstitial spaces will hold—

but this is equally true of the rocks beneath all parts of the continents. The rain-water of any country, however slight in amount, is sufficient to fill the interstices of the rocks to repletion, if, indeed, they were not so filled when they were formed on the sea-floors. We know this from mines in the land, as well as by many galleries which penetrate below the sea-level from shafts near the shore. We are, therefore, driven to another hypothesis which is entirely satisfactory. It was long ago suggested, though it has not been presented in a perfectly clear form in our popular treatises on the subject. This explanation may be stated in a few words:

When deposits of rocky matter are laid down upon the sea-floor, they contain a good deal of water. Such deposits are never entirely compact; there are numerous little spaces between the grains of sand or mud, in or between the fossil shells and other animal remains, which form in most places a part of the strata as they are made. We see how large an element water is in such beds if we take up a portion of the mud from the bottom of any pool. It is probable that, on the average, this enclosed water amounts, at the time when the deposits are made, to as much as from five to fifteen per cent. of the mass. At first this imprisoned water is at the ordinary temperature of the sea-floor, and so has no tendency to break out of its cells; but in the course of the geologic ages, a great many thousand feet of strata are slowly accumulated above the original level, all charged in the same way with a portion of the fluid in which they were laid down. We have now only to see a means whereby this rock-encased water can be raised to a high temperature—say to the heat of two or three thousand degrees, Fahrenheit—in order to bring it to the state of the steam which, escaping from rents of the earth, gives rise to the explosions of volcanoes.

This means of heating is provided by the continuance of the very process which builds the water into rocks, viz., by the deposition of strata and in the following manner: Heat is constantly escaping from the earth's interior, which, though probably solid, is extremely hot; the temperature of the central portion is very likely to be measured by tens of thousands of degrees. Whenever we penetrate by wells or mines into the earth, we find a constant increase of temperature as we descend. It is likely that beneath the sea-floor this rate of increase is somewhere near the rate of one degree to every fifty feet of depth, varying with the ease with which the heat finds its way out through the different kinds of rocks it encounters. Anything like this rate of increase would give us a temperature of several hundred thousand degrees at the earth's centre. It may well be the case that the internal heat does not increase with the same rapidity as we descend toward the central regions, but for a score or two of miles this increase most likely continues at something like this rate. It is thus easily seen that the heat of any mass of buried rock depends on the thickness of the matter deposited above the level, for it is that blanket of strata holding the heat in which causes its temperature to be above that of the earth's surface. In the case of a deposit made on the sea-floor and covered by a blanket of strata ten thousand feet thick, the outflowing tide of heat will be restrained in its escape and the temperature of the buried matter will in time rise to about two hundred degrees above the temperature which it had at first, or to near the heat of boiling water. Another ten thousand feet of strata may raise the temperature high enough to produce some of the slightest volcanic explosions—those in which the rocks are not melted, but simply blown away—while with a deposit of one hundred thousand feet thick, the rocks might in time hold in enough of the outflowing heat to produce the most intense volcanic activity, where the expanding gases act with more than the violence of gunpowder.

If the reader has any difficulty in conceiving the effects of overlaid beds in bringing about a high temperature in strata, he may help himself by a homely comparison. Let him imagine a vessel containing hot water exposed to the cold and covered with felt or other non-conducting material; the surface of this covering will have a certain temperature.

If now this vessel be covered with another thickness of felt, the temperature of the original surface will rise, and a certain gain of its heat will be made by each additional coating of non-conductive material.

The only serious question is as to the thickness of the rocks which have been laid down on the sea-floors. Hardly any geologist will doubt that it is entirely within bounds to assume that thickness much to exceed twenty miles. It may well have attained to twice or thrice that depth since the geologic ages began, for in our continents we see that the aggregate thickness of the successive beds exposed to view, despite the great erosion to which the lands have been exposed, amounts to somewhere near one hundred thousand feet of strata. It must not be imagined that the deposits on the floors of the sea were ever laid down in water having the depth of ten miles or more. The truth is, that the floors have been gradually sinking as the lands have grown upward. The lands have furnished, from their shores and from the rivers, sediments which have gone to make the strata which the sea has deposited, and the ocean-floors have slowly bent downward as they received these accumulations of waste. As we shall shortly note, a very important part of the materials contributed to the sea-bottoms comes from the volcanic ejections themselves. We thus see that in the water imprisoned in the deposits of the early geologic ages and brought to a high temperature by the blanketing action of the more recently deposited beds, we have a sufficient cause for the great generation of steam at high temperatures, and this is the sole *essential* phenomenon of volcanic eruptions. We see also by this hypothesis why volcanoes do not occur at points remote from the sea, and why they cease to be active soon after the sea leaves their neighborhood. While deposition of strata is going on with moderate rapidity, as it generally is over the sea-floors, the heat is constantly rising in strata and the tendency of the imprisoned water to pass into steam continually increasing. On the land areas, however, the rocks are constantly becoming cooler, and the expansive energy of the steam which causes the eruptions becomes proportionately less.

Conceiving, then, the rocks at a depth of ten or twenty miles below the surface of the earth to be filled with steam at a temperature near two thousand degrees, Fahrenheit, we may readily explain a part of the phenomena of volcanic action, viz., the formation of the gases essential to their explosions. It remains for us, however, to account for certain facts concerning the movement of these gases toward the chance openings by which they find their way to the surface of the earth. It may well be asked, Why do these imprisoned vapors not make their way directly upward through the rocks, passing through the interstices which contain the water? The reason for this doubtless is, that as the cooler rocks above are very close-knit, they offer much the same obstacle to the migrations of the steam as is afforded by the iron walls of a boiler. The only way in which the imprisoned gas can escape is by a lateral motion in the level of heated and softened rocks toward any point where a break offers them passage to the surface. Such breaks, extending very deeply down into the rocks, are extremely common. It is clear that many volcanoes are situated in positions where it may be safely inferred that they have made avail of these ways to the open air (see p. 204).

Let us imagine such a break or fault to be formed, leading down to the depths of imprisoned water where the rocks have a temperature of more than two thousand degrees, Fahrenheit. At once the water near the opening will make haste to avail itself of the chance of escape. As it is contained in every part of the imprisoning rock which is softened by heat, the water in passing to the point of escape will drive the rock before it, much as the baker's dough is moved by the imprisoned gases of fermentation. As it comes to the surface the steam will, to a great extent, escape in advance of the liquid rock, blowing some portion of it to bits as it rushes into the air; or the whole of the softened rock may be blown into dust, as in the greater eruptions we have before noted. This discharge will terminate when the energy of the outrush of the steam is so far diminished that the column of lava in the

Showing where the Lava has Flowed through a Forest, Sandwich Islands, 1885.

volcanic pipes can by its pressure retain the vapor. Then there will be a pause of some duration.

After a time the steam from regions horizontally remote from the point of escape will creep in toward the vent, accumulate pressure there, and so gradually reproduce the conditions of another explosion. As this imprisoned steam works toward the point of escape, it may drive before it the rock in which it is contained, and so furnish a continued supply of melted material for the discharge of ashes and lava; or, it may creep through the interstices of the beds without forcing the softened rock to accompany it. We have many evidences of such a horizontal movement of gases alone, or of rock and gases combined, from our experience in mines and other subterranean explorations. When in a deep coal mine we have horizontal galleries cut in beds of clay, with hard rocks above, we often find that the clay creeps upward from the bottom and inward from the sides until it fills the cavity. When cut out it continues the movement, putting the miners to much trouble in order to keep the way open. This shows us how, under the inconsiderable pressure of a relatively slight weight of overlying beds, rocks which seem tolerably hard may creep toward a point of relief. Then, again, in the movement of gases contained in rocks, we have evidence that, even when urged by pressures which are slight compared with those of the volcano, vaporous matter can travel for a considerable distance through materials which seem to the eye to be compact. The pressure which impels natural gas toward the bored well through which it discharges is most likely not greater than a thousand pounds to the square inch. This is possibly not the hundredth part of that which impels the gases in great volcanic explosions; yet as a well will sometimes discharge ten to twenty million feet of gas per diem for years, it is evident that this store of gas must be derived from a very wide field. It is probable that in some cases it may journey for miles toward the outlet. If the rocks were hot it would be possible for the imprisoned gas to make channels of escape by blowing the rock before it. We can, therefore, well imagine, in the case of the volcanic vapors, that owing to their far greater pressure and to the softer condition of the rocks they traverse, they may migrate for hundreds of miles to the point of escape.

It seems necessary to suppose that our volcanoes are fed by the gases and lava from a wide field, for the reason that, notwithstanding the enormous amount of materials they throw out, the ground

about their bases rarely if ever seems to be lowered. For instance, in the case of Vesuvius, the water in the form of steam, the lava and ashes which have emanated from it, have, since the Christian era, amounted probably in all to more than five cubic miles, yet there is no evidence that the cone or the country about it has permanently subsided in that time. It seems, indeed, here and there, to sway up and down from age to age, but the average height above the sea remains essentially unchanged. Unless the supply of the ejected materials comes from a very wide subterranean field, the surface of the region should show a decided subsidence.

The foregoing considerations make it tolerably clear that volcanoes are fed from deposits of water contained in ancient rocks which have become greatly heated through the blanketing effect of the strata which have been laid down upon them. The gas which is the only invariable element of volcanic eruptions, is steam; moreover, it is the steam of sea-water, as is proved by analysis of the ejections. It breaks its way to the surface only on those parts of the earth which are near to where the deposition of strata is lifting the temperature of water contained in rocks by preventing, in part, the escape of the earth's heat.

From these theoretical considerations as to the causes of volcanoes it will, perhaps, be a relief to the reader to turn to the question of their place in the economy of the earth. Although volcanoes are agents of great destructive violence, we easily see that they render an immeasurable service to the earth by returning to its surface a great store of materials which are necessary to the functions of life and which are constantly being buried in the deeper parts of the crust, and so withdrawn from the activities characteristic of the superficial part of the globe. Let us consider, in the first place, the action of volcanoes in returning buried water to the seas. We have seen that when strata are deposited on the sea-floor they contain a large amount of water; it is probably safe to assume that on the average not far from ten per cent. of the mass consists of this material. As the average depth of the oceans is not far from fifteen thousand feet, it is evident that the amount of water thus abstracted by the deposition of strata from the earth's surface, in the course of the geologic ages since the ocean came upon the surface of the earth, has been very great. If the thickness of the part of the crust which has been laid down on sea-floors amounts to as much as one hundred and fifty thousand feet, the oceans might have disappeared in their own deposits, and so the surface of the earth would have had a limit put to its most important processes. But by the operations of the volcano a large part of the imprisoned water is in time restored to the earth's surface, and so re-enters on its beneficent activities.

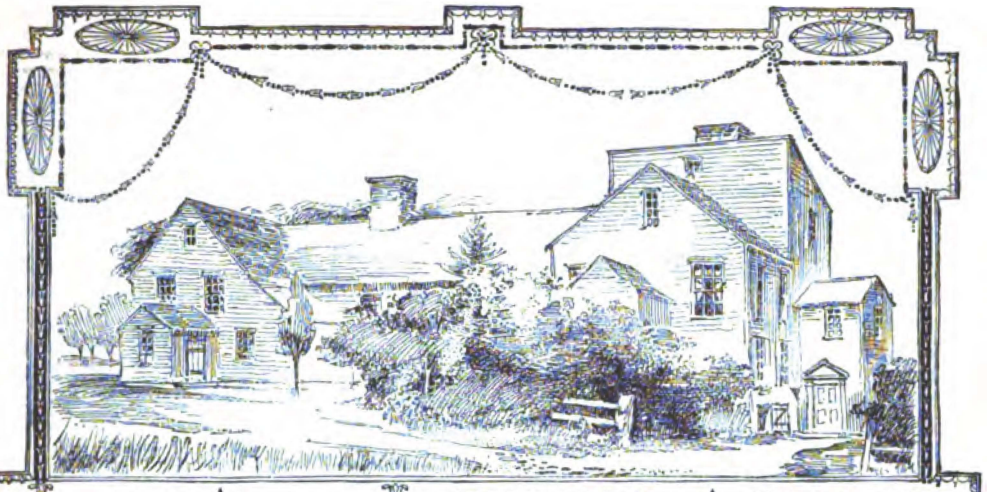
With the steam from a volcano there comes forth also a considerable amount of the carbonic-acid gas which must be present in the air, else vegetation would cease to be. A very great amount of this substance is each year taken from the atmosphere and buried in the earth, not only by the plants and animals, the carbon of whose remains are buried in strata, but also by certain processes of decay of rocks, as where the felspar of granitic materials is converted into kaolin. About the only manner in which this carbon can find its way back into the air is through volcanic action. It is not likely that volcanic activity can restore enough of this carbon in the form of carbonic-acid gas to compensate for the constant and rapid burial of the substance in the earth, but it is certainly a means whereby a good deal of it is returned to the atmosphere. In certain cases the emanation of this combined oxygen and carbon from volcanoes is in such volume that it is extremely destructive to life; being a heavy gas, it flows like water down the sides of the cone, carrying death to all animals with it. Such destructive effects are limited to the first and last stages of an eruption. When a volcano is reduced to its last stages of activity, when it is only a smouldering vent, it often continues to pour forth this gas long after it has ceased to produce any other evidence of its connection with subterranean processes. A good case of this is seen in the Solfatara, near Naples, where a small crater, long since extinct as a volcano, throws out enough carbonic acid

to suffocate a dog, to the diversion of hard-hearted tourists and the profit of the proprietors of the brutal show.

The solid matter thrown out by volcanoes is the most important contribution to the materials which the sea has at its disposal for the nourishment of its life and for the formation of strata. The quantity of the pumiceous and finely pulverized material is, as we have seen, enormous. When it falls upon the sea it either floats for a time or at once sinks into the depths. In either case it is, to a great extent, dissolved in the ocean waters, and so contributes to the store of materials which may be appropriated by the organic life of the sea. When it falls on the land, it is generally so incoherent that it is easily swept away by the rains, and so comes quickly into the ocean. The importance of this contribution to marine sediments has been overlooked by geologists, but it is easy to see that it may amount in mass to something like as much as the earthy matter which is brought to the sea by the rivers. The volcanoes of the Java district alone have within a century thrown out a mass of this fragmentary rock amounting probably to not less than one hundred cubic miles, and perhaps to twice this quantity. Now, the Mississippi River carries out in the form of dissolved matter, mud, and sand about one cubic mile in twenty years, or five cubic miles in a century; thus these volcanoes of the Java district have brought up from the depths of the earth and contributed to the sea many times as much detritus as has been conveyed to the ocean by the greatest river of North America. Allowing for the greater porosity of the volcanic dust, it still seems not unlikely that the ejections from a half dozen great volcanoes of the East Indian Archipelago, in the period of a little more than a century, from 1772 to 1883, far exceeded that brought into the oceans by all the rivers of North America in the same period. Although the volcanoes of this district are by far the most powerful which are known, we still cannot fairly reckon that their ejections represent anywhere near the half of the total quantity which came to the earth's surface from such vents during the above named period of one hundred and eleven years. For during this time some scores of great craters were in eruption, including Skaptar, in Iceland, Vesuvius, Ætna, various volcanoes in South America and elsewhere. It seems, therefore, not unlikely that the solid materials contributed by volcanoes to the sea-floor, may, on the average, amount to as much as that taken by the rivers from the land.

Among these solid substances which are ejected by volcanoes we find some of the most indispensable elements of organic life, including phosphorus, soda, potash, and other materials. The value of these materials to vegetation may be judged by the fertility which so often characterizes the regions in the immediate vicinity of volcanic cones which cast forth large amounts of ash. If the rainfall be sufficient this ash quickly decomposes into a fertile soil, which tempts the husbandman to replant the fields as fast as they are ravaged by the explosions. Were it not for the constant return of these rarer and precious materials to the superficial part of the earth by means of volcanic action, it is likely that the earth's surface would want many of the substances most necessary for organic life.

We thus see that volcanoes play a very important part in the physical history of our planet. The action is, in a large degree, restorative. They help to maintain the earth's surface in a condition in which it may nurture life. We note also that this internal heat of the earth, acting through volcanoes, serves to counteract certain injurious effects arising from the operation of the solar forces. The heat of the sun operating in the rivers and the waves wears away the materials of the land, buries them in the strata of the sea-floor along with a part of the water of the seas. The internal heat expels the most volatile and the most life-giving portions of these substances, affording them a chance to take their places once again in the activities of the surface.



THE LAST OF THE GHOSTS

By Barrett Wendell.

I.

DOWN on the coast of New England, in sight of the open sea, is an old house. A royal governor built it, who has left behind relics of his provincial grandeur. In the garrets, to this day, are some rusty flint-locks, captured, as the story goes, at Louisburg, and brought back in triumph to arm his body-guard—a troop of which no other authentic record survives. There is a full-length portrait of him, too, in red coat and powdered wig, and the embroidered waistcoat still preserved by descendants of his family, who delight in pointing out that the back is made of satin as fine as the front. Some of his silver is shown, into the bargain, engraved with the florid coat of arms that is cut on his gravestone in the neighboring town. Altogether, he was a very great man, who may by no means be forgotten.

Whoever sees the old house, then, falls to thinking with respectful sentimentality about the glorious days of His Excellency. Nowadays the place is much the worse for wear. The Revolution confiscated it, I believe. At all events, it has been so long in the hands of everyday folks that few visible traces of its

pristine grandeur remain. Its gray wooden walls shed their last flake of paint years ago; the orchard that stood about it—or rather what stray trees had survived the storms of a century or more—went for firewood when the Temperance Movement so gravely threatened the trade in cider; and what little of the garden has not been ploughed and sowed for years by the farmers who have tried to make the land pay something, has long been a mere tangled mass of weeds, among which a few old-fashioned flowers forlornly try to preserve an air of respectability.

For all its decay, perhaps all the more because of it, the place preserves a character of its own. You cannot see the big chimneys rising sturdily above the irregular, weather-beaten roofs; you cannot enter the panelled council-chamber, with its carved chimney-piece—the master work of some dead maker of figure-heads; you cannot look at the old flock paper that still hangs in what was once the drawing-room, or peer into the queer cupboards, or up the cramped stairways without visions of men and times that are dead and gone. Very unimaginative folks fall to talking of the pompous old fellow who built the place; and tell, with what authority I know not, of his gardens and his chariots, and the barge in which he used to come down river in state and land at the stone pier where for fifty years there has not been water enough at half tide to float a dory. There are stories, too, of sudden summons of the king's council, to drink the health of George the Second in the big council-chamber, whence they might be carried supine to bed up a dark staircase inaudible from the more domestic parts of the house; and tales of how after such bouts his hot-tempered excellency would sit in a broad arm-chair on a kind of balcony, long since roofed over and made into a garret, where a high wooden wall shielded him from the sea-breeze, and the afternoon sun warmed the swollen veins that he had cooled over night with Madeira.

Naturally enough, people suppose that a great deal is known of the old governor, whose name is a household word. But, when you look into the matter you find that beyond certain dull official documents he has left no certain record behind him. What manner of man he really was there is no writer of letters or diaries to tell us. Indeed the only fact I have learned of him with any color of authenticity, is at once not exactly about him as he lived, and—if we may believe the fading traditions of his vice-regal pomp—queerly out of character. It is a story, half believed by elderly people in the neighborhood, that his ghost would sometimes prowl about the old place at the bidding of an uncanny negress who survived well into the nineteenth century.

She was one of those strange Africans who outlive generations of their masters until, for all that anybody rightly knows, they may count their age by centuries. Certainly she was once a slave, legally purchased by His Excellency himself, and duly manumitted, for long and faithful services, by his last will and testament. Certainly, too, she was the last living being who remembered him in the flesh. But what her memories may have been she seems never to have told. Bent half double, she would cower over her stove in winter; and in summer would sometimes hobble out into the sunshine, blinking about with small eyes, buried beneath her white wool in nut-like wrinkles. It was useless to question her about the old times. She made no coherent answers but stood staring at whoever spoke, wagging her shrivelled head, and mumbling strange savage words or crazy nothings. At least this was all that people could generally get out of her. But sometimes, report goes, when a present put her in rare good humor, or perhaps a warmer sun than usual kindled some fading sentiment of the tropical life for which heaven had made her, she roused herself into something like human intelligence. At these times she would lay her skinny paw on the arm of whoever pleased her, and ask if he would like to see the old governor. And if, with half-frightened curiosity, he answered yes, she would bid him go secretly that night and stand just outside the door of the old council-chamber.

"Den I'll sit and tink of him, honey,—tink of him all alone. And bime-by, sure as you're 'live, you 'll see him walk in, jes' as gran'——"

On such occasions, it is still asserted, whoever took his stand in front of the old door, disused of late years, which in the governor's time admitted official visitors to the state apartments, would have a curious adventure. For a while,

all would be quiet, save for the night-sounds that bear men company wherever they go, and for the distant murmur of the sea breaking on the reefs and beaches beyond the harbor-mouth. By and by, this sound would grow half articulate, until it came to seem like a rolling of drums instead of pebbles. At last, of a sudden, the drums would roll very loud, as though a gust of wind puffed the noise towards you. And then, in the vague star-light, the old door would disappear as if by magic, and through the portal would strut a pompous little gentleman with a white wig, which gleamed for an instant as he removed his cocked hat on the threshold. The moment he passed in the vision would disappear; the drums would have faded back into the distant sound of surf, and the old door, whither the startled spectator hurried, would be found tightly fastened with the rusty nails that had held it to for so long.

It came to be believed, then, that by some ironical caprice of fate, the stout old governor, whose will had been law for thirty years, was subject, in his cushioned coffin, to the bidding of the crazy witch who alone survived of all that knew him; and forced when she chose—the meanest of his servants—to come with his ghostly drummers for the diversion of any ploughboy or chance traveller who happened to please her.

At last, those who tell this story say, a man who lived in the house—and oddly enough gave no credence to tales of the ghostly rambles of his distinguished predecessor—was aroused one night by footsteps in the council-chamber, which was commonly kept locked. Surmising that mischievous boys were about, he had taken his gun, loaded for such a purpose with powder, and had stamped down to the scene of disturbance. Here, to his terrified amazement, he had found no human intruders, but a shadowy company of bewigged gentlemen, seated, in the light of a lurid fire which had risen in the empty chimney, about a square table. At the head was the old governor himself, bending his dew-lapped cheeks over a wine glass, which he solemnly filled from a decanter engraved with his arms. As the spectator looked on, the glass was filled, and His Excellency arose, not too steadily, with

the air of one about to propose a toast, while his guests, whose backs were turned to their unbidden companion, bent politely forward, glasses in hand. What he would have said can never be known. Thoroughly alarmed, the looker-on raised his gun and blazed away at the spectres, who vanished in the powder smoke.

Then the assailant turned and ran—— and from that time forth would never enter the council-chamber after dark. But his fears seem to have been groundless. On that very night, it appeared, old Dinah lay dying. And with her died not only the last surviving memories of His Excellency, but also the pompous spectre with which she used to entertain her favorites.

These tales, and perhaps a few more such, were the most authentic that I could find about the old house. What haunts it is not, I think, any definite tradition; but rather the atmosphere of tradition that gives to old places the quality we call romantic. More than if you knew just what had been doing there from the day when the royal governor first sat down to dinner in his new hall you feel, whenever you see the place, and the more you see it the more you feel, that here men have lived and died and passed into memories that are forgotten. Be you dull as you may, it sets you dreaming.

II.

A MILE or two from the old house, across the creek that ebbs and flows past the ruinous sea-wall fringed with rockweed, is a fishing village, whose snug well-to-do houses cluster like barnacles on the low ledges that form the mouth of the river. Here I have passed much time, and so came to know Captain John Trefethen.

The first time I saw him, I remember, was in the shop which serves at once for bazar, club-room and post-office to the tavernless town. It was about noon, one summer day, and the mail was due. The dingy little building, with an overgrown stove in the middle, and a queer

medley of counters, and barrels, and boxes, and merchandize of all kinds from spools and candy to anchors, was crowded with solemn-looking fishermen, mostly well on in life, sitting on whatever came handy, and talking as gravely as senators. When I appeared, such silence fell on the company that I should have felt uncomfortable, but for Captain John. He was a lank old Yankee, dressed in rusty blue flannel, and a stained Panama hat. He sat in one corner of the shop resting his hands, which carelessly held a pair of frayed cotton gloves, on an ivory-headed stick. And with his curling white hair, and long chin beard, and twinkling little blue eyes he made quite a figure. His rustic dandyism had dignity. You felt instinctively that his black cloth boots were not laughed at by the wearers of monstrous cow-hides who sat around him, but were rather regarded as the proper daily apparel of a distinguished person. As I looked at him, he nodded with a friendly smile that displayed a palpably false set of teeth, and invited me to sit down. From that time the fishermen accepted me as a normal fact.

Still I knew little of sea-faring, or local politics and scandal; and they talked of little else. So it fell out that when I went for my mail, I would sit on a coil of rope beside Captain John. After a while we grew good friends. He had been to sea in days when such business meant more than creeping along from one coast port to another. He had learned from something better than hearsay that the world does not end with the rocky islands that float on the horizon just off the harbor-mouth. But for all that he knew more of life than his neighbors, he talked less. The secret of his attraction, I think as I remember him, lay in his affable silence. When anybody spoke, Captain John would look at him in a friendly way and at most utter in his slow Yankee voice some brief commonplace. I do not remember a single phrase of his worth repeating; but I hardly ever bade him goodbye without feeling that between us knowing things had been said.

When the mail was distributed and the company dispersing for their noonday dinner, I would sometimes walk home with him. Once, I remember, he asked me into his neatly-kept cottage. But here he grew rather stiff. Instead of taking me to the kitchen, where he mostly lived, he insisted on ushering me into his darkened parlor, reserved for state occasions. And my call, when I was fairly seated in the hair-cloth rocking-chair, assumed the character of a solemn function. So I never repeated it.

I carried away, however, a pleasant impression of the thrifty little place. In spite of its country primness, the room had an attraction of its own. There was a staring Brussels carpet, to be sure, and hair-cloth furniture, and wax flowers; but there were some placid Indian idols too, and great shells from the South Seas, and along with some gilt-edged subscription books a row of battered old volumes that looked worth the reading they had evidently seen; there was a marvellously bright accordeon, too.

"T'aint much of an instrument, I s'pose," said the old captain as he saw me looking at it, "but it used to sound pleasant at sea, sir, and I like to have it round. That one's never been played on. My old one ain't fit to be seen."

I left him soon, with some formal words about the pleasant look of his home.

"It's quiet," he said, "That's what I like now. Didn't use to; but as I get on I begin to see things different."

But if Captain John was awkward in the presence of so unusual a phenomenon as a visitor, he kept all his old affability at the post-office, where he could permit himself the luxury of silence. So, like everybody else, I said to him whatever came into my head. It was natural, then, that one morning, when I had lately been at the old house, and still felt its fascination, I should begin to talk of it to him.

I had come late for my mail that crisp autumn day, and met him on his way home from the post-office. He waited for me, I remember, at his gate, and stood leaning against the white fence that kept stray cattle out of his bright little flower garden. Of course his first question was how I had been lately. This I answered by telling him where I had been; and asking him if he knew the old house well.

"Used to," he said curtly, "But I ain't been up there for some years."

Hardly noticing that his tone was not so affable as usual, I went on talking of what charm the place had for me, even though I knew nothing of its real history, if indeed there were any to know. It was a spot, I said in one of those phrases that formed themselves when I talked to Captain John and went so far to make me take to him, where, without knowing why, you felt as if the dead were not dead after all, but only gone away.

"You ain't seen her, hev ye?" he asked suddenly.

I looked up in surprise. His face had lost its canny Yankee good-nature, and had instead a look of anxious trouble. I asked whom he meant.

"Seems as though she ought to rest quiet now," he went on, without answering. "You aint seen her—hev ye?"

I had seen nobody, I said; I had no idea what he meant. Whereat, without a word of greeting, the old fellow turned, and roughly dashed open his white gate and hobbled up the pebbly garden path, and so out of sight around the corner of his cottage.

III.

In that part of the country there are few old graveyards. Nowadays, to be sure, each town has its cemetery filling with granite-bordered lots and veined marble monuments. But in old times the farmers, and the sailors, and the fishermen were content to rest each in some rocky corner of his own land. So now, when you wander through the fields and pastures, you often stumble on little mounds, buried in golden-rod and juniper, and all manner of wild shrubs and flowers, that half hide the slate headstones, if indeed there be any stone to preserve the name of the dead.

The custom seems painful to many; but for me it has charm. When these simple folk died, they were laid to rest in land they knew and called their own; they mingle with dust they cared for; so long as they are remembered they may be found in places where they moved in life; and when they are forgotten they are left to a quiet that is like absorption in the very nature they lived in. Sometimes, when I come to one of these neglected graves, I catch glimpses of an eternity less unwelcome than what confronts you in neat cemeteries. For an instant I seem to know how the mossy rocks, and the restless ocean beyond the meadow, and the bright wild flowers, and the twisted trees, and men with all their works, and the stars that watch us, are but kindred forms of one vast, changing, changeless being.

But even to philosophers such glimpses as these are few and fleeting. As for me, when the first thrill of reverence passes, human curiosity generally impels me to look for names. Thus it was that a few days after my abrupt parting with Captain John I discovered what he meant. It was a pleasant autumn afternoon; I had rowed past the old house, which looked gravely down at the creek from amid a forest of lilacs. Swept on by the tide I had pulled lazily up the winding channel, now shut in by gray, rocky shores where stunted pines try to grow, now passing open pastures that slope gently up to higher woods. Here and there a cottage, or a weather-stained farm-building nestled among the trees and weeds. Sometimes a foot-path led down the bank to a rough wharf, or a tumble-down fish-house that spoke of more active days in those waters where now the stroke of your oar surprises the drowsy fish. After a while I came to a broken dam that once shut in the tide for a mill burnt down years ago. Here I rested, for the channel above was choked with eel-grass; and the banks widened into a broad salt meadow, dotted with hay stacks surmounting little clumps of piles. Before long the tide would turn; rather than pull back against the current that soon would float me home, I made fast my boat, and clambered through a thicket and over the moss-gathering mill stones up the bank.

Beyond the bushes was an open pasture, with tempting walnut-trees on the farther side. I made my way towards them. Not far off, two or three cows were gathered by a clump of bushes, close to the bars where they were waiting for their master. As I approached, one of them moved away from something against which she had been com-

fortably rubbing her dun side, and switching her tail stirred the tall weeds enough to show that the allayer of her irritation was a slate head-stone, tilted to one side by the frosts of thirty or forty winters. I stopped to see who lay there; and read that it was Drusilla, wife of Jno Trefethen, who departed this life on the 17th of October, 1836, aged 22 years, 7 months, and 16 days.

"Dear sister, mother, wife and friend,
Here in the dust you lie
Your sorrowing friends have laid you here
To bid the world good-bye."

So ran the epitaph, if I remember rightly. The stone is broken now. Some harder frost than usual, or some particularly uncomfortable cow, has pushed it over, and in its fall the rhyme has been broken. When I went thither, a little while ago, I could not find the whole of it.

As I knelt in the weeds before the lonely stone, wondering whether the Jno Trefethen whose wife lay under it could be my old friend, I heard a voice behind me. Turning I saw at the bars the country fellow who had come for the cows. I knew him a little. He was a big, lumbering, red-bearded man of thirty or so, who had lived all his life in the old governor's house, which had been decaying in the possession of his family for two or three generations. He lounged heavily against the top rail on which his arms were crossed. He looked big and black against the western sky, whence the afternoon sun streamed about him.

"Seed her th'other night," he drawled in that aggressive tone with which a Yankee forestalls incredulity or other differences of opinion.

"Saw whom?" I asked.

"Aunt Drusilly," said he. "She walks down to the house. Used to skeer folks; but Lord, there ain't no harm in her. Never was, 's fur as I've heerd."

IV.

I LEFT my boat by the old dam in the eel-grass, and walked slowly down the grassy road with Tom. On the way, as he drove home the lazy cows, he told what he knew about Drusilla.

She was his father's sister, born at the old house soon after his family bought it. At that time they were less rude in their lives than they have grown in fifty years of ill-luck and hardship. But the hardship began almost as soon as she was big enough to remember. Before she was ten years old her mother died; and the little woman found more serious work on her hands than chasing fowls among the bushes, and clambering into the gnarled apple-trees. There were younger children, of whom Tom's father was one; and nobody else to look after them. So Drusilla had to work and worry, like a grown woman born to such things, while stiff portraits of wigged and furbelowed ancestors followed her reprovingly with their painted eyes. For, to this day her family having little else to be proud of, fondly remember that in the time of His Excellency, her great-grandfather was a member of the King's council. Her surviving progenitor helped her little more than the dead ones; from all Tom could learn of him he was not much of a fellow.

"Guess he took more'n was good for him right along," he said. "That's what was the end of him anyhow. Got tipped out of a dory rowin' down from the city when my father warn't but twenty years of age. Never found the remains."

For several years, then, the little housewife had her hands full. She did her best; she kept the children alive and in some kind of order; and cooked, and sewed and picked up what little education she could find in the damaged calf-bound books that remained from her great grandfather's library. And through it all she managed to grow so pretty that when she was seventeen, and Tom's father eight or ten, she was the prettiest girl for miles around.

"T'least," said Tom prudently, "That's what father used t'say. But, then, he thought a sight of Aunt Drusilly, and I dunno but what his jedgment might a' got a little mite tilted."

However this may have been, she was pretty enough to attract admirers, who disturbed the balance of her simple life. She grew careless and flighty. She thought more about dress, and less about the children, who, with the quick jealousy of their years, proceeded to take

men into high disfavor. Among these objects of juvenile displeasure John Trefethen was the most marked. He would often row over of an evening from the village where he lived; and after a while Drusilla evidently was more upset when he did not turn up, than when he did, and generally by no means herself at times when he might be expected.

"Th' old Cap'n was mighty good lookin' in them days," said Tom. "Dunno but what you might call him so now. An' he was a terrible fellow with the girls. Kep' it up late in life, too."

At last Drusilla grew very sharp and cross with the children, who were not slow in answering, and at times, Tom guessed, the old house wasn't much better than a hornet's nest. The phrase pleased me; with its gray, weather-stained shingles, and its queer labyrinth of rooms and closets and stairways and passages and garrets, it looks like one to this day.

One night, when her father was away on some coasting voyage, Drusilla was unusually cross, and sent the children to bed early. She had a way, Tom said, of making 'em mind. So Tom's father went to bed as he was told, in such a temper that he could not sleep. He heard some one come to the house, he heard Drusilla welcome the visitor, and he recognized in the gruff answer the voice of John Trefethen. Then they went into the house. The little boy tossed about in bed for a while, straining his ears, as one does at night, and frightening himself with the ghostly cracklings and sighings that pervade old houses. At last he worried himself into real terror; and convinced that if he remained alone much longer some supernatural visitant would proceed to extremities with him, he stealthily arose, and slipped down-stairs to the region of the kitchen, where human aid was within call. The first thing he heard was Drusilla, crying as if her heart would break. And John Trefethen was roughly telling her not to be a fool.

These positive sounds were quite enough to drown the mournful minor tones of the voices of the night. Full of angry excitement, the little fellow listened at the door, and made out that John was going on a long voyage, to Calcutta or some such place; and Drusilla begging him not to leave her that way; and John answering very roughly. In a little while he heard John's heavy boots stamping towards the outer door. Drusilla hastened after him.

"John," she cried, "John, don't leave me this way."

"Damn it," said John, "what's the good of being a fool? You ain't the first that's been left, nor you won't be the last." And he slammed the door behind him; while Drusilla sank down with a sob.

The little boy, in his white nightgown went gliding like the very ghosts he had been so afraid of, down through a dark passage, and through the shadowy council-chamber, where the old portraits peered at him in the darkness, and out through the long music room, where the stringless spinnet stood that the governor's lady used to play on, and so through a little back door to the wharf where John's dory lay swinging in the tidal current. In a moment John Trefethen stamped round the corner of the house, nervously whistling a country tune.

"John Trefethen," said the boy.

"My God!" exclaimed John, stopping short, "who's that?"

"It's me," said the boy. "What have you been doin' to my sister?"

"Nothing," said John reassured. "Go to bed, you —— little fool."

"I won't," said the boy, "not until I've talked to you."

"Guess I've heard talk enough for one night," said John. "Get out o' my way."

"No, I won't," said the boy. "And just you mind this. If you do any harm to my sister, I'll kill you."

"Like to see you try," said John, pushing him aside.

The boy picked up a stone, and flung it with all his might at his enemy. John dodged it with a rude laugh. Snatching up a stick, the boy dashed at him and struck him in the face. In a rage John struck back, and laid the little fellow senseless on the stones.

In a moment more John had picked the child up, and was carrying him tenderly back to the house. He came round the corner again, past the council-door where old Dinah used to call back

the dead governor, and under the drawing-room windows that had not been lighted for years. When he came in sight of the kitchen, where he had left Drusilla, he saw that the girl had opened

the door, and stood with the light behind her, peering into the night. He laid his burden on the ground, and stepped forward. The girl heard him coming; she sprang toward him in the dark, and threw her arms round his neck.

"Oh, John," she cried, nestling close to him, "I knew you couldn't leave me that way. You couldn't, could you?"

The end of it all was that within less than a week the boy was well, and John and Drusilla were man and wife, and he off before the mast for Calcutta. Things in the old house went on as before. Some months after John sailed away, though, a baby came to remind them of him; and Drusilla's small brothers and sisters vied with each other in lavishing on the new-comer attentions that in some degree repaid what the little mother had done for them.

After a while, John came back from his voyage with marvellous stories of the Indies, and barbaric presents for the whole family. The few weeks he passed at home were full of happy excitement for Drusilla. But John was too much of a sailor to relish prolonged domestic happiness. Before long he was off again, this time for more than two years. After the first few months he gave up writing; and Drusilla did not say much, but as Tom put it, "she aged considerable."

At last her father came home with a paper which told them that John's ship had arrived in New York,—a piece of news that brightened up Drusilla incredibly. She went about singing as she used to in the old times; she hurried through a new dress for the child, and spruced some of her own finery, expecting every minute that John would come. But no John came, and no letter, and what it meant nobody could tell. At last a shipmate of his turned up in the neighboring town with news that as soon as John had been paid off he had started on a

regular spree, and had last been seen in a dance-hall, drunker, as Tom put it, than the Medes and Persians.

At this news Tom's father swore vengeance, and even Drusilla's father, who ought to have sympathized with John's weakness, was so much moved that he proceeded to get very drunk in turn. But Drusilla said hardly anything. Only she would stand every day at the kitchen door, looking wistfully up the road between what trees were left of the old orchard, while her child played neglected at her feet. Somehow she had never seemed to care as much for her own child as she had for the little ones her mother left her. And now these had outgrown her; they needed her no more, and were quite able to look after the baby, who cared more for them than for her. She didn't talk much, Tom repeated, but she grew very ill-tempered, which wasn't surprising.

Still no news came of John, and weeks had gone by. At last, one day, after standing as usual by the door for a long time, she shook her head mournfully, and went into the house.

Before very long, they heard a jolly voice talking to the baby; and hurrying out, they found John, come home with the aggressive air of one who does not mean to answer questions.

"Where's Drusilly?" he asked, when he had kissed her sisters. They heard a foot-step in the kitchen. Drusilla appeared at the door. She was pale as death.

"Oh, John," she murmured, "if I'd known you'd come I wouldn't 'a done it." And she sank into John's arms.

The poor child had taken poison. An hour later she was dead. They buried her in the pasture where I saw her gravestone.

That was Drusilla's story. In telling it Tom had rambled so far from the visitations that had started him on the tale that I had to remind him of it. Who had seen her? I asked.

Lots of folks, he said, always in the same place. She would come just as she came the other night. Somebody approaching the kitchen door would see there a white figure shaking its head. As the looker-on approached, the shape would totter forward and finally would sink into the earth, much as poor Drusilla had tottered and fallen for the last time into her husband's arms.

"Folks say," said Tom, "that she comes there when the old Cap'n gets thinking about her. He was awful impressed when she died, and hung round for a time kind of stupid-like, and then went off and got drunk. An' one day, when he was off my father seed Aunt Drusilly, just like she was that last time. Well, when the Cap'n come back again, he says, 'it's no use,' says he, 'the more I took the more I kep' thinkin' o' the way she come and said, *John, I wouldn't a done it.*' So he set to work; and went to sea again, and at times, I cal'late he lived mighty hard. But 'twarn't no good, whenever he come home he kep' sayin' that do what he would he couldn't get Drusilly out of his head. And every now and then, all the time, folks would see her standin' there in the kitchen door. Well, at last, time went on, and old Cap'n got on in life, and settled down over to the village, and begun to live quieter, and one day he asks my father, kind o' timid, if anybody'd seen her lately. 'No,' says my father, 'not this year or more.' 'Well,' says the Cap'n, 'the quieter I live the less I think about her the way she looked that day. Seems as though by livin' quiet I kind o' help her rest.'"

"But how about the other night?" I asked.

"Well," said Tom, "that's queer, that is. Next day, old Cap'n rowed over t' see us; and we didn't say nothin' to him about it, but he let out that some darned fool had been talkin' t' him about her and put her in his head the old way."

V.

THE next time I saw Tom was a cold, clear winter evening. I had come down to the town nearest the house whence I was to drive myself to the village where Captain John lived. Just as I was tucking myself into a small sleigh, I heard some one hail me by name; and there was Tom in woollen cap and comforter. He had walked up to the city on some errand, it appeared, and was starting on his tramp home. The night was so fine, the old house so little out of my way that it seemed inhuman not to offer him

a lift. Of course he accepted. He clambered in by my side; and we went jingling away from gas-lights down towards the woodland and the open country to seaward.

Before long we were passing the cemetery where the snow for once hid the staring ugliness of the marble.

"That's growin'," said Tom, nodding towards the place. "It's 'bout the only thing in these parts that is. Times is dreadful hard. There was seven lyin' dead at one time last week up to the city, sir,—yes, seven at one time."

Who were they, I asked, chiefly for the sake of answering. He rattled off some names that meant nothing. One of the dead, he said, was a lady whom I had doubtless seen rowing down river with five children; she'd been twice divorced, he added, and was pretty nigh her third time; took in washin'. The others were less specific.

"Tell you who's had a stroke," he went on. "Th' old Cap'n. Yes, sir; you won't see no more o' Cap'n John Trefethen."

So started he went on to tell me how the old gentleman had been brighter than ever this winter till one day last week, when he tumbled over in the post-office with an apoplexy.

"Ought to 'a been dead two days ago," said Tom, "but them Trefethens die awful hard. He's been lyin' there, not knowin' nobody, and breathin' so hard that you'd think they was haulin' in an anchor. Hear him 'cross the street. He's gettin' slim to-day though. Most likely his anchor'll get hauled in 'bout ten o'ck."

Why that hour, I asked.

"Tide turns," said Tom sententiously; and relapsed into silence, as we left the cemetery behind us and turned into a woody road, dark with evergreens even in the mid-winter. This led to the old house, and to little else. The lonely silence of the night, broken only by the jingle of our sleighbells, began to affect me in a way that I found uncanny. I was glad Tom was with me. I dreaded the solitary drive back. And I kept

"I think I heard the words—'You couldn't leave me, could you?'"

picturing to myself the white-headed old Captain, his sharp features softening into the dignity of death, in the little village beyond the creek.

At last we came to the gate of the old house. As we turned in, I could hear the surf breaking with massive laziness on the reefs beyond the harbor mouth. In the still cold night air the sound seemed strangely near, and fraught with some kind of intelligence. Tom lifted his head and listened.

"Tide's turnin'," he said.

As we drove on toward the house, I could see the creek and the little bay in its mouth were brimfull of ice-cakes, which stood out in ghostly relief against the granite rocks, dark for once in the midst of the whiteness about them. In an instant more, the old house rose grimly before us.

At one of the doors was a light.

"Some one has heard us coming," said I, relieved at this sign of life.

"My God!" whispered Tom. "Look there." He had clutched my arm and was pointing toward the door.

In the open door-way stood a young girl, the light streaming from behind her. But for all that her face was in shadow I could see, I know not how, the pitiful look with which she was peering into the night.

"It's Aunt Drusilly," said Tom, in awe-stricken tones strangely at variance with the careless way in which he had told me tales of the apparition.

The horse had stopped, snorting and shivering with what might be either cold or terror. As we looked in silence at the girl, I felt rather than saw a change come over her face. For an instant there was about her a great glow of joy. She stretched out her arms in welcome. She started forward. I think I heard the words—"You couldn't leave me, could you?"

Then the cold star-light night was dark and empty again; the old house gray with no sign of life; and only the white snow about us, and the lazy surf beyond the harbor mouth, and the faint ring of sleigh-bells as our horse shivered in the darkness.

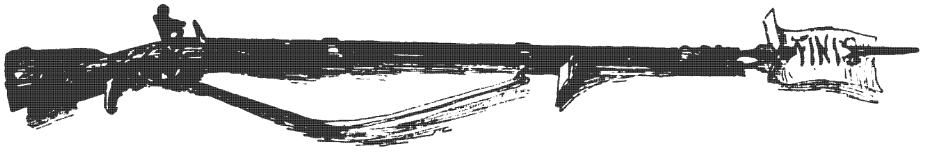
Tom spoke first.

"Old Cap'n's dead," he said.

VI.

So it was. As the tide turned that night Captain John had drawn one quiet breath, and died. What his last thought was no one can rightly tell; but just as he died there came across his face a look of surprise and joy. It was on his features the next day when I saw him in his coffin.

That night is now a good while ago. The old house stands as it had stood since the days of His Excellency, growing grayer as the years begin to lengthen into centuries. But Drusilla has been seen no more. Just as the last vision of the dead governor faded out of his panelled hall when the crazy wench to whom he had been the grandest earthly figure faded from the earth, so when John Trefethen went out with the winter tide, the form of Drusilla, whom he could not make himself forget, faded from the post where she had watched through the forty years when she was to him a living memory. So as in the old house His Excellency's grand life and Drusilla's humble one passed in turn into memories they have passed now into dreams. And dreams they will be until the old house itself shall fade into a dream that shall no longer have potency to set men dreaming.



WHAT THE WILL EFFECTS.

By William James.

THE science of Man in our generation has started on a new career. Our ancestors considered him as something set over against Nature and opposed to all her laws and ways. We, on the contrary, are beginning to regard him as Nature's flower, possessing nothing not ultimately drawn from her influences, —her showers, her breezes and her soil. Psychology has shared in the general awakening. We begin to hear the phrase "the new Psychology." "Physiological Psychology," "Psychophysics" have become the titles of accredited departments of literature. To know how to handle a chronograph, or a Bunsen cell, and to dissect out a frog's sciatic nerve, even if not a dog's, are beginning to be held as important requisites in a professor of mental science, as that polite learning and power of introspection, which were formerly an all-sufficient equipment for his work.

Rich as are already in some respects the results of this natural-history method of studying human nature, it must be confessed that, in the main, what it has brought forth is more an accumulation of materials from which to draw future conclusions than any very important new conclusion itself. None of the old classical problems of Psychology have received their definitive quietus at the hands of the zoological school; and what animates the enthusiasm of us disciples is less the sense of the great things which we have already done than of those which we are probably upon the eve of doing. In many departments of psychology, however, genuine progress has been made, not only in the way of collecting materials, but in that of clearly conceiving their relations. The Psychology of Volition is an example; and, if the reader is so disposed, we will spend an hour together in asking what happens according to recent Psychology, whenever we exert our will.

The only conception at the same time renovating and fundamental with which Biology has enriched Psychology, the only *essential* point in which "the new Psychology" is an advance upon the old, is, it seems to me, the very general, and by this time very familiar notion, that all our activity belongs at bottom to the type of reflex action, and that all our consciousness accompanies a chain of events of which the first was an incoming current in some sensory nerve, and of which the last will be a discharge into some muscle, blood-vessel, or gland. This chain of events may be simple and rapid, as when we wink at a blow; or it may be intricate and prolonged, as when we hear a momentous bit of news and deliberate before deciding what to do. But its normal end is always some activity. Viewed in this light the thinking and feeling portions of our life seem little more than half-way houses towards behavior; and recent Psychology accordingly tends to treat consciousness more and more as if it existed only for the sake of the conduct which it seems to introduce, and tries to explain its peculiarities (so far as they can be explained at all) by their practical utility. Mr. Spencer, by his broad description of mental life as "adjustment to the environment" has done more than any English writer to popularize this view. My writing of this article is just as much a self-maintaining reaction of mine upon my environment as my flinching from a blow would be.

Some reactions are involuntary and others are voluntary; and the first point which "the new Psychology" scores, is that the voluntary reactions are all derived from the involuntary. This is a point easy to make clear. In a former article (see "The Nature of Instinct," vol. I., p. 355) I discussed the involuntary reactions. They are commonly divided into three kinds, reflex acts, manifestations of emotion, and instinctive or impulsive performances. But from a scientific point of view these distinc-

tions are unmeaning, for the physiological process is in all our involuntary actions essentially one and the same. The other day I was standing at a railroad station with a little child, when an express-train went thundering by. The child, who was near the edge of the platform, started, winked, had his breathing convulsed, turned pale, burst out crying, and ran frantically towards me and hid his face. Here were so many involuntary discharges let loose by the same stimulus. But there was no essential difference between them from the point of view of their causation and mode of execution. The winking and starting we name reflex, the effects on pulse, breathing and tear-glands emotional, and the running and hiding, instinctive acts; but these terms are obviously mere practical conveniences; and in all concrete cases of reaction upon an impression organs of all classes, glands, blood-vessels, and muscles of every description, are affected at one and the same time.

Now in these involuntary reactions the creature can know what he is going to do only after he has done it, if I may express myself by such an Irish bull. Every time we first perform an action of this sort, it takes us by surprise. I have no doubt that that child was almost as astonished by his own behavior as he was by the train, and more than I was who stood by. Of course, if such a reaction has already many times occurred, we learn what to expect of ourselves, and can then foresee our conduct even though it remain as involuntary and uncontrollable as it was before.

But in *voluntary* action properly so called the act is foreseen from the very first. The idea of it always precedes its execution. This, as all will admit, is the *sine quâ non* and essence of every voluntary action. And it is an immediate consequence of this that no act can possibly be voluntary the first time it is performed. Until we have done it at least once, we can have no idea of what sort of a thing it is like, and do not know in what direction to set our will to bring it about. One cannot will into the void. Most of us have never moved our ears; none of us have stopped our hearts. If we knew how to start we might set to work to learn these feats. But we can't tell in which direction to begin, or what particular sort of effort to make. It is like suddenly telling a man to utter any sentence he pleases in the Ethiopian tongue. The problem is altogether indeterminate. What we need is a more definite idea of just what we are to do. Now what constitutes our definite idea of just what any movement is? If the reader will carefully consider the matter, he will be able, I think, to give only one answer. Our idea of a movement is our image of the way in which we shall feel when it is in process of doing or is done. Our idea of raising our arm for example, or of crooking our finger, is a sense, more or less vivid, of how the raised arm, or the crooked finger, feels. There is no other idea than this, or any other mental material out of which an idea might be made. We cannot possibly have any idea of our ears' motion until our ears have moved. This is why most of us cannot make even a vain effort to move these organs. They have never moved. If we wished to learn to move them (and many of us might learn, with perseverance) the first thing would be to move them passively with our fingers in the right direction, until we had a pretty clear idea of how the movement felt. Only then could we begin to train our voluntary power. This is why we begin to teach children to write by "holding their hand," to look through a telescope by telling them to hold one eyelid closed; and in general why the acquisition of all feats of address is accelerated by a bystander helping our recalcitrant members into position. Without such aid we must wait for some random contortion to hit the right attitude and give us an idea of just what it is at which we are to aim.

It thus appears that voluntary activity must be regarded as always of a secondary and never of a primary sort. It must come consecutively to activity of an involuntary kind. The movements which it consciously intends must once have been performed with no intention, or it could not intend them. Our forefathers were hazy as to this. They thought the will could exert its effects *ex abrupto*. We now see clearly that it can only go to work on reminiscences of earlier movement; that a creature without

memory can have no will; and that all the contractions of which the most complex volitional utterances are composed must originally have been random or instinctive expressions of our automatic life.* The works of Bain, Maudsley and Sully copiously illustrate this dependence of voluntary action upon a pre-existing machinery, and the growth of the will out of a blind impulsive soil.

So much for the first point in the Psychology of the Will. The second point which modern Psychology scores, is one which may strike the reader as less obviously true. Having made him see that before the Will can go to work it needs a store of recollections of how various movements may feel, I must now make him see that *it needs nothing else*, and that such ideas of movement are not only indispensable conditions of volition, but sufficient conditions as well.

Dr. Carpenter long ago gave the name of "ideo-motor actions" to a class of performances with which all of us are familiar; and which, if I mistake not, he seemed to place among the curiosities of our volitional life. The truth is that these ideo-motor actions are not curiosities, but true types and patterns of normal volition, simply stripped of complication and disguise. The actions I have in mind are such as these. Whilst talking, I become conscious of a pin on the floor, or of some dust on my sleeve. Without interrupting the conversation I brush away the dust or pick up the pin. I make no express resolve, but the mere perception of the object and the fleeting notion of the act seem of themselves to bring the latter about. Similarly, I sit at table after dinner and find myself from time to time taking nuts or raisins from the dish and eating them. So far as deliberate resolution goes my repast is long since done; but the sight of the dish awakens a rapid idea of the possibility of eating the fruit, and this idea, *not meeting any express contradiction*, fatally passes over into action. It needs for this no separate *fiat* of the will; it is enough that no positively hindering idea should be there.

We all know what it is to get out of bed on a freezing morning in a room without a fire, and how the very vital principle within us protests against the ordeal. Probably most of us have lain on certain mornings for an hour at a time unable to brace ourselves to the resolve. We think how late we shall be, how the duties of the day will suffer; we say "I *must* get up, this is ignominious," etc.; but still the warm couch feels too delicious, the cold outside too cruel, and resolution faints away and postpones itself again and again just as it seemed on the verge of bursting the resistance and passing over into the decisive act. Now how do we *ever* get up under such circumstances? If I may generalize from my own experience, we more often than not get up without any struggle or decision at all. We suddenly find that we *have* got up. A fortunate lapse of consciousness occurs; we forget both the warmth and the cold; we fall into some reverie connected with the day's life, in the course of which the idea flashes across us, "Hollo! I must lie here no longer"—an idea which at that lucky instant awakens no contradictory or paralyzing suggestions, and consequently produces immediately its appropriate motor effects. It was our acute consciousness of both the warmth and the cold during the period of struggle, which paralyzed our activity then and kept our idea of rising in the condition of *wish* and not of *will*. The moment these inhibitory ideas ceased, the original idea exerted its effects.

This case seems to me to contain in miniature form the data for an entire psychology of volition. If we wisely generalize its teachings we shall say that anywhere and everywhere *the sole known cause for the execution of a movement is the bare idea of the movement's execution*, and that if the idea occurs to a mind *empty of other ideas*, the movement will fatally and infallibly take place.

The hypnotic subject passively acting out every motor suggestion which his operator makes, seems to embody this simplest of all possible cases. Ask him what he is thinking of before you make the suggestion, and he will say "noth-

* Of course I do not mean that a man cannot commit a murder voluntarily until he has committed one involuntarily. Such acts as murders are *complex combinations* of movements, crouching, springing, stabbing and the like. What I mean is that he can perform no one elementary movement voluntarily unless it has been already involuntarily performed.

ing." But seldom are our minds as empty as his. Usually they contain other ideas in addition to that of the movement in question, and according as these additional ideas are of one sort or another, we get one or another kind of result. If they are entirely irrelevant to the idea of the movement they neither help nor hinder its effects;—such were presumably the topics of our conversation when we picked up the string from the floor. If they *harmonize* with the idea of the movement, they re-enforce its efficacy over the muscles;—when the idea of rising comes in the midst of an exciting vision of what is to be done when we are dressed, we fairly leap from bed. But if the additional ideas *conflict* with the idea of the movement, they block the path of its discharge and inhibit its motor efficacy altogether. The thought of the cold room thus blocked the discharge of the idea of rising. The thought "We have eaten enough!" would have checked the raising of our hand, had it come whilst we were about to extend the latter towards the confectionery on the dinner table.

There is nothing paradoxical about this blocking of one process in the nerve-centres by another. The physiology of recent years has shown that any and every process, almost, may, under certain conditions, arrest activities going on elsewhere; and "inhibition" now figures, in text-books of nervous science, as a function almost as wide-spread and characteristic as stimulation itself. Just which are the processes which will inhibit, and which are those which will re-enforce each other, are matters for delicate experimentation to decide. *All* our thoughts correspond to processes in the cerebral hemispheres. We know that certain thoughts conflict with others and that certain acts are only possible so long as objections to them do not pop into our minds. This seems, introspectively, to be a logical consequence of the contrasted inner natures of the ideas themselves. The "new Psychology" is, of course, far from denying this; but she insists that the logical law is a mechanical law as well, and that the brain-processes to which the contrasted ideas severally correspond, are such as dam each other up and stop each other's discharge.

The immense complicacy and subtilty of these mutually inhibitory processes appears from the number of actions that are thought of every hour of the day by an ordinarily active mind, and which yet give rise to no sensible movement. The other things which are thought of at the same time do not naturally conspire with these actions. They are not consented to. *Consent*, in short, is a word which describes most of our activity far more accurately than *volition* does. Volition implies something positive, energetic, and akin to effort. Consent is passive; and three-fourths of our daily conduct consists in simply taking off the brakes, and letting ideas and impulses have their way. Volition, properly so-called, if there were any, would in these cases lie in refusing consent. I think every man's consciousness will bear witness to the truth of this.

Not that the refusing of consent need imply energetic volition either. Quite as little as the execution of a movement does its inhibition always require an express effort or command. Either of them *may* require it, as we shall presently see. But in all simple and ordinary cases, just as the bare presence of one idea will prompt a movement, so the bare presence of another idea will prevent its taking place. Try to feel as if you were crooking your finger, whilst keeping it straight. In a minute it will fairly tingle with the imaginary change of position; yet it will not sensibly move; because *its not really moving* is also a part of what you have in mind. Drop *this* idea, think of the movement purely and simply, with all brakes off, and presto! it takes place with no effort at all. *

A waking man's behavior is thus at all times the resultant of two opposing neural forces. With unimaginable fineness some currents among the cells and fibres of his brain are playing on his motor nerves, whilst other currents, as unimaginably fine, are playing on the first currents, damming or helping them, altering their direction or their speed.

* It always takes place insensibly even when the brakes are on. The skill of such muscle-readers as Mr. Irving Bishop depends on the fact that hardly anyone in thinking of a movement is able entirely to suppress the tendency to carry it out. The muscle-reader feels this tendency in the "Agent's" hand which is laid upon his person.

The upshot of it all is that whilst the currents must always end by being drained off through *some* motor nerves, they are drained off sometimes through one set and sometimes through another; and sometimes they keep each other in equilibrium so long that a superficial observer may think they are not drained off at all. Such an observer must remember, however, that from the physiological point of view a gesture, an expression of the brow, or an expulsion of the breath, are movements as much as an act of locomotion is. A king's breath slays as well as an assassin's blow; and the outpouring of those currents which the magic imponderable streaming of our ideas accompanies need not always be of an explosive or otherwise physically conspicuous kind.

The ideas which perhaps more generally than any others inhibit muscular activity, and keep us quiet, are those of pains and pleasures; the pains of movement and the pleasures of the *status quo*. The paralyzing effects of the bed's warmth and of the cold in the room are cases in point. And conversely, the ideas which more generally than any others incite to movement are those of the pleasures to be gained by action, and the pains connected with repose. A hasty philosophy has universalized these facts, and gravely insisted that the only *possible* inciter to voluntary action is the idea of pleasure, and its only *possible* inhibitor the idea of pain. Ethically, this might be true; that is, it might be (as utilitarians contend) that the ideas of pleasure and of pain are the only *rational* motives for acting or for desisting from activity. I will express no opinion as to whether this be true or not in ethics; but I know that its counterpart in psychology is absolutely false. Be it or be it not admitted that the idea of pleasure *ought* to be, it certainly cannot be admitted that it *is* the only idea which moves a man to action. If there is any one point which "the new Psychology," with its derivation of the will from involuntary impulse, makes plain, it is that. Our first acts, of every sort, are blind, made for no motive, properly so called, but fatally stimulated into being by sensations due to determinate outer things or inner states. Our next acts are from ideas or representations of these things and states. Our last acts (as we see them in the thoroughly cultivated man) are from ideas of some abstract good, be the good pleasure, or something which may exclude pleasure, as "duty" is often felt to do. Pleasure is apt to be throughout a secondary complication to the drama of stimulation and desire.* It regulates, but need not operate; it steers, but need not propel. And when the idea of it does propel, and becomes itself the motive, it is only as one among many ideas which have this privilege coequally. If one idea, such as that of pleasure, may let loose the springs of action, surely other ideas may; and experience alone can decide which ideas have this power. It decides that their actual name is legion. Innumerable objects of desire and passion innervate our limbs just as they light up a fever in our breasts; and ninety-nine times out of a hundred we no more act for the pleasure connected with the action, than we frown for the pleasure of the frowning, or blush for the pleasure of the blush. Blind reactive impulse at the beginning, ideational coercion of some sort at the end, such are the poles between which the evolution of human conduct swings. Ask the common drunkard why he falls so often a prey to temptation. He will say that half the time he cannot tell. It is a sort of vertigo. His nerve-centres are a sluice-way, pathologically unlocked by every passing conception of a bottle and a glass. He does not thirst for the beverage; the taste of it may even appear repugnant; and he perfectly foresees the morrow's

* An activity prompted by any cause or motive whatsoever brings a certain pleasure with it when successfully completed (especially if the completion involves the overcoming of obstacles), and an activity prompted by any cause or motive whatsoever, if frustrated, brings pain. It is painful to have our breathing stopped, and pleasant to have the activity of listening to a lecture ended by the lecturer getting through. The pleasure is an incident or concomitant of such acts, just as coal-consumption is a concomitant of a steamer's locomotion. As long as the locomotion continues the coal-consumption goes on; when it stops, the coal-consumption ends. But habitually we no more go to lectures for the mere relief of getting through, or breathe for the mere sake of escaping pain, than steamers go to sea or stop for the mere sake of consuming or not consuming coal. Of course we may occasionally make these our express motive for breathing or lecture-going, just as steamers *may* go to sea for the express sake of getting rid of coal. But the hedonist in psychology is like one who should say that no steamer can possibly go to sea for any other motive than to burn its coal. The incidental consequence of the activity, which only sometimes may be the deliberately proposed purpose of the activity, is made everywhere and always to usurp the proposed purpose's place.

remorse. But when he thinks of the liquor or sees it, he finds himself preparing to drink, and does not stop himself; and more than this he cannot say.

This is why volcanic natures like the Mahomets, the Luthers, and the Bonapartes are usually fatalists. They find themselves bursting into action with an energy at which they are themselves astonished, as if some god or demon had released a spring. But there is an intoxication in this outpour which makes them welcome and adopt it, whithersoever it may lead, coupled, in men of the heroic mould, with an ability to meet its consequences whatever they may be.

To sum up our results so far. We are an organized machinery for muscular explosion, placed in an environment full of things which pull and clamp the triggers of the machinery in various preappointed ways. This is our involuntary life. But the things leave images behind them, and so do the discharges themselves, with their consequences in the way of pleasure and of pain. All these images in turn incite to new discharges, and reinforce and inhibit each other just as their originals did. This is our voluntary life, so far as we have studied it; and the great conclusion we now reach is, that *the only thing which can either incite or check a voluntary movement is the cerebral process which corresponds to an idea.* A priori, of course, there is nothing strange in an ideational process doing this. For, in our ignorance of the intimate nature of nerve-action, it seems as likely that an ideational centre should discharge into a motor-nerve as that any other sort of centre should.

So much for the middle stage of volition, which we will call, for convenience, the *volition of consent.* In the volition of consent the idea which serves as motive or temptation is sufficient of itself to engender action if no other idea stands in the way. But there remains a *volition of effort,* which seems a widely different thing. Often the idea which serves as our motive or reason for action seems too weak to produce action unless aided by another force. Of this force we seem conscious in the effort of will which we have to make whenever we do a difficult thing. This seems the act of will *par excellence;* and it would be the play of Hamlet with the Prince left out, were I to end my tale here, and not give some account of this last and most mysterious feature of the case.

The older psychologists treated the effort of will as the only spiritual force which can influence immediately the material world. Its point of application might be muscles or brain-cells—that was an inessential part of their theory, but the *mode* of its application, its relation to the bodily process with which it is connected, was altogether different from the relation of any bare idea to the bodily process to which it corresponds. The idea was inert and passive, a mere concomitant. The effort, on the contrary, was a *force,* which passed from the mental to the physical world.

Now it seems to me that if there is anything which recent advances in psychology ought to teach, it is that this is a mistaken view, and that the feeling of effort has no such exceptional position between the inner and the outer worlds. Either all states of consciousness are forces, or none are; either all feelings react upon the brain-states which they accompany, or none do. Ideas react as much as efforts. What effort does when it comes to the aid of ideas is not to *supplant the ideas* in making the bodily machine obey, but to *hold the ideas fast,* so that *they* may acquire strength and stability enough to make the machine obey. The ideas are the spiritual things which the body obeys quite as much when the effort is, as when it is not, there. A very few words ought, it seems to me, to make this clear.

Every man alive knows what it is to be under the empire of passion. Either he has had a fever of desire upon him for the acquisition of a possession—a horse, or boat, or house, or land; or he has loved a woman's eyes; or some ambition or other has seized him in its fiery grasp. Let us now suppose a man with a passion the circumstances of which make it thoroughly unwise, and then ask ourselves what constitutes the difficulty for him of acting as if this were the case—for difficulty there is, as we all well know. Certainly there is no phys-

ical difficulty. It is as easy physically to pocket one's money as to pay it out, and as easy to walk away from as in the direction of a coquette's door. The difficulty is mental; it is that of getting the idea of the wise action to stay before our mind at all. When any strong emotional state whatever is upon us the tendency is for no images but such as are congruous with it to come up. If others by chance offer themselves, they are instantly smothered and crowded out. If we be joyous we cannot keep thinking of that tomb which certainly awaits us—try it now, sanguine reader! If lugubrious, we cannot think of new triumphs, flowers and spring; nor if vengeful, of our oppressor's community of nature with ourselves. The cooling advice which we get from others when the fever-fit is on us is the most jarring and exasperating thing in life. Reply we cannot, so we get angry; for by a sort of self-preserving instinct which our passion has, it feels that these chill ideas, if they once but gain a lodgement, will work and work until they have frozen the very vital spark from out of all our mood and brought our airy castles in ruin to the ground. Such is the inevitable effect of reasonable ideas over others—*if they can once get a quiet hearing;* and passion's cue accordingly is always and everywhere to prevent their still small voice from being heard at all. "Let me not think of that! Don't speak to me of that!" This is the sudden cry of all those who in a passion perceive some sobering considerations about to check them in mid career. "*Haec tibi erit janua leti,*" we feel. There is something so icy in this cold-water bath, something which seems so hostile to the movement of our life, so purely negative, in Reason, when she lays her corpse-like finger on our heart and says "Halt! give up! leave off! go back! sit down!" that it is no wonder that to most men the steadying influence seems, for the time being, like a very minister of death.

The strong-willed man, however, is the man who hears the still small voice unflinchingly, and who, when the death-bringing consideration comes, looks at its face, consents to its presence, clings to it, affirms it, and holds it fast, in spite of the host of exciting mental images which rise in revolt against it and would expel it from the mind. Sustained in this way by a resolute effort of attention, the moral idea erelong succeeds in calling up its own congeners and associates, and ends by changing the man's consciousness altogether. And with his consciousness his actions change. The new ideas, as soon as they are stably in possession of the mental field, infallibly produce their motor effects. The struggle, the difficulty is all in their getting possession of the field. The strain of the will lies in keeping the attention firmly fixed upon them, in spite of the fact that the spontaneous drift of thought is all the other way. That is what takes the moral effort. And when the moral effort has victoriously maintained the presence of the moral ideas, its work is over. The mysterious tie between the ideas and the cerebral motor-centres next comes into play, and, in a way which we cannot even guess at, the obedience of the bodily organs follows as a matter of course.

In all this one sees that the immediate point of application of the voluntary effort does not lie in the physical world at all, but in the mental world. It is *an idea* to which our will applies itself, an idea which, if we let it go, would slip away, but which we will not let go. Consent to the idea's undivided presence, this is effort's sole achievement. Its only function is to get this feeling of consent into the mind. And for this there is but one way. The idea to be consented to must be kept from flickering and going out. It must be held steadily before the mind until it *fills* the mind. Such filling of the mind by an idea, with its congruous associates, *is* consent to the idea, and to the fact which the idea represents. There is no other possible sort of consent than this. If the idea be that of the beginning or stopping of some bodily movement of our own, we call the consent, thus laboriously gained, a volition. The movement in this case becomes real as soon as we agree to the notion that it shall be real. Nature here "backs" us instantaneously and follows up our inward willingness by outward changes of her own. Nature does this in no other instance than this one of our own bodily move-

ments. I may consent to the table dancing across this room; but that will not make it dance, as my legs would dance if the consent applied to them. My legs themselves will refuse to dance if my spinal cord be diseased. But these differences in the way in which nature acts at different places and times do not affect the *psychology* of my volition in the least degree. As far as my *mind* is concerned, it is just as good and true willing when I say to the table's moving "*fiat*," as when I say "*fiat*" to the movement of my own legs. The will, mentally considered, is consent to a *fact* of any kind, a fact in which we ourselves may play an active, a neutral, or a suffering part. The fact always appears to us in an idea: and it is willed by its idea becoming victorious over internal and external difficulties, banishing contradictory ideas and remaining in stable possession of the mind.

I think it will not be possible to find a single case of voluntary effort to which this description does not apply. Take violent muscular exertion for example. The feeling of muscular exertion consists of an immense number of in-coming sensations, due to the contraction of the muscles of our glottis, chest, jaws, body and limbs, and to our strained joints and ligaments and squeezed or twisted skin. The only volition which is required to bring about the actual state of muscular exertion is a sincere and genuine consent that all these sensations shall be real. But when we are lazy, or exhausted with fatigue, the sensations in question are very unwelcome, and the idea of being filled with their reality is repugnant to the mind. When once we have brought ourselves to face it, however, to say to the muscular sensations, "Be our reality, however disagreeable you may prove," to utter our "*fiat*," in a word, the contractions and their effects occur, and the muscular exertion is realized to its full extent. The effort of will required for muscular exertion consists then, like all other efforts of will, in the forcible holding fast to an incongenial idea.

It is a strange fact, this, that the fixed idea of a set of muscular feelings should immediately be followed by bodily changes which make those feelings real. But it is not an unexampled fact, because there is no idea whatever which is not immediately followed by *some* bodily change. We call many of these changes emotional. The peculiarity of the emotional changes is that the sight or idea of some *object* is needed to produce them. We cannot weep, for example, by dint of thinking of the feeling of our tears, but only by dint of thinking of an outward cause of grief. The odd thing about the changes called *voluntary* is that we provoke them by thinking of how they themselves are going to feel. This is no doubt due to some anatomical cause. The brain-centres for imagining the contraction of our voluntary muscles, etc., must be connected with the motor-nerves in an altogether special way. But, neglecting all these variations, there results from the aggregate of facts which we have reviewed a lesson for brain-physiology which is as simple as it is important: *There can be no centres in the upper brain which are exclusively motor.* All its parts must be motor and sensory alike—sensory at all times, motor when not inhibited by each other.* In other words, they all have a permanent sensory *property*, and intermittent motor *functions*. Their sensory property is ideation.

When they inhibit each other, there is no outer movement, but in the mind a conflict of ideas. All that consciousness embraces is the swaying to and fro of the ideas, and the final repose of the attention in the one which gains the day. Now this repose of the attention may come about spontaneously, or it may come with moral effort. The work of moral effort then, when we come to reduce it to its simplest expression, is neither more nor less than the work of attending to a difficult idea. Effort of volition and effort of attention, psychologically considered, are, in short, two names for an identical thing. Muscular discharges and arrests are all consecutive to the central phenomenon in

* The hinder part of the brain does not respond to electrical stimulation by the production of any muscular movements. This may be due to inhibitions. Goltz and his pupil Loeb have noticed that when the frontal lobes are cut off, the animal's mobility becomes extreme, as if habitual inhibitions were removed. It would be interesting to try whether, in an animal so operated on, direct stimulation of the occipital lobes might not give rise to movements, similar in general character to those discharged from the so-called motor zone.

volition, which is this bare attention to the idea. The only sort of resistance which our will can possibly experience is the resistance which certain ideas offer to being attended to at all. This resistance may come from an intrinsic and more or less permanent uncongeniality in the ideas. I know a person who, on some days, will turn to anything rather than to the noon-day lesson in logic which he has to get up, poke the fire, set chairs straight, dust the floor, snatch the newspaper, trim his nails, take down any book which catches his eye, waste the morning anyhow and everyhow, in short, rather than attend to that tedious and accursed thing. Or the resistance may come from an *extrinsic* uncongeniality, due to the temporary possession of the mind by ideas of an incompatible sort. Such are the cases of passion we talked of a while ago ; such would be the thought of an ordeal we must go through on the morrow, visiting us in the midst of a dinner party, at a theatre, or other scene of pleasure, where our cares had temporarily been lulled to sleep. Under such circumstances we shy away like frightened horses from the incongruous topic, the moment we get a glimpse of its ugly profile on the threshold of our thought.

To attend to it, under such circumstances, is, however, the moral act ; and it is the only moral act which, as spirits, we are ever called upon to perform. The effort which such attention implies seems to be indeterminate in quantity, as if we might make more or less as we chose. If it be really indeterminate, our future acts are ambiguous, or unpredestinate : in common parlance our wills are free. If the amount of effort be not indeterminate, but be related in a fixed manner to the ideas themselves, in such wise that whatever idea at any time fills our consciousness was from eternity bound to fill it then and there, and compel from us the exact effort of attention, neither more nor less, which we bestow upon it ; then our wills are not free, and all our acts are foreordained. The question of fact in the free-will controversy is thus extremely simple. It relates solely to the amount of effort of attention which we can at any time put forth. Are the duration and intensity of this effort fixed functions of the idea attended to or not? Now as I just said, it *seems* as if the attention were an independent variable, as if we might exert more or less of it in any given case. When a man has let his thoughts go for days and weeks until at last they culminate in some particularly dirty or cowardly or cruel act, it is hard to persuade him in the midst of his remorse, that he might not have reined them in ; hard to make him believe that this whole goodly universe (which his act so jars upon) required and exacted it of him at that fatal moment, and from eternity made aught else impossible. I must confess that I sympathize with such a man, and favor the free-will belief. But the question will never be decided by purely empirical or scientific evidence ; and free-will and determinism, as actual creeds, will probably always be just what they are to-day, postulates of rationality, namely, different assumptions which different thinkers make, because so each of them is able to cast the world into what seems to him personally the most intelligible form.

We have thus answered the question with which we started, of what happens when we exert our will. *We simply fill our mind with an idea which, but for our effort would slip away.* But it is impossible before we close not to look for a moment into the vista of moral reflections which this reply throws open to the view.

In the first place it makes it plain that the will has as much to do with our beliefs and faiths as with our movements. It is, in fact, only in consequence of a faith that our movements themselves ensue. We think of a movement and say, "*let* it ensue! so far as we are concerned let it be part of reality!" This is all that our *mind* can do—physical nature must do the rest. And this is all that our mind does in any theoretic belief, such as that in the divine or undivine nature of the essence of life. In espousing any such belief, who can do more than say of it "as far as I am concerned, let that view of life stand. Let it be real. Let my mind be filled up with the thought of it, let no difficulties drive it from my sight"? But, as all sober-

minded thinkers know, there are great difficulties in the way of holding any unwavering view of life. The unutterable complexity of this huge world that girdles us about, seems sometimes as if it were expressly meant to defy our attempts to conceive it as a unity. Beliefs and unbeliefs shake us by fits.* The thoughts of the dayspring and the thoughts of midnight drive each other out. No sooner are we settled in the mood of spiritual trust than some new brutality on the part of Nature overturns our peace; no sooner at ease in a materialistic *parti pris* than we catch a phrase of music, or a friend dies, or we see some dewy morning break over the hilltops of the world, and then the ice cracks, and all our questions and hopes are afloat and alive again.

Now whereas in all practical affairs, in all matters where the willing produces an immediate result, it is universally admitted that the men who can will, who can hold on to unwelcome or elusive ideas, are a higher kind of men than those who cannot,—more evolved, more fit for life, more helpful to the race; it is a singular fact that in these theoretic questions it is commonly supposed to be a sign of weakness and inferiority if one let one's will have anything to say. One's ideal attitude towards *Truth*, we are carefully taught, should be that of utter passivity. The truth must come and stamp itself in its own person authentically upon our unaiding and unresisting minds. If we let our satisfactions or dissatisfactions influence the manner of our reception of it, we shall surely fail to get it pure.

Now if one had a perfectly single set of interests, it would be tolerably easy to live up to the professions of this creed. If one were a pure sentimentalist, with no sense for Nature's cold mechanics, one might keep an utterly cloistered faith and live with one's head in the sand of some creed which utterly defied physiology and physics, and yet have a perfectly good intellectual conscience, and consider that this was nothing but yielding to evidence of an objective sort. So too if one were a good bull-necked materialist by nature. Having no yearnings for the Infinite, it would cost nothing to give the Infinite up, nor to say that the mechanical philosophy had written itself in characters of living light on the virgin tablets of one's pure intelligence. But these ostrich-like attitudes are both of them getting harder than ever to maintain. With civilization, sympathy and sensibility and the love of life are ever growing more acute and exacting; and, tolling obstinately within us like never to be silenced bells, they demand that the element which we call divine in things shall be an essential and eternal element as well. But there too, on the other hand, like a great ocean spread outside of us, lies the world without a purpose of the mechanical philosophy, in which what is divine appears as a mere accident; and no modern man's ears can be quite deaf to the tumbling of that ocean's waves.

So long as our mind is assailed in two such different ways, it is quite idle to talk of its being passive and will-less until the objective truths shall have written themselves down. They write down no messages which are both coherent and universal. Nor if (conscious of the immensity of our ignorance) we resolve to go without a universal message for the present, and to wait till more light comes, can we be passive and will-less any more easily. For one must always wait in some dominant mood or attitude; and the mere resolve itself of waiting and not making what is called a snap-decision, often demands volition of the most energetic sort. The theoretic life of a cultivated modern man requires, in fact, as vigorous a co-operation of his will as his practical life does. Look at the men who at the present day feel life on all its sides, and yet who are incapable of volition in intellectual affairs, and imagine that there ought to be some sort of truth with which they can remain in passive equilibrium. Their feelings make them shiver at the materialistic facts; whilst their loyalty to science makes them dread to be dupes of their feelings. They become one mass of indecision, plaintiveness and defeat, so far as they take the philosophic life seriously at all; and remain facing the same urgencies and the same difficulties to the end, unable to deal with them, unable to drop them, and worrying their span of time

* Compare the immortal Blougram in Browning's verse.

away between disconsolately wishing certain things were true, yet dreading to affirm them in the teeth of other facts.

But the men of will do not let "I dare not wait upon I would," in any such sorry fashion. They choose their attitude and know that the facing of its difficulties shall remain a permanent portion of their task. Whether it be the materialistic idea, the spiritualistic idea, or the waiting idea, which they adopt, they do it resolutely and strike the major key. They hold fast to it in the teeth of the opposite ideas which ever urge them to let go their grasp. They find a zest in this difficult clinging to truth, or a lonely sort of joy in pressing on the thorns and going without it, which no passively warranted possession of it can ever confer. And thereby they become the masters and the lords of life. They must be counted with henceforth; they form a part of human destiny. No more in the theoretic than in the practical sphere do we care for, or go for help to, those who have no head for risks, or sense for living on the perilous edge. But just as surely as time flows on and as our consciousness grows more complex, so surely does our theoretic life lie more and more upon the perilous edge. And, just as in every siege and shipwreck, there is found some dauntless heart, whose example pours new life into his company; so in the wars of speculation and the shipwrecks of faith it is the same. Ever there rises up the prophet, the hero of belief, who drinks more deeply than any of the cup of bitterness; but his countenance is so unshaken and he speaks such mighty words of cheer, that his thought becomes our thought, and to later generations he seems a being half divine.

But if we ask how this is possible, and how one may one's self set about it to get this sovereign mood of will, the only answer is to point to the hero who can hold to ideas that are difficult and elusive, and say "lo, be as this man!" *Velle non discitur*, said Seneca. The only thing which no theory, no printed directions, can teach us, is how to will. What it *might* do, what it *might have done*, we can be taught; what it *shall* do depends on the inalienable essence of each individual man.

UPON A WINTER MORNING.

By Maybury Fleming.

WHEN hoary frost doth shroud the grass,
And bare death sitteth in the trees,
And life is come to sorry pass,
And morning lacketh drowsy bees—

Then think I of my lady's mouth,
And of the violets in her eyes;
So, roses warm the wintry drouth,
And death, by thinking of her, dies.

THE LANTERN-BEARERS.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

I.

THESE boys congregated every autumn about a certain easterly fisher village, where they tasted in a high degree the glory of existence. The place was created seemingly on purpose for the diversion of young gentlemen. A street or two of houses, mostly red and many of them tiled; a number of fine trees clustered about the manse and the kirkyard, and turning the chief street into a shady alley; many little gardens more than usually bright with flowers; nets a-drying, and fisher-wives scolding in the backward parts; a smell of fish, a genial smell of seaweed; whiffs of blowing sand at the street-corners; shops with golf-balls and bottled lollipops; another shop with penny pickwicks (that remarkable cigar) and the *London Journal*, dear to me for its startling pictures, and a few novels, dear for their suggestive names: such, as well as memory serves me, were the ingredients of the town. These, you are to conceive posted on a spit between two sandy bays, and sparsely flanked with villas—enough, for the boys to lodge in with their subsidiary parents, not enough (not yet enough) to cocknify the scene: a haven in the rocks in front: in front of that, a file of gray islets: to the left, endless links and sand wreaths, a wilderness of hiding-holes, alive with popping rabbits and soaring gulls: to the right, a range of seaward crags, one rugged brow beyond another; the ruins of a mighty and ancient fortress on the brink of one; coves between—now charmed into sunshine quiet, now whistling with wind and clamorous with bursting surges; the dens and sheltered hollows redolent of thyme and southernwood, the air at the cliff's edge brisk and clean and pungent of the sea—in front of all, the Bass Rock, tilted seaward like a doubtful bather, the surf ringing it with white, the solan-geese hanging round its summit like a great and glittering smoke. This choice piece of seaboard was sacred, besides, to the wrecker; and the Bass, in the eye of fancy, still flew the colors of King James; and in the ear of fancy the arches of Tantallon still rang with horse-shoe iron, and echoed to the commands of Bell-the-Cat.

There was nothing to mar your days, if you were a boy summering in that part, but the embarrassment of pleasure. You might golf if you wanted; but I seem to have been better employed. You might secrete yourself in the Lady's Walk, a certain sunless dingle of elders, all mossed over by the damp as green as grass, and dotted here and there by the streamside with roofless walls, the cold homes of anchorites. To fit themselves for life, and with a special eye to acquire the art of smoking, it was even common for the boys to harbor there; and you might have seen a single penny pickwick, honestly shared in lengths with a blunt knife, bestrew the glen with these apprentices. Again, you might join our fishing parties, where we sat perched as thick as solan-geese, a covey of little anglers, boy and girl, angling over each other's heads, to the much entanglement of lines and loss of podleys and consequent shrill recrimination—shrill as the geese themselves. Indeed, had that been all, you might have done this often; but though fishing be a fine pastime, the podley is scarce to be regarded as a dainty for the table; and it was a point of honor that a boy should eat all that he had taken. Or again, you might climb the Law, where the whale's jawbone stood landmark in the buzzing wind, and behold the face of many counties, and the smoke and spires of many towns, and the sails of distant ships. You might bathe, now in the flaws of fine weather that we pathetically call our summer, now in a gale of wind, with the sand scourging your bare hide, your clothes thrashing abroad from underneath their guardian stone, the froth

of the great breakers casting you headlong ere it had drowned your knees. Or you might explore the tidal rocks, above all in the ebb of springs, when the very roots of the hills were for the nonce discovered; following my leader from one group to another, groping in slippery tangle for the wreck of ships, wading in pools after the abominable creatures of the sea, and ever with an eye cast backward on the march of the tide and the menaced line of your retreat. And then you might go Crusoeing, a word that covers all extempore eating in the open air: digging perhaps a house under the margin of the links, kindling a fire of the sea-ware, and cooking apples there—if they were truly apples, for I sometimes suppose the merchant must have played us off with some inferior and quite local fruit, capable of resolving, in the neighborhood of fire, into mere sand and smoke and iodine; or perhaps pushing to Tantallon, you might lunch on sandwiches and visions in the grassy court, while the wind hummed in the crumbling turrets; or clambering along the coast, eat geens * (the worst, I must suppose, in Christendom) from an adventurous geen-tree that had taken root under a cliff, where it was shaken with an ague of east wind, and silvered after gales with salt, and grew so foreign among its bleak surroundings that to eat of its produce was an adventure in itself.

There are mingled some dismal memories with so many that were joyous. Of the fisher-wife, for instance, who had cut her throat at Canty Bay; and of how I ran with the other children to the top of the Quadrant, and beheld a posse of silent people escorting a cart, and on the cart, bound in a chair, her throat bandaged, and the bandage all bloody—horror!—the fisher-wife herself, who continued thenceforth to hag-ride my thoughts, and even to-day (as I recall the scene) darkens daylight. She was lodged in the little old jail in the chief street; but whether or no she died there, with a wise terror of the worst, I never inquired. She had been tippling; it was but a dingy tragedy; and it seems strange and hard that, after all these years, the poor crazy sinner should be still pilloried on her cart in the scrap-book of my memory. Nor shall I readily forget a certain house in the Quadrant where a visitor died, and a dark old woman continued to dwell alone with the dead body; nor how this old woman conceived a hatred to myself and one of my cousins, and in the dread hour of the dusk, as we were clambering on the garden-walls, opened a window in that house of mortality and cursed us in a still voice and with a marrowy choice of language. It was a pair of very colorless urchins that fled down the lane from this remarkable experience! But I recall with a more doubtful sentiment, compounded out of fear and exultation, the coil of equinoctial tempests; trumpeting squalls, scouring flaws of rain; the boats with their reefed lugsails scudding for the harbor mouth, where danger lay, for it was hard to make when the wind had any east in it; the wives clustered with blowing shawls at the pier-head, where (if fate was against them) they might see boat and husband and sons—their whole wealth and their whole family—engulfed under their eyes; and (what I saw but once) a troop of neighbors forcing such an unfortunate homeward, and she squalling and battling in their midst, a figure scarcely human, a tragic Mœnad.

These are things that I recall with interest; but what my memory dwells upon the most, I have been all this while withholding. It was a sport peculiar to the place, and indeed to a week or so of our two months' holiday there. Maybe it still flourishes in its native spot; for boys and their pastimes are swayed by periodic forces inscrutable to man; so that tops and marbles reappear in their due season, regular like the sun and moon; and the harmless art of knucklebones has seen the fall of the Roman empire and the rise of the United States. It may still flourish there, but nowhere else, I am persuaded; for I tried myself to introduce it on Tweedside, and was defeated lamentably; its charm being quite local, like a country wine that cannot be exported.

The idle manner of it was this:

Toward the end of September, when school-time was drawing near and the nights were already black, we would begin to sally from our respective villas,

* Wild cherries.

each equipped with a tin bull's-eye lantern. The thing was so well known that it had worn a rut in the commerce of Great Britain; and the grocers, about the due time, began to garnish their windows with our particular brand of luminary. We wore them buckled to the waist upon a cricket belt, and over them, such was the rigor of the game, a buttoned top-coat. They smelled noisomely of blistered tin; they never burned aright, though they would always burn our fingers; their use was naught; the pleasure of them merely fanciful; and yet a boy with a bull's-eye under his top-coat asked for nothing more. The fishermen used lanterns about their boats, and it was from them, I suppose, that we had got the hint; but theirs were not bull's-eyes, nor did we ever play at being fishermen. The police carried them at their belts, and we had plainly copied them in that; yet we did not pretend to be policemen. Burglars, indeed, we may have had some haunting thoughts of; and we had certainly an eye to past ages when lanterns were more common, and to certain story-books in which we had found them to figure very largely. But take it for all in all, the pleasure of the thing was substantive; and to be a boy with a bull's-eye under his top-coat was good enough for us.

When two of these asses met, there would be an anxious "Have you got your lantern?" and a gratified "Yes!" That was the shibboleth, and very needful too; for, as it was the rule to keep our glory contained, none could recognize a lantern-bearer, unless (like the pole-cat) by the smell. Four or five would sometimes climb into the belly of a ten-man lugger, with nothing but the thwarts above them—for the cabin was usually locked, or chose out some hollow of the links where the wind might whistle overhead. There the coats would be unbuttoned and the bull's-eyes discovered; and in the chequering glimmer, under the huge windy hall of the night, and cheered by a rich steam of toasting tinware, these fortunate young gentlemen would crouch together in the cold sand of the links or on the scaly bilges of the fishing-boat, and delight themselves with inappropriate talk. Woe is me that I may not give some specimens—some of their foresights of life, or deep inquiries into the rudiments of man and nature, these were so fiery and so innocent, they were so richly silly, so romantically young. But there is a kind of fool abroad, whose folly is not even laughable; and it is this fool who gives the note of literary decency. And the talk, at any rate, was but a condiment; and these gatherings themselves only accidents in the career of the lantern-bearer. The essence of this bliss was to walk by yourself in the black night; the slide shut, the top-coat buttoned; not a ray escaping, whether to conduct your footsteps or to make your glory public: a mere pillar of darkness in the dark; and all the while, deep down in the privacy of your fool's heart, to know you had a bull's-eye at your belt, and to exult and sing over the knowledge.

II.

It is said that a poet has died young in the breast of the most stolid. It may be contended, rather, that this (somewhat minor) bard in almost every case survives, and is the spice of life to his possessor. Justice is not done to the versatility and the unplumbed childishness of man's imagination. His life from without may seem but a rude mound of mud; there will be some golden chamber at the heart of it, in which he dwells delighted; and for as dark as his pathway seems to the observer, he will have some kind of a bull's-eye at his belt. It would be hard to pick out a career more cheerless than that of Dancer, as he figures in the "Old Bailey Reports," a prey to the most sordid persecutions, the butt of his neighborhood, betrayed by his hired man, his house beleaguered by the impish school-boy, and he himself grinding and fuming and impotently fleeing to the law against these pin-pricks. You marvel at first that anyone should willingly prolong a life so destitute of charm and dignity; and then you call to memory that had he chosen, had he ceased to be a miser, he could have been freed at once from these trials, and might have built himself a castle and gone escorted by a squadron. For the love of more recondite joys, which we cannot estimate, which,

it may be, we should envy, the man had willingly foregone both comfort and consideration. "His mind to him a kingdom was;" and sure enough, digging into that mind, which seems at first a dust-heap, we unearth some priceless jewels. For Dancer must have had the love of power and the disdain of using it, a noble character in itself; disdain of many pleasures, a chief part of what is commonly called wisdom; disdain of the inevitable end, that finest trait of mankind; scorn of men's opinions, another element of virtue; and at the back of all, a conscience just like yours and mine, whining like a cur, swindling like a thimblerigger, but still pointing (there or thereabout) to some conventional standard. Here were a cabinet portrait to which Hawthorne perhaps had done justice; and yet not Hawthorne either, for he was mildly minded, and it lay not in him to create for us that throb of the miser's pulse, his fretful energy of gusto, his vast arms of ambition clutching in he knows not what: insatiable, insane, a god with a muck-rake. Thus, at least, looking in the bosom of the miser, consideration detects the poet in the full tide of life, with more, indeed, of the poetic fire than usually goes to epics; and tracing that mean man about his cold hearth, and to and fro in his discomfortable house, spies within him a blazing bonfire of delight. And so with others, who do not live by bread alone, but by some cherished and perhaps fantastic pleasure; who are meat salesmen to the external eye, and possibly to themselves are Shakespeares, Napoleons or Beethovens; who have not one virtue to rub against another in the field of active life, and yet perhaps, in the life of contemplation, sit with the saints. We see them on the street, and we can count their buttons; but heaven knows in what they pride themselves! heaven knows where they have set their treasure!

There is one fable that touches very near the quick of life: the fable of the monk who passed into the woods, heard a bird break into song, hearkened for a trill or two, and found himself on his return a stranger at his convent gates; for he had been absent fifty years, and of all his comrades there survived but one to recognize him. It is not only in the woods that this enchanter carols, though perhaps he is native there. He sings in the most doleful places. The miser hears him and chuckles, and the days are moments. With no more apparatus than an ill-smelling lantern I have evoked him on the naked links. All life that is not merely mechanical is spun out of two strands: seeking for that bird and hearing him. And it is just this that makes life so hard to value, and the delight of each so incommunicable. And just a knowledge of this, and a remembrance of those fortunate hours in which the bird has sung to us, that fills us with such wonder when we turn the pages of the realist. There, to be sure, we find a picture of life in so far as it consists of mud and of old iron, cheap desires and cheap fears, that which we are ashamed to remember and that which we are careless whether we forget; but of the note of that time-devouring nightingale we hear no news.

The case of these writers of romance is most obscure. They have been boys and youths; they have lingered outside the window of the beloved, who was then most probably writing to some one else; they have sat before a sheet of paper, and felt themselves mere continents of congested poetry, not one line of which would flow; they have walked alone in the woods, they have walked in cities under the countless lamps; they have been to sea, they have hated, they have feared, they have longed to knife a man, and maybe done it; the wild taste of life has stung their palate. Or, if you deny them all the rest, one pleasure at least they have tasted to the full—their books are there to prove it—the keen pleasure of successful literary composition. And yet they fill the globe with volumes, whose cleverness inspires me with despairing admiration, and whose consistent falsity to all I care to call existence, with despairing wrath. If I had no better hope than to continue to revolve among the dreary and petty businesses, and to be moved by the paltry hopes and fears with which they surround and animate their heroes, I declare I would die now. But there has never an hour of mine gone quite so dully yet; if it were spent waiting at a railway junction, I would have

some scattering thoughts, I could count some grains of memory, compared to which the whole of one of these romances seems but dross. These writers would retort (if I take them properly) that this was very true; that it was the same with themselves and other persons of (what they call) the artistic temperament; that in this we were exceptional, and should apparently be ashamed of ourselves; but that our works must deal exclusively with (what they call) the average man, who was a prodigious dull fellow, and quite dead to all but the paltriest considerations. I accept the issue. We can only know others by ourselves. The artistic temperament (a plague on the expression!) does not make us different from our fellow-men, or it would make us incapable of writing novels; and the average man (a murrain on the word!) is just like you and me, or he would not be average. It was Whitman who stamped a kind of Birmingham sacredness upon the latter phrase; but Whitman knew very well, and showed very nobly, that the average man was full of joys and full of a poetry of his own. And this harping on life's dulness and man's meanness is a loud profession of incompetence; it is one of two things: the cry of the blind eye, *I cannot see*, or the complaint of the dumb tongue, *I cannot utter*. To draw a life without delights is to prove I have not realized it. To picture a man without some sort of poetry—well, it goes near to prove my case, for it shows an author may have little enough. To see Dancer only as a dirty, old, small-minded, impotently fuming man, in a dirty house, besieged by Harrow boys, and probably beset by small attorneys, is to show myself as keen an observer as . . . the Harrow boys. But these young gentlemen (with a more becoming modesty) were content to pluck Dancer by the coat-tails; they did not suppose they had surprised his secret or could put him living in a book: and it is there my error would have lain. Or say that in the same romance—I continue to call these books romances, in the hope of giving pain—say that in the same romance, which now begins really to take shape, I should leave to speak of Dancer, and follow instead the Harrow boys; and say that I came on some such business as that of my lantern-bearers on the links; and described the boys as very cold, spat upon by flurries of rain, and drearily surrounded, all of which they were; and their talk as silly and indecent, which it certainly was. I might upon these lines, and had I Zola's genius, turn out, in a page or so, a gem of literary art, render the lantern light with the touches of a master, and lay on the indecency with the ungrudging hand of love; and when all was done, what a triumph would my picture be of shallowness and dulness! how it would have missed the point! how it would have belied the boys! To the ear of the stenographer the talk is merely silly and indecent; but ask the boys themselves, and they are discussing (as it is highly proper they should) the possibilities of existence. To the eye of the observer they are wet and cold and drearily surrounded; but ask themselves, and they are in the heaven of a recondite pleasure, the ground of which is an ill-smelling lantern.

III.

For, to repeat, the ground of a man's joy is often hard to hit. It may hinge at times upon a mere accessory, like the lantern. It may reside, like Dancer's, in the mysterious inwards of psychology. It may consist with perpetual failure, and find exercise in the continued chase. It has so little bond with externals (such as the observer scribbles in his notebook) that it may even touch them not; and the man's true life, for which he consents to live, lie altogether in the field of fancy. The clergyman, in his spare hours, may be winning battles, the farmer sailing ships, the banker reaping triumph in the arts: all leading another life, plying another trade from that they chose; like the poet's housebuilder, who, after all is cased in stone,

> By his fireside, as impotent fancy prompts,
> Rebuilds it to his liking.

In such a case the poetry runs underground. The observer (poor soul, with his documents!) is all abroad. For to look at the man is but to court decep-

tion. We shall see the trunk from which he draws his nourishment; but he himself is above and abroad in the green dome of foliage, hummed through by winds and nested in by nightingales. And the true realism were that of the poets, to climb up after him like a squirrel, and catch some glimpse of the heaven for which he lives. And the true realism, always and everywhere, is that of the poets: to find out where joy resides, and give it a voice far beyond singing.

For to miss the joy is to miss all. In the joy of the actors lies the sense of any action. That is the explanation, that the excuse. To one who has not the secret of the lanterns, the scene upon the links is meaningless. And hence the haunting and truly spectral unreality of realistic books. Hence, when we read the English realists, the incredulous wonder with which we observe the hero's constancy under the submerging tide of dulness, and how he bears up with his jibbing sweetheart, and endures the chatter of idiot girls, and stands by his whole unfeatured wilderness of an existence, instead of seeking relief in drink or foreign travel. Hence in the French, in that meat-market of middle-aged sensuality, the disgusted surprise with which we see the hero drift sidelong, and practically quite untempted, into every description of misconduct and dishonor. In each we miss the personal poetry, the enchanted atmosphere, that rainbow work of fancy that clothes what is naked and seems to ennoble what is base; in each, life falls dead like dough, instead of soaring away like a balloon into the colors of the sunset; each is true, each inconceivable; for no man lives in the external truth, among salts and acids, but in the warm, phantasmagoric chamber of his brain, with the painted windows and the storied walls.

Of this falsity we have have had a recent example from a man who knows far better—Tolstoi's *Powers of Darkness*. Here is a piece full of force and truth, yet quite untrue. For before Mikita was led into so dire a situation he was tempted, and temptations are beautiful at least in part; and a work which dwells on the ugliness of crime and gives no hint of any loveliness in the temptation, sins against the modesty of life, and even when a Tolstoi writes it, sinks to melodrama. The peasants are not understood; they saw their life in fairer colors; even the deaf girl was clothed in poetry for Mikita, or he had never fallen. And so, once again, even an Old Bailey melodrama, without some brightness of poetry and lustre of existence, falls into the inconceivable and ranks with fairy tales.

IV.

In nobler books we are moved with something like the emotions of life; and this emotion is very variously provoked. We are so moved when Livine labors in the field, when André sinks beyond emotion, when Richard Feverel and Lucy Desborough meet beside the river, when Antony "not cowardly, puts off his helmet," when Kent has infinite pity on the dying Lear, when, in Dostoieffky's *Despised and Rejected*, the uncomplaining hero drains his cup of suffering and virtue. These are notes that please the great heart of man. Not only love, and the fields, and the bright face of danger, but sacrifice and death and unmerited suffering humbly supported, touch in us the vein of the poetic. We love to think of them, we long to try them, we are humbly hopeful that we may prove heroes also.

We have heard, perhaps, too much of lesser matters. Here is the door, here is the open air. *Itur in antiquam silvam.*

BLÜCHER UNHORSED AT LIGNY.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. MARCH, 1888. No. 3.

THE CAMPAIGN OF WATERLOO.

By John C. Ropes.

I.

HILE it is probably true that no campaign that ever was made has been explored and studied so carefully as that which culminated in the battle of Waterloo, it is equally certain that it would be difficult to find elsewhere an instance where national and personal feeling have so plainly influenced historians and affected their criticisms. Were it not for this fact, there would be no excuse for reviewing this almost worn-out subject, —there would be no need for so doing. But to those who are familiar in any degree with the various works on the events of 1815, it must frequently have seemed that a really impartial narrative of the facts and a fair summing up of the criticisms were yet to be looked for. The present papers are submitted as an essay in this direction.

On June 12, 1815, the Emperor left Paris, and that night slept at Laon, where Soult, his chief of staff, had established his headquarters. Orders had already been given for the concentration of the army on the frontier of Belgium near the town of Charleroi. The First Corps, 20,000 strong, under the Count d'Erlon, was marching from Valenciennes; the Second, under Reille, numbering upwards of 24,000 men, from Avesnes; the Third, under Vandamme, from Rocroi, 19,000 strong; the Fourth, under Gérard, about 16,000 strong, from Metz; the Sixth, under the Count de Lobau, numbering over 10,500 men, had already moved from Laon; while the Imperial Guard, counting nearly 21,000 men, which had left Paris some days before, was now marching from Compiègne. Each of the five corps carried with it from 30 to 50 cannon; the Guard nearly 100. Each corps contained a division of cavalry; but there was, besides, the Reserve Corps of Cavalry, under the command of the newly created Marshal Grouchy, containing 13,500 men and horses. The entire army numbered 125,000 men, all veteran troops.

From Charleroi a fine turnpike runs almost due north to Brussels. On the west of this road lay the army of the Duke of Wellington, composed of British, German, Dutch, Belgian, Hanoverian, and other troops,—of whom, exclusive of those required for garrison duty and the like, something over 90,000 men could take the field. On the easterly side of the turnpike was the Prussian army, 120,000 strong, under Marshal Blücher. These two armies were stationed, for the sake of subsistence, in the various towns and villages of Belgium, from Brussels on the north to Charleroi on the south and from Liège on the east to Ostend on the west. Wellington's headquarters were at Brussels,—Blücher's at Namur. Both armies

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Quatre Bras Road.

were much scattered ; it would require from one to two days to effect a concentration of either of them. Once concentrated and acting in concert, they would be much more than a match for the force which Napoleon was bringing against them ; but neither of them separately could be expected to make a successful stand against the French army. Their bases of supply lay in precisely opposite directions,—that of the English being on the sea, at Ostend and Antwerp ; that of the Prussians on the Rhine, in the direction of Liège and Maestricht. If either army should be so badly defeated as to be forced to retire on its base, it would, therefore, by that movement become definitely separated from the other army.

Napoleon, as has been said, was concentrating his army on the Sambre near Charleroi. He expected that the Prussians would be the first to concentrate, and that they would give battle near the frontier. Blücher's headquarters were at Namur, much farther to the front than Wellington's, which were at Brussels. The fierce and energetic temperament of the old Prussian Marshal was well known, and Napoleon rightly calculated on his being willing and eager to give battle, and exceedingly averse to falling back. Of Wellington's coöperation Napoleon had of course to take his chance, but, relying on the cautious and deliberate policy of the English general, and taking into account also the time which would be necessary to effect a concentration of the miscellaneous force which he commanded, Napoleon expected that he would be able to fight his battle with the Prussians without the interference of the English. Successful in this battle, as he hoped to be,—the Prussian army defeated and retreating on their base in the direction of the Rhine,—Napoleon could now turn his attention to the Duke, secure from any interference on the part of Blücher. If, however, the Prussian army should fail to effect a concentration, or should for any reason decline an engagement, it would, so he calculated, most probably retire in the direction of its base, and leave him comparatively free, for the moment at least, to attack the English if they were willing to give him battle.

It is necessary to fix this plan clearly in the mind, and not to confound it with anything else, as, for instance, with a plan to press on to Brussels between the two armies, if the Charleroi road

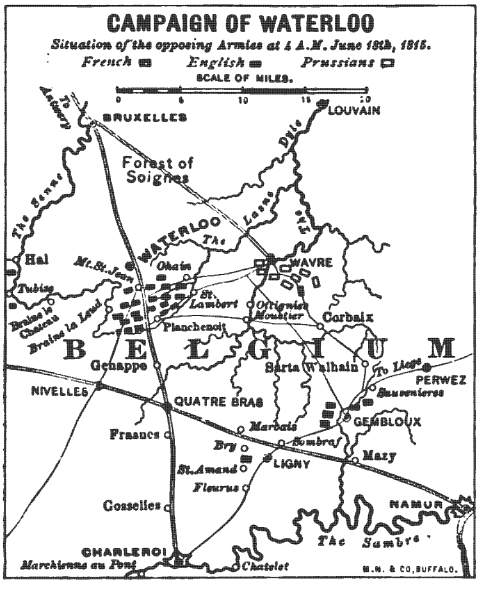
Village of Quatre Bras.

should be found open and undefended,—a plan which some writers have supposed to have been entertained by the French Emperor. Such a movement as this would expose the communications of the French army, between Charleroi and Brussels, to the attacks of either or both of the allied armies. Napoleon's plan was much more practicable than this. It was, let us repeat, founded on his belief that the Prussians would be found in force near the frontier, and would give battle before the English could be ready to assist them ; that in this battle they would be beaten and would have to retire to the eastward towards their base of supplies, leaving him then opposed only by the Duke's army. But if, contrary to his expectation, Blücher should retreat without a battle towards his base of supplies, then, the allied armies being separated, Napoleon could deal with either of them, as he might prefer. His first and definite object, therefore, was to find and attack the Prussian army, if it should be found willing, as he expected it would be, to accept battle. Included in this plan was the detachment of a part of his force to prevent Wellington from giving assistance to his ally.

Accordingly we find him writing to Davout from Avesnes on the 14th : "I shall cross the Sambre to-morrow. If the Prussians do not retire, we shall have a battle." And, on the same day, to Joseph : "To-morrow I shall go to Charleroi, where the Prussian army is, which will give rise to a battle or the retreat of the enemy." It seems quite clear that he was calculating on having to deal only with the Prussian army,—that he felt he could safely leave the Duke's army out of account in the first battle of the campaign. We shall see how these expectations were justified.

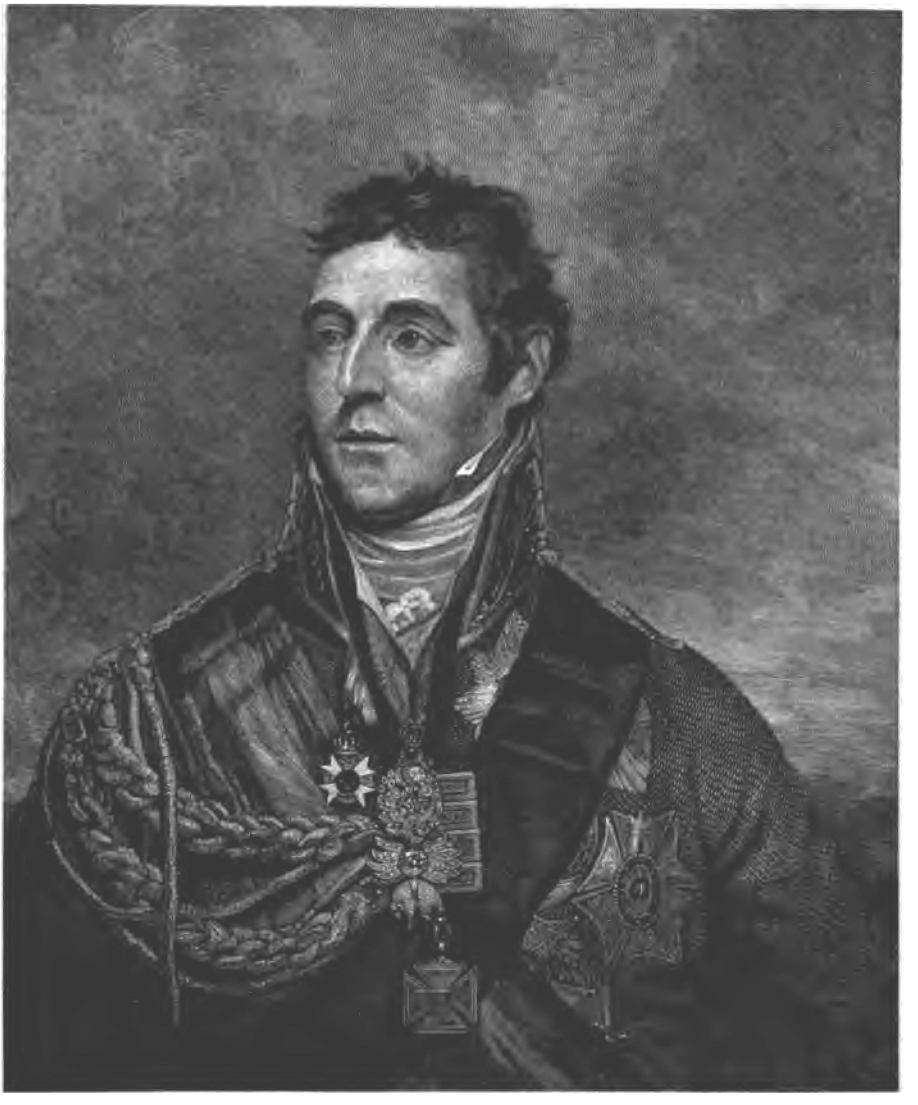
The army of Napoleon was composed, as we have said, entirely of veteran troops. It was also in excellent order and condition. It was a homogeneous army ; all the men were Frenchmen. The troops were eager to fight, to retrieve the reputation of the French arms, to recover their lost renown. It was prepared for a desperate struggle. The Emperor in his address to the army, dated at Avesnes on the fourteenth of June, had roused the spirits and determination of the soldiers to their highest pitch. He had reminded them that this was the anniversary of Marengo and of Friedland ; he had pointed out that they

were about to encounter superior numbers; he had told them to conquer or die. Nevertheless it is a mistake to call this army, as many writers have done, the finest which Napoleon ever took into the field. In two points, especially, this army was not the equal of that, for example, which he commanded at Austerlitz. In the first place it had not the inestimable advantage of being led by those brilliant officers, then in the early prime of manhood, who had been brought to the front in the turmoil of the Revolutionary struggle. Of the two who were at Waterloo, Ney and Soult, one, Soult, was performing the functions of chief of staff; Ney was the only one of the Marshals who commanded troops on that fatal field. Not that the corps-commanders lacked experience or devotion. They were unquestionably excellent officers, who had seen many years of faithful service. But Napoleon's earlier exploits had been to a large extent rendered prac-



ticable only by the exceptionally able men who were his own contemporaries, —Massena, Lannes, Davout, Murat, and the rest. Secondly, there was in this army of 1815, and there could not but be, a certain amount of distrust, of lack of entire confidence, on the part of the soldiers towards their superiors, the result of the so recent overthrow of the Empire in 1814, which had been associated in their minds with suspicions of treasonable conduct on the part of certain officers of high rank. The abstention from active service, or the voluntary exile, on the return of Napoleon from Elba, of some of their former leaders, puzzled and disquieted the troops. These feelings were aggravated by the desertion of Bourmont and several other officers on the eve of the opening of hostilities. And while the devotion of the soldiers to the Emperor remained unshaken, while it is certain that never in his life was he able to infuse more courage and energy into the men than he succeeded in doing in this short campaign, or to obtain from them more gallant and persistent efforts, yet it is also certain that his corps had often been handled with more enterprise and skill, and it seems probable that the total rout of the army was due in part to the lack of confidence of which we have spoken.

With all these deductions, however, Napoleon's army was decidedly the best of the three. That of the Prussians contained some troops raised in those parts of western Germany which had until lately been connected with France, who were supposed to be more or less disaffected, and many of the soldiers in the old Prussian regiments were young and inexperienced in warfare. Of the four corps-commanders, Ziethen, Pirch, Thielemann and Bülow, the latter only had shown any marked capacity. As for the Duke of Wellington's army, it was, as he himself said, the poorest he had ever commanded. Only about 40,000 were English troops or troops in the pay of England, like the King's German Legion. Of the remainder, Belgians, Hanoverians, Nassauers and Brunswickers, the Duke had but a poor opinion,—perhaps too poor an opinion, for many of them fought well. Still, many of them fought indifferently or not at all. A large part of the army of Wellington consisted of as good troops as there were in the world, but the army, considered as a whole, lacked cohesion. The soldiers did not speak the same language, they did not look up to the same generals;



The Duke of Wellington. (From a steel engraving after a portrait by Sir William Beechey, R.A., 1814.)

the only thing that gave this miscellaneous collection of troops any sort of unity was the fact that it was commanded by the famous English general who had in Spain beaten so many of Napoleon's marshals.

Wellington and Blücher regarded a French invasion of Belgium as possible, perhaps probable, but it was obviously out of the question to predict in advance which of the routes available for his purpose Napoleon would choose. He might move to the westward of the Charleroi turnpike, for instance by way of Mons, with the intention of operating upon the communications of the English army with the sea. This was the course which Wellington always thought would have been his wisest course, and which, even after the campaign opened, he thought Napoleon was pursuing. Or, Napoleon might move on Namur or on some point further east, upon the communications of the Prussian army. In either of these

cases, the course which the allied armies would be obliged to take would be utterly different from that which would be called for should Napoleon choose the other direction. And then he might advance, as he actually did, by the Charleroi and Brussels road, in which case another line of conduct would be demanded. In this event, Blücher had agreed to concentrate his army at Sombref, and Wellington to concentrate his at Quatre Bras, the two places being connected by an excellent road. Meantime, however, the allied commanders deemed it sufficient to remain as they were, their armies widely scattered in their cantonments, until it should be definitely ascertained in which direction the approach of the enemy was to be looked for. The frontier was carefully watched, and it was expected that the real advance of the French, when it came, —if it should come, which, of course, was by no means certain—would without difficulty be detected in season to concert adequate measures of resistance. But there can be little doubt, as many critics, both English and Continental, have said, that it would have been far wiser for the allied generals to concentrate their armies early in June, so as to have them well in hand on the first news of the approach of the French. It is not correct to say that Wellington and Blücher were surprised; but it is impossible not to see that their arrangements for fighting Napoleon in the event of his making, as they thought it very likely he might make, and as he actually did make, a sudden and dangerous attack, were defective, leaving, as they did, the concentration of both their widely scattered armies to be effected after they should have received the news that Napoleon had reached the frontier with a powerful army and was advancing in full force. Moreover, the points selected for the concentration were so close to the frontier, that it was hardly to be expected that the movement could be carried out without the interference of the enemy.

Troops Passing through the Village of Waterloo. (From "An Illustrated Record of Important Events in the Annals of Europe," etc. London, 1817.)

Napoleon's orders for the concentration and forward movement of his army were, as a whole, carried out with reasonable success. Early on the morning of

Napoleon. (From a portrait in the possession of Franklin B. Rice, Esq., Worcester, Mass.)

the 15th of June the Sambre was crossed at several points, and the Prussian pickets retired on their supports. These troops belonged to the corps of General Ziethen, and that officer has always received great credit for the masterly way in which he handled his corps throughout the day, delaying the advance of the French, and bringing off his troops without serious loss to St. Amand and Ligny, villages near Sombref, where Blücher had, as we have seen, decided to concentrate his army. Orders for Pirch, Thielemann and Bülow to collect their corps and march to the support of Ziethen were at once sent out. Unfortunately the order to Bülow was badly worded, and did not clearly convey the idea that a battle was expected; the consequence of which was that that energetic officer did not arrive in time to take part in the engagement of the next day.

The French marched in three columns. The two on the right, under the Emperor, were chiefly engaged with the Prussians, and their advance, consisting of the Third Corps, under Vandamme, reached the vicinity of the village of Fleurus at evening. The Second Corps, under Reille, formed the head of the left column, and after some skirmishing with the Prussian rear guard, which retired in the direction of its own army, the leading division reached at evening the village of Frasnes on the Charleroi turnpike, about two miles south of Quatre Bras.

There was, as was natural in the march of an army recently organized, and composed of soldiers who had not taken the field for nearly a year, more or less delay. The First and Fourth Corps were not all across the river by nightfall, and the whole Sixth Corps bivouacked on the south side. The corps-commanders seem to have been rather lacking in that energy and activity which the situation demanded. In the middle of the afternoon, Grouchy and Vandamme, who were pushing the Prussians in the direction of Fleurus at the head of the cavalry and the Third Corps respectively, were so impressed by the attitude of the enemy that they halted and sent back to the Emperor for further orders. Napoleon at once rode to the front and directed the attack himself, actually in his impatience sending into the fight the headquarters guard of cavalry. One may fairly suspect that the Emperor was more or less right in the criticisms he so often made at this time about his gen-

Entrance to the Forest of Soignies, where the Two Roads from Brussels Meet. (From "An Illustrated Record.")

erals,—that they had got too cautious and had lost the enterprise and audacity they had formerly possessed.

Napoleon himself had a hard day of it. From three o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening he had been personally directing one of the most difficult and important of military operations, the crossing of a river by a large army, opposed by a considerable force, well commanded, fighting gallantly, and taking every advantage of position. This was not a case, it must be remembered, where his own army had been concentrated before the crossing began,—as, for instance, was the case with the Army of the Potomac in the Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville campaigns, or with Napoleon's own army when he crossed the Danube just before the battle of Wagram. On the contrary, his corps were converging from distant points, they had been steadily marching for days, they were inevitably more or less fatigued, and, as is always the case at such times, the trains were behind the columns. That he should by the close of the first day have reached with the heads of his two columns the points selected in advance, overcoming the obstinate and skilful resistance of the Prussian general, was perhaps quite as much as, under the circumstances, he had any reason to expect.

Late in the afternoon Napoleon received a notable accession to his forces in the person of Marshal Ney. Why that able officer was not with the army from the first, has never been satisfactorily explained. But he was not sent for until the troops had actually begun to move. As a consequence, he arrived in haste, and attended by only a single aide. Napoleon gave him command of the First and Second Corps, and Ney, after riding to the front at Frasnes, and satisfying himself that nothing further could be attempted in that quarter that evening, returned to seek Napoleon, and had a two hours conference with him at Charleroi between midnight and two o'clock in the morning. He then returned to his command.

That Ney received from the Emperor during the 15th or at this midnight conference, orders to press on to Quatre Bras, no one now believes. On this point, as in others, Napoleon's Memoirs, written, as they were, at St. Helena, where he could have access neither to the records nor to those who made the campaign with him, are in error. The orders which were given on the 15th were for the Second Corps to march on Gosselies, a village on the Brussels turnpike between four and five miles north of Charleroi, and for the First Corps to march there also to support the Second Corps in an attack on the enemy if he should be encountered. The order to the Count d'Erlon, who commanded the First Corps, which was in rear of the Second, was reiterated, and he was strictly enjoined to join the Second Corps at Gosselies.* The advance of the cavalry and one division of infantry to Frasnes was apparently done on Ney's own responsibility, and was unquestionably a judicious step.

Word was sent to Brussels early in the morning, of the crossing of the Sambre, but for some reason or other Wellington did not receive the news until five in the afternoon. He instantly issued orders for his different divisions to be collected at convenient places and to be ready to move at a moment's notice.

Pasture in the Hollow where Wellington's Reserves Lay During the Battle.

He himself did not leave Brussels, nor is it known that he despatched any officers to the front to ascertain the exact facts. He took no steps for a concentration of the army, except as above stated. Not a single brigade was ordered to Quatre Bras, and the only brigade that was stationed in that neighborhood, along the turnpike, that of Prince Bernhard of Saxe Weimar, was ordered to Nivelles, a town some six or seven miles west of Quatre Bras, to join the other brigade of the division—Bylandt's. What is particularly remarkable is that the Duke seems to have been unmindful of the agreement stated above, by which, in the event of Napoleon's advance being on the Charleroi and Brussels pike, he was to occupy Quatre Bras. If "Nivelles has been attacked, and if it is quite certain," the order reads, "that the enemy's attack is upon the right of the Prussian army and the left of the British army," the third division of British infantry (Alten's) is to be moved from Braine le Comte eastward to Nivelles. But that was all. The reserves, Picton's division and other troops, at and near Brussels, though ordered to be prepared, were not ordered to march.

Ligny.

At ten o'clock that night a despatch from Blücher arrived, announcing the crossing of the river at Charleroi by Napoleon in force. New orders were thereupon issued,—three divisions, one of which was Alten's, were to occupy Nivelles, one was ordered to Braine le Comte, a village seven or eight miles west of Nivelles; two more divisions of infantry and the great mass of the cavalry

* Chesney is strangely in error as to this, having apparently omitted to notice Orders V. and VI. in the Documents Inédits. Chesney's Waterloo Lectures, 3d ed., pp. 118, 119.

The Charge through the Streets of Ligny.

were directed to proceed to Enghien, a town some twenty-five miles northwest of Quatre Bras. Orders were also given for the reserves, consisting of the division of Sir Thomas Picton and other troops, to march south on the Charleroi turnpike as far as Waterloo, where the road to Nivelles branches off to the southwestward, there to halt and await further instructions. After giving these orders, the Duke went to the Duchess of Richmond's ball.

It is plain that these dispositions were made by Wellington in the belief that he was likely to be attacked west of the Charleroi and Brussels road. Had they been actually carried out, Ney would have found Quatre Bras unoccupied on the morning of the sixteenth, the nearest force of the enemy being at Nivelles, six or seven miles away. The Duke could hardly have collected a sufficient force to drive Ney out of Quatre Bras, and, very possibly, would not have attempted to do so. That the combined operation which, two days later, so successfully united the allied armies, would under these circumstances, have been planned, or, if planned, would have been carried out, is certainly very doubtful.

But this piece of good fortune was not to happen to the French Emperor. During the 15th the solitary brigade on the turnpike had been put in position at Quatre Bras by its commander to resist an attack by the French, and in the evening it had a smart brush with Ney's skirmishers. It was determined to reinforce it by the other brigade of the division, Bylandt's, which in the early morning of the 16th arrived at Quatre Bras from Nivelles with the Prince of Orange, who commanded the corps to which these brigades belonged. To him and to his chief of staff, Rebecque, who assumed the responsibility while the Prince was absent in Brussels, to Perponcher who commanded the division, and to Prince Bernhard who so promptly collected his brigade and occupied the cross-roads, is due the credit of maintaining unbroken the communication between the allied armies on the day of the battle of Ligny.

Early on the morning of the 16th the Duke left Brussels, and rode to Quatre Bras, passing on his way thither Picton's division and the other troops who had been, as we have seen, ordered to halt at Waterloo. He arrived at the front between eleven and twelve, and, seeing the posture of affairs, at once sent back for these troops to continue their march. He also sent orders for the troops at Nivelles to proceed to Quatre Bras without delay. He then rode off to see Marshal Blücher.

It is said by some authorities that Blücher accepted battle only on the engagement of Wellington to support him; but this can scarcely be so, inasmuch as he had formed his line of battle before Wellington arrived. The Duke promised him that he would push down the turnpike as soon as he was in sufficient force to do so, and even, at the solicitation of Gneisenau, Blücher's chief of staff, agreed that, if not attacked himself, he would move down the Namur road in rear of the Prussian right. But it is clear that the Marshal had made up his mind to fight a battle, with or without the support of the English army, as Napoleon had calculated he would do—as was pointed out in the beginning of this article. Up to this moment, there had been, since the campaign opened the day before, no sort of coöperation between the allied armies. Had Wellington ridden over to see Blücher on the afternoon of the 15th, he would probably have seen enough to induce him to agree with the Prussian marshal that the main attack of the French was to be looked for on the east of the Charleroi road, and he might in that case have ordered a concentration of his army at Quatre Bras. But, having had no such opportunity for observation or consultation, he was obliged to guess at the probable direction of the French main attack, and he guessed wrong. Hence, at noon of the 16th, only a third of his army was within reach; and Blücher, who had been compelled to rely on his own unaided judgment, had determined, as Wellington found, to fight at Ligny, whether the English were, or were not prepared to support him. The conference over, the Duke returned to Quatre Bras, reaching there about three in the afternoon.

Whether it was that his exertions on the previous day had fatigued him, or, as seems more probable, that he found

it exceedingly difficult to make up his mind what to do, certain it is that Napoleon did not take advantage of the early morning hours. He made no exertion to get the main body of the army into position until nearly nine o'clock in the morning. Perhaps he thought the troops would be the better for a rest, and, very likely, the army was not all closed up. At any rate, it was half past nine when Gérard, who commanded the Third Corps, and who was still on the river, received his orders to march to the front. It was not until about ten o'clock that the first order to Ney, ordering him to proceed to Quatre Bras, arrived. It is not easy to see the reason for this long delay. At that time of the year, the sun rises in Belgium at four o'clock, and every hour was of advantage to the enemy in giving them knowledge of the situation and time to concentrate their forces.

It is certainly true that Napoleon had at this time lost a good part of the alertness and energy of his earlier years. Men of five and forty, especially when they have become stout, are rarely as active as they were at thirty. The Emperor was also a sufferer from some local maladies which occasioned him a good deal of annoyance, not to say suffering, and considerably diminished his capacity for fatiguing exertion. On this morning of the 16th, for instance, he neglected to verify by personal observation the information sent him by Grouchy at 5 and 6 A.M., that the Prussians were moving large bodies of troops to St. Amand and Ligny. Instead of exerting himself to ascertain the facts, he employed his time in estimating the probabilities and in mapping out for his army a course of action which was, as he was soon to learn, wholly unsuited to the existing situation.

Accordingly, on the morning of the 16th, Napoleon had no definite knowledge of the strength of the Prussian force opposed to him. He estimated it at not over 40,000 men, and he therefore thought that it would in all probability retire on its supports without offering battle. It appears from his letters to Ney and Grouchy, written about eight o'clock that morning, which are evidently the result of much thought and are very clear and full, that he had decided, if this should prove to be the Prussian policy, to follow them up as far as Gembloux, then, leaving his right wing under Grouchy to observe them, to march himself with all speed, at the head of the Sixth Corps and the Guard, to join Ney, in a movement directed against the English in the direction of Brussels, a movement which he strictly enjoined Ney to be all ready to make the moment the order should arrive. In these letters, too, he stated his plan for the management of the army during this campaign, conducted, as it must be, in the face of two opposing armies; he gave to Ney the left wing, consisting of the First and Second Corps, and to Grouchy the right wing consisting of the Third and Fourth Corps, reserving the Sixth Corps and the Guard for his own immediate direction. In his campaign in Germany in the autumn of 1813, the separated armies of the allies had caused him no little embarrassment by the policy which, after the battle of Dresden, they for a while adopted, of falling back before Napoleon in person and giving battle only to his marshals. Some such strategy as this he seems to have suspected might be followed by Blücher in this campaign. And it may well be that he delayed operations that morning in part, at least, because he could not readily make up his mind how far, in such a case, it would be prudent to go in pursuit of the Prussians, leaving his left wing opposed by the whole of Wellington's army.

Finally, however, between nine and ten in the morning, the question solved itself in the way most advantageous to Napoleon. It was ascertained that the Prussians still held their ground at and about Ligny. A battle was now, of course, unavoidable. It was now possible to inflict upon the Prussian army, or upon that part of it which was before him, a defeat close to the Brussels turnpike. It remains to be seen how this opportunity, so favorable to the success of Napoleon's plans, and to which he was indebted solely to the temerity of the Prussian Marshal, was improved.

Before we proceed to the narrative of the battle of Ligny it is necessary to say a few words about Ney and his two corps.

It will be recollected that the Emperor had, on the 15th, by a dispatch, dated 3 P.M., before Ney had joined him, ordered d'Erlon to march to Gosselies, and support Reille in attacking any force of the enemy they might find there, and that the order to join the Second Corps at Gosselies had been reiterated later in the day. Then, early in the morning of the 16th, the Emperor's chief of staff sends Ney a dispatch, requesting to be informed if the First Corps has executed this movement, and what are the exact positions of the two corps. What answer Marshal Ney returned to this request, we do not know, but it is plain enough that there had been ample time since the middle of the previous afternoon to get the First Corps into position at Gosselies. As soon as Ney got his instructions to march to Quatre Bras, he at once ordered both corps up to Frasnes, where he himself was with the leading division of the Second Corps—Bachelu's. Reille, with the two divisions of this corps, those of Foy and Prince Jerome, which were at Gosselies,—the other division, Girard's, being with the main army,—started shortly before eleven, and marched with such celerity over the broad *chaussée* that his troops were deployed and in line of battle beyond Frasnes before 2 P.M. The distance was from six to six and a half miles. There was nothing to prevent the leading division of the First Corps, Durutte's, from following on the heels of Jerome's division, and it would have arrived at Frasnes certainly before three, had it started as soon as the Second Corps had got out of the way. That it did not start promptly is proved by the fact, as we shall soon see, that a staff officer from headquarters, carrying a dispatch dated Fleurus at a quarter past three, who had five miles to ride before he could strike the Brussels pike, came up with the advance of the leading division of the First Corps before it had arrived at Frasnes. He must have ridden at least ten miles before getting to the head of the column,—that is to say, he could not possibly have given the order to Durutte before half past four o'clock, leaving Fleurus as he did at or soon after a quarter past three. But if Durutte had not made the six or six and a half miles between Gosselies and Frasnes by half-past four o'clock, he certainly could not have started before one o'clock, an hour or more after the last regiments of the Second Corps had left Gosselies.

Returning now to Fleurus: the Emperor, finding that the Prussians remained in force at and about Ligny, ordered the Third and Fourth Corps, and Girard's division of the Second Corps, the Imperial Guard, and the bulk of the cavalry, to take position in front of Fleurus, and, while the movement was going on, he made his customary personal reconnaissance of the enemy's position. Accompanied by an aide or two, he went out on foot to the line of the pickets, he carefully examined the ground, he climbed up into the windmills. He made up his mind that there was a considerable body of troops opposed to him, and he saw enough to decide him as to the way in which the attack should be made; but from the peculiar character of the ground he failed to recognize the presence of such a large force as the Prussians had actually assembled.

Towards noon, the French army, with the exception of the Sixth Corps, which remained near Charleroi, advanced from Fleurus and its vicinity. The Prussians held in strong force the village of St. Amand on their right, and that of Ligny on their centre. It looked as if they were expecting aid from the English,—down the road running from Nivelles through Quatre Bras to Namur. Napoleon directed his principal attack, which was to be made by the corps of Vandamme assisted by the division of Girard, against St. Amand, with the intention of turning the Prussian right, at the same time also assailing their centre at Ligny with Gérard's corps. Shortly before the battle opened,—at two o'clock—he sent a dispatch to Ney, informing him that he was about to attack a Prussian corps posted between Sombreffe and Bry, ordering him to attack whatever force there might be in front of him at Quatre Bras, and, after having vigorously driven that force, to fall back on the main army, and endeavor to surround the Prussian corps with which the main army was engaged. At half-past two

the Sixth Corps was ordered from Charleroi to Fleurus, a distance of seven miles and a half.

Napoleon's eye, experienced as it was, undoubtedly deceived him in regard to the strength of his antagonist's force. Instead of one corps, the Prussian marshal had three,—instead of 40,000 men, he had very nearly 90,000 men. For the task of inflicting a crushing defeat on an army of this size, Napoleon's preparations were inadequate. We may agree that the force entrusted to Ney was no more than was called for by the duty imposed on him of acquiring and holding Quatre Bras against Wellington's army. But there is really no conceivable reason why Lobau should not have received an order to advance at the same time as Vandamme and Gérard,—why his corps should not have been on the field to render as decisive as possible the success which Napoleon promised himself in his conflict with the third of the Prussian army which he wrongly supposed was all that stood in front of him. It was obviously on the cards that the enemy might receive reinforcements during the action ; hence Napoleon should have had all his available force in hand when the battle opened.

The action began at half-past two, and it was not long before the obstinate resistance experienced by Vandamme and Girard on the left and by Gérard on the centre made it certain that they had before them the main army of Marshal Blücher. At 3.15 P.M. Napoleon sent a second order to Ney, referring to the order of 2 P.M., and urging him to carry out the direction therein given, to manœuvre in such a way as to fall upon the Prussian right and rear, by the heights of Bry and St. Amand.

The battle then went on with great obstinacy and determination. The severity of the French attack on the Prussian right induced Marshal Blücher to strengthen that part of his line at the expense of his centre. Napoleon, seeing this, prepared to throw the Guard upon and to the right of the village of Ligny, thus piercing the centre of the Prussian army. Suddenly, about half-past five, when the blow was about to be struck, word was brought that a large body of troops were seen approaching St. Amand, apparently with the intention of turning the French left. The Emperor, in doubt what troops these might be, unable to think they could be sent by Ney, as they would be looked for on the Prussian right and rear, behind St. Amand and near Bry, and yet unwilling to suppose that they were a detachment from Wellington's army, postponed the contemplated attack and sent to ascertain the facts. It turned out that this body of troops was d'Erlon's corps. Soon afterwards, they were seen to retrace their steps, and to retire in the direction of the *chaussée*. Napoleon resumed the attack ; the Guard, with little difficulty and almost no loss, charged through the village of Ligny, and seized the heights beyond. Some twenty pieces of cannon were taken. The Prussian centre was occupied, their right was forced to retire, and the battle of Ligny was won.

Why Napoleon did not detain the First Corps when he found it approaching him, and order it to execute the same manœuvre which he had prescribed to Marshal Ney, it is not easy to see. He was aware at or before half-past six what corps it was, and there were yet two hours of daylight. Had he directed this body of 20,000 men, of the three arms, upon the Prussian right and rear, his captures might have been, perhaps, enormous. The right wing of the Prussian army would have been well-nigh surrounded. The victory would have been a decisive one ; in all probability there could have been no battle of Waterloo. But Napoleon, ignorant of the cause of the appearance of the First Corps on his left, and of course equally ignorant of the progress of the action at Quatre Bras, probably thought it better not to interfere with the control of Marshal Ney over both the corps which had been entrusted to him. Judging after the fact, there can be no question that he made a great mistake in not availing himself of this unexpected reinforcement.

As it was, the battle of Ligny, though a defeat for the Prussians, neither demoralized nor disintegrated their army. It weakened it by the loss of more than 15,000 men, but after the battle it was practically as able to fight as ever. Nor was it the result of the battle to separ-

The Farm of Belle Alliance.

ate the Prussian from the English army. On the contrary, there was nothing to prevent the Prussians falling back in the direction of Brussels, if they should be willing for a short time to abandon direct communication with their base of supplies.

Returning now to the left wing. As soon as the two divisions of the Second Corps under Foy and Prince Jerome arrived, shortly before two, Ney attacked the troops in his front, consisting at that time only of Perponcher's division of Dutch-Belgian troops, the brigades of Prince Bernhard and Bylandt, the Prince of Orange being in command. Though making a stout resistance, they were pushed back, and Wellington, on his return from his interview with Blücher, at three o'clock, found the French everywhere advancing. About half-past three, however, Picton's division arrived from Waterloo, where it had been, as we have seen, halted some hours. Soon afterwards other troops, Brunswickers and Hanoverians, came up from Brussels. The combatants were now nearly equal in number, but the French were largely superior in cavalry and artillery, and were decidedly getting the best of it, when, about five o'clock, Alten's British division arrived from Nivelles. All through the first part of the action Ney was momentarily expecting the First Corps to arrive, but, as we have seen, it did not come. For many years the truth in regard to the wanderings of this corps was unknown. Many writers supposed that Napoleon ordered it from Ney to join the main army. But it is now ascertained that the staff officer who carried the 3.15 order to Marshal Ney, mistaking its purport and ignorant of the tenor of the two o'clock dispatch which had preceded it, had the incredible presumption to take it upon himself to turn the column of the First Corps off from the turnpike near Frasnes, and to direct it towards St. Amand, causing, as we have seen, only delay and bewilderment in the army which was fighting at Ligny. Ney, on learning of this accident, at once recalled the corps, but no portion of it returned in season to take part in the action of Quatre Bras. Deprived of the corps of d'Erlon, and reinforced only by the heavy cavalry of Kellermann, Ney made every effort to secure success. But though his troops fought with the greatest dash and persistence, though his cavalry rode down the Brunswick and Belgian horse, and on more than

one occasion, favored by the tall grain, broke and overwhelmed British regiments, though his guns mowed down the squares in which the fear of his cavalry compelled the enemy's infantry to stand, the continual reinforcements of fresh troops coming up from Nivelles and Brussels just enabled Wellington to hold his ground through the afternoon. But this was all. His Belgian and Hanoverian troops were terribly cut up, and most of them were badly demoralized. His English regiments suffered greatly both in officers and men. His situation was most critical. Had the First Corps arrived to Ney's assistance, or even half of it, Wellington would beyond question have been driven from the field. But, instead of this, Cooke's division, composed of two brigades of the English Guards, came up about half-past six from Nivelles, and Wellington, who had throughout the afternoon maintained himself with wonderful pluck and skill against Ney's formidable assaults, was now able to take the offensive himself. By eight o'clock the French had retired to Frasnes, leaving the allies masters of the field.

Pathway Around Outside of Farm Enclosure.

While too much cannot be said in praise of the Duke's conduct of this desperate action, it is certainly true that his luck stood him in good stead on this bloody field. His mistaken idea of the movements of the French led him, as we have seen, to order his troops anywhere but to Quatre Bras. Even Picton had been halted for several hours at Waterloo, and just arrived in time to prevent the utter rout of Perponcher's division. Some, certainly, of the troops that reached the scene of action came there on their own responsibility, on hearing the firing. The division of the Guards, the arrival of which assured the safety of the army, marched from Braine le Comte to Nivelles without orders; and, had the aide who found it at Nivelles been obliged to ride seven or eight miles farther to Braine le Comte, and had the division been thereupon obliged to march from Braine le Comte to Quatre Bras after receiving the order, it could not have come up in season to be of any use. Captain Mercer, in his most interesting "Journal of the Waterloo Campaign," who marched that day from Strypen to Enghien by orders, and from Enghien to Braine le Comte and thence to Nivelles and Quatre Bras without orders, gives a vivid and exciting picture of the hurried marching to the sound of the cannon that

In the Village of Wavre.

afternoon along the roads leading to Quatre Bras.

It will be admitted without dispute that Wellington's force at Quatre Bras could not have contended successfully

On the Road from Brussels to Waterloo.

against Ney's two corps. If both these corps had been present at the beginning of the action, Wellington would very likely have retired in the direction of Brussels, and, in that case, he might no doubt have arranged for a junction of the allied armies, such as that which actually took place. But even if the corps of d'Erlon had kept to the turnpike, it could not have been present in full force at the beginning of the action—its different divisions would have come up successively. Hence it is extremely unlikely that Wellington would have fallen back without fighting. Wellington, as we know, clung to the cross-roads with great obstinacy; he was continually expecting reinforcements himself; and it

The Approach to Ligny.

is altogether probable that the two rear divisions of the First Corps, when they arrived, which in the natural course of things would have been near five o'clock, would have found the Duke's force so involved that its orderly withdrawal would have been impracticable. In other words, if d'Erlon had come up in due course of time, the motley force under Wellington would not have been merely forced to retire, it would have been routed. The bad effect of the rout of a portion of the Anglo-Hanoverian-Belgian army in the first engagement of the campaign, it is not easy to over estimate. That Wellington, with all his coolness and firmness, would have taken the risk of trusting such an army as his under these circumstances in a battle with the Emperor himself at Waterloo, is extremely unlikely. But if he had not been willing to take this risk, the prospect of any combined operations conducted by his army and that of Marshal Blücher would have practically vanished. Moreover, had Ney routed the English with the aid of the First Corps, he might have been able to send ten or fifteen thousand men by the Namur road

Charleroi Road near Quatre Bras.

in the rear of the Prussians, as the Emperor had directed in the 3.15 order. And it must be remembered that for the delay of the First Corps in starting from Gosselies, without which the Emperor's staff officer could not possibly have found the head of d'Erlon's column on the *chaussée* en route for Frasnes, and for the blunder of that staff officer, Napoleon was in no wise responsible.

We may fairly say, therefore, that while Napoleon's dispositions for and at the battle of Ligny were inadequate to the emergency, and while he might, so far as we can judge, by

Wavre, from the Gembloux Road.

other dispositions have inflicted a decisive defeat upon the Prussians, who had rashly accepted battle without the assistance of their allies, his arrangements on the left were entirely sufficient for the occasion, and nothing but accident prevented the rout of the fraction of his army which was all that the English general, hampered as he was by the consequences of his erroneous conjecture as to the direction of the French advance, was able to get together at Quatre Bras.

As Blücher towards the close of the battle of Ligny had been unhorsed and injured, his chief of staff, Gneisenau, gave the order in his name for the whole army to fall back upon Wavre, by roads running generally parallel with the Brussels turnpike. From Wavre there are country roads leading to the turnpike, one striking it near the village of Mont St. Jean, and another, just south of the first, at the village of Planchenois. As we have pointed out, there was nothing to prevent the Prussians from retiring in this direction, if they were willing to give up, for the time being, direct communication with their bases of supply; and, trusting that the English would be equally able to fall back in good order on the turnpike to some place where they could accept battle and where the two armies could be united, Gneisenau, instead of retreating on Namur or Liège, withdrew the army to Wavre. The next morning the Prussian staff officers rode over to Quatre Bras, and the plan was definitely settled. The Duke agreed to fall back to Mont St. Jean, to a strong position with which he was perfectly familiar, and Blücher agreed to reinforce him there with all his disposable force. The allied commanders were now at last acting in coöperation ; their plan was a feasible one ; if it should be carried out as planned, their success would be decisive ; and while there was, of course, the danger that Wellington might be defeated before Blücher could get over to his assistance, it was a fair risk to take, and moreover it was the only thing to do, unless Brussels was to be abandoned, and the junction of the two armies effected to the north of that capital.

[Concluding paper in the April number.]

THE YELLOW ELMS.

By Bessie Chandler.

She lay within her chamber, pale and ill,
Bound to her bed by cruel bonds of pain;
Outside the leaves were falling—all was still
Save for the dripping of the dull, sad rain.

The elms that year were yellow all the way
From tops to those low boughs that fringe and grace
Their tall, straight trunks, like little curls that stray
And cling, caressing, o'er a woman's face.

And through the leaves, as through a yellow pane,
The light shone in, all golden, on her bed,
And every morn, unwitting of the rain,
"Another sunny day," she, smiling, said.

She never knew how gloomy, dark, and gray
Those long days were. In time we came to bless
The elms, that gave her sunshine every day,
And robbed the rain of all its dreariness.

Is the world grown as sunny as I ween?
I cannot see it clearly as of old,
For, like the elms, your love has come between
My life and me, and turned it all to gold!

THE NIXIE.

By Fanny Van de Grift Stevenson.

Snugly ensconced in one corner of a first-class railway carriage, an athletic, good-looking young man stretched his long limbs lazily, half opened his eyes, closed them again, yawned mightily, and then sank back into luxurious slumber. He had entered the carriage from a country station, equipped with a trout-basket and fishing-tackle, and was evidently bent on whipping the streams which wound among the neighboring hills. It was very early, and raw and cold with the chill of an English morning. Willoughby, having tipped the guard generously, and his destination being yet some three quarters of an hour distant, shut his eyes with the comfortable assurance that he might finish his morn-

ing's nap in peace. He had scarcely, however, floated away into that delectable land of "negative gravity" when he was startled into sudden wakefulness by an animal-like shriek of terror so close at hand that it tingled in his ears. The train was passing through a tunnel, and, as often happened at that early hour, the lamp in the roof had been neglected, and the carriage was filled with smoke and darkness; the tunnel was long, but at last a glimmer of light began to penetrate the gloom. It was with a glow of anger against the corruptibility of the guard he had himself bribed, that Willoughby discerned the outlines of a small figure crouched in the opposite bench; a child, he had at first thought, which accounted for the quality of the shriek; and then, with increasing annoyance, a school-girl. Willoughby turned over in his mind the terms of his coming interview with the faithless guard. His privacy, for which he had paid liberally, had been violated, and his comfort destroyed. Sleep, so rudely assaulted, had fled his eyes. He leaned back and gazed sullenly out of the window at the coming day, alas too fair, too clear, belying the promise of a hunting morning.

The sun rose higher, and soon flooded the windows with dazzling light. The young man drew down the blinds, and turned his disapproving gaze upon the pitiful intruder. He wondered idly, as she shrank before him, what mistaken chance had led her into a first-class carriage, from which she must certainly be ousted at the first stoppage, every detail of her appearance being so frankly suggestive of that station in society for the members of which third-class carriages are specially designed. The new, blue cotton gown of ungainly cut, with straight short sleeves; the large, coarse boots, hardly soiled as yet with use; the stiff straw hat scantily trimmed with a mean red ribbon—the hat not a fit, the gown not a fit, the shoes not a fit—marked the girl unmistakably as the recent recruit of some charitable or reformatory institution. To arrive at an explanation of her stealthy entrance and incongruous position, was not difficult; the girl was a runaway. A second glance at her face corroborated the silent confession of her attire. The small dark eyes, darting hither and thither, were scouting for danger, and had the expression of a wood animal troubled with the vague suspicion of instinct at a loss. The shapeless gown hinted here and there of delicately turned contours, but also of the angularities of early girlhood, and possibly of privation and ill-treatment.

Willoughby was young, and the sympathy of youth with rebellion somewhat softened his heart towards the fugitive—fleeing, perhaps, from good to evil; but a fugitive. At every unusual sound or movement, the girl shrank and quivered, recalling to the young man's memory an incident of his boyhood. Once, in his schooldays, when he was hiding in the branches of a tree with an interdicted novel, a hare, hard pressed by the hounds, took refuge in the grass beneath him. Her repressed starts of terror, her wild dilated eyes filled him with pity. But what a hypocrite and time-server is the boy; though he could not betray the hunted thing, when the dogs, followed by the sportsmen, closed in upon her, he shut his eyes with a sick heart, and joined with the others in their loud acclamation.

These reminiscences, and some pointed reflections that were passing through Willoughby's mind, were cut short by the slowing of the train to a station. On the impulse of the moment, he stepped to the door, squaring his shoulders, and spreading his arm as a shield to screen the interior of the carriage. To give countenance to the scrutiny of possible pursuers, he called an old woman carrying an armful of water-lilies, and chaffered for her wares until the train was again in motion. "What a silly unkindness is the kindness of the sentimentalist," he thought, as he threw the moist flowers on the seat beside him; "because I once saw a hare caught by hounds, I aid and abet a workhouse brat to escape from her safest friends; and to what end? Her destination can but be, after an aimless round, the shelter whence she came; or failing that, destruction." He turned to his fellow-traveller.

"Well, my good girl," he began, in the condescending tone of the moralist, "where are you bound for?"

"I don't know," was the answer he received and expected.

"Why did you run away?"

The girl, who had been casting furtive glances at the bunch of lilies, frowned, then smiled with an expression that startled him with a curious sense of familiarity, and plucking first at the breast of her gown, knocked upon the top of her hard head gear. Frowning again, she suddenly straightened her legs, bringing the heavy leathern boots on a level with Willoughby's knees.

"At least that is better than going barefoot, or having no clothes at all," replied the young man to her pantomimic protest. "I fear you are an ungrateful ——"

A wave of terror swept over the girl's face. "Let me go! Let me go!" she cried, leaping to the opposite window. As Willoughby dragged her back, for in another moment she would have broken the glass and cut her hands, she beat at him savagely. She did not repeat her attempt to escape, but cowered on the seat where he dropped her, regarding him with the stare of a cat at bay.

"I don't wonder," thought Willoughby, "that the death of the hare sticks in my throat, for I feel like a hound. The girl is honestly running away, while I, who presume to lecture her, am fleeing in a sham, half-hearted way, to sneak back, after my few hours of stolen freedom, like a cur with my tail between my legs, to a round of conventions as galling to me as the penitentiary rules are to her."

With a changed voice and manner, he now addressed himself to the task of soothing the girl. As his advances were received with quick alarm, he fell back on his boyish experiences as a trapper, and simulated sleep, watching, meanwhile, the effect through his lashes. The girl gradually ceased panting, and the lurking terror in her eyes gave place to a sly intelligence. For a long time she remained perfectly quiet. Willoughby, tired of his constrained attitude, was about to speak, when she made an abrupt movement, evidently to test the genuineness of his slumber. Once more she made the experiment, and then, to the young man's dismay, darted forth a swift hand, detached one of the lilies, hid it the folds of her gown, and relapsed into quietude. Willoughby was surprised at the shock this gave him. He knew, now, that the flitting resemblance to an intangible image that he could not lay hold of, had been playing odd tricks in some remote corner of his brain, and that he was unconsciously fitting this charity stray upon a pedestal, and arranging her young limbs in a classic pose. With the annoyance one feels at losing a word, or the continuity of a thought however trivial, he racked his mind for the clue which was playing hide and seek with his memory.

But these fruitless excursions into *cul-de-sacs* of the past were abruptly checked. It had been a long run since the last station, and Willoughly found himself at the end of his journey. He was taken unawares, and had no plans. That the girl must come to grief sooner or later, he felt sure, but a coin or two might postpone the evil moment. He hastily gathered his "traps," and tossed into her lap several half-crowns; as they left his hand he saw that he had accidentally included a sovereign with the silver. Gold could only be a questionable and dangerous possession for the girl, and yet an unaccountable shamefacedness prevented his reclaiming it. As a last thought he laid upon her knees the bunch of lilies, which according to all rules, should have been as coals of fire on her head. She accepted them, however, without a blush, and instead of thanking him, lifted the corner of her skirt to show the pilfered flower, smiling in Willoughby's face with a mingled slyness, and frankness, and shyness that again sent his memory flying on a barren quest.

The young man walked musingly a few paces, paused irresolutely, almost with the intention of returning, but the whistle of the engine, and moving wheels decided the question. He had given up his ticket and passed through the gate, when his attention was arrested by the sound of a gruff voice saying "Now you come here! None of that, you know. You must give up your ticket." A hand clasped his. The girl had followed him from the train, and now stood, apparently waiting for his decision with the doubtful confidence of a dog uncertain

of its master's intentions. The money he had thrown her lay scattered on the ground, but the lilies she held to her breast.

Willoughby, feeling the position a little ridiculous, for the girl, now she stood beside him, was taller and older than he had supposed, gently loosened his hand, and addressed the gate-keeper in a conciliatory tone. "I think," said he, "she has lost her ticket; but you see she has money," picking it up and offering it as he spoke. The man touched his cap, named the fare, pocketed a little more with a "thank you, sir," and "I suppose she's a little——?" tapping his forehead significantly.

"It seems so," said the young man, shifting his fishing implements about uneasily; "look here; take this, and see that she has a ticket on the return train, and look after her, like a good fellow, when it comes."

The leering curiosity of the rustics who hung about the station brought a flush to his cheeks, and he turned with an angry stride towards a green lane which led, as he knew, through thick-growing beeches, skirted a field or two, and finally lost itself in a bit of forest land traversed by one fairly broad, and several narrower streams. The former he meant to follow back to its tributaries in the hills, where the trout cooled their sides in many shadowy pools dear to the fisher's heart. The morning fragrance of grasses, and blossoming weeds, and growing corn, and the exuding gums of trees, rose balmily as with the breath of waking day, and the joy of living thrilled in the air. Willoughby sniffed with expanded nostrils like a young horse, and fell into the long, easy stride of the practiced walker. The girl gave him a few moments' vantage, watching apprehensively over one shoulder and the other, and then, hampered in her movements by the clumsy boots, and the folds of her gown, plodded heavily in his rear.

Willoughby, who was whistling softly to himself, mounted a stile that lay in his way, and from the top turned and looked out over the fair landscape. The figure of the girl, painfully trudging toward him, instantly caught his eye. With an impatient gesture, he sat down and waited for her to overtake him. As she came nearer, he noted with surprise the glow of color that was on her cheeks and lips. The spirit of the morning that had quickened his pulses, had moved even the dull current in the veins of the workhouse waif. Willoughby found something pathetic in the thought. He gave her his hand, and helped her over the stile, checking his steps involuntarily to her limit. He fell into a confused reverie. Before his mind's eye rose a vision of his father's house, now filled with summer visitors; ladies, with their bazaars, their tennis, their "work," and their flirting; dull, urbane old gentlemen; dull young gentlemen whose sullen hearts were gnawed by tedium. In Willoughby's distorted imagination these really estimable persons revolved stupidly, like the spokes of a wheel, round a common centre, Lady Maud Ponsonby. He knew that Lady Maud was his destined bride; she knew it, and their respective parents knew it, though no word had been spoken. It seemed more that it must be, because there was absolutely no reason why it should not be. These meditations, which had somewhat damped the buoyancy of his spirits, were interrupted by a pluck at his sleeve.

"There is a river yonder," said the girl, pointing across the fields; "a river."

"How came you to be taken to the—the institution?" asked Willoughby, irrelevantly, with a start.

"They caught me in a trap, and shut me up, and put these upon me," was the indignant reply, "but they shall not do that again; they cannot catch me now. They catch birds, too," she added; "I cannot understand it; can you?"

"I suppose I can," answered Willoughby. "Look there, at yonder thieving rascal, how he is pecking away at the grapes."

They were passing the end of a walled garden. A gate stood open, and just inside, a hothouse door swung on its hinges. A blackbird, taking advantage of the gardener's negligence, was busy at the amber fruit. In a moment the girl was beside him, adding a couple of bunches and a handful of vine leaves to the lilies she still carried. The bird chirped angrily, but did not move.

"I cannot allow this," said Willough-

by; "take back those grapes, and shut the door."

"No," said the girl; "I want them, so why should I put them back?"

"You know very well, they are not yours to take."

"Not mine? But you saw me gather them!"

"You know that they belong to the man who planted the roots, and built the glass house," persisted Willoughby, irritated at having this primitive lesson in morality forced from him. Had it been the escapade of a young lady, he knew he should have joined, and found it great sport; but the thought of the workhouse made preaching incumbent on him.

"No, they are not his," said the girl; "the man did not make the root; he could not. And the sun, and the air, and the rain, made the fruit grow upon it. The man shut the root in a prison, and now you say he claims its children. I do not understand that."

"If you think you are justified in helping yourself to whatever you may fancy," asked Willoughby, "why then did you not openly take the lily when we were in the train?"

"Everybody knows," replied the girl, "that there are many dangerous things abroad. A snake under a strawberry plant may not want to eat the berry, but if you do, you must be very cautious in gathering it, or he may strike you. Then the large and more terrible creatures who are greedy like the blackbird, and wish to keep more than they need—with them, one must be wary indeed! I thought you were one of those at first."

"Oh," remarked Willoughby.

"Yes; I was afraid of you, then. I am not, now. You did not really care for my taking the grapes, you only feared some one might see me, and I should be caught in your company."

The girl's unexpected shrewdness of observation, the absence of vulgarity in her speech or manner, coupled with her reformatory dress, began to puzzle Willoughby exceedingly. "Where have you lived all your life?" he asked abruptly.

"There," was the answer, with a wave of the hand that swept half the horizon. There was not much information to be derived from a statement so comprehensive.

Willoughby tried again. "How old are you?"

"Oh—a hundred—a hundred thousand thousand days. And you, how old are you?"

"Just turned my twenty-third year," answered Willoughby, shortly.

"I shouldn't have thought you were so old."

"I suppose, then, I must look younger than I am," said he, not quite pleased that he had given so strong an impression of youth.

"On the contrary, you look very, very old," said the girl; but this assertion was still less to Willoughby's taste.

By the time they reached the forest belt the sun was high, and Willoughby, feeling the fatigue of walking at a pace so much slower than his custom, would have stopped to rest, but the girl pushed on eagerly to the river. Here, Willoughby leaned his rod against a tree, and disembarrassed himself of his trout-basket, which at present contained a packet of sandwiches, and a half bottle of claret. Having arranged these matters to his satisfaction, he turned to resume his conversation with the girl, whose quaint remarks and savage ignorance of the ordinary *convenances* of life, he was beginning, in spite of himself, to find both interesting and amusing. To his amazement, she was apparently disrobing herself. Her hat lay upon the ground, with the ribbon that had bound her hair into a pigtail beside it. The bodice of her gown she was in the act of removing; holding it up, she laughed derisively, and tossed it far out into some brambles.

"Come," she said, beckoning to Willoughby; "we must take care of the lilies first." Gathering them together, she laid several in the crown of the hard hat that had left a mark across her brow, ballasted the hat with pebbles, and sent it floating down the stream. The coarse shoes, one after the other, their respective stockings in their toes, and freighted with lilies, followed the hat.

"I say," cried Willoughby, "you had better stop there! People *do* come this way."

In another second his own "deer-

stalker" was seized, weighted, filled with the remaining lily pods, and this frail shallop joined the argosy. Shaking the drops from her hair, which had trailed in the water, the girl rose and turned towards the young man. "Do not look so strangely," she said; "they may not live long, but they shall at least die at home."

"Who are you?" cried Willoughby, passing his hand across his eyes. "Who are you?"

"Come," she said; "come and eat, you are tired."

She laid the stolen grapes on a flat stone, and began to fold a vine leaf into the form of a cup. Willoughby, at her bidding, spread his contribution to the feast beside the grapes. The girl raised a warning finger, filled her green cup at the stream, deliberately spilled a portion, murmuring a few inaudible words, and offered the rest to Willoughby.

"Is it—is it a—*libation?*" he asked, incredulously.

"It is," she answered; "and now eat and drink, and rest."

A short time before, Willoughby would not have hesitated to offer the girl stumbling at his side a sip of gin from the mouth of a square bottle; but since she had cast off the clumping boots, and the pinching, dragging bodice of her gown, she moved with an alert grace that even Lady Maud might have envied. The world over, it is the same; beauty in the female develops chivalry in the male. And now Willoughby was abashed by the difficulty of dispensing his wine gracefully. The cork was already loosened; he drew it with his penknife, awkwardly filled the sylvan cup, and offered it to the girl, who had been watching his proceedings with uneasy curiosity. She touched the brim with shrinking lip.

"You have given me blood to drink!" she gasped.

Willoughby snatched the leaf from her hand, and, so strong is the sympathy of imagination, fancied that he, too, tasted blood in the cup. The meal was finished in silence, Willoughby swallowing his sandwiches with an uncomfortable sense of grossness, while the girl fed daintily on grapes. They drank clear water alternately from the same vine leaf, and even Willoughby, who was accounted to have a delicate palate for wine, and had accompanied the butler to the cellar that very morning to make sure of his favorite vintage, began to regard the bottle that stood between them with aversion.

"Let us bury it," suggested the girl.

So they made a hole in the soft ground, digging with the joints of Willoughby's most tenderly cherished rod; and there an excellent half bottle of *La Rose* doubtless lies to-day. As they patted and shaped the tiny grave, the young man's thoughts wandered back to the morning, when, suave and cynically self-possessed, he drank a cup of tea in the grey semi-darkness with Lady Maud, complimenting that placid maiden on her heroism in joining him at such an unconceivable hour, and declaring himself her true knight. She had playfully invested him with the order of the red rose; the rose, once reposing on Lady Maud's chaste breast, was—oh, here, in his trousers pocket, sadly crushed and withered. What, Willoughby wondered, would be Lady Maud's sensations could she behold him now, engaged with all the seriousness of life and death in a child's game, his playfellow, whom he more than suspected to be mad, a half naked girl just escaped from a reformatory?

The crumbs and grapes, the remains of the repast, together with the leafy cup, were left on the stone for the regalement of birds and passing travellers. "One should never destroy," said the girl, "what another may use after him. Yonder, round the turn of the stream, is a boat; the man who made it did not break it up when his day's pleasure was over, but covered it and tied it fast for the next comer."

Willoughby, while he doubted the disinterestedness of the builder's motives, did not question the girl's knowledge of the boat, and in the face of his late platitudes on the subject of theft (which he blushed to remember) proposed to take piratical possession of the craft, and row up the river. The girl, reversing their parts, gave him her hand, and they ran laughing along the green banks like two children. As they went

further up the stream the features of the landscape changed. The trees grew larger, and in more isolated groups, with open stretches of meadow between them. Breathless with laughter and running, the pair stopped to rest under the shade of a great oak. By this time it was high noon, and the sun was beating straightly down.

"Wait here," said the girl. She came lightly springing back, carrying sprays of broad-leaved water-weeds. Her hair twined about her in dripping tendrils; the coarse chemise, the charity skirt, fresh from the river, clung in wet folds round her slim young body like antique drapery.

"I remember—I remember," cried Willoughby, starting up. She signed him to stoop, but he knelt at her feet instead, while she bound the leaves in a wreath about his head.

"There," she said, studying the effect with satisfaction; "that is much better; that other must have been old and dry from the first."

Willoughby had a moment's difficulty in understanding this remark, which gave him a sudden distaste, not only for the lost "deerstalker," now on its way to sodden destruction, but for his entire wardrobe. The dull blue of the girl's skirt, the unbleached linen of her chemise, harmonized with the tints of tree, and grass, and sky. The young man's correct bilious brown suit became hideous by comparison. No plunge into the river could mould those odious "bags," or the belted jacket, into classic lines. He was saved from heaven knows what folly by the voice of the girl calling him to follow her. *Follow—follow*—her words came echoing back from the opposite shore.

"Hark!" cried Willoughby.

The girl, checked in the very movement of running, slowly raised her hand to her ear, and stood silent as a statue. *Hark!* returned the echo. But it was not to that she was listening. Her head was turned over her shoulder, away from the river, and towards the wood. Willoughby listened intently. The light air moving among leaves, and across lithe twigs, made, now and then, a small, whistling, singing sound, the shadow of a strain as it were, so that he could almost persuade himself that he heard something like a distant, jocund piping.

"Is it the great god Pan?" he asked, softly. His voice broke the spell. The girl started and laid a finger on her lips. Coarse and mundane noises disturbed the musical silence. The loud laughter and chattering of approaching strangers sounded close at hand. Willoughby's first impulse was to secure the boat, which lay near by. He leaped into the stern, unfastened the rope, and pushed a foot or two from the shore. Another boat, awkwardly handled by a couple of Cockney lads and their sweethearts, was coming down the stream. He cast an anxious look about him, but he was apparently alone. The occupants of the boat, flushed, and blowsy, and happy, regarded him with amazement. "Oh," cried one, "he must be crazy! he's got a wreath on his head like the mad woman in the play. Perhaps he's a dangerous lunatic; oh, let us get away!" The young men bent to their oars, the boat lurched round the bend of the river and disappeared amid much splashing and giggling.

The incident jarred on Willoughby's mood. He waited several minutes, gazing abstractedly over the side of the boat, before calling to his companion. What was it, he wondered, that gave him such a new and vivid sense of kinship with the earth, so that he seemed to feel within himself its very essence and component parts? Had something got into his blood, something wild and natural, something with a tang like the sap of trees, and cool, and fresh, like the water of the river? He should scarcely have been surprised had his feet struck root in the ground, or leaves sprouted from his finger-tips. He laughed aloud for simple joyousness when he saw the girl's reflection beside his own. A passing ripple shook the surface of the water, disturbing the mirrored face; the chin and lips quivered, the eyes became blurred, and the picture shattered into a thousand sparkles.

"It is an evil omen," said the girl from over his shoulder. "Let us go far up the river, and never, never return here again."

"Never," repeated Willoughby, absently.

"There are pools, and waterfalls, and glens up there," continued the girl, "and no hateful creatures to frighten us. How brave you are! You were not afraid; while I—I am trembling—make haste; make haste!"

Willoughby seized the oars and sent the boat out into the middle of the stream. The river ran merrily past them; birds sang in the trees that fringed the banks; the balmy summer air fanned their cheeks with the fragrance of a thousand flowers. Surely it was an enchanted boat carrying them into an enchanted land. Willoughby's sensations became strangely confused; he felt like a man in a dream; a humming was in his ears, and the images before his eyes danced, and changed in hue and form. It caused him no astonishment that the oars became light as thistle-down, and he seemed to be grasping slippery, moist stalks, while the girl, her hands upon the stern, her feet floating out behind her, pushed the boat smoothly against the current, with eyes shining like glow-worms, and her lips parted in elfish glee. Nor was he surprised when the shyest of woodland birds perched upon his shoulders, or prize trout leaped beside the craftiest angler in England. His voice sounded faint, and sweet, and distant, as though some one else were speaking, as he dreamily recounted ancient tales, mixing naiads, and gods, and water-sprites into a romantic story of the present, where the principal characters were borne by himself and the girl.

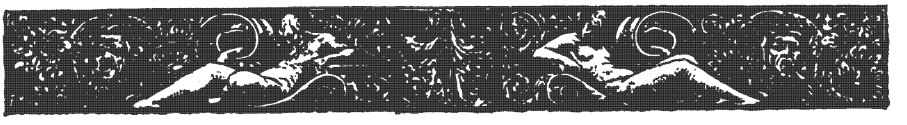
It might have been a year, it might have been a day that passed. Shadows thickened, and a cold mist began to creep over the ground. Wild fowl whirred above their nests, calling their broods with plaintive cries. All about there was a scuttling and rustling of birds and beasts hurrying to their precarious homes in tree or earth. Willoughby shivered; the tale turned into unmeaning words on his lips; a weight bore upon his breast, and his head swam. Was his dream turning into a nightmare? The boat rocked; swaying dizzily over its side, he looked straight down into a face that sank deeper and deeper, the smile upon it changing grotesquely through the water from gay mockery to the grieved expression of a sobbing child, until it was lost in blackness.

Willoughby uttered an exclamation of horror. The girl was drowning before his eyes! He leaped after her, and dived again and again, until he was helpless from exhaustion, and cramped by the cold. The boat, meanwhile, half filled with water, drifted heavily away.

When Willoughby recovered consciousness, he found himself lying on the grass, supported against the knee of a stranger, and surrounded by a group of young people whose vulgar faces he vaguely recognized. He tried to speak, but his lips moved without words.

"You are not strong enough yet, wait a little," said a kind voice. "You wonder what has happened, and where you are, I don't doubt. These young men told my gardener that they had seen you with my favorite boat. We came up here to look after my property, and found you instead, and pulled you out of the water where you had been upset, just in the nick of time—what is it? 'Save the girl,' he says. Was there a girl with him?"

"No, sir," replied a Cockney voice. "He was quite alone. He was standing in the boat with a wreath on his head, looking very dangerous, indeed, sir, and it's my belief that it's a sunstroke. I've looked in his pockets, as you directed, sir, and I can't find no card, nor nothing, only this messy old flower."



Portrait of Leigh Hunt, by Samuel Laurence.

A SHELF OF OLD BOOKS.

By Mrs. Fields.

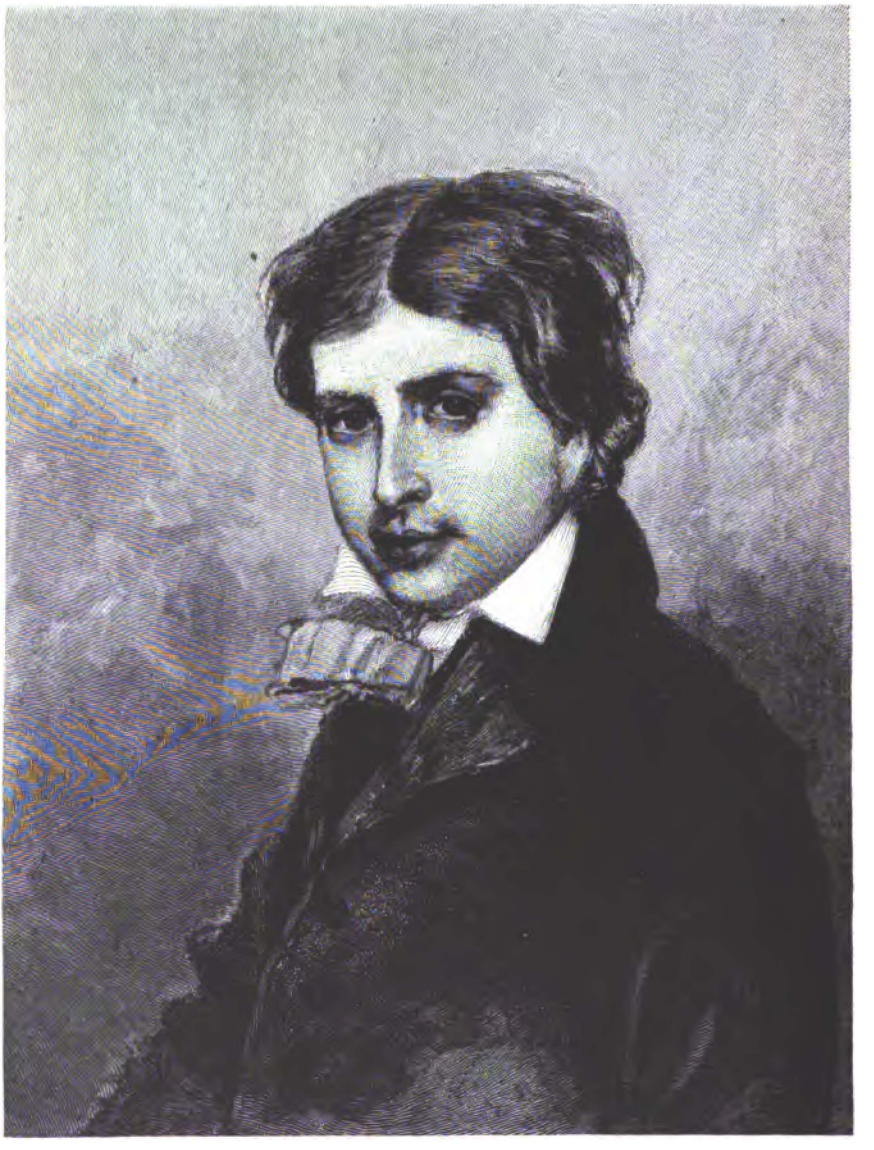
Leigh Hunt.

THE private collection of books made by James T. Fields, and still remaining undisturbed in his former home in Charles Street, Boston, overlooking the Charles River Bay, is one which has gained in interest with time; and the excuse, if excuse were needed, for bringing them before the public is the public interest already shown by the many requests from different sources to see these books, or to learn certain details of their character.

Some years ago Mr. Fields himself wrote a paper describing his favorites in this collection, which he called "My Friend's Library;" but at that time he could not fail to be hampered by a sense that he, the living collector and possessor, was too nearly allied to his treasures to write freely about them.

The position of the present writer is one altogether different. Being only a custodian, full of a sense of responsibility as the keeper of a trust, these memorials seem to appeal for wider opportunity of usefulness to a new generation.

In spite of the unusual chances which



Portrait of Leigh Hunt. (From a drawing made in 1815.)

came to Mr. Fields, only those who have built up a collection of rare books can understand how much time and knowledge are required, under the most advantageous circumstances, to bring such a collection together. But a still more potent factor is that instinctive love and reverence for the teachers and inspirers of men which were essential qualities of his character. No one ever looked upon his treasures who regarded them with greater reverence and love than the collector himself, nor could anyone have a larger faith in their power of helpfulness. A certain sacredness gathers about the belongings of good and great men, which comes not only from a sense of contact, but from the fact that their surroundings express a kinship with others' tastes or necessities;

"My Friend's Library."

and how especially valuable, therefore, are their books, which introduce us into their workshop and give us some idea of their own means of education and development.

The influence of Leigh Hunt's surroundings upon John Keats illustrates this idea perfectly. Keats was hardly known even to himself when Leigh Hunt, with his infallible touchstone for discerning literary excellence in others, recognized his sensitive nature and drew him into friendly relations. Charles Cowden Clarke tells us that he went to call on Leigh Hunt one day, in a pretty cottage in the Vale of Health, on Hampstead Heath, soon after he and Keats had left school and gone to London. He carried in his pocket two or three of Keats's sonnets, which he thought were so good for a youth under age that he would venture to show them to Leigh Hunt, but he was not prepared for the prompt admiration with which they were received. The visit ended in a promise that he would soon bring Keats to Hampstead. It was in the library of this cottage, where, one night, a temporary bed had been made up for him on the sofa, that Keats composed the poem on "Sleep and Poetry," inspired by his surroundings. It was a modest room, clothed with such treasures as even a poor man may possess, but none the less there was inspiration in them for a poet's brain.

"It was a poet's home who keeps the keys
Of pleasure's temple—round about were hung
The glorious features of the bards who sung
In other ages—cold and sacred busts
Smiled at each other."

Keats's poem is indeed an exquisite illustration of the way in which our brains and hearts may be touched to finer issues by such surroundings.

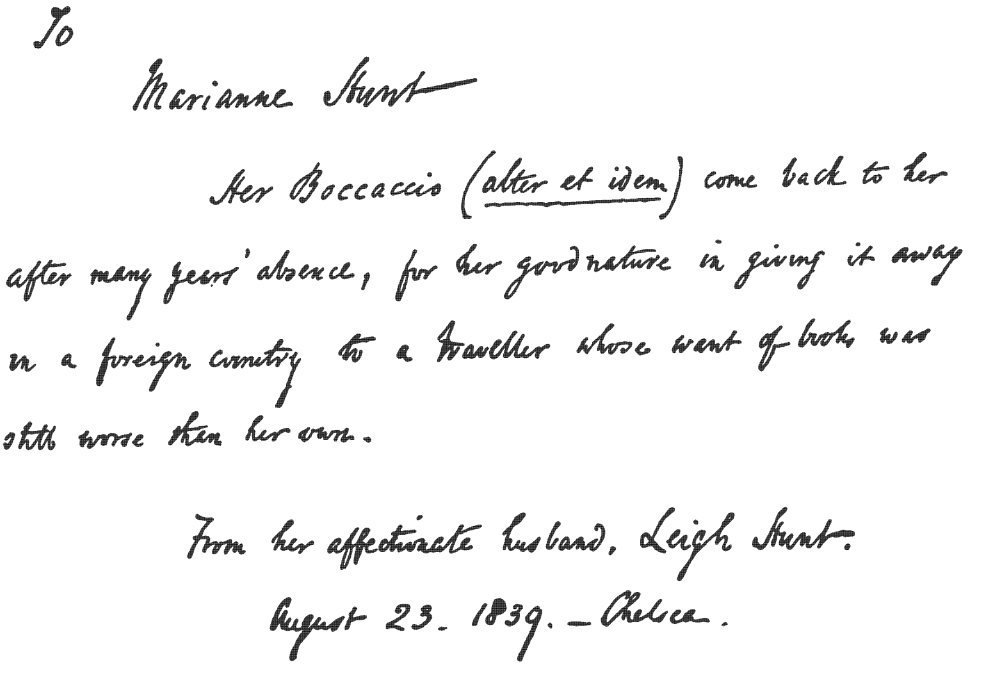
As I quote these lines, fearful of some slip of a treacherous memory, I take a small volume of Keats from the shelf of old books. It is a battered little copy in green cloth, with the comfortable aspect of having been abroad with some loving companion in a summer shower. It is the copy long used by Tennyson, and evidently worn in his pocket on many an excursion. He once handed it to Mr. Fields at parting, and it was always cherished by the latter with reverence and affection. Here, in its quiet corner, the little book now awaits the day when some new singer shall be moved to song in memory of

the great poet who loved and treasured it.

Many years ago it was our privilege to see Leigh Hunt in London, and to make a traveller's slight acquaintance with the interior which had inspired Keats. In response to a note of invitation, a portion of which is reproduced on page 303, we drove to Hammersmith, where he was then living. He was an old man with snowy hair, contrasting in this respect with the portrait on page 286, which was taken in the year 1815, at the request of Vincent Novello, just as he was leaving prison. But his eyes were still brilliant, and the fascinating grace of his manner was unimpaired. He was naturally rather tall and of a slender figure, but incessant daily toil at the desk caused him to stoop somewhat, though had long ago moved away from the pretty cottage at Hampstead. He was then living in a small house—one in a block of wooden buildings, if my memory serves me—which presented few external attractions either to a worldly or æsthetic observer ; but Leigh Hunt was there, with his elegance and charm, like a prince in hiding. The same treasures were around him, too, which lighted Keats's fire of song. The Greek casts, "Sappho's meek head," "Great Alfred's too," "and Kosciusko's ;"

> "Petrarch, outstepping from the shady green,
> Starts at the sight of Laura ; nor can wean
> His eyes from her sweet face."

There they were, treasures indeed, when we remember that Keats opened his dreamy eyes upon them and found


To
Marianne Hunt
Her Boccaccio (alter et idem) come back to her
after many years' absence, for her good nature in giving it away
in a foreign country to a traveller whose want of books was
still worse than her own.
From her affectionate husband, Leigh Hunt.
August 23. 1839. — Chelsea.

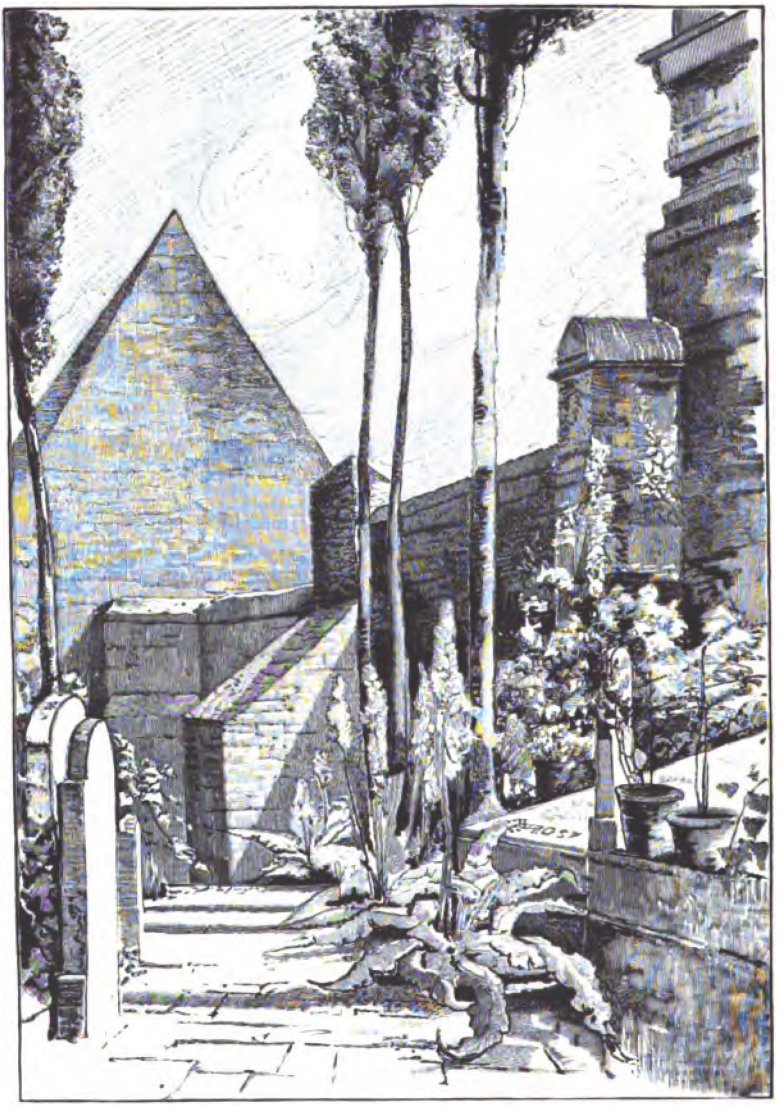
The Inscription in Marianne Hunt's Copy of Boccaccio.

his son says of him, "he was straight as an arrow and looked slenderer than he really was," but this was in earlier years, before time and toil had left their impress.

At the period of our visit, Leigh Hunt had reached his seventy-fifth year, and in them a fountain for his verse ; in themselves they were but a few casts, a few engravings, a few sketches in color, a number of well-worn books, with windows full of flowers, and no heavy draperies to keep away heaven's light. The fresh white muslin curtains swayed in

From Miss Whitney's Bust of Keats.

the summer breeze as Leigh Hunt talked, and the enchantment of his discourse captivated us as surely as it had done for so many years all those who had come into personal relation with him. We forgot the tea-table and forgot the hours, while he introduced us to his daughters, to his flowers (he called them "his gentle household pets"), and to his latest literary interests and occupations. He wore the dignity and sweetness of a man not only independent of worldly ambitions, but of one dependent upon unworldly satisfactions. There was no sense of defeat because he was a poor man, nor even of inadequacy, except for lack of time and strength to "entertain strangers." He wore the air of a noble laborer—ceaseless, indefatigable; and when we remember that the wolf was driven from his door through so long a life by his busy pen, a pen unarmed with popular force, he might well feel that the struggle had been an honorable one. In referring to his flowers, which were just breaking into clusters of bloom, he fell into a reverie in talk upon the mystery and ministry of beauty in



The Grave of Shelley in Rome.

the world, a subject which he has made peculiarly his own ; but he soon strayed into the beloved paths of literature, and then indeed everything else was forgotten. His daughters tried in every way to decoy him to the table, but in vain, until at length they ran off with half his audience, when he soon followed.

Wherever Hunt lived, flowers seem to have been his inseparable companions. Even in those younger days in prison, he papered his walls with a trellis of roses, and caused plants to be put before the barred windows. They were as characteristic companions as his books.

It seemed the most natural thing possible to hear Leigh Hunt talk of Shelley and Keats as if they had just closed the door by which we had entered. There was the very couch, perhaps, where Keats lay down to sleep, after, as he says, straying "in Spenser's halls;" for they

had no room for him, we remember, and he was made to rest there among the books; and there, when he awoke, were

"Might half slumb'ring on his own right arm,"

and those other mysterious shadows of his poem.

Hunt said, in talking of Shelley, "It was not in him to hate a human being; but I remember being startled once by his saying, 'Hunt, why is it that we all write love-songs; why shouldn't we write hate-songs,' and he said he would some day, poor fellow! I believe, however, that he really did dislike the second Mrs. Godwin, because she was incapable of telling the truth, and he used to say, when he was obliged to dine with her, 'that he would lean back in his chair and languish into hate.'" It was interesting, too, in view of the unsatisfactory portraits and busts of Shelley, to hear Leigh Hunt say that "no one could describe him," and that he always seemed "as if he were just alit from the planet Mercury, bearing a wingèd wand tipped with flame."

Although our visit to Leigh Hunt was within a few months of his death, the native elasticity of his mind and the living grace of his manner were undimmed. He wore no aspect of the coming change, and the wan appearance of the portrait affixed to his Autobiography was so foreign to our memory of him that Mr. Fields has inscribed above it, "I saw Leigh Hunt in 1859, and this portrait bears no resemblance to the poet as I saw him. J. T. F." There is no Leigh Hunt now to enchant, and no Keats to be enchanted among the old books; but, as we stand silently in the corner where they chiefly rest together, watching the interchanging lights thrown through green branches from the shining river beyond, we remember that these causes of inspiration still abide with us, and that other book-lovers are yet to pore over these shelves and gather fresh life from the venerable volumes which stand upon them.

John Sterling said, many years ago, "They only find who know where to look." It was a skilful eye as well as a loving hand that brought this collection of books together. It is not one of the well-equipped libraries of a rich man, and we are sometimes led to think, in these later days of accessible public libraries, that it is a mistake to multiply books, with their attendant care, in private houses; but "My Friend's Library" is a collection of volumes which the collector himself read and loved, interspersed with such treasures as I have hinted at, books which have belonged to other writers, and been loved by readers whose very names are sacred.

Barry Cornwall.

The shelves near which we have been pausing are dedicated especially to Leigh Hunt's books. He was himself the prince of careful readers, enriching the pages as he passed over them with marks and comments which will serve to indicate passages of subtile meaning or noble incentive to all those who follow him while the books remain.

The history of the transfer of these volumes to our shores is easily told. "It is amazing," Dickens used to say, as if he were perceiving something nobody had ever thought of before, "it is amaz-

The Birth-place of Shelley.

ing what love can do!" and it was love for Leigh Hunt personally which really brought these books of his to America. Although the best of readers, he was a man who believed in a generous use of books, and he lent and gave them away as if he were almost indifferent to their preservation. Those which were dearest and most useful somehow clung about him, yet the number of broken sets of valuable books among his collection is almost incredible. Such as they were, however, Mr. Fields desired to have them, and they were all despatched to him soon after Leigh Hunt's death. There were about four hundred and fifty volumes altogether, and of these Mr. Fields kept less than two hundred. "I was foolish not to have kept them all," he often said in later years; but at the moment many persons appeared who expressed great enthusiasm about them, and it seemed like a kind of selfishness to keep them all. More than half the collection was scattered, and many have changed hands more than once since that time. We do not like to think of them wandering about homeless, or possibly finding shelter in some second-hand book-shop, gazing helplessly from unloved shelves.

The interest which hangs about this little group, thus snatched as it were from oblivion, is sufficient to detain us in this paper. A happy chance brought us to this shelf; let us not wander just now farther afield.

Leigh Hunt's association with the men of letters of his time was close and single-hearted. No man ever held more firmly to the path he had chosen. He was indefatigably at work. To call a man of his tastes and temperament no lover of pleasure would seem strangely inconsistent; but his pleasures were taken in Shakspeare's forest, in Spenser's palace, in Cowley's garden, in Herbert's church. He need not leave his own fireside for his finest enjoyments, and it was seldom indeed that Lord Holland or anybody else could lure him away from his writing-desk to the dinner-table. He was no diner-out; nevertheless, he became the intimate of the most interesting men of his time. He was the friend and biographer of Byron, he was greatly beloved by Shelley, and we have already seen how much he contributed to the happiness of Keats. He loved Shelley more deeply than the rest, and saw him much more intimately; but Carlyle, Hazlitt, Lamb, and Barry Cornwall, not to mention other famous writers, musicians, and artists of his day, were all upon friendly terms with him.

Once only did we meet him at dinner, at Mrs. Procter's. It was a memorable occasion. Adelaide Procter, Hawthorne, Sumner, Kinglake, and other celebrities were present; but Leigh Hunt's winning aspect and delightful talk made the occasion truly sympathetic and agreeable. I can recall, as we left the table, Barry Cornwall putting his arm about Hunt's shoulder, as they went up the stair, with the affectionate look of one who saw his dear friend only too rarely. Indeed we were afterward told it was the last time he dined out in company.

His social spirit is shown by the manner of his reading. He could never keep the good things to himself. He was truly

signs that serve as intellectual guideposts to the mind.

The books relating to Leigh Hunt in this collection may be divided into two groups; first, those of his own writing; and second, those from which he often drew his inspiration, the books he loved to feed upon, his best companions. It is interesting to stand in this way, as it were, between the student and the author, on the ground between the conception and the finished work. By following his footsteps through the books he loved, we gather new light upon these companions of the mind, and at the same moment we gain fresh appreciation of Hunt's own peculiar talent for making the antique seed-grain bloom again.

From Severn's painting, "Ariel on the Bat's Back."

"The Indicator" and "The Seer" for those who were to read after him. Up and down the pages run notes and marks to attract the attention of the unwary. No fine epithet, no delicate allusion, no fitting word were lost upon his sensitive ear. We cannot help touching the pages with veneration which have been read, re-read, and made precious by

In looking over the works of any true poet, and such Leigh Hunt undoubtedly was, we must in justice seek to know him in his poems; for however well a poet may write prose, we must search his poetry to learn his most sincere expression and to discover that capacity, if he have it, for rising above his subject, which is a necessary quality of all good writing.

In Leigh Hunt's books we can often discover the suggestions and inspirations of his poems. It might be so, perhaps, with many another poet if we could find just such another reader. But he may be called an imprisoned singer, not alone in those years when he was actually shut in prison walls, but by reason of his constant confinement to his desk, because of the necessity for continual toil. Many of these hours, too, in his ripest manhood, were passed in the prosaic labor of a newspaper man's office. He found his refreshment and compensation in books. "The Story of Rimini," redolent as it is of Italy, was written in his London prison, long before Italy was anything but a dream to him. It is far from wonderful that the poem is no better; the wonder is that it has life at all.

Joseph Severn.

Hunt's love of Italy was very early awakened, and we have a delightful glimpse of him as a boy, first learning Italian at Christ's Hospital with his friend Barnes. It was a time of intense enjoyment. "We went shouting the beginning of Metastasio's 'Ode to Venus,'" he says, "as loud as we could bawl, over the Hornsey fields, and I can repeat it to this day from those first lessons."

Here is the large old copy of "The Novels and Tales of the Renowned John Boccaccio, the first Refiner of Italian Prose: containing A Hundred Curious Novels, by Seven Honorable Ladies and Three Noble Gentlemen, Framed in Ten Days." It was printed in London in 1684, and bears upon the first fly-leaf the following inscription [see p. 288]:

"To Marianne Hunt—

"Her Boccaccio (*alter et idem*) come back to her after many years' absence, for her good-nature in giving it away in a foreign country to a traveller whose want of books was still worse than her own.

"From her affectionate husband,

LEIGH HUNT.

"August 23, 1839.—Chelsea."

Boccaccio was one of Leigh Hunt's prime favorites, and there is another copy in different form close at hand. This time it is in two small leather-covered volumes printed "in Venezia," in the year 1542. The autograph inscription on the title-page is as follows:

"These volumes are presented as a slight but heartfelt acknowledgement for the kindnesses received by John Wilson from Leigh Hunt Esqre.

December 3d 1840."

Unhappily Leigh Hunt's copy of Dante is not among the old books; perhaps it never came to America. I only find three volumes of Commentaries on the Poets of Italy, which were evidently useful books to him, and the Memoirs (in English) of Alessandro Tassoni. Near these stand his own two volumes of "Stories from Italian Poets," which are dedicated to Shelley. They are in the form of a summary of the great works by the five principal narrative poets of Italy: Dante, Pulci, Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso, and they prove to us at least the careful study he had bestowed upon Italian literature. Many of the most precious of

Leigh Hunt's old books are associated with that portion of his life passed in Italy; chiefly, in our minds, perhaps, because Shelley and Keats, his dearest friends, died there, and because his friendship for Shelley ripened upon Italian soil. There are three of these books standing in a row, which must be looked upon especially with reverence, I believe, by all lovers of literature. The first is an illustrated copy of Shelley's poems, the one edited by Mrs. Shelley and dedicated to their son, after Shelley's death, in 1839. It bears upon its title-page the following inscription: "To Marianne Hunt on her birthday. Sep. 28. 1844, from her loving husband Leigh Hunt." This edition contains two interesting portraits of Shelley, and a picture of Field Place, in Sussex, where he was born; also an etching of the cottage in which he lived at Marlowe, and two different views of his burial place.

There is also laid between the leaves of this book, at the opening of the "Adonais," a letter from Joseph Severn, of whom Shelley says in his preface to the poem (as all the world forever will remember), "He (Keats) was accompanied to Rome by Mr. Severn, a young artist of the highest promise, who, I have been informed, 'almost risked his own life, and sacrificed every prospect to unwearied attendance upon his dying friend.' Had I known these circumstances before the completion of my poem, I should have been tempted to add my feeble tribute of applause to the more solid recompense which the virtuous man finds in the recollection of his own motives. Mr. Severn can dispense with a reward from 'such stuff as dreams are made of.' His conduct is a golden augury of the success of his future career—may the unextinguished Spirit of his illustrious friend animate the creations of his pencil, and plead against Oblivion for his name!" In Severn's letter, which is addressed to Mr. Fields in 1871, he says: "I confess that I live upon the past." He encloses a photograph of himself (and this also is inserted), taken from a picture made when he was but twenty-seven years old, adding: "my lanthorn jaws I do not send." It is by no means a disappointing face, but one full of gentleness and enthusiasm.

The mention of Severn's name leads me to other unpublished letters from him, containing further particulars of those early days when he was with Keats. To that period also belongs a picture, which hangs near the books, of "Ariel on the Bat's Back" [p. 293], a fanciful and yet realistic bit of painting, giving a good idea of Severn's own ability at his ripest period. We learn the origin of his pa-

From a drawing of Keats by Severn, in the possession of Mrs. Fields.

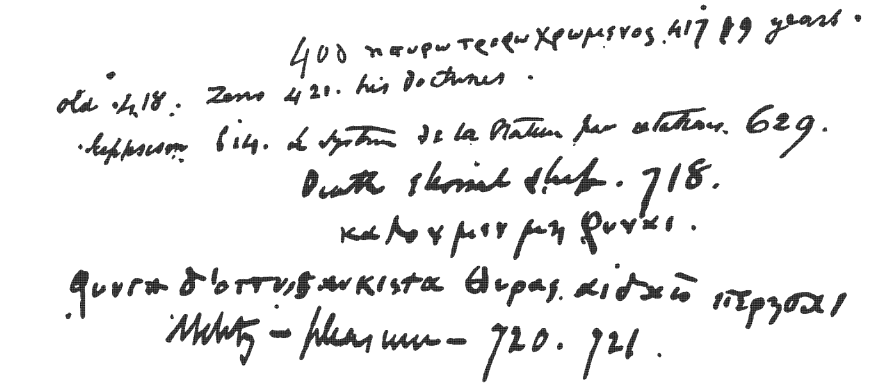
Percy Bysshe Shelley.

per on Keats, written for the *Atlantic Monthly*, of April, 1863, in a letter to Mr. Fields. He says, "At last I have performed my promise to you in writing a paper on Keats, which I now enclose. . . . You will be interested by the romantic incident in my Keats paper, of my charming meeting with the poet's sister in Rome, and that we have become like brother and sister. She lives here with her Spanish family; her name is Llanos; she was married to a distinguished Spanish patriot and author, and has two sons and two daughters, one of whom is married to Brockman, the Spanish Director of the Roman railways. . . .

"I am glad you saw my posthumous portrait of Keats. It was an effort to erase his dead figure from my memory and represent my last pleasant sight of him." And in another letter, referring to the drawing of Keats reproduced on page 295, he says: "I am your debtor, for you set me about a task so congenial that when my daughter saw me draw it she de-

cared it was an inspiration and implored me to do her also a sketch of Keats. I am glad to assure you that it is a good likeness, and gave me delight even in this respect, in calling up his dear image."

The second of the three interesting books already referred to is an old, brown leather-covered volume, which is more closely associated with Shelley and Leigh Hunt than any of the others. Shelley's generosity was unbounded, and in his eagerness to have Hunt share his enjoyments he would often part for a time even with his most precious books. The names of the two friends stand



Inscription on the Fly-leaf of Diogenes Laertius, owned by Shelley and Leigh Hunt.

upon the fly-leaf of this copy of Diogenes Laertius. It is written in Greek and Latin, with double columns, but the notes, which appear to be all written by Shelley, are in Greek and English. Unfortunately they are written in pencil, and are slowly but surely disappearing.

One of the first written is still legible: "*To read Diogenes again and again.*" Mrs. Shelley says of her husband: "His extreme sensibility gave the intensity of passion to his intellectual pursuits;" and we feel, as his eyes ranged over the splendid garden of the ancients which this book spread out before him, how the passion grew and how the light of his spirit vivified the printed lines. He marked page after page for reference; poems rose before his fancy as he read, until at length the lines of Plato shone upon him which now stand as prelude to the "Adonais." They are from an epitaph upon a certain Stella, and may be rendered into English as follows:

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Iamdudum vinis lucebas lucifer, at nunc
Extinctus luces Hesperus Elysiis.

50) In Dionem vero in hunc modum:

Et lacrymas Hecubae, et Troianis fatа puellis
Decreuere recens ex genitrice fatis.

At tibi post partos praeclaro Marte

From Shelley's Copy of Diogenes Laertius. (The lines prefixed to "Adonais.")

"Living, you shone as Lucifer in the morning sky;
Dead, you now shine as Hesperus among the shades."

But why translate them into prose, when Shelley himself has left them crystallized in the heart of an English verse!

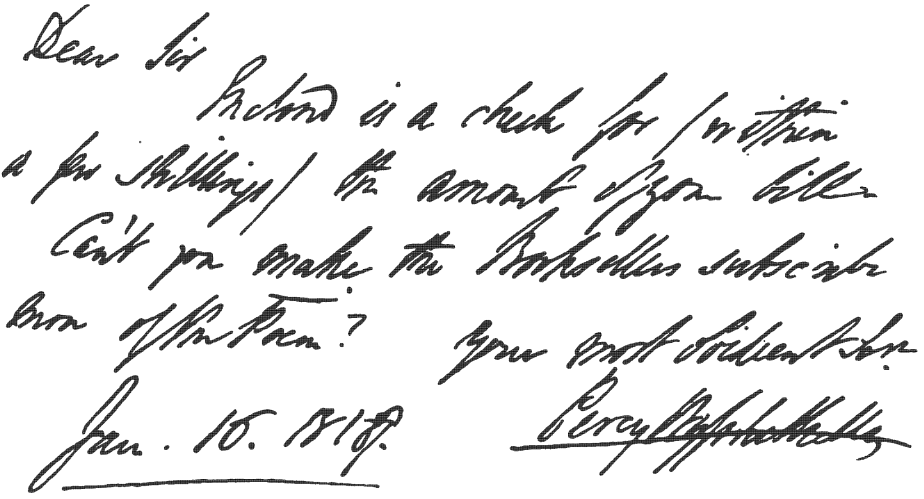
"Thou wert the morning star among the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled;—
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendor to the dead." *

* I found the following translation of this verse among the Greek fragments of that unrivalled translator and poet, Maurice Purcell Fitz-Gerald:

"Star of the morning shinedst thou,
Ere life had fled:
Star of the evening art thou now
Among the dead!"

It is no stretch of imagination to see Shelley with this book under the olive-trees on some solitary height, or floating with it as his sole companion in his fateful boat. His love for it was not a passing fancy; he seems to have lived with it for several years, as we find mention of it first in the year 1814, in Professor Dowden's incomparable biography. In that most miserable season when Shelley was in hiding from the bailiffs, Mary writes to him from her solitary lodgings: "Will you be at the door of the Coffee House at five o'clock, as it is disagreeable to go into such places? I shall be there exactly at that time, and we can go into St. Paul's, where we can sit down. I send you Diogenes, as you have no books." Professor Dowden adds in a note: "Probably a translation of Wieland's Diogenes;" but in a list of books read by Mary and Shelley during that year, a few pages further on, it is distinctly set down as "Diogenes Laertius."

In the "Adonais" we feel that Shelley's genius tried his bravest wing; and for the key-note of this great poem he found and marked the verses already quoted. Perhaps he saw from his mount of vision another star, his own, and knew that he soon should follow to the kingdom of the shades. "It was more than fifty years ago that this old book went wandering about the continent," Mr. Fields writes, "with the two young English poets, and was thumbed by them on the decks of vessels, in the chambers of out-of-the-way inns, and under the olive-trees of Pisa and Genoa."



Now it is at last safely housed, and with its plain brown coat, a hermit thrush among books, stands unsuspected in its quiet corner. By and by will not some other lover in some later age hear the voice again?

Standing next to Diogenes Laertius on the shelf, is the third volume to which we have referred, a book where Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats stand bound together, three in one, with Leigh Hunt's notes sometimes covering the margins. This book was a petted possession both of Hunt and its last owner. It is enriched with autographs of each of the authors, and upon the fly-leaf at the back Leigh Hunt has copied a poem written to him by Keats "On the Story of Rimini." This was sent originally to Hunt inscribed on the first leaf of a presentation copy of Keats's poems.

The pages of this volume also are worn at the edges, and in spite of a second binding, it will afflict no lover of books by too great freshness.

There is a letter from Coleridge laid between its leaves, a feast one comes upon in turning them, as if quite by chance. It is "very characteristic," as catalogues say. There is one also by

Dear Sir
Inclosed is a check for (within a few shillings) the amount of your bill.
Can't you make the Booksellers subscribe more of the Poem?
Your most obedient Servt.
Percy Bysshe Shelley
Jan. 16. 1818.

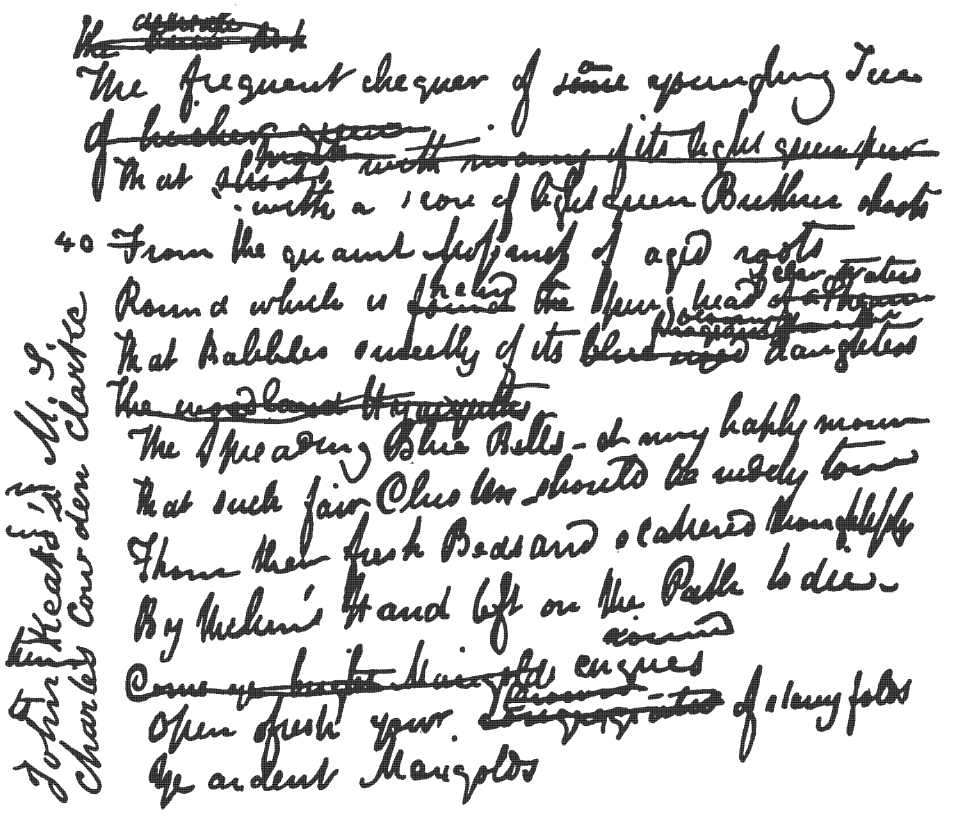
Shelley, a few pages further on, that is brief and at first sight not at all characteristic. He writes:

"Dear Sir, Enclosed is a check for (within a few shillings) the amount of your bill. Can't you make the Booksellers subscribe more of the Poem?

Your most obedient serv.
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Jan. 16, 1818."

The autograph of Keats in this volume is a part of the first draught of the poem, "I stood tip-toe upon a little hill."



Fac-simile from the Manuscript of Keats's Poem, "I stood tip-toe upon a little hill."

the motto of which poem is a line by Leigh Hunt,

"Places of nestling green for poets made."

The autograph is marked as received by Mr. Fields from his friend Charles Cowden Clarke. The name of Keats's school-fellow calls to mind a line from "The Eve of St. Agnes" for which Clarke was responsible. It seems, even in their school-days, Clarke had access to a piano, and in after years, when Keats was one day reading to him from the poem, which was still in manuscript, the line,

"The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone."

"That line," he said, "came into my head when I remembered how I used to listen in bed to your music at school."

But Keats's autograph in this volume of the three poets is of unusual value; not only because it contains certain lines beloved by all readers of poetry, but because we gain a glimpse into the very workhouse of the poet's brain. The lines now stand,

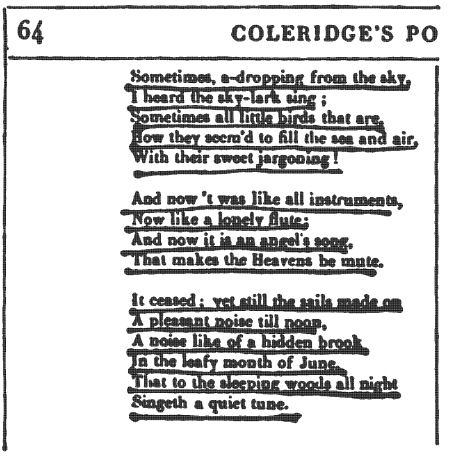
"Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds!"

but we see how he toiled after the perfected loveliness of these verses when we study his manuscript. He starts off,

"Come ye bright Marigolds"

and then his impatient pen dashes out the passage, and he begins again. At last the right words came, and he knew them and was content.

Writing of books, Charles Lamb says



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Sometimes, a-dropping from the sky,
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air,
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 't was like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook,
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

From Leigh Hunt's Annotated Copy of Coleridge's Poems.

somewhere, "Reader, if haply thou art blessed with a moderate collection, be shy of showing it; or if thy heart overfloweth to lend them, lend thy books; but let it be to such an one as S. T. C. —he will return them (generally anticipating the time appointed) with usury; enriched with annotations tripling their value. I have had experience." In his turn, Coleridge receives in this volume the like tribute of annotation from Leigh Hunt. Line after line is underscored with an emphasis that will not let you turn the page till you have read them. The lovely passages seem to gain at least a double value from his signs of admiration.

It is dangerous to gather flowers in such fields! They rise in crowds about us, and we regret a seeming partiality. When we come to "Kubla Khan" hardly a line escapes Hunt's index; we seem to read certain things with him for the first time, and are startled by their wondrous beauty. "Youth and Age," "A Day Dream," "The Ancient Mariner," and "Christabel" are, of course, especially marked, as if he really could not contain his wonder and his delight.

In returning to Leigh Hunt's own poems, we are still able, as I have said, to trace the origin of many an inspiration back to these old books. Among his productions one of the first in value is certainly that beautiful brief story of Abou Ben Adhem. The matter of this poem lies like an embedded jewel in the *Bibliothèque Orientale*. We have only to read the two or three long prose paragraphs contained therein, giving the history of Abou, to wonder even more than ever at the transmuting power of Hunt's poetic pen. It is dull reading enough, compared with the poem.

The book, however, is a precious one, in spite of its prosaicisms, or perhaps because of them; for not only does it contain the seed-grain of "Abou ben Adhem," but the suggestion of another of Hunt's best poems may be found in its pages. "The Trumpets of Doolkarnein" is a longer poem and far less known than "Abou ben Adhem," but it was Longfellow's favorite among the works of Leigh Hunt. Of his copies of Theocritus, Redi, and Alfieri, all kindred spirits to his own, and inciters in his mind to fresh poetry, there is no room to write. Readers of Leigh Hunt's books will see how unaffectedly he delighted in these authors, and how much he drew from them.

But before closing his volume of poems, we must recall that charming rondeau about Mrs. Carlyle, who was so much more delightful a cause of inspiration than even our old books!

"Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in:
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kiss'd me."

In his Autobiography Leigh Hunt says, speaking of his school-days: "My favorite books out of school-hours were Spenser, Collins, Gray, and the *Arabian Nights*." This last he has italicized, and

it is a pleasure to find his copy among these volumes; probably not the very same he read at school, but the one presented, as the inscription on the title-page tells us,

"To Vincent Leigh Hunt from his loving Father,"

and the one Leigh Hunt read many times in his later years. It is filled with those delicate strokes of the pen which he loved to draw, not only at the side of a favorite passage, but under every word, until the reader can seem to taste the savor with which he devoured them. The "Arabian Nights" never lost their fascination for him. At the end of the fifth volume he writes the following note:

"Finished another regular reading of these enchanting stories, for I know not what time,—but after 'many a time and *oft*,'—September 26, 1836.

LEIGH HUNT."

Finished my third regular reading of this great poet and good-hearted man, whom I admire more than ever,—September the first, 1857.

Leigh Hunt.

Written at the End of Leigh Hunt's Copy of Chaucer.

192 POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO CHAUCER.

This is Chaucer-like

IT falleth for a gentleman
To say the best that he can
Alwaies in mannes absence,
And the sooth in his presence.

IT commeth by kind of gentil blood
To cast away all heavinesse,
And gader togither words good,
The werk of wisdome beareth witnesse.

One of Leigh Hunt's Annotations.

He was then fifty-two years old. His notes in these volumes are extraordinary reading, because the childlikeness of his mind is so apparent in them. When he underlines a passage like the following, we feel how the wonder was still a fresh one as he read.

"When *the smoke was all out of the vessel, it reunited, and became a solid body, of which was formed a genie twice as high as the greatest of giants.*"

He evidently disapproves of the editor of this edition (1811) because he is inclined to moralize: "Why can't you let us judge for ourselves," he writes once, almost pettishly, in the margin. Again, when, about midnight, "Maimoune sprung lightly to the mouth of the well, to wander about the world, after her wonted custom," Leigh Hunt writes, with droll gravity, on the leaf: "Fairy princesses, who live in wells, must be of a different order of royalty from those who inhabit subterranean bowers."

Nothing could be more characteristic or bring the poet before us in his true light more clearly than these fascinating notes. He takes it all so seriously, as, for instance, in these comments: "There is a curious mixture of noble and inferior taste in this description. The white pillars and embroideries of white and red roses on cloth of gold are exquisite; and the balconies fitted up like sophas and looking out into gardens are fit for them. Not so the shop-full of roses, the coloured

pebbles, the gilt brass and the fighting birds. There is doubtless, however, a national truth in the picture which has an interest of its own." When the prince in the story "could not forbear expressing in his song that he knew not whether he was going to drink the wine she had presented to him or his own tears," Leigh Hunt's ready sympathy responds, "Graceful passion!!!" A serious reader of our commonplace days can hardly repress a smile at this enthusiasm in the man of fifty-two, but perhaps the smile should be a sigh that we are incapable of these festal days of fancy. He holds out well, too, through the six volumes, embroidering them impartially with his notes. He discovers that "the author of these tales and Ariosto both selected China as the country of the most beautiful women in the world! Angelica was a Chinese;" and he remarks, busy editor that he was, upon a description of the imprisonment of the Sultan's son: "Books, and an old tower, and quiet, are not the worst things that could have happened to him."

King Bedir says in the tale: "It is not enough to be beautiful; one's actions ought to correspond. . . ."

"It is curious," says Leigh Hunt, "that this sentiment is so often lost sight of by others who have adventures with the beautiful fairies that figure in so many of these tales. The Eastern beauty seems allowed a certain quantum of rage and cruelty as a sort of moral Pin-money which she may spend without being accountable for it." "This picture," he writes on another page, "is in fine keeping;—a palace of black marble, a melancholy lady at a window, with torn garments, and a black cannibal for the master of the house."

"An Oone!" he exclaims again. "An addition to one's stock of beings! Pardon me Oone for forgetting thee. The pleasure of seeming to see thee for the first time ought to procure my forgiveness."

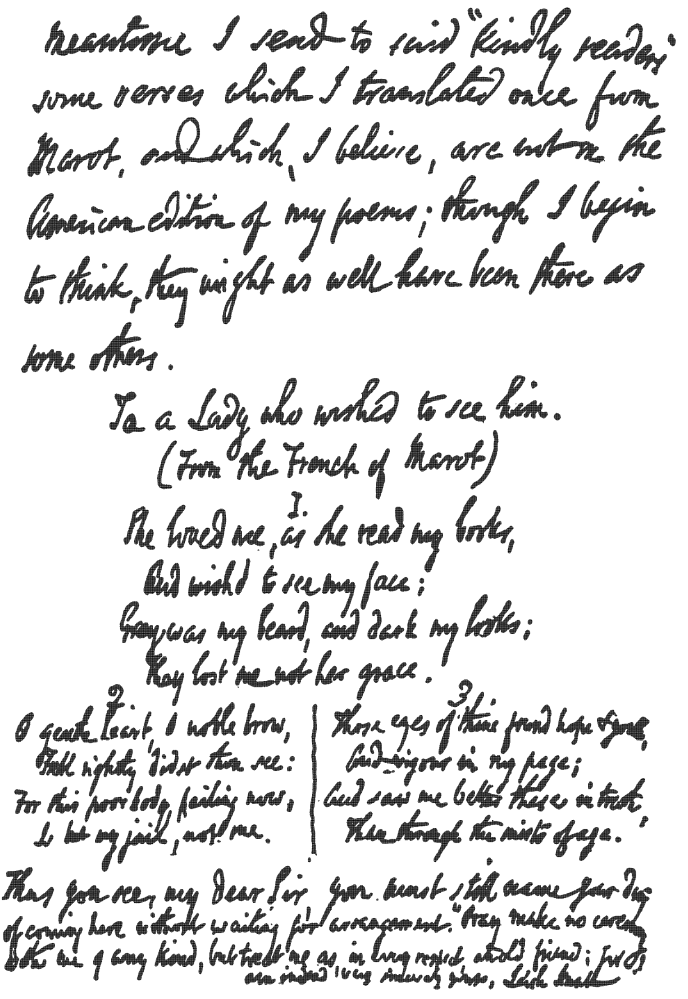
But I must have done with copying these tempting notes, tempting because I seem to see Leigh Hunt again as I knew him in the flesh and heard him speak. For Ali Baba's sake, however, we must be forgiven one more extract.

"Hail, dear old story, in coming to thee again for I know not the whatth time! But why must our friend the editor, among his other changes (all painful even when right) be so very particular, and contemptuous of old associations, as to think it necessary to convert the word 'thieves' into 'robbers'? 'The Forty Thieves,' that was the good old sound, and for my part I will say Forty Thieves, still, and forever, however I may be prevailed upon to write Alla-adi-Deen for Aladdin and Kummir al Zumman for Camaralzamen; *and I do not think after all that I will do that.*"

Leigh Hunt's book, "A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla," is an excellent illustration of the way in which he utilized his reading. In the very first essay of the volume, the one entitled "A Blue Jar from Sicily and a Brass Jar from the 'Arabian Nights;' and what came out of each," he skilfully draws from the two jars, the one of blue china, which recalled Sicilian seas, and the one of brass, which recalled the ufreet, such an epitome of the spirit of Theocritus and of the "Arabian Nights" that we enter perfectly for the moment into the circle of their delicate illusions.

"In consequence of the word 'Sicilian,' by a certain magical process the inside of our blue jar became enriched beyond its honey. . . . Theocritus rose before us, with all his poetry. . . . Johnson says that Milton and his friend were not 'nursed on the same hill,' as represented in Lycidas; and that they did not 'feed the same flock.' But they were, and they did; . . . and very grievous it was for them to be torn asunder, to be deprived by death of their mutual delight in Theocritus, and Virgil, and Spenser." Leigh Hunt found Theocritus to be "a son of Ætna—all peace and luxuriance in ordinary, all fire and wasting fury when he chose it. He was a genius equally potent and universal." In support of his doctrine he brings both virile and lovely things from the blue jar, and quotes enough to persuade us to his belief. There is a translation of "The Feast of Adonis," to which the Syracusan gossips go and listen to the song of a Grecian girl, which shows his poetic hand:

"Go, belov'd Adonis, go
Year by year thus to and fro;



Meantime I send to said "kindly readers" some verses which I translated once from Marot, and which, I believe, are not in the American edition of my poems; though I begin to think, they might as well have been there as some others.

To a Lady who wished to see him.
(From the French of Marot)

I.
She loved me, as she read my books,
And wished to see my face;
Grey was my beard, and dark my looks;
They lost me not her grace.

2.
O gentle heart, O noble brow,
Full nightly didst thou see:
For this poor body, failing now,
Is but my jail, not me.

3.
Those eyes of thine found hope & gone,
And vigour in my page;
And saw me better these in truth,
Than through the mists of age.

Thus you see, my dear Sir, you must still name your day of coming here without waiting for arrangement. "Pray make no ceremony with me of any kind, but treat me as in every respect an old friend; for I am indeed very sincerely yours, Leigh Hunt."

Part of a Note of Invitation from Leigh Hunt.

Only privileged demigod;
There was no such open road
For Atrides; nor the great
Ajax, chief infuriate;
Nor for Hector, noblest once
Of his mother's twenty sons;
Nor Patroclus, nor the boy
That returned from taken Troy;
Nor those older buried bones,
Lapiths and Deucalions;
Nor Pelopians, and their boldest;
Nor Pelasgians, Greece's oldest.
Bless us then, Adonis dear,
And bring us joy another year;
Dearly hast thou come again,
And dearly shalt be welcomed then."

With respect to the brass jar, the reader is called upon to remember how "eighteen hundred years after the death of Solomon a certain fisherman, after throwing his nets to no purpose, and beginning to be in despair, succeeded in catching a jar of brass. . . . He took a knife and worked at the tin cover till he had separated it from the jar. Then he shook the jar to tumble out whatever might be in it, and found in it not a thing. So he marvelled with extreme amazement. But presently there came out of the jar a vapour, and it rose up towards the heavens, and reached along the face of the earth; and after this the vapour reached its height, and condensed and became—an Ufreet. . . ." "Here,"

says Leigh Hunt, "is an Ufreet as high as the clouds, fish that would have delighted Titian (they were blue, white, yellow, and red,) a lady, full dressed, issuing out of a kitchen wall, a king, half-turned to stone by his wife, a throne given to a fisherman, and a half-dozen other phenomena, *all resulting from one poor brazen jar*," with which indeed his own fancy has achieved wonders.

It is by reading after Hunt and observing the way in which his mind played over a variety of subjects, that we recognize the truth of Carlyle's tribute when he called him "A man of genius in a very strict sense of the word, and in all the senses which it bears or implies."

If it were only by the token of his enthusiasm, by the power of lighting his torch at the great shrines and of inspiring others, Leigh Hunt's name should be held in remembrance; and it is with a feeling akin to pity that we see him mentioned in a late life of John Keats as a man of "second-rate powers." We feel pity for a writer who, in unfolding the loveliness of Keats's genius, has allowed his eyes to be blinded towards his friend and contemporary. That Hunt's gifts were second to those of Keats, no one can deny, but that they were second-rate powers in themselves, the record which he has left in his Autobiography and other works must forever disprove.

Among the volumes of the English poets upon our shelf formerly belonging to Leigh Hunt, we find his Chaucer thoroughly marked and annotated. "He was one of my best friends," he said once. At the end of the eighth volume he has written [p. 301]: "Finished my third regular reading of this great poet and good-hearted man, whom I admire more than ever." The Chaucer notes are too full and too minute to be quoted, especially as in his "Specimens of Chaucer," collected in "The Seer," we find much of the material digested and preserved. It is seeing, as it were, the first rush of feeling in which the notes were written which makes them interesting to decipher, but his published essays contain the gist of his recorded thought.

His copy of Ben Jonson is a quaint possession, full of new suggestions. But Ben Jonson with Hunt's notes is sufficient for a paper by itself, and in spite of the temptation to follow his lead in such pleasant pastures, we must pass on; yet we cannot help rejoicing with him over striking passages, as we quickly turn the leaves; for instance where, in the "Masque of Queens," he marks:

> "I last night lay all alone
> On the ground to hear the mandrake groan."

The copy of Boswell's Johnson is also full of valuable comment. On the fly-leaf of the first volume Leigh Hunt has carefully copied two pages of "Holcroft on Boswell," chiefly bearing witness to the latter's inquisitiveness. His own contributions to Johnsoniana are full of wit and wisdom. Hunt was, as I have said, an indefatigable workman. He read and wrote, for weeks together, from the early morning until midnight, and the enormous amount of literary knowledge and skill he acquired was in proportion. However great his sufferings from poverty were, they were not caused by any lack of diligence in himself, but by the terrible responsibility of a large family to be maintained by the point of a pen. The result of these great labors is to the benefit of posterity, and a future edition of Boswell, incorporating his notes, would seem to be the only fit method of reproducing them. I find one profitable bit of Hunt's autobiography on the margin. He says, in reference to a passage describing Johnson's "dejection, gloom, and despair," "I had it myself at the age of 21, not with irritation and fretfulness, but pure gloom and ultra-thoughtfulness, — constant dejection; during which however I could trifle and appear cheerful to others. I got rid of it by horseback, as I did also of a beating of the heart. I had the same hypochondria afterwards for four years and a half together. In both cases I have no doubt that indigestion was at the bottom of the disease, aggravated by a timid ultra-temperance. I never practised the latter again, and the far greater part of my life has been cheerful in the midst of my troubles. I have however not been a great or luxurious feeder, and I have been cheerful on system as well as inclination. My childhood was very cheerful mixed with tenderness;

and I had many illnesses during infancy. I think I owe my best health to the constant and temperate regimen of Christ Hospital. During both my illnesses the mystery of the universe perplexed me; but I had not one melancholy thought on religion."

When we recall Johnson's criticisms of Milton's poetry, the following note is agreeable to our sense of truth. It is written upon a page where Johnson has been saying that "had Sir Isaac Newton applied himself to poetry he could have made a fine epic poem; *I* could as easily apply to law as to tragic poetry." "Surely the company must have been laughing here," says Leigh Hunt. "Could Johnson, who had no ear, have made a musician? With no eye, a painter?"

But no seductions by the way should lead to the copying of these notes apart from the text, especially while so long a row of books stands unmentioned and beckons us to give them at least a nod of recognition.

Of Leigh Hunt's copy of Milton Mr. Fields writes: "I am pained to observe in my friend's library several broken sets of valuable books. One of her copies of Milton, of which author she has some ten different editions, has a gap in it, which probably will never be filled again. Gone, I fear, forever, is that fourth volume, rich in notes in the handwriting of him who sang of 'Rimini' and 'Abou Ben Adhem.'"

Boston's long-loved teacher, George B. Emerson, used to say to his pupils, "Lending books is a most expensive luxury." In consequence of this indulgent temper, Hunt's Milton stands shorn of the fourth volume, containing a part of "Paradise Lost." The volumes that remain are much interlined and commented, but we miss the first and second books of the great poem all the more because he has so enriched the portions that are left to us. "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" he considers "the happiest of Milton's productions." We can easily understand how congenial their loveliness would be to Leigh Hunt. He especially observes in "L'Allegro" the passage containing the lines:

> "While the ploughman near at hand,
> Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
> And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
> And the mower whets his scythe,
> And every shepherd tells his tale
> Under the hawthorn in the dale."

Warton in a note reminds us that the "late ingenious Mr. Headley suggested that the word *tale* does not here imply stories told by shepherds but that it is a technical term for *numbering* sheep." Leigh Hunt adds: "This explanation would probably be rejected by most young readers at first, as interfering with their Arcadian luxuries; and might even be unkindly regarded by older ones for the same reason: but it will be adopted by every grown reader of poetry at last."

The line,

> "Bosom'd high in tufted trees,"

was evidently a favorite; also those,

> "Untwisting all the chains that tie
> The hidden souls of harmony."

Of "Il Penseroso" he says: "This word ought always to be spelt *pensieroso*, and not in its present way, which is certainly not the common one with Italian writers, and I am told is not to be found in them at all."

Many books still look at us from Leigh Hunt's group, and there are interesting things for book-lovers still to be found among them. There is his copy of Plato's "Republic," of Emerson's "English Traits," the notes in which gave Emerson himself much amusement; Carlyle's "French Revolution" and others. Sadi, and the English poets, and Sterne were all evidently favorite reading. There is a freshness like that of a June rose in Hunt's delight in good books to the very end, and the same freshness is to be found in his own work. We are sorry to think that he is not much read or known by the younger generation, and perhaps if it were understood how little the term "old-fashioned" applies to him, he would be more eagerly sought. Many a young lover of books would sympathize with the writer, if the pages of "Imagination and Fancy" were once opened in a quiet corner.

THE ELECTRIC MOTOR AND ITS APPLICATIONS.

By Franklin Leonard Pope.

N the morning of December 25, 1821, the young wife of an assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution of London, was called by her husband to share his delight at the success of an interesting experiment, the possibility of accomplishing which had occupied his thoughts for many weeks. What the young woman saw, upon entering the laboratory, was this: Upon a table stood a small vessel filled nearly to the brim with mercury; a copper wire was supported in a vertical position, so as to dip into the mercury, while a little bar-magnet floated in the liquid metal as a spar-buoy floats in a tideway, having been anchored by a bit of thread to the bottom of the vessel. The mass of mercury having been connected by a wire to one pole of a voltaic battery, the experimentalist had found that whenever the electric circuit was completed by touching the other battery conductor to the vertical wire, the floating bar would revolve around the latter as a centre. In this simple manner a continuous mechanical motion was, for the first time, produced by the action of an electric current.

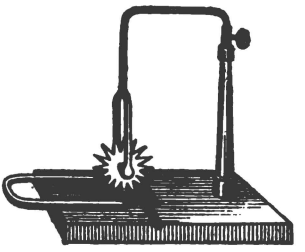
The world is even now but just awakening to a conception of the magnificent possibilities of the humble gift which was slipped into its stocking on that Christmas morning by the since world-famous man, who not long before had jocosely described himself as "Michael Faraday, late book-binder's apprentice, now turned philosopher."

In the winter of 1819–20, the Danish philosopher Œrsted had observed that if an electric current was made to traverse a wire in proximity and parallel to a magnetic compass-needle, the needle was deflected, and instead of pointing to the north, tended to place itself at right angles to the wire. The consequences of this discovery, which in truth was nothing less than that of the possibility of converting the energy of an electric current into mechanical power, proved to be far reaching and important. It was at once seized upon by the brilliant and fertile mind of the French academician Ampère, who by a series of masterly analyses, showed that all the observed phenomena were referable to the mutual attractions and repulsions of parallel electric currents, while his *confrère* Arago succeeded in permanently magnetizing a common sewing-needle by surrounding it with a helically coiled wire through which an electric current was made to pass.

These brilliant discoveries inaugurated an era of active research. Faraday, as we have seen, was successful in producing continuous mechanical motion. Barlow, of Woolwich, elaborating Faraday's discovery, made in 1826 his electric spur-wheel, a most ingenious philosophical toy, and, in point of fact, the first organized electric motor. In 1826 Sturgeon devised the electro-magnet. He bent a soft iron rod into a horseshoe form, coated it with varnish and wrapped it with a single helix of bare copper bell-wire. A current passed through the wire rendered the rod magnetic, and caused it to sustain by attraction a soft iron armature of nine pounds weight.

In this country, Professor Dana, of Yale, in his lectures on Natural Philosophy, exhibited Sturgeon's electro-magnet. Among his listeners was Morse, in whose mind was thus early planted the germ which ultimately developed into the electric telegraph. Professor Joseph Henry, then a teacher in the Albany Academy, starting with the feeble electro-magnet of Sturgeon, reconstructed and improved it, and then, by a series of brilliant original discoveries and experimental researches, developed it into an instrumentality of enormous mechanical power, capable of exhibiting a sustaining force of 2,300 pounds, which nevertheless vanished in the twinkling of an eye upon the breaking of the electric current.

With characteristic sagacity Henry at once foresaw the more important uses to which his improvements were applic-



Barlow's Spur-wheel Motor.

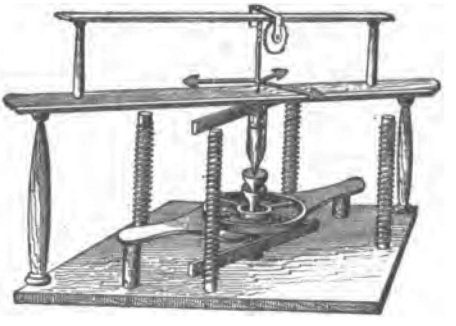
able. He constructed, in 1831, a telegraph in which strokes upon a bell were produced at a distance by the attractive force of the electro-magnet, embodying all the fundamental and necessary mechanism of the electric telegraph of to-day. He also devised and constructed the first electro-magnetic motor. In a letter to Professor Silliman, in 1831, he says: "I have lately succeeded in producing motion by a little machine which I believe has never before been applied in mechanics—by magnetic attraction and repulsion." It was a crude affair and served merely to illustrate the essential principle of such an apparatus. A vibrating or reciprocating electro-magnet was provided with an attachment for controlling the current of the battery by interrupting and reversing it at the proper time. This machine, which is of much historical interest, together with some

Professor Joseph Henry's Electro-magnetic Motor. (From a photograph of the original.)

of Henry's large electro-magnets, is preserved in the cabinet of Princeton College.

After having thus demonstrated the possibility of constructing an operative electro-magnetic engine, so far from giving way to the natural enthusiasm of the successful inventor, Henry proceeded, with the sobriety of judgment which was perhaps his most prominent characteristic, to forecast the future possibilities of the new motor. He was soon led to see that the power must be derived solely from the oxidation or combustion of zinc in the battery, and hence that the heat-energy required for the original deoxidation of the metal must represent at least an equal amount of power, the inevitable corollary of which was that the fuel required for this purpose might with much more economy be employed directly in performing the required work.

Although thus well assured that elec-



Sturgeon's Electro-magnetic Engine.

tro-magnetism could never hope to compete with, much less supersede steam as a prime motor, he predicted that the electric motor was destined to occupy an extensive field of usefulness, particularly in minor applications where economy of operation was subordinate to other considerations.

This fundamental, and as time has shown, prophetic conception of the legitimate field of the electric motor, failed to impress itself upon the minds of Henry's contemporaries. The problem of the application of electricity as a universal motive power was taken up with great zeal by a host of sanguine inventors. In 1832, Sturgeon constructed a rotary electro-magnetic engine, of which we give an illustration above, a fac-simile of his own drawing, which he

exhibited before a large audience in London in the spring of 1833. In our own country, perhaps the earliest electric motor was the production of Thomas Davenport, an ingenious Vermont blacksmith, who, having seen a magnet used at the Crown Point mines in 1833 for extracting iron from pulverized ore, was seized with the idea of applying magnetism to the propulsion of machinery. In 1834 he produced a rotary electro-magnetic engine, and in the autumn of 1835 he exhibited in Springfield, Mass., a model of a circular railway and an electro-magnetic locomotive.

Many citizens of New York will recall the erect and handsome figure of a venerable gentleman, dressed with scrupulous neatness in the Continental costume and cocked hat of the period of the revolution, who fifteen years ago was to be seen on Broadway every pleasant day, and whose resemblance to the accepted portraits of Washington was so striking as to at once arrest the attention of the observer. This was Frederick Coombs, who, as the agent of Davenport, visited London in 1838, where he exhibited a locomotive weighing 60 or 70 pounds, propelled around a circular railway track by electric power, which excited the greatest interest in the scientific circles of the metropolis.

In 1840, Davenport printed by an electric motor a sheet entitled the "Electro-Magnet and Machinist's Intelligencer." Meantime others had occupied themselves with similar undertakings. Professor Jacobi, of St. Petersburg, invented a rotary electro-magnetic motor in 1834, and with the financial assistance of the Emperor Nicholas constructed, in 1839, a boat 28 feet long, carrying 14 passengers, which was propelled by an electric motor with a large number of battery cells, at a speed of 3 miles per hour. In 1838–39, Robert Davidson, a Scotchman, experimented with an electric railway car 16 feet long and weighing, including the batteries, 6 tons, which attained a speed of 4 miles per hour.

The limits of this article preclude even the briefest notice of the labors of many ingenious experimenters who occupied themselves in this line of research, but no historical sketch of the electric motor would be complete without some reference to the work of Dr. Charles Grafton Page, for many years occupying an official position in the Patent Office at Washington.

Page, while a medical student in Salem, Mass., entered upon an experimental investigation of the relations between electricity and magnetism, which he continued to prosecute with extraordinary diligence and success during the greater portion of his active life. He particularly distinguished himself by his researches in electrical induction, notably by his invention of the electrostatic coil and circuit-breaker, which has been persistently, but wrongfully, credited to Ruhmkorff. His work in connection with the electric motor, although not so well known, is certainly no less important. Many middle-aged men of to-day will recall the interesting and curious array of apparatus for illustrating electro-magnetic rotation which formed such an important part of the philosophical cabinets of the academies and colleges of the preceding generation, almost every one of which owes its origin to the fertile and ingenious brain of Page. As early as 1845 it had been observed by Alfred Vail, the coadjutor of Professor Morse in the construction of the electric telegraph, that a hollow coil of insulated wire, traversed by an electric current, possessed the curious property of sucking an iron core into itself with considerable force. Upon this phenomenon being shown to Dr. Page, he at once conceived the idea of utilizing it in the operation of an electric motor, and after numerous experiments he succeeded in constructing, in 1850, a motor of this description, which developed over 10 horse-power. Aided by an appropriation from Congress he subsequently constructed an electric locomotive, with which an experimental trip was made from Washington to Bladensburg, on the Washington branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, on April 29, 1851, on which occasion a rate of speed was attained, on a nearly level plane, of 19 miles per hour. Of course in this, as in other experiments which have been detailed, the great cost of producing elec-

Faraday Announcing His Discovery to His Wife on Christmas Morning, 1821.

tricity by the consumption of zinc in a battery precluded the possibility of any commercial advantage from the scheme,

Charles Grafton Page.

but the achievement was nevertheless a notable one. Not far from the same time Mr. T. Hall of Boston, who had constructed much of Page's apparatus, made a small model of an electric locomotive and car, which is of interest, as establishing the practicability of conveying the electric current to a car by employing the rails and wheels as conductors, thus dispensing with the necessity of transporting the battery.

One of the most enthusiastic experimentalists with electro-magnetic machinery was Dr. James P. Joule, of Manchester, England, who in a letter written in 1839, said: "I can scarcely doubt that electro-magnetism will eventually be substituted for steam in propelling machinery." Professor Jacobi, too, one of the most eminent philosophers of that day, wrote: "I think I may assert that the superiority of this new mover is placed beyond a doubt as regards the absence of all danger, the simplicity of action, and *the expense attending it.*"

Some years afterward, when Dr. Joule had become older and possibly wiser, he made a series of investigations on the mechanical equivalent of heat and other motors. The results led him to estimate that the consumption of one grain of zinc produced only about one-eighth of the mechanical equivalent of a grain of coal, while its cost is more than twenty times as much. This conclusion, being generally accepted by the scientific world as authoritative, ultimately tended to discourage further efforts to apply electro-magnetism as a prime motor. The question was well summed up by Professor Henry, in these words: "All attempts to substitute electricity or magnetism for coal-power must be unsuccessful, since these powers tend to an equilibrium from which they can only be disturbed by the application of another power, which is the equivalent of that which they can subsequently exhibit. They are, however, with chemical attraction, etc., of great importance *as intermediate agents in the application of the power of heat as derived from combustion.* Science does not indicate in the slightest degree the possibility of the discovery of a new primary power comparable with that of combustion as

Professor Joseph Henry.

exhibited in the burning of coal. . . . We therefore do not hesitate to say that all declarations of the discovery of a new power which is to supersede the use of coal as a motive power have their origin

in ignorance or deception, and frequently in both."

In the words which have been italicized, Henry accurately foretold the true place, in the domain of industry, of the electric motor. Much confusion of thought exists in the popular mind at the present time in reference to this very point. We continually hear electricity spoken of as a motive power, and the prediction is freely made that it will soon take the place of the steam engine; that it will be employed to propel vessels across the Atlantic, and the like. But such a view of the matter is wholly without scientific basis. Electricity, in its important applications to machinery, is never in itself a source of power. It is merely a convenient and easily manageable form of energy, by which mechanical power is transferable from an ordinary prime motor, as a steam engine or a water-wheel, to a secondary motor which is employed to do the work. It performs an office precisely analogous to that of a belt or line of shafting, which, however useful in conveying power from one point to another, can, under no conceivable circumstances, be capable of originating it.

André Marie Ampere. (After a steel engraving, by Tardieu, in 1825.)

To properly understand and appreciate this new and important aspect of the mechanical application of electricity, it is necessary to return to the experiments of Faraday. In 1831, after he had become the director of the laboratory of the Royal Institution, he turned his attention to what he called the "evolution of electricity from magnetism." The brilliant generalizations of Ampère, followed by the experimental demonstrations of Arago, Sturgeon, and Henry, to the penetrating mind of Faraday necessarily implied reciprocal action, and he accordingly sought diligently to obtain the electric current from the magnet. On the second day of his experiments he wrote to a friend: "I think I have got hold of a good thing, but cannot say; it may be a weed instead of a fish, which after all my labor I may pull up." On the tenth day, he became fully satisfied that he had hooked a fish. A crucial experiment showed that he had made a grand discovery which may, without injustice, fairly be compared, in point of practical importance, with Newton's immortal discovery of gravitation. The principle upon which this discovery hinges may be explained in a few words. Every magnet is surrounded by a sphere of attraction which gradually diminishes in intensity as the distance from the pole of the magnet increases, and which has received the technical name of the "magnetic field." If an electric conductor be moved through this magnetic field the influence of the field tends to retard or oppose the movement of the conductor;

the mechanical force exerted in overcoming this resistance is converted into electrical energy, and appears in the conductor in the form of an electric current. If instead of the magnet we substitute another wire conveying an electric current, this last is surrounded by a magnetic field and similar results are experienced when another wire is made to move within it. The same phenomena occur if the conductor remains stationary and the magnetic field is moved, or its strength increased or diminished. This effect is known by the general name of induction, and the law which governs it was formulated by the Russian philosopher Lenz as long ago as 1833. It may be stated as follows: The currents induced by the relative movements either of two circuits, or of a circuit and a magnet, are always in such directions as to produce mechanical forces tending to stop the motion which produces them.

To Faraday also is due the first experimental machine for the mechanical production of electric currents. But he went no further. He possessed pre-eminently the scientific mind. His pleasure in the pursuit of natural truths was so absorbing that he could never turn away from them for the mere purpose of following up their practical applications. "I have rather been desirous," he writes, "of discovering new facts and new relations dependent on magneto-induction, than of exalting the force of those already obtained, being sure that the latter would find their full development hereafter." In the words of Professor Sylvanus Thompson, "Can any passage be found in the whole range of science, more profoundly prophetic or more characteristically philosophic, than these words with which Faraday closed this section of his Experimental Researches?"

Within a year after the publication of Faraday's experiment, Pixii, a philosophical instrument maker of Paris, constructed an apparatus in which a permanent magnet was made to induce currents in the wire surrounding an electro-magnet; this was called a magneto-electric machine, and was doubtless the first organized appliance for producing an electric current by mechanical power. In 1838 it was materially improved by Saxton, of Philadelphia, whose apparatus will be recognized as the well-known "shocking machine" in which electric currents are produced by turning a crank. A similar device is used for ringing telephone call-bells. For many years the practical applications of the magneto-electric machine were comparatively unimportant, and were principally confined to its employment for actuating certain forms of telegraph apparatus, thereby dispensing with the voltaic battery.

In 1850 Professor Nollet, of Brussels, essayed to make a powerful magneto-electric machine for decomposing water into its constituent elements, oxygen and hydrogen, which were to be used in producing the lime-light. In 1853 a company was organized in Paris, and experiments were made with a large

Arago.

machine constructed by Nollet. So far as the lime-light scheme was concerned the experiments were unsuccessful, but subsequently Mr. F. H. Holmes made some alterations in Nollet's machine, and applied it directly to the production of the electric light between carbon points. These experiments induced others to take up the subject both in France and England, which ultimately resulted in the production of the brilliant and beautiful electric arc-light, by which the streets of our principal towns are now nightly illuminated. It has been used in some of the French lighthouses since 1863.

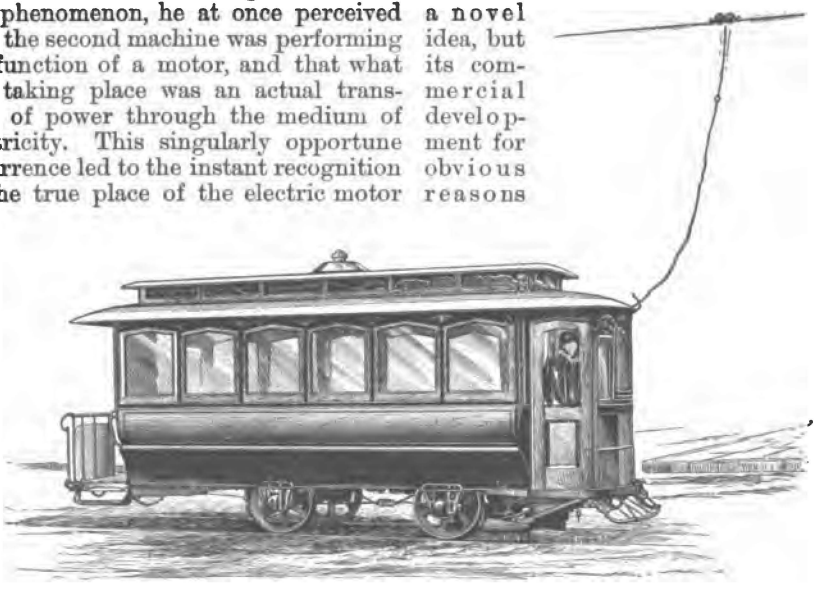
The substitution of the electro for the permanent magnet, first suggested by Wheatstone in 1845, was applied in the construction of large machines by Wilde, of Manchester, who worked at the subject continuously from 1863 to 1867, with results incomparably in advance of all previous attempts to obtain electricity by mechanical power. In 1867 he exhibited a machine which produced the electric arc-light in its utmost magnificence, and was capable of instantly fusing iron rods fifteen inches long and one-fourth of an inch in diameter by the flow of the electric current.

The final step in the development of the magneto-electric generator was an almost simultaneous, although independent discovery by Moses G. Farmer, of Salem, Mass., Alfred Varley and Professor Charles Wheatstone, of England, and Dr. Werner Siemens, of Berlin. This was the idea of employing the current from an electro-magnetic machine to excite its own electro-magnet. The invention of this improved form of apparatus, which received the name of the dynamo-electric machine, gave an extraordinary impetus to the investigation of all branches of electric science. The subject was once more taken up by scores of enthusiastic workers in Europe and America, and innumerable minor improvements were made which have resulted in the exquisitely organized dynamo machine of to-day, a machine which has confessedly reached a state of perfection, leaving but the narrowest margin for any future improvement in its efficiency.

Dr. Werner Siemens.

As we have seen, the earliest field of usefulness for the dynamo-machine was found in electric arc-lighting, which has now become, in the United States at least, an enormous industry. One of the most useful and convenient of these machines was designed by Gramme, of Paris, in 1872, which was capable of giving a constant current resembling in its characteristics that from a battery. At an industrial exhibition in Vienna, in 1873, a number of Gramme machines were being placed in position, in order to exemplify its various uses as an electric generator, on which occasion occurred one of those singularly fortunate accidents which have again and again played so prominent a part in the history of industrial progress. In mak-

ing the electrical connections to one of these machines which had not as yet been belted to the engine-shaft, a careless workman attached to it a pair of wires which were already connected with another dynamo-machine, which was in rapid motion. To his amazement, the second machine commenced to revolve with great rapidity in a reverse direction. Upon the attention of M. Gramme being directed to this phenomenon, he at once perceived that the second machine was performing the function of a motor, and that what was taking place was an actual transport of power through the medium of electricity. This singularly opportune occurrence led to the instant recognition of the true place of the electric motor in the domain of mechanics. From the date of Page's experiments almost the only practical use to which the electric motor was applied is in the operation of dental apparatus, to which it has been adapted with great ingenuity and success.



A Street-car Propelled by an Electric Motor.

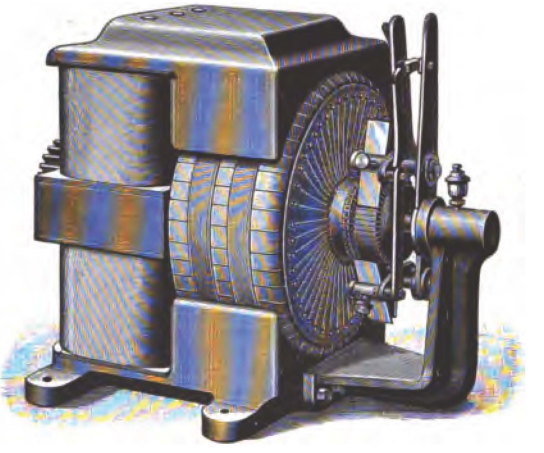
The late Professor James Clerk Maxwell, one of the master minds among the electricians of the new era, expressed the opinion that the reversibility of the Gramme machine was one of the most important discoveries of modern times. While it is true that the circumstance attracted general attention in scientific circles, its application to useful purposes was no doubt deferred for many years by the counter-attraction of electric lighting, which promised to inventors and capitalists larger and more immediate profits. The principle of converting mechanical energy into electric currents and again reconverting these by means of a reversed dynamo-machine into mechanical power, naturally suggested the practicability of transmitting power through electric conductors to any required distance. One of the earliest applications of this character was the revival of the electrically operated railway. This, as we have seen, was by no means a novel idea, but its commercial development for obvious reasons remained in abeyance until generating machinery was available to furnish large quantities of electricity at moderate cost.

One fact of controlling importance in this connection is that electricity is capable of being supplied to a moving motor through frictional or rolling contact, a method of communicating energy impossible of realization by other known means ; hence the energy could be supplied by machinery situated at any required distance from the moving train by extending the conductor along the railway, for which, as we have seen, the rails themselves might serve when properly insulated. It is probable that the earliest detailed conception of the modern electric railway was due to Jean Henry Cazal, a French engineer, who proposed, as early as 1864, to utilize the natural powers, such as water and wind, for op-

erating railways, by the electrical transmission of power. But this was in the day of small things in electric generators, and hence the practical realization of the ideas of Cazal was only rendered possible by the subsequent development of the dynamo-machine, as heretofore related.

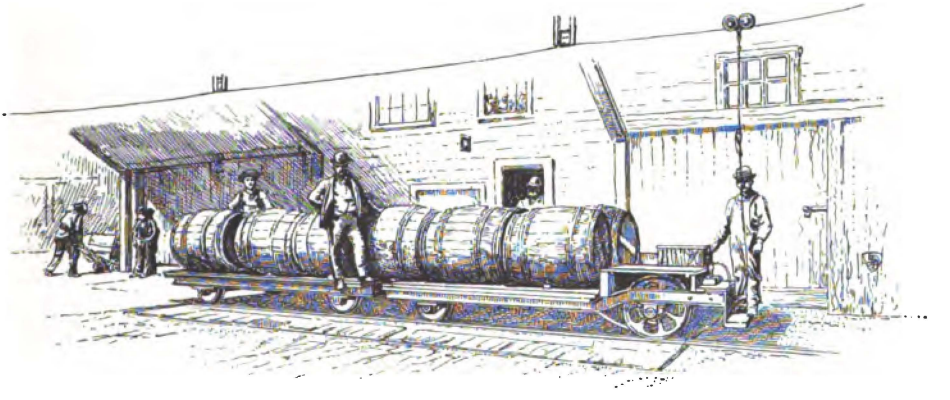
A request by the proprietors of a German colliery to be supplied with an electric locomotive for hauling coal cars in the levels led Dr. Werner Siemens to devise and construct an electric railway, which was exhibited at the Industrial Exhibition in Berlin, in the summer of 1879. This railway was circular, about 1,000 feet in length and of one metre gauge. A dynamo-electric machine driven by a steam engine supplied the current, the expenditure of energy being about five horse-power. One hundred thousand persons were transported over this line, during the period of the exhibition.

Meantime several American inventors were independently at work upon this problem, among them Stephen D. Field, of San Francisco, Dr. Joseph R. Finney, of Pittsburgh, and Thomas A. Edison, of New York. Edison was the first to construct a dynamo-electric railway in America. This was in the spring of 1880, at Menlo Park, N. J., the track being some 80 or 90 rods in length. Field's electric locomotive was first exhibited at the Exposition of Railway Appliances in Chicago, in June, 1883, during the continuance of which nearly 27,000 passengers were transported. Both Field and Edison utilized the rails of the track to convey the current to the motor.

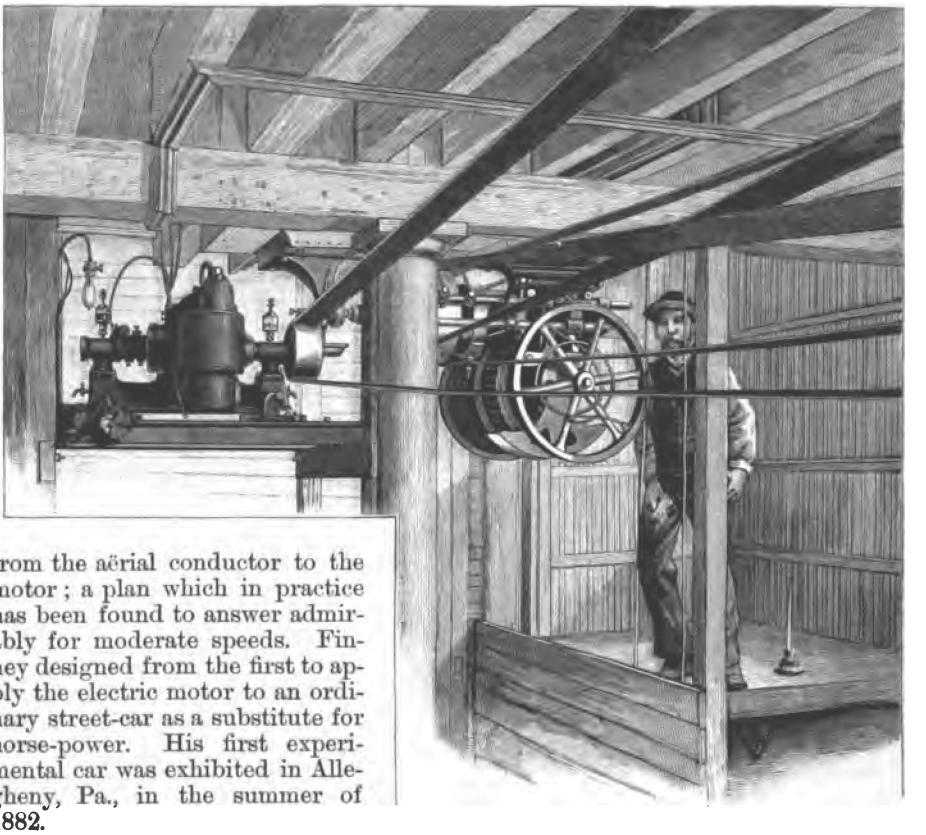


The Van Depoele Electric Motor.

Finney's plan was somewhat different. He suspended an insulated copper wire, about the thickness of a lead pencil, 15 or 20 feet above the line of the railway. A small wheeled trolley, running on this wire as on a track, and connected with the car by a flexible conducting cord, served to convey the electric current



Electric Tramway for Hauling Freight, used in a Sugar Refinery.



The Sprague Motor Running an Elevator.

from the aërial conductor to the motor; a plan which in practice has been found to answer admirably for moderate speeds. Finney designed from the first to apply the electric motor to an ordinary street-car as a substitute for horse-power. His first experimental car was exhibited in Allegheny, Pa., in the summer of 1882.

The first electric street railway established in America for actual service was on a suburban line two miles in length extending from Baltimore to Hampden, Md. It had previously been operated by animal power, and was cheaply and roughly constructed, having sharp curves, and grades as high as 330 feet per mile. This line has been continuously operated by electricity since September 1, 1885. The electric current is conveyed by an insulated rail fixed to the ties midway between the traffic rails. The electrical machinery was designed and constructed by Leo Daft, of Jersey City, N. J. The results of the change of motive power were highly gratifying to the management, inasmuch as the receipts of the line were largely increased during the first year, while on the other hand, the expense of operation was diminished, and this in spite of the fact that the application was made under exceptionally unfavorable circumstances. The success of this undertaking went far to demonstrate the advantages of electricity as a street-car motor.

Every consideration of humanity, no less than of convenience and economy, unites to urge the substitution of mechanical for animal power upon our numerous street railway lines at the earliest practicable moment,* and hence it is gratifying to know that on the first of January, 1888, there were in daily service, in the United States and Canada, no less than twenty-three street railways operated by electricity, having a total length of about 100 miles, while between twenty and thirty others are in an advanced stage of construction.

One of the most successful examples of an electric street railway is that at

* In the street railway service in large cities, the distance traveled each day by a two-horse team averages about ten miles, so that each animal works only about two hours out of the twenty-four. The cost of stabling, feeding, and replacing horses is $200 per year, each. The active life of a car-horse is only from two to four years.

Scranton, Pa., designed by Charles J. Van Depoele, of Chicago, which has been in daily operation since December, 1886. It is four and one-half miles in length, of standard gauge, laid with steel rails, and its passenger equipment consists of seven handsomely finished Pullman cars, each propelled by a 15 horse-power electric motor, which stands on the glass-enclosed front platform and is geared to the forward axle by the familiar mechanical device of sprocket-wheels and steel chains. The external appearance of the motor is shown in the illustration on page 315. It stands about two feet high and occupies a space perhaps eighteen inches square. The car, of which an illustration is given on page 314, can be run at a speed of fifteen miles per hour, if required, and in its regular work ascends grades of nearly 350 feet per mile with great facility. The machinery is nearly noiseless and quite unobjectionable in every respect. It is stated that the cost of running at Scranton, using for fuel the waste coal-dust or "culm" from the anthracite mines, which can be had in almost inexhaustible quantity at the nominal price of 10 cents per ton, is about one dollar per car per day, or a trifle over one cent per car mile. The economy over animal power, the cost of which in New York and Boston is reckoned at something over ten cents per car mile, is very apparent.

Similar electric railways are in operation at Appleton, Wis., and St. Catharine, Ontario, which are driven by water power at an almost nominal cost. In many instances natural power may be thus used with the utmost advantage, as it is by no means necessary that the power should be in the vicinity of the line of the railway.

Several of the inventors whose names have been already mentioned in connection with electric railway work have paid much attention to the problem of city and suburban rapid transit, and there is every reason to hope that an early day will witness the successful introduction of electric power upon the elevated railway system in New York, for which it would seem on every account to be peculiarly well adapted.

The pioneer electric street railway in Europe was the Lichterfelde line, in the suburbs of Berlin, constructed under the superintendence of Dr. Siemens, which has been running since the spring of 1881. Several other electric lines have been constructed in Great Britain, Ireland, and on the Continent, but as usual with inventions of this class, our own country quickly placed itself in advance of all others in the extent to which the new system found a practical application.

A considerable number of street-cars have been constructed, both in Europe and America, with the design of deriving the electric energy for propelling each individual car from storage batteries or accumulators carried upon it. An accumulator may be described, in a general way, as a vessel containing acidulated water in which is immersed a pair of leaden plates. The passage of a strong electric current from a dynamo, through the liquid from one plate to the other, produces a chemical action which has the effect of oxidizing one of the plates. After this process has gone on for some hours, the dynamo may be detached, and the two plates joined by a wire. An electric current will now pass through the wire from one plate to the other, as in an ordinary voltaic battery, the effect of which is to undo the work which has been done in charging the battery. Strictly speaking, in a battery of this kind, no electricity is stored; its energy is in fact converted into chemical energy, and this may be reconverted into electric energy at will. Many quite successful experiments have been made with self-propelling motor cars operated by these batteries, and there is little reason to doubt that they will ultimately find an extensive use and application in large cities and other localities where the employment of an overhead conductor for electrical distribution is from any cause objectionable. The most serious objection to their use is the expense of operation, which has thus far proved to be much greater than in the case of direct supply from the dynamo.

Many inventors are endeavoring to find a thoroughly practicable plan of insulating the electric conductor beneath the roadway; and while the problem is unquestionably a far more diffi-

cult one than would be supposed by a person unfamiliar with the subject, yet there is probably no good reason to doubt that it will in due time receive a practical solution.

The commencement of the general introduction of electric lighting by incandescent lamps supplied from central stations, which may be fairly considered to date from about 1883, had the almost immediate effect of creating a demand for small electric motors. It was at once perceived that the electric lighting conductors, if introduced into every building in a town and supplying a constant electric current, at an expense ordinarily not exceeding 8 or 10 cents per horse-power per hour, could be utilized with great advantage in driving sewing machines, lathes, ventilating apparatus, and innumerable other sorts of machinery for domestic purposes, or for the lighter class of mechanical industries. Quite an assortment of neat little motors of this character, of different patterns, and of capacities ranging from one-tenth to one-half a horse power, were exhibited at the Industrial Electrical Exhibition at Philadelphia, in 1884, for operating sewing machines, and other light work, where they attracted much attention.

One of the most interesting exhibits of this character was made by Lieut. F. J. Sprague, formerly an officer in the U. S. Navy, who showed two or three motors of his own design having a capacity of perhaps five horse-power, which were employed to drive looms and other textile machinery requiring considerable power. Another motor of about two horse-power, built by Mr. Daft, was at work for several weeks during the exhibition, printing the regular weekly issue of an electrical journal, on a power press with a bed 31 by 46 inches. The successful and satisfactory operation of these motors led almost immediately to the establishment of an extensive business, and there are now in New York, Boston, and other cities, systems of electric power-distribution from central stations of considerable importance, employing machines of the types first exhibited at Philadelphia on the occasion just referred to.

It is a very difficult matter to ascertain even approximately the extent to which this business of electric power-distribution has already attained in this country, but a somewhat cursory investigation has shown that it is greatly in excess of what might have been anticipated. One central power station in Boston operates nearly one hundred motors of a capacity ranging from 15 down to one-half a horse-power, the greater number used being from 5 to 10 horse-power. The supply conductors are carried underneath the pavement of the streets. A single corporation of the dozen or more actively engaged in this manufacture has sold within three years over 1,000 motors aggregating more than 5,000 horse-power, and the demand is increasing daily. It would be almost impossible to catalogue the number and variety of purposes for which the electric motor is now in daily use. Some of the most usual applications are for printing presses, sewing machines, elevators, ventilating fans, and machinist's lathes. At the present time every indication unmistakably points to the probability that within a very few years nearly all mechanical work in large cities, especially in cases in which the power required does not exceed say 50 horse-power, will be performed by the agency of the electric motor. It is an ideal motor, absolutely free from vibration or noise, perfectly manageable, entirely safe, and with the most ordinary care seldom if ever gets out of order. Indeed there is no reason to suppose that the limit of 50 horse-power will not be very largely exceeded within a comparatively short period, when it is remembered that scarcely five years ago the production of a successful 10 horse-power motor was considered quite a noteworthy achievement.

An extremely useful application of the electric motor, which is likely to be widely extended, is in connection with large manufacturing establishments, already supplied with incandescent electric lighting apparatus. It is a very simple matter, by means of a current derived from the same dynamo, to operate elevators, hoists, presses, pumps, trucks, tramway-cars, and many similar appliances, which are now worked at greater expense, and with far less convenience, by hand, animal, or indepen-

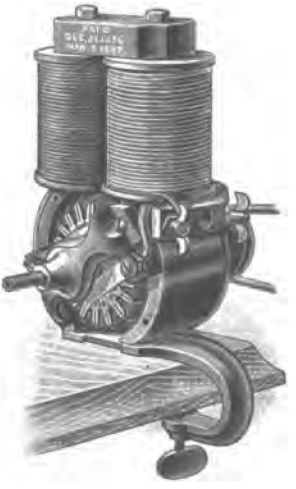
dent steam power. We give an illustration of this description of tramway work at a sugar refinery in East Boston, Mass. [p. 315]. The electric motor is geared to the axle of a low platform car, and serves to propel it, together with a second car, along the track, the whole being operated by a current from the incandescent dynamo used for lighting the premises. This little freight train makes a round trip every five minutes under the management of an ordinary laborer, hauling an average load of ten tons of raw sugar from the wharf to the refinery at each trip, at an inconsiderable expense.

Another very important service to which the electric motor is especially well adapted is that of a substitute for belts, shafting, and gearing, in the transmission of power from the prime motor in large manufacturing establishments. A New England cotton-mill engineer of high repute has ascertained, from actual measurement of a number of modern mills fitted with first-class shafting, that over thirty per cent. of the gross power of the engines is absorbed in driving the various lines of shafting alone, before the delivery of any power whatever for actual work. Numerous tests demonstrate that it is entirely within the truth to estimate the loss of conversion, transmission, and reconversion in well-designed electrical machinery, under like conditions, at less than thirty per cent., so that in the use of the electric motor for this class of work, we have at once an actual saving over the loss experienced in the direct mechanical transmission of power, with the further and in most cases controlling consideration, that in the case of the electrical system this loss affects only such portions of the machinery as are actually at work, while under the ordinary conditions, the entire system of belting and shafting must be kept in continuous operation, entailing a constant loss, irrespective of the number of machines which may be actually in use at any given time. The advantages of having every individual machine driven by its own independently controlled power, and at any required speed, are so obvious that it is scarcely necessary to mention them.

The conditions of electrical power transmission have been thoroughly studied, by competent engineers, and are now so well understood, that those conversant with the practical aspects of the subject are well assured that within a few years even the smallest towns and villages will supply themselves with electric light and power plants. In such places a plant of 50 horse-power, or even less, will be quite sufficient to furnish a good profit on the moderate investment of capital required. The establishment of a power centre, even in a rural village, cannot fail to attract a greater or less number of small though by no means unprofitable industrial enterprises, and the mere fact that such power can be had will in itself tend to rapidly increase the demand. The management of an electric power plant requires no unusual scientific knowledge. Once the station has been established it can be carried on by the ordinarily intelligent class of mechanics and workmen who are to be found in every village. It is computed by statisticians, that the average price at which power is sold in the United States, approximates $110 per horse-power per annum. A 50 horse-power electrical plant, including the station building, engines, boilers, dynamos, distributing wires, and fixtures, can be erected, at present prices, at an expense not much exceeding $150 per horse-power, and the gross cost of operating such a plant may be fairly estimated at about $4,000 per year. Experience has shown, that in consequence of the intermittent demand for power by a group of miscellaneous consumers, it is entirely safe to contract to supply a quantity considerably in excess of the actual capacity of the station, so that indeed as much as 70 horse-power might be sold from a 50 horse-power plant, thus bringing in a yearly gross revenue of $7,000 or more and leaving a net profit of some $3,000. Where a good water-power is available at a moderate outlay, the profits might be even more than we have estimated, while it will be readily understood that in all such cases, the proportionate profits are rapidly augmented as the capacity of the plant is increased.

A somewhat startling proposition in

connection with the general subject of the transmission of energy to a distance by electricity was advanced by that eminent engineer, the late Charles W. Siemens, of London, who, in 1877, expressed his conviction that by this means the enormous energy of the falling water at Niagara might be transferred to New York City, and there utilized for mechanical purposes. In 1879, Sir William Thomson, the electrician, publicly asserted his belief in the possibility, by means of an insulated copper wire, half an inch in diameter, of taking 26,000 horse-power from water-wheels driven by the falls, and of delivering 21,000 horse-power at a distance of 300 statute miles. He estimated that the cost of copper for the line would be less than 15 dollars per horse-power of energy actually delivered at the remote station. While Sir William may be regarded as somewhat of an enthusiast, and has occasionally manifested a tendency to present matters of this kind in a sensational light, yet it cannot be looked upon as especially improbable that the realization of this apparently chimerical project will be witnessed by persons now living.



C. and C. Motor Running a Sewing Machine.

A series of extensive and costly experiments of this character have been zealously prosecuted within the last few years by M. Marcel Deprez, a French electrical engineer, who was fortunate enough to obtain the financial assistance of the Rothschilds. The results attained have been much criticised by the profession in other countries, but it seems indisputable that on at least one occasion more than 35 horse-power was delivered at the terminal of a conductor 70 miles in length, 62 horse-power having been applied to drive the generator, showing a total loss of energy approximating 43 per cent., a result which cannot be looked upon as unsatisfactory. The whole question turns upon the practicability of employing high electric pressures, and hence the further development of this branch of the subject must await the march of progress in general electric science.

The experiment of Jacobi, who was the first to propel a vessel by electricity, has already been noticed. The records of electric navigation are a blank from that time until the commencement of the experiments of the ingenious and versatile Trouvè of Paris, who exhibited a small boat on the Seine in 1881, the electricity for which was supplied by a primary battery. Four or five passengers were carried at a speed of about three miles per hour. Between 1882 and 1886 quite a number of experimental launches were built in England and France, propelled by electric motors, and supplied with electricity by accumulators stowed in the bottom of the boat, which served also as ballast. The most noteworthy achievement of this character was the launch Volta, which in September, 1886, performed the trip from Dover to Calais and back, with ease and safety, the batteries being charged but once for the double journey. Seven passengers were carried on this occasion, and a speed of over twelve miles per hour was reached. The Volta was 37 feet long, seven feet beam and three and a half feet deep.

Quite recently a New York establishment, which manufactures small motors, one of which is shown in the accompenying illustration as applied to a sewing machine and deriving its power from a primary battery, has adapted a similar motor to the propulsion of a light canoe. The dimensions of the motor designed for this craft are so small that at first sight it seems almost absurdly inadequate for its intended purpose. But its performance is nevertheless excellent, and a considerable demand has sprung up for these neat and ingenious little vessels.

It would be impossible, within the

limited space at command, to attempt to enumerate the various future applications of the electric motor which suggest themselves to the enterprising electro-mechanician, but, in conclusion, the writer cannot refrain from expressing his conviction that the day is not far distant when rapid transit between the principal cities of America will be effected to an extent which to persons unfamiliar with the developments of electricity must seem utterly visionary and chimerical. Once admit, as we must do, the possibility of applying almost limitless electric power to each axle of a train, with the possibility of laying a track almost as straight as the crow flies from city to city, rising and falling as the topography of the country may require, and the complete solution of the problem becomes little more than a matter of detail. Not that such detail is unimportant, nor that the innumerable minor difficulties can be overcome without much experiment and study, but it may nevertheless safely be affirmed that the ultimate result is already distinctly foreshadowed, and that we may expect within a few years to be transported between New York and Boston in less than two hours, not by the enchanted carpet of the Arabian Nights, but by the potent agency of the modern electric motor.

NATURAL SELECTION.

A ROMANCE OF CHELSEA VILLAGE AND EAST HAMPTON TOWN.

By H. C. Bunner.

PART III.

DORINDA threw herself upon the task of preparing Celia for the fray with a zeal and ardor that brought only dismay to her younger sister's breast. It having been decided that the victim of society must have some new gowns, Dorinda at once planned a wardrobe of variegated brilliancy. Celia strove with all her tact for a more modest working, but she had to stand up and do battle-royal for her own standards when Dorinda wanted her to purchase a certain "Dame Trot" garment, of a pattern which was at the time exciting the irreverent attention of the press. They came to an open rupture. Celia finally appealed to the head of the house, who decided, with masculine justice, that she was entitled to choose her clothes for herself. Dorinda writhed; but came back to the fascinating employment more in sorrow than in anger.

When the little trunk was at last packed, Dorinda's verdict on the contents was that they were good enough, but had no sort of style about them. Celia, doubtful of their possessing any merits at all, took a negative comfort from this. Ah! if she could only gather an idea of Mrs. Wykoff's likes from Dorinda's dislikes!

The day came when Mrs. Wykoff's maid was to convey her charge to the further shore of Long Island. This relegation of Celia to a menial's care had somewhat troubled the family conclave; but it had been decided that, in view of the differences in social ethics revealed by past dealings with the Wykoff family, it would be fair to assume that the lady's intent was respectful, however much her course was open to the criticism of the right minded. The sun was shining on the mid-day dinner when the carriage

was announced; Celia had finished a nervous attempt at a meal, and was ready for the ordeal. Five napkins fell to the ground, and amid a storm of caresses and tears, Celia was hustled to the door. Even Alonzo shook her hand with a stern cordiality which hinted that, under favorable circumstances, all might yet be forgiven. Her father kissed her brow and in a minute she was in the carriage—the Wykoff carriage—with Parker.

Parker was a Briton, and she stood by her colors. Long years before, when her firm but kindly rule over Mrs. Wykoff was just beginning, her employer made one single effort to treat her as an American.

"Your name is Jane, I believe?" she said: "I will call you Jane, I think, hereafter, instead of Parker."

Jane Parker dropped an old-world curtsey, and set her thin lips.

"Indeed, mum, I would not be that disrespectful to my betters; and I 'ope, mum, you will not insist." Mrs. Wykoff did not insist, and Parker remained Parker.

The carriage rolled away, and Celia leaned back in her corner and felt a delicious glow of yearning fright and mysterious hope. Opposite her sat Parker, bolt upright, an eminently respectable guide to the gates of Elysium. Beyond her, through the windows, Celia saw the silver W tossing on the rounded flanks of the Wykoff horses. At the railroad station—or the corral called by that name—Stephen met them, Mrs. Wykoff's aged but efficient butler and general manager—the masculine equivalent of Parker. Here they were taken under the wing of that vigilance of which an accomplished servitor like Stephen makes a pride. Celia did nothing for herself, she was not even sure that she had used her own means of locomotion when she found herself seated in the best seat in the car, Parker close behind her, her light wrap and little satchel on the seat by her side, and a monthly magazine on her lap.

She had not thought of taking a book with her, and she did not even know that for this delicate attention she was indebted to Stephen's own inspiration. Later she learned of the conscientious care he had given to the selection. He felt it his duty to report his exercise of discretion to Mrs. Wykoff:

"Seeing her unprovided, ma'am," he explained, "I felt that I might go so far. I would not take the responsibility of choosing what a young lady should read, but I had see that particular paper here on your own table, ma'am, and I run through it on the news-stand to see that there was no nudity pictures nor anything that you could object to, ma'am."

Celia hardly glanced at her magazine. She was too full of a new and sweet content to care to read any other woman's love-story. She looked out of the window, and was interested in the landscape. Perhaps no one else ever cared to look at that dull, flat country, divided between swampiness and aridity; but Celia gazed at it with an indulgence that had in it a touch of proprietorship. Most of the time, however, it pleased her to lean back in her seat and *sense* the guardianship of her lover's emissaries. It was as though the ægis of her Prince of the Golden World was stretched out over her. She had discovered Stephen sitting unobtrusively at the furthest end of the car, watching her with a steady eye that took in all her surroundings, her every movement. She half lifted her hand toward the window—he was at her side in an instant, and had raised the sash. She drew back a little from the draft—Parker silently slipped her wrap over her shoulders. At one of the stations a tall, handsome young man entered and wandered down

the aisle, looking for a seat. His eye fell on the empty place next to hers—then, as if lured by some strange magnetism, that youthful masculine eye was attracted to Stephen's, sitting weazened and bent in the far corner of the car; and the young man passed on his way. Celia felt sure that if he had hesitated in the least, he would have been snatched up and wafted into the most distant car on the train. Surely such service was sweet.

It was dusk when they arrived at the station nearest to the Wykoffs' place—a summery dusk, yet chill and damp. Randolph was waiting, with his mother's victoria. He did not kiss her; he only pressed her hand and murmured "Dearest!" in stately confidence. There were people all about them; it could not be otherwise, and Celia knew it: yet somehow she felt a little disappointed—a trifle chilled.

The carriage went swiftly over the sandy roads, while Randolph talked to his betrothed in low, deep tones—talked of such things only as Parker, sitting on the box, might hear. They passed under dim trees, and through pigmy forests of underbrush, the cool gloom growing deeper and deeper. Celia listened almost in silence. An indefinable loneliness and a joyous, fluttering expectancy struggled within her. She was trying to adjust her consciousness to a sudden change in her surroundings. She felt she was more than the length of the longest railroad from Chelsea Village and Popper Leete's mid-day dinner.

"We didn't expect to have anyone at the house except my cousins," she heard Randolph saying, as her mind tried to picture the life that already seemed to have slipped far behind her; "but I've got an old college chum of mine down here for a month or two—Jack Claggett. He's an artist, and he is doing some of the decorative work on the Co-operative Buildings. That is only one end of his cleverness. Claggett is going to be a great man some day. And then, just for to-night, we have old Jedby at dinner. He invited himself—he lives with his brother six or seven miles down the road—near Sag Harbor. He's a jolly old gossip, and used to be a friend of my father's. He's a sort of tame cat with us. But you'll see nobody else except my mother and the girls."

"The girls?" queried Celia.

"Yes, my cousins. And you've got to fall in love with them, you know. They're dear good girls. I've known them ever since they were little mites. We used to play together. Laura is uncommonly clever, and no end of fun. She's the eldest. Annette is the pretty one; but she isn't as bright as Laura. But mind, you must admire them both."

"I will if they will let me," said Celia, meekly.

"Let you!" exclaimed her lover; "they will worship you—see if they don't!" And then, catching sight of Parker's back, he became silent.

They swung through a gateway in a long stone wall, and the wheels crashed up a graveled drive. Red windows flashed out through the trees, a flood of warm light came from a broad open door, and presently Celia was standing on the veranda, receiving a motherly kiss from Mrs. Wykoff, and furtively examining two tall, pretty and very talkative girls who had a number of unimportant things to say with bird-like volubility.

"Parker will take you to your room, my dear," said Mrs. Wykoff; "and she will help you to change your dress, or you shall come to dinner just as you are, whichever pleases you. Are you tired? You *are* a little pale."

"I—I have a headache, I think," faltered Celia, truly enough, for the strong, sharp sea-air had struck hard on her nerves.

"You shall have your dinner in your own room," declared Mrs. Wykoff; but Celia would not consent. It was only the ghost of a headache, and it would go away of itself.

She found it very awkward to be helped by Parker, and when Parker opened her trunk and took out the contents she watched Parker's eye with uneasiness in her soul. She might as well have tried to read the eye of the sphinx.

"Which dress, mum?" inquired her assistant.

"The gray one, I think," said Celia, naming the garment on which she placed her main reliance, as being what women call "*always* nice." It was a dark gray silk, so made as to fall, to Celia's appre-

hension, just about at the vanishing point or horizon-line between the heaven of full dress and the lowly simplicity of work-a-day attire—a compromise gown, in fact. And truly, the modest square-cut corsage with pretty lace (the first real lace Celia had ever bought) at the neck was a proper garb as you shall see a pretty maid in.

But when Celia saw that gray dress come out of the trunk, the kindly current of her blood flew back to her heart's chill core. Down the front in an arabesque pattern, over the back in simulation of impossible festoons, nay, down the skirt in a mad cascade of color ran a ribbon of two shades of arsenical green, occasionally exhibiting a reverse side of pale yellow. Dorinda had done good by stealth, and had violated the sanctity of the trunk after it had been packed. Dorinda had always said that that dress lacked style.

"No, not that one," Celia said to the immovable Parker: "that is a—a mistake. There's a black silk dress there—I'll get it."

Celia blessed her mother's peculiar fancy, that was responsible for the existence of the black silk dress. "Mrs. Wykoff bein' in mournin'," Mrs. Leete had speculated, "she might like to see you in black of a Sunday. It looks more considerate."

Ten minutes after the appearance of the black silk, Celia had begun to live her dream: she sat at her lover's table; whatever this life might be for which she had yearned, she was in the midst of it. She had wished a wish, and the wish had come true, as in a fairy tale.

A dream she thought it, at first. She sank into her great leather chair with a pleasant sense of physical fatigue. She saw everything in the rosy dazzle of the crimson-shaded candles. She had a vague, diffused perception of luxurious comfort. The table spread before her, a glittering, snowy plain. She heard the murmur of gentle voices all about her; even the soft laughter was musical to her ears.

It was only a moment of dreamy ecstasy. She lifted a spoonful of soup to her lips, and awoke herself to observe, to study, to learn. Eve ate of the fruit of knowledge, and the glories of uncomprehended Paradise began the slow process of resolving themselves in so much land and so much water, so many trees, so many shrubs, and so many spotted, speckled and striped birds and beasts and creeping things.

She sat at her hostess's right hand, and at the distant end of the table she saw Randolph, and saw him for the first time in all the grandeur of what he would have called his "war paint." She accepted him as a revelation, and wondered whether she had ever sufficiently revered him. When Alonzo got into evening dress, he always looked as though he might break in the middle if he were carelessly handled. Nothing of this painful effect was observable in Randolph. To her right was Mr. Jedby, an ancient beau, who had begun to wax his moustache in the Presidency of the late Louis Napoleon, but whose juvenility was otherwise carefully conserved, save in the matter of his collar, which was as high as the prevailing style required, yet, in pattern, warped somewhat by memories of an older fashion. Mr. Jedby was pouring into the ear of Miss Laura Curtis a monotonous stream of gossip, confined between walls of elegant diction. Mr. Jedby rounded his sentences as though each one was to be taken down for publication in the "Autobiography of a Diner-Out," or the "Literary and Anecdotic Remains of Mr. Richard Jedby, edited, with a Preface, by ——."

The Lisles, Celia learnt, were at Vevey; the Oakleys at Bonn. Where the De la Hunts were he should know by the next European mail. (Mr. Jedby kept up a correspondence—a sort of gossip exchange—with all the idle widows and busy old maids of his acquaintance.) Yes, the Carroll party was in the Riviera, and they were talking, at last accounts, of a trip through the South of Italy and the Mediterranean Isles; but Mr. Jedby did not believe the plan would be carried out. Mortimer Faxon was with them, and Jack Ludlow's widow, and Mr. Jedby did not believe *she* would let *him* get too far from a legation.

"Opportunity, my dear young lady," said Mr. Jedby, "opportunity is elusive, and should be seized with promptitude and alacrity."

It was all a foreign language to Celia. Do you remember your first day at school, when you sat waiting for your assignment of lessons, and listened to the elder classes reciting Greek verbs? Some day, you knew, you would do the same thing; but what a world of unintelligibility lay before you!

Mr. Jedby had done no more than acknowledge his introduction to Miss Leete in the drawing room, and he could not even pay attention to his dinner until he had made an end of his recital to Laura Curtis. Thus Celia was left to the ministrations of Mrs. Wykoff, who asked after each member of the Leete family in turn. Celia answered her almost mechanically, and quietly studied Mr. Claggett, opposite her.

She did not, perhaps, formulate the idea; but she felt that Mr. Claggett did not altogether harmonize with his surroundings. It was not only that he was tall, gaunt, and breezily Western in all his ways and manners; it was not only that he was a carelessly picturesque figure in a trim and decorous picture: in some way that she did not attempt to define he differed from the types about him. She was destined to receive more light upon the subject.

Claggett was, as Randolph Wykoff frequently had occasion to assert, a good fellow. He was also a promising young artist—in his friend's eye the most promising young artist of the day. Randolph had—like most young men of his serious and earnest temperament, a circle of youthful friends who were setting out to revolutionize everything in Art, Science, Literature, and Religion, and Claggett was the coming apostle of Art. But what Harvard College had done for Mr. Claggett and what Nature had done for him were two widely different things, and out of the conflict between Nature and Education came a side-issue unpleasant for Celia.

It happened that five or six wine-glasses by her plate and a number of courses presented to her in various styles and shapes somewhat puzzled this poor novice in the ways of the Golden World. She had been trying hard to recollect what she had learned at boarding-school of the technicalities of the social board; but unfamiliar problems arrived; and some exhibition of hesitation or indecision attracted Mr. Claggett's attention. Now it was not many years since Mr. Claggett had wondered what terrapin might be, and had boggled at croquettes and bouchées. This fact ought to have made him charitable, and given him a kindly sympathy for others in such sad condition; but the experience had, in truth, embittered the young man. Why is the "tenderfoot" ill-treated in the far West? Because the "old settler" was a new settler but yesterday. The lust of torturing awoke in Claggett's breast.

The little confabs of two or three that

began a dinner had broken up. Conversation crossed and criss-crossed the table. Mr. Claggett addressed himself to Miss Leete, and began to ply her with questions in gastronomy, designed for her confusion. What were her views on the cooking of terrapin? Did she agree with a Baltimore friend of his who thought that canvas-back duck should be cooked fifty seconds to the pound?

Mrs. Wykoff, talking across the board to Mr. Jedby, noticed nothing. The Curtis girls did notice, and made one or two ineffectual diversions in Celia's behalf. Randolph had some notion that his friend was conversing in a strain foreign to the normal Claggett taste, and good-naturedly told him not to be absurd. But the baiting continued until Annette Curtis said under her breath—her face flushing hotly—"Mr. Claggett!"

Claggett, like most people who have gone too far, went a little farther.

"I was only trying to take a rise out of our young friend," he explained, aside.

He lowered his voice, as he spoke; but Celia heard him, and the Curtis girls knew that she had heard. Probably no one else at the table would have known the significance of that piece of slang. But slang is a part of the modern girl's education, and Randolph's cousins were none the worse for recognizing the phrase and catching the rude allusion. They became Celia Leete's champions on the instant.

Celia's eye flashed; but she said nothing. Mr. Claggett looked at Miss Annette Curtis's face, and was silent. The dinner was ended in peace and calm.

The good old fashion prevailed in the Wykoff household, and the gentlemen had their hour of tobacco and chartreuse. In the drawing-room Annette sang a song or two, and when the men appeared, she and Randolph set themselves to sorting out piles of sheet-music. Claggett, anxious to reëstablish himself, began a little monologue on farm-life in Wisconsin. He was a sharp observer of externals; and he told his tale with some cleverness, and he was really getting on very well when it occurred to him to inquire of Celia, with the best intentions in the world, but with an unfortunate inflection:

"Were you ever in the West, Miss Leete?"

"No," said Celia, "we have too much of the West here, as it is."

There was silence in that place for the space of a minute after this speech was uttered. An expression of puzzled surprise on Mr. Claggett's features slowly lost itself in a broad smile; but there was no smile on any other face. Annette Curtis, at the piano, let her hands wander over the keys, struck a chord or two, and said:

"Ah! that's it. Don't you want to try that anthem over with me, Laura?—*la la la la—la la!*"

Late that night Mrs. Wykoff tapped at Celia's door. Celia was sitting up, ripping the party-colored ribbon from her gray dress, and removing other superfluities, in conformity with suggestions gathered from her observation during the evening. She went guiltily to the door, and opened it half way.

"I saw the light in your room," said Mrs. Wykoff, "and I was afraid you might be ill?"

"Oh, no!" said Celia, very red and nervous, "I'm feeling much better—I think I'll go to bed now."

"I hope," Mrs. Wykoff continued, her brows contracted in an anxious way, "I hope you didn't mind—that Mr. Claggett did not say anything—anything that might——"

"Oh, no," Celia interrupted.

"He is peculiar. He is not exactly—Randolph is very fond of him, and he is a young man of many excellent qualities; but his sense of humor sometimes runs away with him, I'm afraid."

"I didn't mind him the least little bit," said Celia.

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The next day there was tennis in the morning, at which Celia looked on; then a drive to the beach in the afternoon, and again Celia sat with Mrs. Wykoff and saw a quartette of athletes making merry. Randolph and Claggett and the two girls all swam until Celia shivered in wasted sympathy.

At twilight, she took a little walk with Annette Curtis, and their walk brought them through a neighboring country-place, a spacious old house, almost the mate of the Wykoff homestead.

"That is our place," said Annette: "or, at least, it used to be, before Papa —had troubles. We used to live here when Randolph was a little boy. I don't remember much about it, because I was

the baby, you know; but Laura and Randolph played together all the time. The neighbors used to call them 'the twins.' They're almost of an age—Randolph's just one week older. One day they went out in a boat together, and the boat struck a rock and sunk, and Randolph couldn't swim then, and Laura swam ashore with him. That's reversing the usual story, isn't it? And do you know? he was so angry with her for being able to swim, when he couldn't, that he wouldn't speak to her for ever so long?"

Thus began a summer of country life. One day was like another. Randolph was as affectionate in private, as delicately attentive in the presence of others as his sense of the proprieties of the situation permitted him to be. Celia's status was anomalous, yet she was not uncomfortable. Although her engagement to Randolph was never hinted at, she knew that all in the house were in the secret, and that their discretion was to be trusted. There were few visitors; Mr. Jedby made rare appearances, and if Mr. Jedby knew why she was under the Wykoff roof, he gave no sign.

Claggett alone enlivened the calm monotony of Celia's days. He followed up his declaration of war with a series of attacks, in which he generally got fully the equivalent of what he gave. This warfare was carried on without the knowledge of Mrs. Wykoff. Both the combatants feared her disapprobation. Randolph, from his infinite height, saw something of it, and it annoyed him. But, in so far as it touched his own interests, he dismissed it with the reflection in which young men who are betrothed sometimes indulge themselves, that he would have to make some alterations in the character of his affianced, after the wedding. The Curtis girls saw and heard, and talked much between themselves.

And Randolph himself could not long remain in his position of uninterested superiority. There came an occasion when he was forced to see and act.

The young people were off for a day's sail, with an incidental crabbing expedition, in Randolph's cat-boat; and toward the end of the homeward trip, Celia was out of temper.

She had come down to the boat in the morning attired in what she had purchased for a "sailor costume." There was much white braid about it, and a stiff little white collar, that later was limp. Then she had found the Curtis girls in old blue flannel gowns, with water-stained silk handkerchiefs knotted loosely at their throats. Randolph had looked at her dress—put on for the first time—with as near an approach to frank surprise as he was capable of. Then she had been sea-sick, in a feeble, doubtful way, through all the outward sail. Then the crabbing came, to crush her with astonishment and disappointment. How could anyone like such a disgusting employment? She sat in the dirty flat-bottomed boat they had hired of the neighboring fisherman; she was rowed about the glaring waters of a little cove; she gazed with abhorrence upon the squirming, uncanny crabs, the grinning fish-heads, the livid strings of soaked raw meat, and she marveled how they could laugh and chatter and enjoy it all. She was glad Dorinda could not see her at the moment. "They" she thought—her "They" was the Wykoffs, this time; not her own family—"may be awfully swell, and we mayn't be—but I know none of *us* would think this was *nice*."

It was on the sail home that Celia exhibited the cumulative effect of these annoyances. A bushel-basket full of crabs had been spilt in the cockpit, and Claggett was restoring the scuttling wretches to their prison. Celia lay on the seat, trying not to be sea-sick. A fold of the white-braided dress hung down to the deck.

"*Do* keep those nasty things away from my skirt, Mr. Claggett!" she said, with asperity.

"Do not be too harsh with the crabs, Miss Leete," responded Claggett, unperturbed; "they are simple, humble, semi-marine creatures, and they have never seen a dress like that before. They merely wish to admire its gorgeousness. Give them a chance to make some approach to taste and fashion."

"Well," Celia returned, "they do seem to be getting away from *you* as hard as they can."

Randolph, who was at the tiller, heard this. A moment later he was

called forward to the halliards, and he did not know that Celia, cheered up by her own triumph of witticism, forgot her qualms, and engaged merrily in a prolonged contest of wit with the young man from the West.

Randolph waited until he and Claggett were left to put the boat to rights for the night; and then he unburdened his mind.

"Look here, Jack," he said, kindly but firmly; "I wish you wouldn't talk to Miss Leete in the way you were talking down in the cockpit. It's all very well, you know, between fellows, and at college, and all that sort of thing—but I think it's out of place with ladies."

"Has Miss Leete said anything to you about it?" Claggett inquired, looking up quickly from his work.

"She has not."

"I thought not. You take things too seriously, old man. She likes it, and so would you, if you had any sense of humor. It's all pure fun and nonsense, and she's quite well able to take care of herself."

"I do not wish," said Randolph, coldly, "that Miss Leete should be obliged to take care of herself. I am the best judge in such matters; and I suppose that you understand the situation."

"No," said Claggett, standing up straight, and looking his friend in the eye: "I do *not* understand the situation."

"I am—" Randolph hesitated—"Miss Leete and I are engaged."

Unfortunately for Randolph, he could never rid himself of the idea that there was a special sanctity attaching to his private and personal affairs. When he was obliged to make even the most indirect mention of them, he assumed the tone which the boy at college tries to assume when you speak to him of his "secret society." It is the tone of stern, self-conscious dignity which some people take on in speaking of the unspeakable things of life. I knew one man, once upon a time, who used this tone whenever he had occasion to talk of a cold in the head. The members of his family seemed to be peculiarly afflicted with this ailment; and, somehow, I got the idea that they were not "proper" people. Perhaps Mr. Claggett had similar associations with that peculiar tone, for he smiled in a way that greatly irritated Mr. Wykoff. And then he dealt a blow which left his friend paralyzed and dumb with inexpressible indignation.

"Well," Mr. Claggett said, "I don't know of any man more peculiarly fitted to make her unhappy."

He shouldered the sweeps, and walked off to the boathouse. Wykoff stood still for a minute, nearly, and his soul boiled within him. He wanted to do to Claggett many things which he could not do, under the social conditions of our age. Perhaps he came near to attempting some of them. But he checked himself. Instead, he walked for half an hour on the sands, and thought it all over. It may be that he communed with the spirit of his father, for a glimmering of John Wykoff's good sense visited his excited brain. He resolved to wreak no vengeance on the irreverent Claggett, but to establish for him a suitable "place" in the social scale; to put him there, and to keep him there. He carried out his programme to the letter. He put Claggett in his "place" at once, and he kept him there. There was only one limitation to his satisfaction. Claggett never seemed to know what had happened to him.

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Celia had accommodated herself to her surroundings—how thoroughly she did not know until a little thing set her to thinking.

Old habit led her to rise early, when only the servants were stirring. The mail of the previous night was brought in from the distant post-office early in the morning, and was spread out on a table in the hall. It was a week after her arrival that Celia came down and found a letter from Dorinda awaiting her—a letter in an envelope of pink, bordered with pale blue, stamped with a huge initial L, and scented. She snatched it up with an involuntary movement of concealment; checked herself, and then walked out into the clear sunshine with a guilty and troubled heart. Was she ashamed of her own people? Or was it only that she was rightly ashamed of her people's ways? Where was she drifting—where had she drifted? Had she turned her back on the little frame house in Chelsea Village? What lay before her here in the house of strangers?

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Poor little Eve! she had to look around Paradise, and ask herself how she liked it. And she had to confess to herself that only as a mystery was it wholly delightful.

Personalities were not the staple of conversation in the Wykoff household; yet personalities there must be, and these were still Greek to Celia. And even in the employments of every day she found herself set apart from all the others. She tried to play tennis, and gave it up, after a little while. Her muscles were flaccid; her heart rebelled at the least strain; flushing and palpitating, she went to sit with Mrs. Wykoff, an uninterested spectator. It was the same at the afternoon swim—she could not overcome her dread of the pounding surf. She tried to walk with the Curtis girls, and three miles in an hour sent her to bed sore and tired. Indeed, she reflected, she had not come there to bat tennis-balls, to swim, to tramp over sandy roads. These things had no charm for her. Perhaps the pleasantest time of all the day was when she leaned back in Mrs. Wykoff's victoria and rolled gently through the streets of the village, when the summer boarders sat on the verandas and stared hard at the plump horses and the carriage.

In August the Curtis girls went to join their mother in the Catskills. Laura went to Celia's room to bid her good-bye. She put her arms around Celia's neck. "Be good to him, my dear," she said.

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It was dull after they went. Mrs. Wykoff seemed to be anxious and apprehensive. Randolph was grave. Claggett was moody and cynical. Celia showed depression of spirits in her dull silence.

"I wonder if Claggett annoys her in any way," Randolph said to his mother, who only shook her head.

He saw her grow more listless day by day; but he loyally waited for the appointed hour. When it came, he sought her out, and found her in a far corner of the old-fashioned garden.

"Celia," he said, "it is time to announce our engagement."

An hour later he walked into his mother's room, very pale; but collected, as became a Harvard man.

"It is all over, mother," he said; "and I am going away on Saturday. I think I shall go to California. I think I can do something there. I have an idea of providing proper homes for the farm-laborers."

He was John Wykoff's son, and there was no arguing with him. Mrs. Wykoff listened to all he would tell her, and then went to find Celia. Celia was in her room, packing up her clothes in hysterical haste. Mrs. Wykoff took her in her arms.

"I can't help it!" Celia sobbed; "I feel mean and wicked, but I can't do anything else. I *did* love him, and I *do* think he's the best man in the world—he's just as good and noble as he can be—but I couldn't be happy this way, Mrs. Wykoff! I don't like it—I couldn't get along at all. I've made a mistake—I've made a mistake right from the first; but I won't make any more mistakes, and I won't make his life miserable because I've spoiled my own. Oh, don't be so good to me, Mrs. Wykoff—I don't deserve it—I'm a wretched girl! Just let me go home—that's where I belong!"

Mrs. Wykoff was as gentle as only a wise, kindly, worldly woman can be. She soothed poor Celia, and made her under-

stand that, for the sake of appearances, at least, she must outstay the broken-hearted philanthropist bound for California. Celia stayed. Randolph made his preparations and went, hopelessly gloomy, but punctiliously courteous and considerate to the last.

After a quick fortnight, Celia knocked at Mrs. Wykoff's room to say good-bye. She tried, with a full heart, to give some measure of thanks for the kindness that was the one real thing to her in the world she was quitting. When she had made her timorous attempt, she blushed and trembled, and grew more timorous yet.

"There's something—something you ought to know," she said, huskily; "I—I—I know it seems queer—but—but I couldn't help it. While Randolph—while Mr. Wykoff—while he was *here*, you know, I wouldn't listen to it; I wouldn't let him—I mean—I wouldn't have let anybody say anything to me, although we both—" Celia's voice was all but inaudible—"understood—how we felt. But now, it's different, you know; and—and—Mrs. Wykoff, I'm not a wicked girl, but—I'm going to marry Mr. Claggett!"

STORM AND CALM.

By C. P. Cranch.

All day the angry southwind roaring past
With warm, tumultuous showers of fitful rain,
Rattled upon my streaming window-pane,
And through the autumn woodlands driving fast,
Stripped off and whirled into the air the last
Few withered leaves. On the wide misty plain
The bell, the whistle, and the rumbling train
Were silenced in the thunder of the blast.
Now all is still. A few faint wandering sighs
Alone. The patient trees, though robbed and shorn,
Lift their bare arms and greet the sunset light
Flashing on spires and windows, while the skies
Glow with the promise of a starlit night,
And the calm sunrise of a radiant morn.

MENDELSSOHN'S LETTERS TO MOSCHELES.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPTS IN THE POSSESSION OF FELIX MOSCHELES.

By William F. Apthorp.

II.

THE influence exerted by Mendelssohn upon the musical world at large, and especially upon the musical doings, the modes of musical thought, in a word, the whole musical point of view of the Anglo-Saxon race in particular, has probably been more potent, more far-reaching and, upon the whole, more fruitful in good results than that exerted by any single musician of modern times. His charming gift of melody, his perfect clarity of style, and perhaps also his freedom from all obtrusive musical transcendentalism, made him the man of all others to appeal immediately and lastingly to the English, and, through them, to us Americans. If it was his melodic gift, his lucid and vivacious style, that first attracted the general public, the stoutness of his musical workmanship, his complete mastery over musical form, insured stability and depth to the impression made by his music. Hans von Bülow has called him the most complete master of musical form since Mozart; and, if we except perhaps Cherubini, this is strictly true; nor has there arisen any composer since his day who can fairly claim to stand beside him in this. This perfection of musical technique he owed partly, no doubt, to the natural bent of his genius, but largely also to the rare excellence and thoroughness of his professional education; an education which the singular precocity of his talent enabled him to complete at an age when most composers have hardly made up their minds as to their real vocation. Mendelssohn's musical majority dates from the string octet, opus 20, written when he was sixteen! Schumann was already married and past thirty when a friend, coming in for an evening call, found him and his wife seated at a table, "studying Cherubini's counterpoint *for the first time!*" To be sure, what Mendelssohn did as a composer has influenced the public at large far more potently than it has the musical production of the world since his day. His influence upon the art of composition in general, upon other composers, although quite marked during a certain period, has proved short-lived and evanescent, upon the whole. In a sense, he may be called the head of a school; the force of his example, and reflections of his style are distinctly to be traced in the works of men like Hiller, Rietz, the Lachners, not to speak of Sterndale Bennett and many of the prominent English writers of to-day. But what was truly original in him did not tend in the direction the main current of musical thought was destined to take in our time; in following his lead, composers travelled a path which led to a region in which they found themselves more and more solitary, more and more distant from the real foci of musical growth in subsequent years. Whatever opinion one may hold as to the intrinsic rightness of his artistic point of view, of the impeccable example he set in his works, the fact still remains that this example has led other composers into no-thoroughfares mainly; and it may be said, upon the whole, that, much as he was, at one time, looked upon as the Coming Man in music, it was really Schumann, and not he, who held in his hand the key that was to unlock the future of the art. It is not in Mendelssohn, but in Schumann and Berlioz—widely different as were the two in all save in artistic sincerity—that we find the germs of all the most characteristic developments in music during the last fifty years.

But if Mendelssohn's influence, as a

composer, upon the art of composition has proved itself to be comparatively ephemeral, his influence upon the public at large has been immense. There is probably no composer in all the annals of music whose works have been such widely efficacious educators of the popular musical taste as his. His finely-wrought, clear, and melodious style has attracted people who would otherwise never have been drawn to listen to the higher forms of music. His works have been the portals through which most of us have passed on to the understanding and appreciation of the great older masters. Not even his untiring exertions in reviving the works of Sebastian Bach, and bringing them before the public, could do as much to promote the general appreciation of the grand old master as Mendelssohn's own works have done, in which we find, as a certain critic once said, "*Bach mis à la portée de tout le monde*" (Bach brought within everybody's reach).

But it was not as a composer only that Mendelssohn influenced the musical world around him; his whole life, as performer, conductor, and man, was one unintermittent struggle to promote the welfare of all that was purest and most without reproach in music. No man ever had a higher ideal of what an artist should be, and few have lived up to that ideal with such inexorable conscientiousness. There was nothing of the pedant in him, although some of his maxims may sound a little overstrict in our easy-going times. For instance, it was one of the articles of his artistic faith that a truly great artist should not busy himself with the public performance of music to which inferior men could do all-sufficient justice. He followed out this maxim very pertinaciously in his own public life. "*Ich bin ein en-gros Spieler!*" he used to say—"I am a wholesale pianist!"—and could rarely be persuaded to play even his own minor compositions in public. But his artistic conscience was not so straitlaced as to stand, for a moment, in the way of his doing all in his power to help a friend, if he only saw in that friend sincerity of artistic purpose and a high aim. He abhorred Berlioz's music, but this did not prevent his doing the work of three men to help Berlioz get up his concerts in Leipzig.* By example, by precept and advice, by the most untiring labor, he was ever ready to do more than his share toward advancing the good cause he had at heart. The musical influence he personally exerted over all with whom he came in contact was of the most genial and salutary kind, and few musicians could have much to do with him without feeling its effects. It was in Leipzig—whither he was called in 1835 to assume the conductorship of the Gewandhaus concerts, and which was virtually his headquarters for the rest of his life—that Mendelssohn's personal influence upon music and musicians reached its culminating efficacy; both the place and his professional duties there were particularly congenial to him, and it may truly be said that, for some years, he was its very musical heart and soul.

In his letters to Moscheles we find an occasional passage or two to shed a little light upon the musical conditions in Leipzig in his day—as when he writes:

"We have quite an English congress here just now. Mrs. Shaw has made many friends by her beautiful singing, and the public is looking forward with great interest to Bennett's new things. Clara Novello has been here too; she gave a concert, which was well attended. On this occasion all manner of artistic rivalries and petty bickerings came to light, which would much better have remained in the dark. No, really, when those dear musicians begin abusing one another, and indulge in invective and back-biting, I would forswear all music, or rather all musicians. It does make me feel so cobblerlike. And yet such seems to be the fashion. I used to think it was only so among the hacks of the profession, but the others are no better, and it takes a decent fellow with decent principles to resist the pernicious influence. Well—on the other hand all this serves to show up what is good, and, by way of contrast, one doubly appreciates good art, good artists, letters from you,

* Berlioz's glowing gratitude to Mendelssohn on this occasion is well set forth in a letter to Stephen Heller. *Vide* Berlioz: "Mémoires," p. 259, or translation of the same in "Hector Berlioz," by W. F. A., p. 123.

and—after all, this world of ours is not so bad." *

And again:

"Chorley seems to have been much pleased with our concerts, and, the fact is, we might do something really grand if there were just a little more money to spend. That blessed money pulls us up at every step, and we do not get on half as well as we should like to. On the one hand stand the Philistines, who believe Leipzig is Paris, and everything perfection, and that, if our musicians were not starved, it would no longer be Leipzig; on the other stand the musicians, or rather they run as soon as they see a chance, and I even back them up with letters to help them out of their misery. A pretty business it would have been if you had kept our David; † I should just, once for all, have got stuck in the mud, and should never have got on to decent orchestra legs again. His violin alone is worth ten good ones, and, with that, he is such a good musician; besides, really, now he leads quite an agreeable life here, and is petted and beloved by the public. No—him we positively cannot spare." ‡

Here is a passage which shows the practical artistic side of the man in a characteristic light:

"I declined to give anything to Pott in furtherance of his scheme, nor would you have done so, had you known of their doings and dealings in Germany with regard to monuments. They speculate on the names of great men with a view to making themselves great names. They do a deal of trumpeting in the papers, and treat us to ever so much bad music with real trumpets. If they will honor Handel in Halle, Mozart in Frankfurt and Salzburg, Beethoven in Bonn by founding good orchestras and performing their works well and intelligently, I am their man; but I don't care for their stones and blocks as long as their orchestras are only stumbling blocks, nor for their conservatories in which there is nothing worth conserving. Our present hobby is the improving of our poor orchestra. After no end of letter writing, soliciting and importuning, I have succeeded in getting their salaries raised by 500 Thalers, and, before I leave them, I mean to get double that amount for them. If that is granted, I won't mind setting a monument to Sebastian Bach in front of the St. Thomas Schools. But first, mind you, the grant. You see I am a regular small-beer Leipziger. But, really, you would be touched if you could see and hear for yourself how my good fellows put heart and soul into their work, and strive to do their best." §

The following speaks for itself:

"We have had an interesting musical time of it this winter: Dreyschock, Prume, Madame Pleyel, Hiller, Ernst, and now to wind up, Liszt. Our Subscription Concerts, and the six quartet evenings, were more crowded than ever, and, with their close, the time has come when one longs for home music and no concerts. Liszt has been here for the last six days. He has given one concert, and announces another for next Tuesday, after which he goes, first to Dresden and then to Paris, where he means to play; afterward to London for the season, and then to Russia to spend the winter. His playing, which is quite masterly, and the subtileness of his musical feeling, that finds its way to the very tips of his fingers, truly delight me. His rapidity and subtileness, above all his playing at sight, his memory, and his thorough musical insight, are qualities quite unique in their way, and that I have never seen surpassed. With that you find in him, when once you have penetrated beyond the surface of modern French polish, a good fellow and a true artist, and you cannot help liking him, even if you disagree with him. The one thing which seems to be wanting in him is true talent for composition, real original ideas. The things he played to me did strike me as very incomplete, even when judged from his own point of view, which, to my mind, is not the right one. That explains why Thalberg would meet with more success in many places, in England, for instance, if I am not mistaken. In his way, he is just as perfect, he plays the pieces he has mastered, and there he stops;

* Dated Leipzig, Oct. 28, 1838.

† Ferdinand David, the noted violinist, afterward professor of the violin at the Leipzig Conservatory, and whom Berlioz calls "Mendelssohn's *fidus Achates*."

‡ Dated Leipzig, Nov. 30, 1839.

§ Dated Leipzig, Nov. 30, 1839.

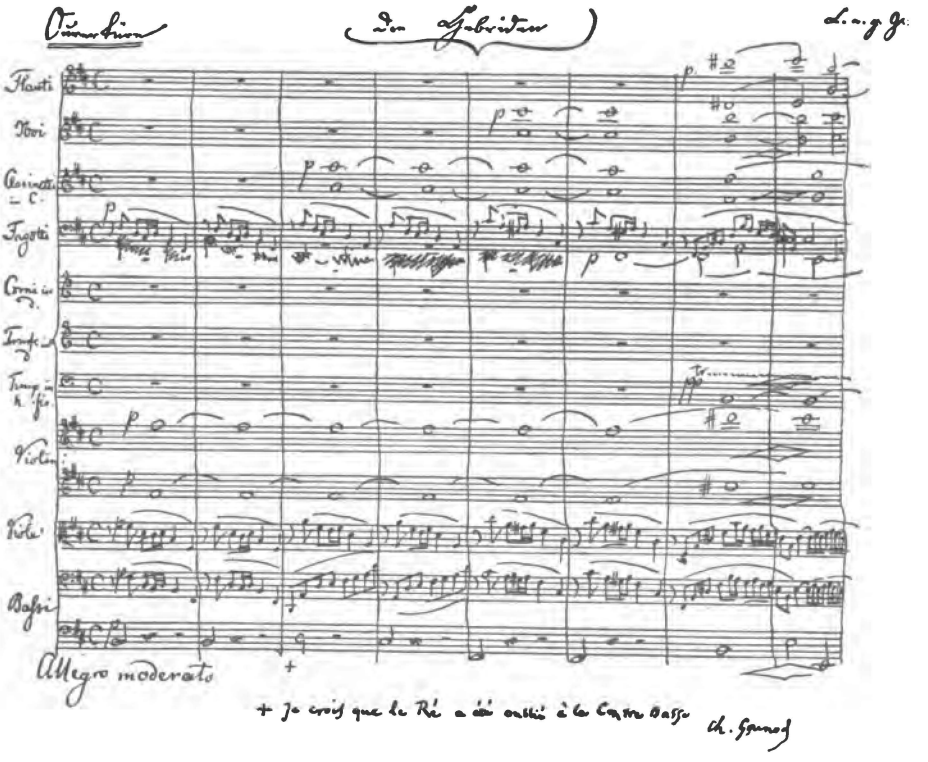
whereas Liszt's whole peformance is as unpremeditated, as wild and impetuous, as you would expect it of a genius; but then I miss those genuine original ideas which, above all, I expect from a genius. A mere pianist he is not, nor does he give himself out as such, and that perhaps makes him appear less perfect than others whose talent cannot be compared to his. We are together the greater part of the day, and seem to be mutually attracted. His appreciation of you, and the cordial way in which he expresses it, have drawn me still nearer to him. It is regrettable that he should have been saddled with a manager and secretary, who, between them, succeeded in so thoroughly mismanaging things that the public were up in arms, and we had the greatest trouble to smooth matters to some extent for the second concert. The advertisements and subsequent modifications, the prices and the programme, in fact everything that Liszt had not done himself was objectionable, and consequently the mildest of Leipzigers were in a rage. By this time, however, they seemed to have calmed down again." *

But Mendelssohn's interest in Leipzig was not only in the Gewandhaus concerts; it centred in the Conservatory, of which he was the real founder. It was he who persuaded the King of Saxony to appropriate to this music school the sum of 20,000 Thalers,† bequeathed by one Hofkriegsrath Blümner "for the purposes of art and science." The permission was obtained in November, 1842, and the Conservatory opened in the Gewandhaus on April 1, 1843. Of the great names that have been intimately associated with this famous music school, that of Moscheles deserves to be placed next to Mendelssohn's. That the latter may have had, even at the outset, some hopes of ultimately securing Moscheles's services as professor at the institution is not unlikely. As early as 1838, he knew that Moscheles was beginning to tire of his London life, and was looking about him to find some acceptable position in Germany. Of course, at this early date, all plans for the Conservatory were too much in embryo for Mendelssohn to think of trying to interest his friend in the scheme. Still, any plan that should succeed in bringing Moscheles back to Germany would naturally be greeted by him with joy; to have such a sterling musical influence active once more in any part of the Fatherland could not but be welcome to him. How earnestly he felt what an advantage to Germany Moscheles's return thither would be, is shown in the following:

"But now to the most important part of your letter, that which refers to Weimar. Upon my word it is not an easy matter to give you a proper answer to your questions. When I think of your life in London, your independent position at the head of the musical profession, and of your never ceasing activity in public, and then again of Weimar, with its petty court and its still pettier 'Hofmarschall,' and 'Intendanz' that superintends nothing, when I think of the littleness that pervades everything, it would be madness to advise you to go. When I remember, on the other hand, your telling me that you had never wished to remain all your life in England, but rather to return to your own country, and to devote yourself to your art and to your friends (and I believe, in your place, I should feel as you do), and when I take into account that in Germany one town is about as good as another, all small but sociable, that the appointment is one of the best of its kind, that to you it would be an acquisition to have an orchestra at your disposal, to us to have a man like you to take Hummel's place, and to secure a musician of your standing for Germany —then I cannot help being in favor of Weimar. As far as I know, social resources are very limited there. The court circle is the best, not to say the only one; there you still meet with intelligence and culture, the inheritance of former days. But that, too, is on the decline, and whether your wife would like it seems to me very doubtful. On the other hand, the orchestra is said to be excellent, and the singers of the opera good. The Grand Duchess is a stanch friend to anyone she has enlisted and likes, and, with that, fairly musical herself. Not very much to do, but enough opportunity to do much

* Dated Leipzig, March 21, 1840. † $15,000.

good, just what would suit you. It is quite difficult to put it impartially, you see; it would be glorious to have a musician like you among us, giving his best work to Germany; but it seems so selfish to press you, yet not to press you is decidedly too unselfish. Would it not be best if you came over and looked into the whole matter yourself? In a week you would get a clear insight into everything, the town, society, and the orchestra; you could make your own conditions, or take theirs into consideration; in a word, you could thoroughly sift the matter. Could you not manage that? If only for the present you do not send an absolute refusal, so much would be gained. Do write me soon on this subject which touches me so nearly."*



First Page of the Original Score of Mendelssohn's Overture to the "Isles of Fingal," given to Moscheles. On perusing it fifty years later, Gounod made the note appended.

But the Weimar proposals never came to anything, and Moscheles's plans remained in a wholly undecided state for eight years more. The following letter, the date of which, it should be noted, falls nearly together with that of Mendelssohn's obtaining the hoped-for grant of money from the King, is the beginning of a four-years' correspondence which led up to Moscheles's finally determining to settle in Leipzig. All that is important on Mendelssohn's side of this correspondence is given here, without further comment:

LEIPZIG, Nov. 18, 1842.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—

How busy I have been lately you can gather from the fact of my only answering your delightful letter of the 20th today, but my chief reason for delay was, that I wished to answer with due care and full consideration that part of your letter which once more mentions your intention of returning to Germany. This is a matter of so much importance

* Dated Dec. 10, 1838.

to all of us, and I am so immensely delighted at the prospect, that I at first could not bring myself to think of it quietly and impartially. Now I have looked at it in every light, and of nothing else will I write to-day. If you really mean to leave England, and, from what you say, I can no longer doubt you are in earnest, this is the best time you could select, particularly if you thought of giving Berlin the preference. It appears to me, just now, when the King* is so unmistakably anxious to secure for his kingdom artists of great reputation, a mere hint from you would suffice to elicit the most acceptable offers from that quarter. Such a hint is necessary, as, without it, nobody would believe, any more than I did at first, that you are really inclined to give up your position in England. Now you have the very man in London to whom you might casually drop a word. You are on a confidential footing with him, and while, on the one hand, he has the warmest friendship and esteem for you, on the other, his suggestions and counsels have the greatest weight with the King of Prussia. To be sure, I mean Bunsen. If you were to speak to him, mentioning in a general way your intention of returning to Germany, I am sure a few words would suffice, and he would do his very best to secure to the King and to Berlin the honor of possessing you; for as an honor, any town of Germany you may select will look upon it. That perhaps you do not know, but then I do with all the more certainty. To be sure there is no official position—I mean no regular programme of musical duties suitable for you, any more than there is for me, or any musician whose heart is in his work; so my departure from Berlin would leave no place vacant for another to occupy. The very fact that no such place exists is the cause of my hesitating.

Now, however, it is decided that I am to have nothing to do with the Berlin public, but only with the King, whose qualities of head and heart I value so highly that they weigh heavier in the scale than half a dozen Berlin publics. Whether I am there or not, an excellent and honorable position would be open to you, but just think how delightful it would be if I did return, and we lived in the same place and saw our old dreams, that seemed so unattainable, actually realized. But that is a picture I will not attempt to draw in this letter. That I may have to return to Berlin you see from the above, probably it may be next year.

But suppose now the thing you thought feasible in Berlin should take shape in Leipzig! Not that I should think of offering you the post I have held here merely as conductor of the Subscription Concerts, but there is every reason to believe that that office would be supplemented by the directorship of a musical school, which will probably be called into existence within the next twelvemonth. Might not a combination of that kind suit you? The salary would scarcely be more than 1,200 Thalers, to start with, but I believe the venture would soon improve in every respect. The King of Saxony will probably grant the funds requisite for founding the institution, and, considering the influential and central position of Leipzig, I have no doubt, excellent results might be anticipated. The principal outlines of the scheme are to be settled before the end of the year. I am bound up with it heart and soul; but then, the first and most important question arises: who is to be at the head of it? Now just see how all difficulties would be at once solved if, in answer to that question, we could put your name. Regular lessons there would scarcely be any to give, only the general supervision of the institution to undertake. You would have Hauptmann, who is at the head of the St. Thomas choir, David, Becker, etc., to work with you. And there would be twenty Subscription Concerts to conduct. Now what do you think of it? Just turn it over in your mind, and let me know the result very soon. I fancy these will not be the only letters we shall exchange on the subject. The matter is of importance, not only to yourself, but to all Germany, and the former consideration, you know, would be quite enough for me.

So now give me your views candidly, as I have given you mine, and let me thank you a thousand times, and tell

* *i.e.* of Prussia.

you how proud I am of being taken into your confidence. I do hope and trust we Germans shall get you back among us.

If you do not like to mention the matter to Bunsen, I shall, with the greatest pleasure, look about for another opening, but Bunsen is the right man, I feel sure of that. However, first of all, tell us what you think of the two different plans.

Mendelssohn.

Kindest remembrances to your wife. I will try to fit the orchestra dress on to the Broadley piece, and, if I succeed, I will send it to you without delay. For the present I am still without books or music, and have composed nothing but a sonata with violoncello; however, the books arrived yesterday; to-morrow we unpack them, and then we will set to work in good earnest.

Remain ever my friend as I am yours.

F. M.

LEIPZIG, April 15, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Thanks for your letter of Mar. 10, which was anything but a business memorandum, as it announced itself, but one of those kind and friendly letters, which I always most heartily welcome. But now do tell me what can have given you the idea that I was appointed director of the Leipzig Music School, and that "all plans of our living together in Germany would vanish into thin air," etc., etc. I am not appointed, and am as anxious to have you here as ever, and confidently trust our plans will not prove castles in the air. You must have taken some newspaper paragraph for Gospel truth, and you know I maintain they have been known to fall very short of that. These are really the facts:

Three years ago I endeavored to found a Musical Academy in Leipzig, and after endless interviews and exchanges of letters with some prominent men here, and also with the King, I felt, on my return from Berlin, that there was no time to be lost, and that it was a case of now or never. My engagements in Berlin did not allow of my accepting a prominent appointment here, but I took the matter in hand last

November, and having got the necessary funds together, the school was opened, and I engaged to act as one of the teachers during the time I should remain here. I wrote to you then, and expressed my ardent desire to see you eventually at the head of the institution. Nothing has changed in my desire since, only what was then a long cherished plan, four weeks ago became a reality, and promises to bear good fruit.

Cécile, the Wife of Mendelssohn.

Now if we could only persuade you to come! Whether I am here or not, it would be equally desirable to have you at the head of the institution. So far, the Board of Directors is composed only of five gentlemen, none of whom are musicians. The six teachers are subordinate to them, but, among themselves, they are on an equal footing. But I believe that, later on, when the institution develops, as seems very likely to be the case, a change will be necessary, and a musical man will have to join the directors, or even to take the lead independently. And that is the position which, in connection with the Subscription Concerts, would be worthy of your acceptance. The difficulty remaining is to get them to make you a definite proposal, both from a business and from a musical point of view. To be sure, they would all like to have you here, but the liking, and wishing, and thinking alone will not do it; and how absolutely necessary it is to come to a clear understanding in such matters, I should have learned during the course of my negotiations in Berlin, had I not already been aware of the fact. Have you received an offer from Prague to take the directorship of the Conservatory there? Spohr's name was mentioned in connection with it, and so was yours. That he was asked, and that he refused, I know for a fact. I am anxious to hear whether there is any foundation for the rumor connecting your name with it. I do not know what the appointment is like, but, at any rate, I am enough of a patriot to wish that you lived in Germany rather than in England. The paper is at an end, so good-bye.

Yrs. ever,

F. M.

BERLIN, Nov. 13, 1845.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

There is a rumor afloat in Leipzig, and I have met with it more than once since my return, that you might possibly take up your abode there, and devote yourself chiefly to the Conservatory, thus carrying out to the advantage of the Leipzigers your old plan of settling in Germany. I must say that I did not put much faith in the report. The difference between London and Leipzig is so great that I could scarcely fancy that you could make up your mind to leave the former for the latter. But the other day I heard it asserted positively, at an evening party, that you had said that you were disposed to settle in Leipzig. Some one had the news from Hamburg. Unlikely as it seems, I cannot help writing to ask whether there might possibly be some foundation for the rumor, and secondly, whether I could do anything to convert such possibility into a certainty. I need not tell you how anxious I am to know, and how important the matter is, not only to me, but to all true lovers of music in Germany. So pray write as soon as possible how it really stands, and tell me point blank what steps should be taken to persuade you, if you are to be persuaded at all. Or, if you are only thinking of it in a general way, and as a possible contingency, just give me an outline of your ideas in an equally general way.

Nothing would be better and simpler, to be sure (if you really were inclined to decide for Leipzig), than to go straight there, and to settle all details personally. But, for the present, my only question is, whether there is any truth at all in the report, or whether it is all idle talk, such as often gets about without any foundation whatever. I believe, if you wrote to say there was a remote chance, the Leipzig town council would petition you in a body, the Burgomaster at their head. Of my personal joy I say nothing to-day; I merely write as a Leipziger. When I heard the report, the other day, I was suddenly seized with patriotic feelings for Leipzig; and I said to myself: "If I could but do something to bring this about."

Good bye; I have been here for the last three weeks to conduct performances of my Athalia, Œdipus, and some other things.

Medallion of Mendelssohn. Modelled by Knauer, of Leipzig, soon after the composer's death, and presented to the directors of the Gewandhaus.

Yrs. ever,

F. M.

LEIPZIG, Dec. 20, 1845.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

I most gladly take up the pen to-day, for I believe and trust that this letter may be instrumental in bringing about a realization of a wish which we Leipzigers, and more especially I personally, have long had at heart, remote as seemed the possibility of its fulfilment.

Yesterday I learned that the directors of the Conservatory were about to write

to you officially; their offers, which will be in your hands in a few days, will at least prove to you how fully they appreciate the desirability of securing your services for Leipzig. I hear they have based their proposals on the suggestion you made in your letter to me, which I submitted to them on my return. The salary they offer you is more than double that of any other professor; they agree to the leave of absence, and in fact accede to one and all of your wishes. When you come to consider that they are ready to draw to the fullest extent on the means at their disposal, further, that it would be hard to find elsewhere as influential and independent a position, I trust you will be disposed to accept their proposals. I feel all the more confident of the result, knowing, as I do, your ideas on the state of things here, as compared to that in England, and remembering how much in earnest you were when we last talked the subject over.

The sum which is to be offered to you (if my information is correct) is small, according to English notions, but not so, measured by a German standard. Nor is it small, when you take into consideration that it represents a fixed salary for only two or three lessons daily, and when you make allowance for the time of ten weeks' leave of absence; so, if you choose to give two or three private lessons besides, you will be in a more remunerative position than most musical men in this country, and yet not have to give more than four or five lessons daily. That would be light work for you, accustomed as you are to the incredible exertions of London life; you would have leisure enough and to spare, and what splendid fruit that might bear for art, and for your friends! I cannot, for a moment, doubt that, under the circumstances, you will appreciate the change, and I must say that from what I hear of the petty doings over there, and from what I experienced myself eighteen months ago, I can fully understand that every year brings you fresh cause for dissatisfaction, and a growing desire to turn your back on it all. And really the position you are asked to occupy is not unworthy of your acceptance. One point I must answer to correct a misapprehension. I am not, and shall never be a Director of the School. I stand precisely in the same kind of position that it is hoped you may occupy. The duties of my department are the reading of compositions, etc., and as I was one of the founders of the School, and am acquainted with its weak points, I lend a hand here and there until we are more firmly established. I look upon it as an element of stability that we should have no musical director placed in authority above the professors, head-masters as we call them. These, Hauptmann, Becker, David, and myself—may I soon be able to add your name—form a committee of management on all musical matters, subordinate to the directors only, inasmuch as these select the teachers, manage the business, and are generally the representatives of the institute. But all musical matters are submitted to the committee of teachers, or to the special professor whom they may concern. So, for instance, any question relating to harmony would be referred to Hauptmann, while Becker would deal with what concerns the organ. The board of Directors consists exclusively of prominent citizens, non-musicians, who give their services gratuitously.

From a Death Mask of Mendelssohn in the Possession of Laurence Hutton, Esq.

And now let me request that, if there is anything you do not wish to mention

officially, you will inform me, and give me an opportunity of contributing to the success of a negotiation, which may prove more fruitful in its results than any we have hitherto undertaken in the interests of music.

"I scarcely venture to hope, so much do I wish it," says your wife, and I, with a better right, echo her words; for if you both only wish it one half as much as I do, I fancy I may venture to hope. And now best thanks for your letter from Paris, that crossed mine on the road, and my congratulations on your success, and the dedication in Saint-Cloud. As regards the sonata * itself, it is of no use putting the many questions about it which I am so anxious and impatient to have answered, but I will make sure that Kistner lets me have the manuscript without an hour's delay. And just fancy now how grand it will be when we get that kind of thing before all the Kings of the French. I do believe the Leipzigers will get too proud, and yet, I should be happy for their sakes. You see I can write of nothing else to-day. Good bye, let me hear from you soon. Ever yrs.,

F. M.

Mendelssohn's Study. (From a water-color made by Felix Moscheles a few days after the composer's death.)†

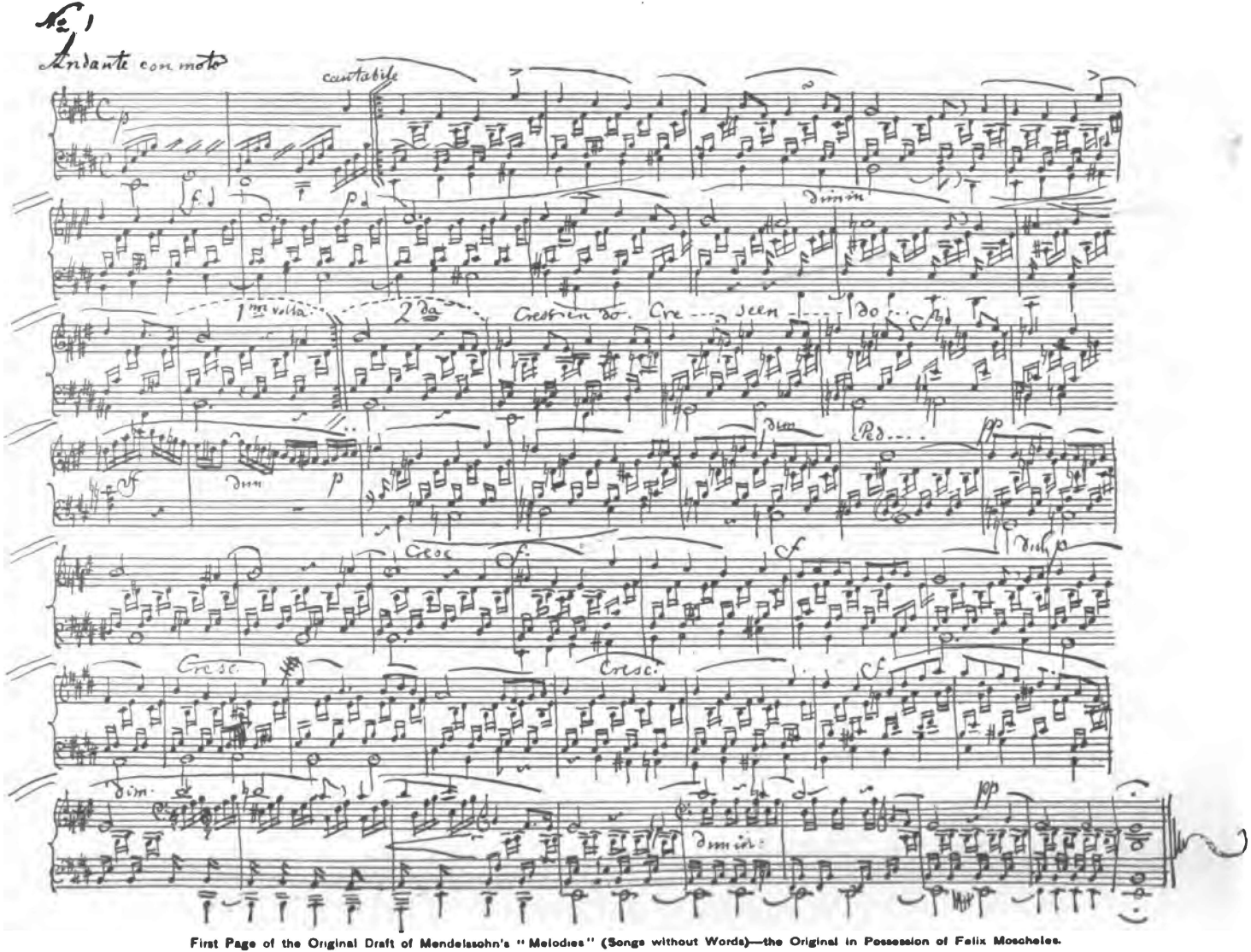
LEIPZIG, Jan. 17, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Your last letter and that of your wife gave me the greatest pleasure, for they seem to hold out a promise that our wish to have you here shall be fulfilled. I do hope and trust we are not mistaken. On the day that brings your consent I will drain my best bottle of wine, and cap it with a cup of champagne. I hasten to answer your questions, having duly consulted my wife and her account books, with the following result. The

* Moscheles's Sonate symphonique, opus 112, for two performers, which he and his daughter Emily had played at the court of Louis-Philippe, to whom it was dedicated.

† The pictures on the walls of the study were by Mendelssohn's own hand, and the busts on the book-case, those of Goethe and Bach.



First Page of the Original Draft of Mendelssohn's "Melodies" (Songs without Words)—the Original in Possession of Felix Moscheles.

price of a flat consisting of seven or eight rooms, with kitchen and appurtenances, varies from 300 to 350 Thalers. For that sum it should be handsome and cheerful, and as regards the situation, it should leave nothing to be desired. Servants would cost about 100 to 110 Thalers per annum, all depending, to be sure, on what you require. Male servants are not much in demand here, their wages varying from 3 to 12 Thalers per month. A good cook gets 40 Thalers, a housemaid 32. If you add to this a lady's-maid, who could sew and make dresses, you would reach about the above mentioned figure. Should you require, in addition to this, a man servant, that, to be sure, would increase the expense, but, living as others do here, I think you would scarcely need one. Wood, that is fuel for kitchen, stoves, etc., is dear, and may amount to 150 or 200 Th. for a family of five, with servants. Rates and taxes are next to nothing; 8 or 10 Th. a year would cover all. In a word, I think you would live very well and comfortably on 1800–2000 Th. It is difficult to fix the terms for your lessons, even approximatively, for there is no precedent in Leipzig to go by. Madame Schumann-Wieck had 2 Th., but at that price found only two pupils, and those mostly among foreigners spending a short time here. I think that would be different with you, and am confident that if you chose to say 1½ Th., you would be overrun by applicants; the same would probably be the case at 2 Th., and so I return to what I said in my last letter. I believe that, putting together the salary from the Conservatory and what you would make by private lessons and the publication of compositions (even if you published ever so little, but I trust it would be ever so much), your income would suffice for your expenditure, and it would still be open to you to draw on your capital, or to leave it to bear interest. I do not think I have in any way looked at things in too favorable a light in giving you these estimates. I certainly made them after due consideration, and in accordance with my experience of this place.

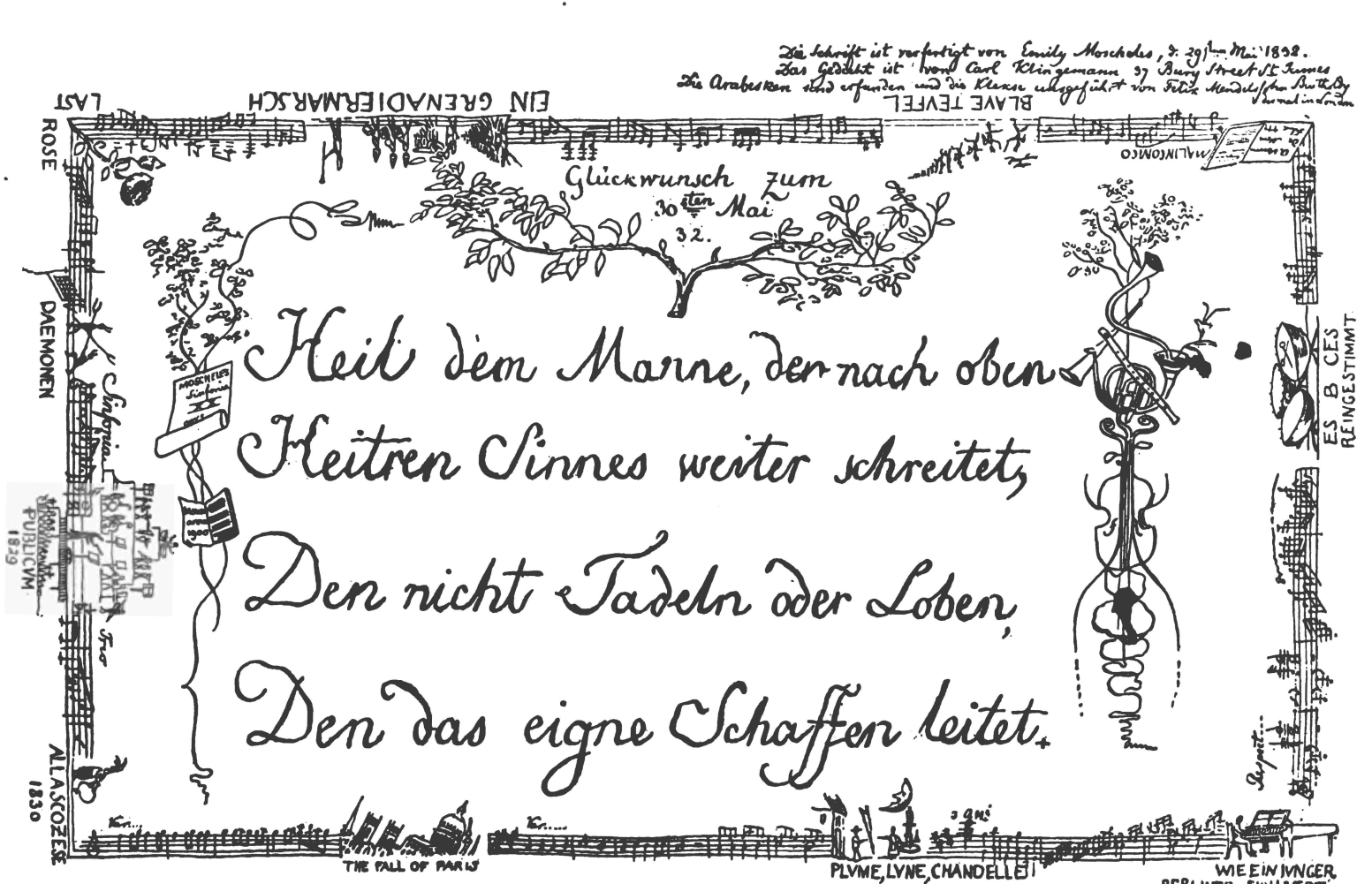
Now I have but to add that I have no doubt your furniture will be allowed to pass free of duty (in fact, I do not mind making bold to guarantee that at once); further, that I have certainly composed a *Lauda Sion* for a Church Festival at Liège, and, finally, that we are all well, and thinking of you, and expecting with the greatest impatience your next letter which is to bring us the welcome news that you are coming.

Ever yrs.,

F. M.

LEIPZIG, Feb. 11, 1846.

Hurrah, your decision is taken, you are coming! Let every one of these lines rejoice. A more welcome piece of news I have not received since I have been here, and one that promises so rich a harvest for all of us. There was a flutter of excitement such as I have never witnessed in our ranks when I produced your letter at the board meeting the other day. I had kept it all to myself to lay before the directors on that occasion, and when I announced that I had received your answer, and here it was, with your acceptance, black on white—they were for answering at once, but, as there were several of them, it took a few days, so that you get their letter with mine to-day. The leave of absence for three months not only, but anything and everything you may desire will, I am sure, be agreed to. In fact, it is in everybody's interest that you should be made perfectly comfortable, and I believe that you will be suited, and will not be unfavorably impressed by the difference between the stirring metropolis and our petty provincialism. This much is certain, that you nowhere can find better intentions and a heartier desire on all sides to make you feel at home than here, since the Fates have decreed that you shall return to Germany, and as you cannot, in this most excellent, but somewhat peculiar country, hope to escape a certain amount of gossip and twaddle, whichever place of abode you may select, I think you will have no reason to regret your choice having fallen on Leipzig, and I trust you will like it better and better every year. My personal feelings I cannot adequately express. How could I tell you what it is to me when I think that



Mendelssohn's Congratulations to Moscheles on the Latter's Birthday.—(See note on page 345.)

you are really coming, that you are going to live here for good, you and yours, and that what seemed a castle in the air is about to become a tangible reality—that we shall be together, not merely to run through the dissipations of a season, but to enjoy an intimate and uninterrupted intercourse. I shall have a few houses painted rose colored as soon as you are really within the walls. But it needs not that; your arrival here will give the whole place a new complexion. But what is the use of my scribbling, when you are coming, and we can thank you verbally? Not that that is necessary; you know too well without words how overjoyed we are. Cécile will write a few words for herself. Now you must soon let me have a long, domestic, unmusical letter, like my last one, so that we can arrange and settle various things for you before you arrive. Isn't it delightful that we have got to that point already?

Your second letter with the Birmingham news just comes too. They have truly done well in securing you as a conductor, and how splendid it would be if we could meet there. About my Elijah, however, I shall not be able to decide anything before the middle of next month. The fact is my health frequently leaves much to be desired, and all this conducting and performing often fatigues me greatly. At such times I scarcely believe I shall be strong enough to go through a musical festival again. If I possibly can, I most certainly shall go; but as there is considerable doubt of my being able to do so, I am doubly glad to know the matter in your hands, feeling sure that thus all must go well.

The letter to Jenny Lind I have sent to Berlin, and when I see her a few weeks hence I will put it strongly to her; but I scarcely believe she will be at liberty to accept. It is wonderful how she is sought after on all sides; I believe her engagements are fully made up to the end of the year.

Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," or rather my selections from that work, would be appropriate, but they have not yet appeared in print. I believe Ewer & Co. have the score and the copyright. Pischek, I trust, you will be able to secure; he would be an important acquisition. More of all that, next time. For to-day, good bye. Once more thanks and—Hurrah! You are coming!

Ever yours,

F. M.

This last letter touches upon another of the great events of the later part of Mendelssohn's life: the bringing out of his "Elijah" at the Birmingham festival of 1846. About the gradual growth of this oratorio, about the troubles and joys of writing it, Mendelssohn is, as usual, silent in his letters to Moscheles. The first mention he makes of it is in a letter, dated Leipzig, November 30, 1839, in which we find the following:

"I want to write a new concerto, but, so far, it is swimming about in my head in a shapeless condition. A new oratorio, too, I have begun, but how it is to end, and what is to come in the middle, Heaven only knows."

This is all; and he hardly alludes to the subject again until the letter we have just read. From this point on, however—his mind being set at rest on that other engrossing topic: Moscheles's coming to Leipzig—his letters are full of it. To be sure, what he writes is purely in the way of business, but none

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NOTE TO FAC-SIMILE ON PAGE 344.—"The drawing," Mendelssohn says, "is in Emily's hand, the poem by Klingemann, the design invented and the ink-blots executed by Felix Mend. Bartholdy." In his design we find "The young Berliner" (meaning himself) practicing a piece that Moscheles has dedicated to him. Further on "Respect" for the drums that for once in a way are in tune, the "Blue Devils" that stand for "Melancholy," the "Last Rose of Summer," on which Mendelssohn had written variations. The "Demons" refer to one of his "Studies." Next Moscheles is conducting his symphony. The Scotchman with his bagpipes illustrates the "Anticipations of Scotland," a piece dedicated to Sir Walter Scott. The stirring theme of the "Alexander Variations" is supposed to bring about the "Fall of Paris," and finally the popular song "Au clair de la lune" comes in as being the theme of some brilliant variations. The following is a translation of the verses framed by the drawing, made for Mr. Moscheles by a well-known writer:—

"Hail to the man who upward strives
Ever in happy unconcern;
Whom neither blame nor praise contrives
From his own nature's path to turn."

Twelve years later (May 30, 1844) he drew a second page of the illustrated catalogue, in celebration of Moscheles's birthday. "The writing," he says, "is again Emily's, the poem Klingemann's, the design is again invented and the ink-blots are left out, by Felix Mendelss-Bartholdy." The following is a translation of the stanza contained in the second drawing:

"On and still on the journey went,
Yet has he kept us all in view—
Working in age with youth's intent,
In living—fresh, in loving—true."

the less interesting for that. The following letters throw, at least, some light upon certain phases of the life of a composer, and of the history of a great work, that are too often hidden from the public. Here we get one or two welcome glimpses behind the scenes.

LEIPZIG, April 20, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Many thanks for your last letter, which I received yesterday. Although I dare say you have heard through Klingemann that I hope to complete my oratorio, I write to-day to tell you so. If my health continues as satisfactory as it is at present, I feel confident I can be ready in time, and will give some sheets to the copyist within the next few days, with a view to forwarding them to you without delay. Towards Whitsuntide, I trust, the chief pieces of the first part, and some of the second, will be in your hands. That will be soon enough, will it not? I am still undecided whether I will have the parts printed, as Mr. Moore desires. Why should they not be copied out just as well?

If, contrary to expectation, I should not have finished, I have enough other manuscript in readiness, so that I might, as Mr. Moore suggests, conduct one or the other new piece of mine. My Athalia, for instance, is now in England, and, if I am not mistaken, is being translated by Bartholomew; so, if the worst comes to the worst, those choruses could be sung; but, as I said before, I trust that will not be necessary, and, if it is not otherwise desired, I most surely mean to go to Birmingham. How delightful to see you all again! Excuse my writing so hurriedly; I am quite incapable of putting together a sensible letter, and—But just one more question: Is it not quite time that you should give me your orders for Leipzig? That you will be here by next autumn I take for granted, and my wife and I ought to set about making all the necessary preparations. So please let us know.

Thanks for your kind and friendly words in reference to my work, and one thousand thanks for that beautiful four-hand sonata of yours, the proofs of which I corrected, and then got as a present into the bargain. I only wish the time had come already when we shall sit together at the pianoforte and play it.

Best love to your wife, from

Yrs. ever,

FELIX.

LEIPZIG, 8 May, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

In about a fortnight I hope to send you the score of the first part of my oratorio (with the exception of some of the solo numbers), that is to say, considerably more than half of it. The choruses of the second part will, I trust, be in your hands in June, the rest to follow early in July. I should much like Bartholomew to make the translation, occasionally taking Klingemann's advice. Could that be managed? Then I absolutely require a first-rate high baritone. Can such a one be found? And what I most require now is an answer to my last letter, saying that you are all well and happy, and thinking of me.

Yrs. ever,

F. M.

LEIPZIG, May 11, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

I see by Mr. Moore's letter, which you enclosed, that he would rather have the parts printed. I have no objection, but the question arises whether an English firm would be ready to publish them under the conditions that Simrock agreed to, viz., that any alterations that I might think necessary should be made in the plates, even if that necessitated new ones being engraved. Will you be so kind as to talk this point over with Mr. Buxton, of Ewer & Co., to whom I should best like to give the manuscript for publication. As there are so many copies required in Birmingham (42 sopranos, 20 violins, etc.) I have no doubt of his assent.

Then there is another point on which I want your help, or at least, your advice. I mean the question of terms for the work (Choral Edition, etc.). What do you think I ought to ask for it in England? I wished Mr. Buxton to make me an offer, as I had had some applications for the copyright from other quarters, and, while giving him

the preference, I should not like him to be the loser, nor to lose myself, by the transaction. He, however, leaves the matter entirely in my hands, and says he will be agreeable to whatever I propose. What do you think, in justice to him and to myself, I ought to ask? This matter ought to be settled before the parts are printed, but now please let me have definite instructions by return of post whether I am to send the score only, or a copy of the parts also. If, as Mr. Moore desires, I am to send the latter, that will not prevent my forwarding the score of the first part of the oratorio to you in ten or twelve days, so that the translation can be made from that, while the parts can be copied from my manuscript.

If, after all, there is no baritone to be got, the whole thing falls to the ground, and the oratorio cannot be performed. Is neither Pischek, Staudigl nor Oberhofer "possible," as the French say? The latter, I believe, does not know English, so it rests with the two others. Good-bye, don't forget instructions about house-hunting in Leipzig. Please keep the enclosed, it too concerns the Birmingham festival. Excuse trouble and haste. As ever, yrs,

F. M.

P. S. How would it be if I had the orchestra parts printed in Germany, and brought them over with me? The vocal parts, at any rate, would have to be printed in England on account of the English words.

LEIPZIG, May 23, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

As I am leaving here this evening for the Rhine, and as I have not yet heard from you in answer to my last letter, I send to-day a complete copy of the first part of my Elijah to Messrs. Hüttner & Co., Ewer's correspondents in Hamburg, to be forwarded to you through Mr. Buxton. I enclose also a copy of the words. This, and the score, please place at once in Mr. Bartholomew's hands for the purpose of translation. Should I hear in the meanwhile that the parts are to be copied here, that can be done from the original manuscript that I keep, and I have instructed my copyist to hold himself in readiness to begin, if required to do so during my absence.

One request—please don't let the score go any farther than Mr. Bartholomew, whom I believe to be perfectly reliable, and impress upon him that it should not be shown to anybody, nor leave his hands. Until I know whether eventually Mr. Buxton publishes it, I should not like it to be given to him. Less still to others. I need not add another word, for I know how particular you are in such matters.

May there be something in my score that pleases you, and may you at least recognize my good intentions, and reward them with your usual kindness and friendship. Ever yrs.,

F. M.

LEIPZIG, June 26, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

The occasion of these lines is a passage in Mr. Moore's letter in which he says "Nearly the whole of the Philharmonic Band are engaged; a few only are left out, who made themselves unpleasant when you were there."

Now I strongly object to this restriction, and, as I fancy you can exercise your authority in the matter, I address my protest to you, and beg you to communicate it to Mr. Moore. There is nothing I hate more than the reviving of by-gone disputes; it is bad enough they should have occurred. This one of the Philharmonic is, as far as I am concerned, dead and buried, and may, on no account, have any influence on the selection made for the Birmingham festival. If men are to be rejected because they are incompetent, that is not my business, and I have nothing to say in the matter; but if it is because "they made themselves unpleasant when I was there," I consider that an injustice, against which I protest. Any further disturbance on the part of these gentlemen I am sure is not to be feared. That, at least, is my belief, shared probably by all concerned. So you will sincerely oblige me by having the selection made exactly as if I were not coming to England. The only consideration that can be shown me is not to take me into consideration at all. You will do me a favor by putting this very strongly

to Mr. Moore, and requesting him to let the matter drop. If my wishes are to be complied with, the incident must herewith end. Should it be otherwise, I shall write another dozen letters in protest against what I should consider a vindictive spirit of vindictiveness. Excuse all this. Ever yrs.,

F. M.*

LEIPZIG, July 12, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

In answer to your letter, let me say without delay, that, the last time I passed through Birmingham, the touch of the organ appeared to me so heavy that I should not venture to perform upon it in public. If, however, it is materially improved, I shall be happy to play one of my sonatas, but I should not wish this to be announced before I had tested the organ myself.

With great pleasure, or rather with—well you know what it is for me to sit at the pianoforte with you, and it needs no words to assure you that I am at all times ready. You decide, please, what it shall be; my head is quite full of Elijah just now. The double concerto by Bach is beautiful, but not brilliant; that by Mozart rather the other way. Anyhow, I will bring the former. But I must really be excused as regards playing a solo. As it is, I feel the strain of conducting more than I used to, and I am no longer capable of playing a solo, and conducting a new piece of mine at the same concert. Some other instrumental number had better be put on the programme; that seems to me to be more appropriate, too, than having two pieces for the piano-forte. Now let me know soon which day is fixed for the festival, as Mr. Moore has not yet informed me; also who is going to sing the solos in my oratorio. When St. Paul was performed in Birmingham, it was followed by a selection from Handel's oratorios; I much disapproved of this, and trust it is not to be the case now.

Please answer all these questions, and tell me which is the latest date you can allow for my arrival; earlier I shall not be able to come, but I hope I may find time to remain a little afterwards. In the course of next week I will send the last part of the manuscript. It is not yet settled whether my wife goes with me, but I think she will. With kindest messages, Ever yrs.,

F. M.

LEIPZIG, July 28, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Many thanks for your letter of the 18th, giving me the dates of the festival and of the rehearsals. Your and Mr. Moore's former letters have not stated this definitely, but now I know them, and can make my plans accordingly, and will be in London on the 17th, in good time for the rehearsal of the 20th. I should be glad if the solos could be rehearsed at the pianoforte on the 19th.

As the morning performances are to last three hours, the Elijah alone, which, according to my calculation, takes two hours, will not be sufficient. But then, I hope it can be so arranged that a whole piece, not a selection, be given in addition to it, in the same way as the Stabat Mater stands on the programme for the first day. To be sure, it must rest with the Committee whether they will give one or two pieces before, but however that may be, don't let us have a ragout afterwards. If there must be three hours, do pray arrange it so that a single piece of three quarters of an hour's duration be chosen. Besides, it would be a pity to spoil a programme which, as a whole, has a certain look of distinction about it.†

And now I hope and trust we may soon meet again. Best love to all. My Cécile, I am sorry to say, will not be able to accompany me. Too many reasons stand in the way of her doing so.

Yours ever,

F. M.

* Mendelssohn had conducted the Philharmonic Concerts in London during the season of the year preceding. On one occasion he arrived late at a rehearsal, owing to unavoidable causes, and was so discourteously received by some of the members of the orchestra that he laid down his baton, and refused to go on. Some of the directors present succeeded, not without difficulty, in pacifying him; the offenders were requested to leave the hall, and he was finally persuaded to resume his office.

† In spite of all Moscheles could do, Mendelssohn's wishes were disregarded. After the oratorio, Mario sang an air from Mozart's "Davidde Penitente," Grisi an air by Cimarosa, and a chorus by Handel brought the concert to an end. That Mendelssohn should have had to expostulate, and in vain too, against such a programme is a good indication of the state of musical taste in England at the time. Many of us can, no doubt, remember similar enormities in this country twenty or thirty years ago, and perhaps the time for them is not quite past yet.

LEIPZIG, Aug. 9, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Once more a line, as our letters have crossed, to say that I hope to be in London on the 17th, travelling via Ostend and Dover. All else about Miss Bassano, etc., verbally. I have just gone through the orchestra parts of the oratorio, and have corrected a number of mistakes, whereby I hope to have saved you much time. Good bye—soon to meet. Yrs. ever,

F. M.

"Elijah" was given for the first time on August 28; on the 29th Moscheles wrote to the composer:

"Your visit to Birmingham, and the production of your 'Elijah' have opened a new world of art to me; your work has made an impression on my mind that can never be effaced. If I did not tell you so, last night, when so many were pressing forward to congratulate you, it was because I fancied I felt more, and had more to say than they. Besides, I preferred writing to tell you how deeply impressed I am, for, if I do so verbally, you will only give me that obsolete answer that dates from your boyhood: 'There is much room for improvement; give me your advice, and so forth.' And that, from you to me, is out of place. Improve, correct as much as you think right; tell me why and wherefore you make this or that alteration. Let me learn from you, and gratefully acknowledge that it is so. You might well put Beethoven's motto: 'Man, help thyself'* in your coat of arms, for God has endowed you with rare gifts, that permit you to approach Him in the true spirit of devotion and reverence."

Mendelssohn's immediate reply to this was as follows:

* This refers to an incident that happened when Moscheles, then only twenty, was living in Vienna. In 1824 Beethoven's "Fidelio" was brought out, and Moscheles was commissioned to arrange the pianoforte score. In his diaries of those days we find various entries, recording his visits to Beethoven. The alterations suggested by the master were made with all due care and deference, and the MS. of the completed pianoforte score was finally left at Beethoven's rooms. On the last page Moscheles had written: "End, with the help of God." When the MS. was returned, four characteristic words were found to have been added in Beethoven's bold and all but illegible handwriting: "*Mensch, hilf dir selber*" (Man, help thyself).

HOBART PLACE, Eaton Sq.,
29 Aug., 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Your letter, which I just receive, makes me truly happy. Let me thank you cordially for the friendly sympathy and the indulgence with which you have listened to my music.

Your kind words of praise are more to me than words from any other quarter, and a great deal more than I deserve, according to my own estimation. Thanks, thanks! That is all I can say just now, although I should like to add so much; but I will wait until we meet in a day or two, or perhaps until we are taking some quiet stroll together around the city walls of Leipzig, or elsewhere. Thanks again, and may you ever preserve your friendship and kind indulgence for me. Yrs. for ever and a day,

F. M.

On October 21, 1846, Moscheles, with his family, arrived in Leipzig, and he immediately entered upon the performance of his duties at the Conservatory, as Professor of pianoforte playing and composition. But that daily intercourse to which Mendelssohn had looked forward so earnestly was much interrupted in the beginning, neither was it destined to last long. During the winter of 1846–47 Mendelssohn had to give considerable time to Berlin; the following summer he spent away from Leipzig, and when he returned, on September 17, it was only to die, seven weeks later. The last note he wrote to Moscheles, not quite a month before his death, was:

LEIPZIG, Oct. 7, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

As you kindly promised me your visit for to-morrow afternoon, could you not make it convenient to stay and spend the evening with us? And would not your wife, Mr. and Mrs. Roche, Serena, Felix, and Clara join you then and take tea with us? That arrangement would give great pleasure to Cécile and the children.

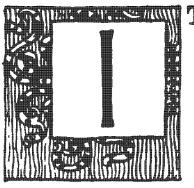
Now I hope you will all think as I do, and say, yes, and delight

Yours (in the singular and plural)

F.

THE DAY OF THE CYCLONE.

By Octave Thanet.



T was a warm day. Perhaps but for that it might not have happened, since Captain Barris is a most temperate man. Unluckily the day was warm, very warm, and Archy was tired with a long ride in the "accommodation train;" and a vision of a glass of beer—cool, foaming, pleasantly stinging—rose before him. He had just been stationed at Rock Island Arsenal, and all his knowledge of the town of Grinnell was the fact that he had inherited some property within its limits. Quite innocently, therefore, he stared about him for some sign of refreshment.

The street was like a hundred rural streets in the West—straight, broad, and shaded by young trees.

All the wooden cottages might have been designed by the same prosaic architect.

Some of them looked a little rusty; many of them shone with new paint. They all had trim gardens in front, oases of verdure in the midst of the dust. Between the dwellings, every now and then, there would come a great gap of untilled fields where no mower disturbed the riotous plantain, and burdock and jimson weeds held a kind of squalid revelry over a heap of tin cans. The contrast between this unkempt domain and the tidiness of the dwellings was queer; but it was as Western as the sea of prairie around the town, or the fierce sun above.

No quiver in the hot air blurred the shadows of the maple leaves on the sidewalks. A few farmers' wagons crawled tediously through the glare. Just ahead of Archy was the solitary other footman in sight. He was a big man, thin, but built on the large and sinewy plan. Though it was so warm, his gray head was covered with a soft black felt hat, and he wore the heaviest of boots. To make matters more equal, he carried his black coat on his arm and had unbuttoned his old-fashioned waistcoat. He walked slowly, with the round shoulders and uneven gait of a man accustomed to watch the ground.

So little did Archy know of the interior of Iowa that he marched up to this old man and asked where he could get a glass of beer.

His answer was the view of a gaunt and weather-beaten visage and a portentous frown.

"Kin I tell you where ye kin get a glass of beer?" repeated the man, who frowned as the keen gray eyes under the beetling brows took in Archy's elegant figure, from the white Derby hat of the period to his immaculate gaiters. "No, young man, I cayn't; and I'd advise you to quit huntin' up beer, or ye won't wear sich good clo'se long. Anyhow, ye won't find no beer in Grinnell."

"What's the trouble with Grinnell?"

"The trouble is, its a prohibition town; and prohibition in Grinnell does prohibit. There ain't a saloon in the place. Ye cayn't git a drop of intoxicatin' liquor, not a drop——"

Here his underjaw fell, his eyeballs fixed themselves in a dismal stare; and the didactic forefinger, which had been sawing the air, was paralyzed midway, so that it pointed straight at the red-faced man reeling round the corner. The look and the swagger of him were unmistakable.

"Perhaps *he* could tell me," said Archy.

He made the old man a very fine bow and walked away, smiling.

But when he returned to Grinnell, a year later, he was more serious. "I daresay Rachel's father is another of the same sort," he reflected; "if not—by Jove, that would be too much, though!"

He laughed a little lugubriously. Rachel was beautiful enough, and, what was better, sweet and good enough to justify any man's passion; and he was as much in love as a man can well be; but he thought of her people with a qualm.

"I grant that Rachel is an angel"—so his mother had talked—"and the angels are above social distinctions; but her father and mother?"

"Her mother is presumedly an angel, too," Archy had replied, "she has been dead these ten years."

"Well, there are her father and two brothers. And she told me that there was a cousin visiting them whom her father was going to marry. *She* comes from Vermont; but I don't believe the boys have ever been out of Grinnell in their lives. You can't judge these people by the Ramsays, Archy; the Ramsays have been everywhere. It was only a freak of Mr. Ramsay sending Ethel to Grinnell. Archy, I feel sure her people are *impossible!*"

"I shan't marry her people," Archy had said, lightly.

But now, with some misgivings, he scanned the elderly men coming home to their midday dinners, anyone of whom might be *her* father. Sedate, prosperous-looking men they were, very like men of their years in a New England village, except for a slight Western negligence of dress.

"Ramsay is right," mused Archy; "Grinnell is a Puritan colony in the prairie."

He was in the College campus, now. The ugly, square stone building he judged to be the college hall, and from the number of heads at the windows he surmised that a tall brick building was a kind of dormitory. The pretty cottages about must be the professors' houses, and the young men and maidens among the trees must be the students. He thought that the youths had rather a rustic air, but some of the girls were admirably pretty, and the ripple of their gayety spread to the faces of the passers-by.

"But not one of them," was his comment, "can compare with Rachel—Hallo! here's the house."

A door-plate left him in no doubt. The house was of wood, of two stories, and had two bay-windows and a piazza. It was painted gray, and the blinds were red. There was a garden before it full of rose-bushes, and the roses were in bloom. Archy grew a little dizzy; he had not seen Rachel for a week; he would see her in a moment, and being a modest, true-hearted young fellow, very much in love, his soul abased itself before this delicate and radiant creature whom he was daring to make his own.

"My white rose," murmured the lover, "I am not worthy, but I will try."

"Cayn't ye make nobuddy hear ye? That gong's intended to ring," remarked a harsh, deep voice at his elbow. An old man had come around a bay-window to find Archy smiling tenderly at the door-plate. It was the same old man whom he had met before.

"I am looking for Mr. Jared Meadowes," said Archy, whose heart sank down to his boots.

"Well, you've found him."

Inwardly Archy groaned, outwardly he bowed and said, "I am Captain Barris."

"Walk in," said Meadowes, throwing the door open, but with no gleam of cordiality on his face.

He strode on before, Archy thinking how familiar his back looked, for he was in his shirt-sleeves. He had also dispensed with shoes, and his white socks glimmered in the obscurity of the hall. Archy followed him into a pretty room, and took the chair pushed forward. The old man seated himself opposite, planted his hands on his knees in the fashion of a rustic photograph, and proceeded to subject the young officer to a grim and leisurely scrutiny. Decidedly it was not a promising welcome.

However, one cannot sit indefinitely staring at one's prospective father-in-law, so Archy cleared his throat and began. He presumed Mr. Meadowes knew the object of his visit. He had met Miss Meadowes at her friend Miss Ramsay's.

"Six weeks ago," interrupted the old man, "and now ye want to marry her."

A trifle disconcerted Archy next tried to explain his position and prospects. "He was in the army, stationed at Rock Island Arsenal. The quarters there——"

"That's all right," said the old man, "I've been on the Island. Big thing. Big arsenal. But I want to hear 'bout *you*."

"Oh, I? I am twenty-eight years of age. My father was in the army, General Barris. He was killed in the war. It is rather an army family. My mother

is a Massachusetts woman. She was a Miss Saltonstall."

"Dependent on you?"

"She has about half a million dollars from her father. I have one sister, who is married and lives in New York. She is not dependent on me either. My mother lives with me. She—everybody thinks my mother a charming woman."

"But Rachel ain't goin' to marry your mother. Cayn't seem to git ye to talk 'bout yourself. Ramsay gives you a fine send off in his letter; but things don't strike him and I just the same. I guess you're a desirable husband as the world looks at things; but I ain't one of the world's people. Never was. You ain't the kind of husband I'd pick out for my daughter. Nor yours ain't the kind of life I'd choose for her. But if you're a good man, and likely to make her happy, I won't stand in the way. It's nature, I s'pose. I took her mother off to Kansas, 'way from her folks, an' now you want to take her, an' she's glad to go; but 'tain't nature I should be glad to have her. Well, now, s'posin' you stop to dinner an' give me a chance to sorter size ye up; an' if I like the look o' ye I'll go down to Rock Island, and if you're satisfactory all 'round, it will be time to talk of marrying."

"I shall wait until after dinner, then," said Archy, smiling.

No answering smile relaxed the other's iron features as he replied: "All right. Make yourself to home. I'll go tell the folks."

He left Archy in a frame of mind about equally compounded of irritation, amusement, and consternation. The young man could not help laughing as he pictured his mother's horror when she should see Meadowes. "Well, anyhow, I don't blame him for not wanting to give up Rachel," he thought, gazing about the room for some trace of this one sweet presence. He rightly judged the soft hues of the walls and draperies, and the pretty feminine fancies of wicker-work and ribbon to be of her choosing; but he gave old Meadowes full credit for the plaster group representing the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation, and for a huge, pale engraving of Lincoln in the bosom of his family. Above the mantel-piece hung a water-color portrait, sumptuously framed, with a jar of roses before it like an offering before a shrine. Plainly, it was the important object in the room. The portrait was a man's head. The features, the brows and the contour of the face, which was clean shaven, reminded Archy of those multitudinous busts in the Vatican. Like them, also, was the singularly calm and determined expression. But the blue eyes were mild, sad, and dreamy. Archy had risen for a nearer view when the inmates of the house appeared. They were Rachel, her future stepmother, and her two brothers. The future stepmother was introduced as Miss Baker. She resembled Rachel in figure and carriage, rather than in features or coloring; and Archy had a fancy that her gentle, faded face looked a good deal as the late Mrs. Meadowes's might have done at the age of—say forty. But, naturally, his glance only lingered a polite instant before it sought Rachel. Her lover had often compared Rachel to the wild flowers growing in the clefts of New England rocks. Her extraordinary beauty was of that fragile type which has a pathos in its very charm. Really, Rachel was both healthy and happy, and her father loved to boast of her prowess in mathematics at the Grinnell College; yet whoever looked on her exquisite, pale face, with its wistful eyes and sensitive mouth, felt an involuntary sympathy, well enough interpreted by Archy's mother's remark: "That is the kind of girl who can break her heart!" She was a creature to whom one is gentle by instinct. Nevertheless, such creatures have their own strength. She was graceful because she could not help it, and had a natural sense of beauty. Archy felt a fond pride as the lovely shape approached. Nothing more than a white frock and some red roses; but how they suited her.

By this time he was back in his chair, beaming with great friendliness upon the two youths, Ossawatomie ("Is he named for an Indian chief?" wondered Archy) and Jared. They were twin brothers, two years younger than Rachel; both tall, slim, and shy; having their sister's fascinating combination of bronze hair and dark-brown eyes, but with feat-

ures which were a softened copy of their father's. Jared did not open his lips; but Ossawatomie made some timid advances. To help on the lagging talk Archy spoke of the water-color. "It was painted on East," said Ossawatomie, "from a daguerreotype. It is John Brown."

"The Queen's John Brown, or John Brown's body?" Archy asked, with his fatal levity.

"That, sir," said a deep voice, "is John Brown of Ossawatomie, the noblest man that ever died for liberty!"

Archy had not seen him approach, and who can hear the footfall of socks? There he stood in the doorway, forefinger uplifted, as grim and dark a figure as ever sent a witch to the gallows. "Well, sir," he continued, "what is *your* opinion of him?"

"He was a hero, certainly," said Archy, "whatever his mistakes."

"*What* mistakes?"

"Well, Harper's Ferry. And that Missouri affair where they dragged men out of their cabins and shot them in the hearing of their wives and children——"

The old man interrupted him as usual: "Brown wasn't on that raid. But that ain't sayin' he condemned it; he didn't. And you needn't waste much pity on them men. They had blood on their own hands, every one of them; they had murdered Free State men; and they were judged, condemned, and killed for it, as they had ought to be. That's all there is to that affair. Those border ruffians used to ride over into Kansas, and slay, and steal, and burn. They'd come over and vote, and make our laws for us. Then they'd shoot us 'cause we objected. Didn't ye never hear of the sack of Lawrence? A neighbor of mine was shot down, right before his wife, by three men. Three to one, those were their odds. I know all about it, for I was one of Brown's men. I was only a stripling, but I had the luck to be in four fights, and I got a bullet in my leg that, like's not, saved my life, for else I'd a gone off with Brown to Harper's Ferry, so I guess I owe one good turn to a border ruffian. But, I tell you, I didn't thank him for it when I read in the papers how those he counted on failed him, and he was trapped and lay wounded in prison, and then how he—died. I'd lay on my bed and cry, 'cause I couldn't be there and fight it out with him. Say, sir, you that call Harper's Ferry a *mistake*, say, did you ever read the letters he wrote when he was in prison in Charleston?"

"No, I don't think I have; I don't remember them," said Archy, meekly.

"Then you better, 'fore ye discuss Brown and his mistakes again," said Brown's old follower. It was a welcome diversion to have Rachel, who had left the room for a second, return, to announce dinner. Archy managed to get near enough to her for a whisper; but she only gave him a frightened glance and said, "*Please* don't talk about Brown to pa until you know more. Ossie's named after him. Pa thinks the world of him!"

The meal began ominously. Archy had been praising the pretty town.

"We owe our prosperity to our liquor laws," said Mr. Meadowes. "Humph, did ye find any beer that day?"

So he had remembered! Archy, blushing in spite of himself, said, "No, he hadn't tried."

"You drink to home, I s'pose. Have wine on the table?"

Archy confessed to an occasional glass of claret with his dinner.

"Them boys," said the old man, slanting his thumb at the twins, "them boys ain't never touched a drop of spirituous liquor in their lives."

"Indeed," said Archy, trying to throw a sympathetic accent into the word.

"Yes, sir. And the majority of the boys here have the same habits. That's the great advantage of a prohibitory law; it makes a town safe to raise boys in. I wouldn't raise a family in Davenport if you gave me my home."

"But Davenport is a delightful place, don't you know, Mr. Meadowes; and, in spite of their saloons, there isn't a town in Iowa with a smaller percentage of criminal business."

"All the same," Meadowes retorted, sardonically, "we'll try to improve it a bit. We are goin' to pass a law that will wipe out the saloons all over Iowa. P'raps you don't believe sich a law kin be enforced?"

"Well, it never has been. Why, don't you try high license?"

"Because I don't believe in compro-

mising with evil. That's why! I fought slavery in my youth, an' I'm fighting rum in my old age. And I've been a no-compromise man straight through. I learned that from old John Brown. There wasn't much compromising about *him*. It was a grand thing to see him in battle. And they say it was grander to see him die. And yet there wasn't a man was gentler or kinder-hearted. He never took no thought of himself. Look at that letter he wrote his wife from the prison, beggin' her not to come to him, 'cause it would use up all her little stock of money, and she might be insulted or hard treated. But I'm wandering. Brown's only a fanatic to you. He was not of this world, and the world martyred him, an' you compromise men stood by consenting unto his blood. You're a high-license man yourself, I take it. Believe in doing evil that good may come, hey?"

"Oh, no," said Archy, smiling. Somehow during the last few moments his thoughts had grown kinder to the loyal old partisan. "Oh, no, I merely choose between a little evil and a great deal. I'll take less than the earth. But, really, Mr. Meadowes, I haven't studied the subject enough to discuss it. Can't you ask me something easy?"

Ossie ventured to laugh. Jared frowned. "What are your politics?" said the old man, sternly.

"I am not sure that I have any. Sometimes I am a Republican, and sometimes a Democrat. I believe I was a Democrat last."

Now, in the interior of Iowa Republicanism is, still, a species of religion.

A gasp of dismay ran through the circle.

"Those are your opinions, are they?" said the old man, sternly. "A trimmer. Well. Will you have any more meat?"

Archy declined, and Mr. Meadowes only spoke to him once again during the meal. The once was when he observed Archy shredding his salad with his fork. "Ain't ye got no knife?" called he. "Lowisa"—to the red-haired maid—"give Captain Barris a knife."

"He's got a knife," the girl said sharply; "there's your knife!"—pushing the blade at Archy, who silently cut up his lettuce. But Rachel reddened up to her eyes.

The dinner was excellent. I don't know how many hours Rachel and Miss Baker had spent in the kitchen with "Lowisa." The linen was dainty, there were flowers on the table, and the cut-glass tumblers, and the carafe. Rachel had tripped out of the room with a happy smile, thinking: "Archy will see that we can have pretty things too."

But now, seen through a stranger's eyes, everything was wofully changed.

The oilcloth, to which her father clung because he had always had an oilcloth on his dining-room floor ever since he was married; that preposterous sideboard, and those portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Meadowes which a gifted sign-painter had done just before they left Kansas—did Archy notice them, was he laughing at them? Even the table appointments were not an unmixed triumph. Jared asked, where was the "water pitcher?" "Lowisa" forgot the white apron that had been furnished her. She piled the dishes noisily into dizzy towers, and it was almost an interposition of Providence that she didn't slay Mr. Meadowes outright, as she swung the meat platter above his head, with the carving-knife prancing on the edge, while he sat below, like an unconscious Damocles. It was no use trying to catch "Lowisa's" eye; her mind was on the sweets in the kitchen, and you must speak to the point, and in a good round tone, too, or she would glare at you and say, "*How?*" Rachel thought of Mrs. Barris's dinners, the beautiful room, the glittering table, the noiseless service. Every rough gesture of her father's was like a blow. She could have groaned when he brandished his knife at Archy, in the courage of his opinions, or mopped his face with his napkin. His blunt discourtesy was worse than anything else. "How could he? how could he?" she kept saying to herself, in a spasm of mortification. Yet, all the while, she was angry with her lover. That indefinable thrill of kindred, of the blood that is thicker than water, was sending hot flushes of mingled shame and indignant affection to her cheeks. What could Archy know of her father, of his heroic devotion to principle, his honesty, that was a proverb in the town, and how

under that harsh exterior was the tenderest, faithfullest heart—why, though he talked so fiercely about saloon-keepers, he had half-supported Gus Timm's family after they sold him out and poured the barrels into the street! What did Archy know, sitting there so easily, sneering at his spiritual betters?

Meanwhile poor Archy, ignorant of this tumult of feeling, was congratulating himself on having kept his temper so well.

The dinner, at last, came to an end. Instantly Meadowes spoke to Rachel, "I want to see you a minnit, daughter."

They went out together; Ossie and Miss Baker exchanged a sorrowful glance; and Miss Baker said, "Won't you please step into the parlor, Captain Barris?" in much the same tone in which one would say, "Won't you walk into the silent tomb?"

The air had grown close and warm. Jared flung off his coat without ceremony. Ossie sat on the piano-stool making aimless half-circles of motion and looking dejected. Miss Baker essayed a few commonplaces on the late magazines; but her eyes kept wandering to the door, and Archy's best efforts at sprightliness fell flat; in fact, his listeners gazed on him more and more compassionately. It was a distinct relief, after half an hour of this, to see old Meadowes reappear. Simultaneously, as though they were puppets on a single string which he had pulled, the others jumped up and filed out of the room.

Archy felt a dismal presentiment. It was no false prophet; in the fewest and curtest sentences Meadowes told him that his proposal must be rejected. "I've looked ye over and ye wun't do," said he, "you're a drinkin' man——"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Meadowes, I was never under the influence of liquor in my life. I don't care for the stuff."

Unconsciously Archy had squared his shoulders, he had risen on Mr. Meadowes's entrance, and was still standing. The old man looked at him—a gallant figure, erect, athletic, with his fair skin flushing, his handsome head thrown back a little, and his frank blue eyes sparkling. Old Meadowes drew an abrupt sigh. "I didn't say you got drunk," he replied; "I said you was a drinkin' man, a moderate drinker, if you like that expression better——"

"*Very* moderate."

"I don't take no stock in moderate drinkers; if they're too cold-blooded to go to perdition themselves, they lead other people there, and I ain't sure but that's worse. You are a Democrat and an aristocrat. Ramsay says you ain't a professor of religion—jest a sort of 'piscopal. We ain't got an opinion in common."

"I beg your pardon, we have *one*, your daughter——"

"That ain't the same thing, even. You think you're in love with her now, but when you find her principles interferin' with your amusements, and your fine friends are laughing at you behind your back, you'll git angry with her. I would have more hopes of ye if you'd stood up fair and square for the bad things you believe in; there'd be some chance of convertin' you to righteousness; but you're like the Lacedamonians the 'postle talks of. Ye shew what was in ye at the dinner-table. Ye didn't want no disputin'; oh, no, you was willin' to make any concessions, till ye'd got Rachel 'way; then I guess you'd sing another song. But I tell you, Captain Barris," he drew himself up to his full height, his countenance grew rigid, and he made a single downward stroke with his forefinger, "I tell you, I'd ruther see my innocent child dead, right here, than married to a cold-hearted, unprincipled, sneerin' aristocrat that will break her heart or else ruin her principles."

"You can hardly expect me to take this as final," said Archy, coldly.

"Oh! ye kin see Rachel, if ye wanter," the old man answered. All at once he looked desperately tired and spoke wearily, quite without anger, "It will be an additional pain to her; but you've both got it to go through, and ye kin talk it over together. I'll call her. Good-by, Captain Barris. I expect ye wun't care for it, but I'm sorry for you." He extended his hand. Archy felt the same odd movement of friendliness for the stanch old soul which he had felt before, struggling up to the surface of his sensations through all the anger and sting of the moment.

"No, Mr. Meadowes," said he, "I

can't shake hands, for I mean to do my best to persuade your daughter to marry me."

"Try," said the old man, stonily, walking off.

Then Rachel came. She looked white and miserable and had a package in her hands. Archy would not look at her face; he caught her in his arms, whispering, "You won't be so cruel, my love, it's nonsense my giving you up—I can't!"

"You *must*," said Rachel, trembling, but trying to release herself; "please let me go, Captain Barris."

The young man stepped back rather an exaggerated distance. He looked at her steadily. "You don't mean that you will throw me over like *this*," said he.

Rachel made a great effort and controlled her voice. It was just the soft, caressing, plaintive voice that one would expect of her; but now it was on that level of intonation which comes when the will has to hold every word steady lest it turn into a sob. "My father," said she, "it's all true what my father says; we are altogether different. The people you go with laugh at the things I have been taught were the most important. They call earnest Christian people 'prigs'; and your mother was so surprised when I told her I belonged to the W. C. T. U., and said, 'Oh, my dear, don't; that sort of thing *stamps* one!' She made me feel as though I had confessed to having been in jail. Captain Barris, your mother is ashamed of me. And you would be if you married me. You *are* ashamed of my folks—" She choked with the remembrance of the torture of the dinner-table.

Archy looked at her in a confusion of anger, pity, and despair. "But, Rachel," he cried, vehemently, "you knew all about this before, when you promised to marry me. What does all this r— stuff matter when we love each other? Come, my darling, when you know us better you will find we have our principles, too, though we may seem to make light of them."

"They are different; *everything* is different. I was afraid always, but I— You hadn't seen my father, then; I told you if he consented. But he would be wretched——"

"You would rather make *me* wretched than him?"

Rachel was standing; she sat down before she answered, faintly, "Yes."

"Then," said he, "when you told me that last evening on the island that you——"

"Please don't," she whispered; and she said aloud, "Jared!"

Archy did not know that she felt herself fainting, and her cry to her brother, passing by the door, was only because of this. He thought that she wanted to cut the interview short. He was stung to the quick.

He caught up his hat and bowed. "In that case," said he, "I will not prolong an interview that seems to distress you. I wish you every good fortune, Miss Meadowes."

Not daring to raise her eyes she dizzily lifted the package in her lap. But he had turned his back. The poor girl had put a few tear-stained words between the lids of her Bible, and placed it with his notes and the trifling gifts which she had allowed him to give her; the little bundle slipped from her limp fingers, and, just as Archy's footsteps pounded along the walk, Rachel's head sank on her brother's arm in the first swoon of her life.

Archy went striding down the street. Well, to this day he has a little tightening of the throat recalling the next few hours. He was in a fever of wrath and anguish; furious with Rachel, who could give him up so tamely, raving at himself for flinging up his chance in a fit of temper. Then he essayed a cynical gayety, and felt his eyes smarting with tears because he had remembered some trumpery incident of the past weeks and the cadence of Rachel's laugh. Ah! haven't the most of us just such moments to remember, with their sickening oscillations of love and anger and despair! How long Archy walked he could not tell, but when he resumed a saner mood enough to look about him, he was among the low hills, covered with wheat and oats, outside the town, and night was falling. Clever alienists have their patients walked to exhaustion sometimes, and perhaps lovers, who are in a measure insane people, may be helped the same way. At any rate, by this time Archy's sweet tem-

per had acquitted Rachel. He even had a glimmer of the truth, and he began to hope again.

He turned himself about, resolved to walk past the Meadowes' house. He would not call, but if by accident——

As he passed through the College campus he heard a girl's laugh.

"See how funny the sky looks!" she said to the young man beside her. "Look —you are not looking at all!"

"I have something better to look at," said he.

Archy brushed past them impatiently. Yet it was a strange sky. Although the sun had set, the western sky, up to the zenith, burned with a lurid radiance. Funnel-shaped clouds, inky black, dipped into this unearthly brilliancy. While Archy looked he became aware of the utter stillness of the air. Not a bird's chirp, not the hum of an insect. He had a peculiarly ghastly sensation, like one who feels for a pulse and there is no throb. "What a cursed night!" he muttered. It was the night of the 17th of June, 1882. He went on. He passed the Meadowes house.

Then he turned, saying to himself that he would go to his hotel and write to Rachel; he even remembered that he had missed his supper,—when he saw Rachel come out of the house. It was too dark to see her face, but he knew her figure and a certain blue shawl which she used to wear. Afire now with hope and impatience he pursued her. Suddenly that dear form grew dim. The strange light was fading, the black funnels dipped lower, lower into the glow, and the dark tree-leaves began to rustle. Directly, the air vibrated with a horrible grinding noise, compared, afterward, to many sounds, like them all, yet most appallingly different from all. And then —it came! Earth and air were rent into chaos. The tall trees swayed, snapped, fell. Houses were swept from their moorings, and whirled shivering and crashing away. They were chopped into splinters. They were scattered like a handful of dust. There was no more space; the air itself was a tumult of darting shapes, a horror of woful sounds. Archy was within arm's length of Rachel. He caught her waist; he flung her, or they were thrown together, against the roots of a great elm. "Cling!" he shouted; "lie flat and hold on for your life!"

Her head and shoulders being in a hollow of the roots were partially protected, and he could further shield them with his own body. He felt the wind of death swaying their limbs; he was struck heavy blows, he was flogged, battered, stung; his tense muscles were ready to snap with the strain, but he clung with the immense energy of despair. The cyclone shot a hundred objects over his head—rafters, branches, the marble top of a table, a beast with hoofs and horns, the pillows of a bed—there was no counting them. A house to his right was smashed like an egg-shell; a row of houses to his left fell in amid frightful screams. Balls of fire were skimming the ground. A girl's face, the face that he had seen a moment since, flashed by all white and crooked, and vanished. Not a rod away a man ran toward them, screaming. The wind took him and he was gone. Somewhere among the trees a piteous little voice cried, "Mamma, tum! mamma, tum!" Back of him were some people in sore plight who groaned unceasingly, and a woman shrieked, "Oh! my baby." The storm went roaring over them, houses, barns, trees hurled on either side of its track. It struck the College, levelled the brick building like a house of cards, peeled roof and upper story off the stone building, and flung a shower of blinds, glass, shingles, and bricks from the professors' houses.

But surely now the worst was over; they could lie still on the ground, and the voices about them were plainer.

"It's over, thank God!" cried a man's voice.

"Well, it's finished me anyhow," another answered; "my legs are both broke, and my back too, I guess. Anybody got any legs to get up and look after that woman's baby?"

The cyclone had gone; but the wind in its wake was blowing furiously and the rain fell as rain never fell in Grinnell before; in fact, a water-spout had burst. One could scarcely stand for the wind or breathe for the rain. And the darkness was horrible.

Archy managed to get on his feet and to raise Rachel. She held on to his arm,

sobbing, "Oh! my land! Oh! who is it? What has become of them? Oh! Captain Barris, what has happened?"

It was not Rachel's voice.

At that moment the heavens blazed from horizon to horizon, while a clap of thunder drowned the multitudinous din of human agony. Who that saw it can forget that woful battle-field, struck into sight, then swallowed up in blackness—wreck and carnage such as cannot be pictured, and white faces glaring out of their death-traps. Yet Archy could only see one object, Miss Baker's terrified face. "For God's sake, where's Rachel?" he groaned.

"In the house, and he—he— Oh! look; oh! look!"

Through the sheet of rain, as the lightning flashed again, they both looked. The house was gone.

Miss Baker showed herself the stronger of the two now; it was she who suggested that they might have reached the cellar.

"Let us go," said Archy; "but I can't leave that baby up in the tree. Wait a moment!"

The little captive luckily was so wedged in the branches (held fast by his frock, which was torn in two and rolled round a limb as though the cyclone had deliberately tied him), that he was merely bruised a little, and easily released by the simple expedient (suggested by Miss Baker) of cutting off the buttons and pulling him out of the dress. Archy stumbled across to the cellar, and at the first sound of the child's voice a woman caught him and wept over him. She said that they were all out of the cellar. Only one was badly hurt, and he was calling to them to leave him and go to others who could be helped.

"I wish we could stay," said Miss Baker; "but we must go on, Mrs. Dane. Our house is gone. And Rachel and Mr. Meadowes——"

"Oh! God help you," said the woman, "go, do go!"

Though they used all possible speed they had to go slowly, the ground being full of great holes where trees had been uprooted or fence-posts torn out, and encumbered, moreover, with the trunks of trees, and rafters and piles of brick, and splintered furniture of every kind and shape. Once Archy stumbled over a dead horse, very comfortably disposed on a feather-bed. His next stumble banged his knees against a kitchen stove.

A second later a lantern was flashed in their eyes, and a wild-faced man shouted, "Is Thomas Reynolds's house down?"

They could not tell him, and he ran by with his wild face behind his lantern. Somehow, this increased their anxiety. Indeed there was something very ghastly and awful about the way they would be suddenly close to a fellow-creature in dire misery, and, in the space of a thought, he would be gone, and the rain and the blackness about them again. During all this while, also, there was no diminution of the uproar of shrieks, yells, groans; rather its volume was swelled by new voices, because helpers were seeking for the wounded and the dead, and shouted their presence. Lanterns now twinkled in every direction. The men of Grinnell were very generally in the business streets when the cyclone came, and this part of the town had escaped. They heard the storm and saw it break. As soon as they could stand in the gale they were out with lanterns. A second and a third man passed Archy. The fourth man wrested Miss Baker from his arm, crying, "God be praised! Here, hold these," he said, thrusting an axe and lantern at Archy. The action, it appeared, was to free his arms, that he might embrace Miss Baker, which he did most tenderly. Of course it was old Jared Meadowes.

"Rachel?" gasped Archy.

"Rachel's all right, safe and sound, thank God," Meadowes replied; "we got into the cellar. But you, Lida——"

"I should have been killed but for Captain Barris," said she, solemnly; "I never could have held on but for him."

The old man wrung Archy's wrist; he couldn't wring his hand, since the right held the lantern and the left the axe.

"She's to be my wife," said he, hoarsely. "I thought I'd lost her."

He made no other attempt at thanks, seeming to think that sentence explained everything. "But my boys, Lida," he continued, "they're both up to the College. I must go to them. Kin *you* take her home?"

"Nobody need take me home," said Miss Baker, who had acted with unexpected spirit and coolness all along. "I know every step of the way, and I ain't a mite hurt. You both go along; you are needed here, and I don't need you. You only hinder me; I cayn't hold up my dress or nothing, getting over the logs, with you 'round!"

She would not even take the lantern, protesting that they would need it in their work, which was so much the case that they did not insist; and so they parted. The two men turned back to the College. They had not proceeded very far before Meadowes began to swing his lantern, yelling, "Hello, Ossie! This way!"

A young fellow, bounding recklessly over the logs, stopped with a cry of joy; palpably Ossie. He explained hurriedly that there were five students under the ruins of the brick building, and at least three buried under the roof of Central College. He himself had leaped out of a window as he felt the building lurch. He was bruised and cut, but he came down all right by the bell. Jared's leg was hurt. Ossie got him out somehow, and he was picking bricks off the other boys; he said that he could do that, since his arms were sound. Ossie must get help and find out about the family. "Run on, my boy," said the father. He looked in an appealing way at Archy. "I guess his eye ain't out, don't you? It's only the eyelid got tore, ain't it? I wouldn't stop him to ask."

"It was only the eyelid. I could see plainly."

The old man drew a deep sigh of relief. "Come on," said he, "you've got mighty good eyes."

Then ensued a night, the most terrible, the most pitiful, and the most noble in Grinnell's history. Well had it been named a colony of Puritans; for that night, amid desolation and horror, these plain people rose to the stature of heroes. Fortitude, serenity in danger, courage, good sense, magnanimous civic devotion, all the rugged virtues of the Puritan were there, and with them an open-handed generosity and a jocose philosophy born of the prairie air.

Archy and old Meadowes worked side by side the night through. They worked amid scenes so awful and so piteous that all the disguises in which we Anglo-Saxons like to muffle up our hearts were torn away.

Archy was prepared to find the old John Brown man a cool, long-headed fellow, brave and patient, in fine, a good comrade; but he did not expect to see him as gentle as a woman with the wounded, and he opened his eyes over the sum which the old man put down on the first subscription paper. "It's a thank-offering to the Lord," said he, solemnly, "for his mercies to me this night."

The two men had worked in the greatest harmony. Indeed, if anything could have amused Archy during those dreadful hours he would have been amused to observe how Meadowes presently came to rely on his quick eyes and strong muscles. Several times the old man jerked a gruff word of approval at the younger one. Finally, he tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Had 'bout 'nuff of this, ain't ye? I've jest got word from Rachel that our barn's all safe, and she an' Lida have got an oil-stove up, and some hot biscuits and coffee and cold ham ready. It's broad daylight, an' I guess we better quit for awhile. Jared's there; I'd kinder like to see how his leg's comin' on. An' Lida's waitin' to thank you." His tone changed to one of grave and deep feeling. "I ain't rightly thanked ye for that yet, myself," said he.

Now, several times during the last hours it had occurred to Archy that he was sailing into the old man's favor under false colors. There is a well-defined difference between risking your life for another man's sweetheart and for your own.

It was a temptation; he could see Rachel, and the barn, and the steam of the coffee, and the turn of her white throat as she would look up, and her brown eyes shining. Then he said, sulkily, "That's nothing; I—I ought to tell you I mistook Miss Baker for Rachel."

Meadowes's lips twitched with a grin of humorous appreciation. Though a Puritan, he was also a Westerner.

"I'll bet a cooky you've been on pins and needles," said he, "thinking whether you had ought to tell me, or could git

off without." His face softened. "Lida does feature Rachel, an' they've got the same way of walkin'. 'Twas that first turned my mind on her." He hesitated. "I guess you'd have done 'bout the same if you had known."

"Of course," said Archy, indignantly.

"Then I don't see but what the obligation's just where it was. I'm glad ye spoke, though; glad ye wouldn't take gratitude ye thought didn't b'long to ye. My main objection to *you*, Barris, was your bein' so unprincipled; but I guess you've got a conscience, though it's considerable darkened. You've shown yourself a man to-night. I mistrusted you hadn't much of a heart either; but when I saw you cryin' over that poor little blinded baby tryin' to make its dead mother hear, an' wipin' your eyes on the sly with your fists, not knowin' you was leaving a black mark every time—oh, ye needn't go to rubbin' your face! Bless you, man, you're mud and soot all over, and your coat's bu'st down the back. Your own mother wouldn't know you! But I guess Rachel will. Come along, come along. You and she will just have to settle your concerns yourselves."

It does not need telling that this settlement was satisfactory. Only it was embarrassing that the old man would not let him go to the hotel or give him time for the rudest toilet.

But Rachel threw her white arms about that dreadful coat with a sob of happiness.

"And you won't send me away again?" he whispered. "We are to settle it ourselves, your father says. He and I are great chums. Though I must admit," he added, "it took a cyclone to make us so."

ASHCAKE.

By Thomas Nelson Page.

Yes, suh; dat is a comical name;
Hit is so, an' for a fac';
But I knowed one down in Ferginia
Could 'a' toted dat on its back.

"What wuz it?" I'm gwine to tell you—
'Twuz monsus long ago:
'Twuz "Ashcake," suh; an' all on us
Use' to call 'im jes' "Ashcake," so.

You see, suh, my young master he
Wuz a powerful wealphy man—
Mo' plantations 'n hyars on you' head;
Great acres o' low-groun' lan';

Jeems-River bottoms dat use to stall
A fo'-horse plough no time—
An' he'd knock you down ef you jes' had dyard
To study 'bout guano an' lime.

De corn use' to stan' in de row dat thick,
You jes' could follow de balk,—
An' rank! Well, I 'clar' to Gord I'se seen
Fo' coons up a single stalk.

He owned mo' niggers 'n air urr man
About dyah—black an' bright,
He own' so many, before de Lord!
He did n' know all by sight.

Well, suh, one evelin', 'long to'des dusk,
I seen de master stan'
An' watch a yaller-boy pass de gate
Wid a ashcake in his han'.

He never had no mammy at all—
Leastways, she wuz dead by dat—
And de cook an' the hands about on de place
Use' to see dat de lad kep' fat.

Well, he trotted 'long down de parf dat night,
An' de master he seen him go,
An' he hollered, "Say, boy! I say, what's you' name?"
"Ashcake, suh," says Joe.

Well, hit 'peared to tickle de master much,
An' he called him up to de do';
"Well, dat's a right curisome name," says he;
"But I think hit suits you sho'."

"Whose son is you?" de master axed.
"Young-Jane's," says Joe; "she's dead."
A sperrit couldn't 'a' growed no whiter,
An' "By Gord!" I heard him said.

Well, he took de chile into de house,
Jes' 'long o' dat ar whim;
An' dat-time-out you never see
Sich sto' as he sot by him.

An' Ashcake, he swung his cradle, too,
As clean as ever you see;
An' he stuck as close to de master's heels
As de shader sticks to de tree.

Tell one dark night, when de river wuz out,
De master an' Ashcake Joe
Wuz comin' home an' de skiff upsot,
An' bofe would 'a' drownded sho';

Excusin' dat Ashcake cotch holt master
An' gin' him holt de boat,
An' saved him so; but 'twuz mo' 'n a week,
Befo' *his* body comed afloat.

An' de master, he buried dat nigger, suh,
In de white-folks' grave-yard, sho'!
An' writ on a *white-folks'* tombstone,
ASHCAKE—jes' "Ashcake," so.

An' de master, he grieved so 'bouten dat thing,
Hit warn long befo' *he* died;
An' dee laid him to sleep in de grave-yard
Not fur from young Ashcake's side.

FIRST HARVESTS.

By F. J. Stimson.

CHAPTER VII.

ARTHUR SEES THE WORLD.

IT was near the end of the first hour in the New York Stock Exchange. The floor was crowded. A few of the young brokers, who had less business and more time, having executed their orders, were now ready for skylarking and horse-play. But it had been a great "bull" morning, and the greater number, many of whom were older brokers, and had only been attracted personally to the scene as the news of the great battle spread abroad about the Street, were still madly pressing around the painted signs which were set, like standards, to mark the stations of the stocks. The high roof of the hall seemed too close to make the noise endurable; the air itself seemed torn and tired with the cries of the combatants. The rays of light which came down from the high windows were full of shreds and the dust of battle; the worn floor was littered with bits of paper, telegrams and orders, the exploded cartridges of that paper warfare. To the contemplative stranger in the gallery—if any contemplating stranger there had presence of mind and spirit calm enough to remain so—it seemed as if the actors in the scene, rushing madly from one skirmish to another, crying their orders, now unheeded, now to a crazy crowd, were the orators or leaders of a vast mob, trying each to work his will upon the multitude. Or he may have thought it a parliament, a congress that had overleapt all rules of decorum, where each member forgot all save the open rush for private gain. But one who understood might still have seen the battle wax and wane; might have seen here the attack and there the repulse, here the concentration of forces and the charge, there the support brought up to the post that showed signs of wavering. And it *was* a battle, of a sort more common now than that of arms; and who shall say, less real than it? Surely, they were fighting for their hearths and for their altars; such altars and such firesides as they had. And many a city palace, and many a country cottage, were hanging with their owners on the outcome of the day. Each magnate of the market, each leader in the fray, stood surrounded by his staff and subaltern officers; while the telegraph boys and camp-followers rushed hither and thither, and nimble clerks hastened from the room with messages and returned with new supplies.

Near the end of the great arena where the chief point of onslaught seemed to be, stood the standard of the Allegheny Central—Allegheny Central, the great railroad that made their houses and their yachts and carriages for hundreds of the rich, and to which some ten thousand of the poor looked for their daily bread. No great corporation had a better name than this: none was surer, none more favored by widows with their mites, by shrewd lawyers, by banks, and by trustees. A greater power, almost, than the people in the States through which it ran, it was well and honestly managed, and little in favor with speculators and those who liked best of all to win by other people's losses, perhaps the easiest way. This stock had therefore been chosen by the flower of the "bull" army, and was the very wedge of their attack. A great crop had been sown upon its line that year; and about the sign of Alle-

gheny the maddest fight of all was fought. A dense crowd encircled it, a small sea of high hats—some already crushed in the conflict—and a babel of hoarse voices; and even on its outskirts were others madly pushing, pressing to get in. The figures cried went up by leaps at a time—Ninety! Ninety-one! a half! three-quarters! Ninety-two for any part of ten thousand! And the smaller men, who had no thought of purchase at such a time, were drawn in as by a whirlpool, such was the excitement of seeing others get what all were there to make, such was the resistless attraction of success.

Among the men who took no part, but stood curiously, on the outskirts of the fight, were two whose faces and figures would attract you even in that crowd. They were apparently friends; at least, they had come in together. The older was a young man of twenty-four or five, very handsome in his way; that is, he was lithe, graceful, tall, with dark hair neatly cut, a small black moustache, shaped like a gentleman's—it was not the moustache of a gambler, nor yet of an elegant of the dry-goods counter—and, above all, with an indescribable air of high finish and high living. His clothes were beautifully cut; his hands white, his cheeks red, his nervous system evidently in perfect order, and his digestion unimpaired. He came in sauntering, carelessly pointing out the people of interest to his friend; his manner was perfectly indifferent, as he drifted from one sign-post to another, chewing between his lips the green stem of some flower,—as a countryman puts a straw in his mouth when making a horse-trade. He passed by the Allegheny Central and stopped in front of the Louisville and Nashville sign; and no one suspected that he, Charlie Townley, of Townley & Tamms, had just sent brokers into the heat of the fight, by order of headquarters, to sell twenty thousand shares of the Allegheny Central itself. He cast no glance behind him, but was engaged in pointing out to his friend three well-known brokers—one famed for his wit, the other for his wife, and the third, to continue the alliteration, for his wiles. The companion was of different build; but we need not describe him. Arthur Holyoke had arrived in New York the very night before. He had come on from the country with his cousin and her aunt, Mrs. Livingstone, with whom in future Gracie was to live. He had been with Gracie all those weeks since her father's death; but his quick perception had prevented him from speaking to her again of their engagement. Gracie was a girl whose standard of conduct was placed above the plain and obvious right; who would go out of her way to seek duties that were almost romantic, justice more than poetical, motives ethereal, and benefits to others that their better angels might have overlooked. And Arthur was enough of a poet himself to feel that he would not wisely mention love to her for many months at least; not because her father had not approved it, but because he was no longer there to approve.

When Judge Holyoke had written to his sister-in-law about Arthur, Mrs. Livingstone had spoken at once to Mr. Townley, who was an old friend of hers; and he had promptly offered to let Arthur serve an apprenticeship in his own business. Mr. Townley, the old gentleman, that is; for Charlie, despite all his finish and importance, was but a line-officer, representing them actively in the field. He was only a far-off orphan cousin of Mr. Townley's, and a clerk in the firm of Townley & Tamms, on a salary of $2500 a year. But his alertness and his wide-awake air had gained for him the pleasanter duty of representing the firm in its seat in the Stock Exchange; said seat being, as we have seen, a privilege to get standing-room therein if possible.

No one knew all this of Townley. Most of his merely society acquaintances supposed him to be the senior partner's son; even his intimate friends thought of him as the probable heir, in a fair way to be a partner, an impression which Charlie artfully heightened by his extravagant mode of life when away from his boarding-place, his late hours, and his general inattention to all but the showy work of the firm. It was evident that he took far more interest in keeping his dress correct than in the books of the firm; and, the Stock Exchange once closed, no young man of

fashion could be more safely relied upon for an afternoon of sport, or a ride and dinner at the Hill-and-Dale Club.

But all this Arthur had yet to learn; for the present, he was interested in the battle around him, the conflict of the two spirits, hope and despair, affirmation and negation, enterprise and nihilism, in this safety-valve of traffic, where alone the two forces meet directly, each at touch and test with the other. For the Stock Exchange is a kind of gauge, testing the force of the national store and the national need of money; and the bears, too, have their healthy function, keeping down the fever in the body politic.

In the shriek and roar of all the crowd about them, the young men could hardly converse intelligibly; but that might come after; meantime, Arthur was fully employed in seeing. Few of the men showed evidence of much mental anxiety; opposite them, to be sure, a pale-faced little Jew stood in a corner, nervously biting his lips; but most of the crowd were red-faced, and panting with the physical excitement alone, as if it were a foot-ball match. As they looked on, a fat, good-natured-looking broker with an impudent face and a white hat cocked on one side of his head, came out of the Lake Shore crowd, and with the slightest perceptible wink to Townley as he passed, joined the madder fight about Allegheny Central.

"Ninety-one," said he, "a thousand!"

"Come out of the floor," said Townley to Arthur; "come up-stairs; there's going to be some fun." At first, no one paid any attention to the new-comer; and when our friends got to the gallery, the fat broker was still offering his stock at ninety-one to an unheeding world, and the state of affairs was much the same as before. Only, that at this distance the noise had something in it less human; it was inarticulate, monstrous, and the sight of half a thousand men, struggling, every eye fixed on his neighbor's, made a something awful in the experience, as if they two on-lookers were unseen Valkyrs, looking down upon some battle of the Huns.

"Ninety-one," they heard the new-comer say again; and this time he was answered; for there was a howl of derision, and then a sudden sway in the crowd, and a rush to where he stood. "Ninety and three quarters," said he; "a half," and there was another howl; but by this time the leaders of the inner defence had heard of this flank movement, and their tactics changed. "Ninety!" "Nine and a half!" "Eighty-nine!" "Eight and three quarters!" "A half!"

"Seven, for ten thousand," said the solitary broker, coolly; and the roar doubled in volume, if such a thing were possible; and the rush to sell began, at rapidly dropping figures. The fat, good-natured broker turned away, and started to go, having sold the stock down five points in hardly fifty seconds; when crash! a small soft orange went through the centre of the impudent white hat. With a yell of derision, the crowd turned their fury upon this; whack! crack! flew the unlucky hat, from one fist to another, amid the cheers of the multitude, until a well-directed kick landed it beside Arthur in the gallery. This gave a new object to their humor; and with one accord the assemblage began singing in regular well-tempered cadence, evidently referring to Arthur:

"Lambs! Lambs!
One shorn lamb!"

Arthur, blushing, hurried from the gallery; and Charlie Townley followed him, laughing inordinately.

"They'll get used to you in a day or two, my dear fellow," said he. "They wouldn't have done it if they hadn't seen you with me."

When they got into the corridor below, they met the broker of the ravaged hat. He had got another by this time, and winked, this time with a broad smile, at Townley as they came out. "I did that pretty well, I think?" said he.

"First-rate," said Townley. "How much did it cost?"

"Not over twenty thousand shares, I guess, and twelve at least went to your friends. The boys didn't like it, though, did they?" And the man's mouth grinned wider, as he thought of the scene we have described.

"Charge the hat to the pool," laughed Townley. "Who's selling,—not the Old Man?"

"Tammy, I guess," said the other.

"Doubt if the Old Man even knows it."

"Ta-ta," said Townley; and they sallied forth, Arthur much wondering at these metropolitan methods of doing business; and Townley completed his duties as host and cicerone by giving him a very elaborate lunch at a down-town club and putting his name down among the candidates for membership. "You needn't feed here unless you like," said he; "but it's so convenient to bring a fellow to." Indeed, Townley had been very friendly to the young countryman; and this was no less than the third club at which he had "put him up" that day. "You can try 'em all, and then make up your mind which ones you'd like to join," said he. At a word of remonstrance from Arthur, he had glibly anticipated all objection. "Now don't talk about extravagance," said he; "I tell you, no fellow ever made money in New York who didn't spend it first." And Arthur had been silenced by this paradoxical philosophy.

Townley's friendship had even extended to providing him with a boarding-place, a room in the house where he himself lodged; and toward this the young fellows took their way, early in the afternoon. Arthur was already tired, with his short and idle day; he was overcome by the rush and the whirl and the magnitude of things. He had heard talked of, had handled, had seen the management of, huge sums of money; he had seen millions in the process of their making; but how to divert a rivulet of the Pactolean stream to himself seemed a greater mystery than ever. It took so much to make so little! Such huge heaps of bullion had to be sweated to yield to the manipulator the clippings of one gold dollar! Truly, on the other hand, Townley talked to him of millions made and lost as if they had been blackberries. It was, "There's old Prime—he made a million in that Pan-handle deal," or "There goes poor old Howard—the shorts in Erie used him up," until Arthur saw that he was seeing here a most instructive process: nothing less than the creation and founding of American families. Here were the people, the progenitors of future castes; the sources of inherited estate, of culture, of consideration; this old man with the battered hat, that sharp-faced young Israelite, were the ancestors, the probable fathers and grandfathers of the men and maidens who were to be "society" in the future Republic; the first acquirers of—not the broad acres, but the city lots—the rich houses, the stocks and bonds, the whole equipment of life, that was (if our laws are maintained) to make sleek the *jeunesse dorée* of the twentieth century. A million! It is not much, in many ways, in most ways that we read about in books and bibles; it is not a factor of the Crusades, nor of the War of the Roses, nor yet (as we are informed) of the kingdom of heaven. But most things that Townley saw were multiples of it; and now Townley carefully avoided reading books; for even General Gordon, you remember, writing from Khartoum to posterity, records the reflection that mankind and his works are governed by his ventral tube. Now of ventral tubes, a million is the deity; books should, as they used to, speak to souls. And Arthur, thinking of all this, who had marvelled first at all their eagerness, now wondered rather at their carelessness; of these men, taking and losing such things so lightly.

Arthur could not have had a better cicerone than Charlie Townley. He knew his New York like the inside of his pocket; its streets, its ways, its women, its wiles, its heroes and its favorites; its eating places, drinking places, breathing places; its getting up and its lying down. When they passed Fourteenth Street, his manner changed very apparently; the æsthetic overcame the practical; the hard shine of millions was displaced by the softer radiance of women's eyes. Many of these same eyes were, in their turn, riveted by the display of women's wares in the shop-windows about Union Square, which gave Townley the opportunity of gazing at his ease; although, it must be owned, if any of these eyes looked up and met his own, he seemed little disconcerted.

They stopped and made a call at the Columbian Club, which was crowded with men, breaking the long journey homeward to their firesides, domestic or otherwise. And as, in some country hamlet of the Middle Ages, we can fancy

the little ale-house, standing on the heath, midway; Jock and Dickon are plodding home tired from the long day's plowing; behind this one smoking chimney the cold November sky lowers drearily, the last pale tints of the tired day are fading, and the common is bare, and the naked moorland left to the wolves; and the two men stop in a moment at the Cat-and-Fiddle to have a bite and a sup, a cup around the tavern-fire, and a bit of human companionship, to talk about the price of corn, and of Hodge the tinker's son and Joan his sweetheart, and the doings of the new squire, whose round brown towers peep from the coppice of the distant park—so, too, here in our New York, the jaded men drop in, and chat about the price of stocks, their neighbor's horses and his wife, and have a glass of bitters round the fire. Townley took vermouth, lamenting bitterly that his health permitted nothing stronger; but other paler men than he administered brandy-cocktails unto themselves, or pick-me-ups of gin. Here Charlie brushed himself, and took his silver-headed cane; and again the pair sallied forth upon their journey, crossing Madison Square and striking up the Avenue. Many damsels, richly robed, now lit up the long way; there is usually a received type at any period for the outdoor gorgeousness of womankind, and this year it was blue—a walking-suit of blue, from neck to heel, close-fitting, and all of velvet. Dozens and scores of velvet gowns they passed, and Arthur noticed that his guide, philosopher, and friend looked at many of them as if they were familiar sights, but bowed to few. Now there had been many, in Union Square, to whom he had nodded, at the least. He seemed to read Arthur's thoughts, for he said:

"These are all off-side girls. You don't see the others out at this time."

"What do you mean?" said Arthur.

"Why, they're not in society, you know." And he lifted his hat to one of them, who had given him a most *empressé* bow, including in it Arthur. "There's one of the prettiest girls in town," said he, meditatively; "Kitty Farnum. They're awfully rich, too; old Farnum's got no end of money." This thought seemed to depress Charlie for a minute, and they walked on in silence. Now Arthur had met Miss Farnum at a New Haven ball, where she had been a very proud belle indeed.

"There," said Townley, at last, as they crossed a side-street, "is Mrs. Levison Gower's." There was a certain reverence in his tone, as he said this, that his voice had not yet shown in all that day, and Arthur looked with a proper admiration, though not clearly understanding why, at the house we have already described.

Their lodgings were near by (so Townley always spoke of the boarding-house where he lived), and the young men separated to dress for dinner. Arthur had been rather surprised that so elegant a person lived in a boarding-house at all; but the fact was, Townley preferred to use his money elsewhere than at home. But he never dined with the other inhabitants; in fact, his acquaintance with them was extremely slight, as he always breakfasted in his room; and to-night he put a finishing touch upon his hospitality by inviting Arthur to a very pretty little dinner at the Piccadilly Club. But after this, Townley had an engagement, and Arthur was left to his own devices. He smoked his cigar and read the evening paper; then he began an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, took up the *Spectator*, and ended with *Punch*; after which he became unoccupied, and his spirits drooped visibly.

By this time several men had strolled in; there was much laughing and gay spirits; around him were all the luxuries of mind and body that the inventive bachelor mind has yet devised for the comfort of either such part of himself. But as Arthur leaned back in the deep, throne-like leather chair and sipped (if one may so say) his *reina victoria*, his consciousness went back to a certain sunny hillside, with the light of the rich autumn morning, and the joyous beat of the hoofs upon the dewy grass.

He had been to see Gracie only the day before; but he drew on his overcoat and walked around to the Livingstones. A light was in the second-story window of the high house; and he rang the bell hopefully.

"Mrs. Livingstone?"

"Not at home," said the man, gravely.

"Is—is Miss Holyoke in?"

"The ladies are out, sir," said the man, decidedly.

"I will not leave a card," said Arthur, answering the man's gesture; and he walked sadly back to the club-house.

Surely, Arthur felt, the forms of life and the trammels of the great city were coming home to him.

CHAPTER VIII.

ARTHUR SEES MORE OF THE WORLD.

The firm of Townley & Tamms were of the oldest and best-known bankers and brokers in the Street. Mr. Townley had been known in New York over fifty years; he had a taste for art, and was a director in the Allegheny Central Railroad. Tamms was a newer man; a younger man with a square head, stiff red beard, broad stubby fingers, and great business ability. Arthur was expected to be there a little after nine in the morning, which made it necessary for him to breakfast at the boarding-house on Fifth Avenue at sharp eight. Most of the other men did the same, except Townley, who had his coffee in his room.

These men were not interesting; in fact, they seemed to Arthur singularly unattractive. Their faces were all chopped or rough-hewn into one prevailing expression, as rows of trees by the sea-shore are bent the same way by the wind. It would be best described as a look of eagerness; their eyes were sharp and piercing, and they even ate their breakfast eagerly. They all seemed common to Arthur; and he one of them, reduced to his lowest terms of expression, a unit of population, nothing more. They were all hurrying through breakfast, folding their napkins, putting on their great-coats, and going down town for money, and for nothing else; so was he. To be sure, he had a woman he loved at the end of it; but so, perhaps, had they.

Arthur rose impatiently, leaving his second egg, and passed out, receiving a clipped or half-audible "good-morning" from most of his fellow-boarders; the sort of salutation that hurried men may give who must still dimly remember or recognize, while they may regret, the necessity for small social courtesies. He put on his overcoat, and started walking down the Avenue.

There was no reasoning himself out of it, his spirits drooped; not with the sentimental and romantic melancholy of a young man (which is a sort of pleasant sadness, and results in nothing worse than pessimistic poems, nocturnal rambles, and a slightly increased consumption of narcotics and stimulants), but with that more practical, less tolerable, discontent which the grown man has in moments when the conviction is irresistibly borne in upon him that his position in the world is not a brilliant one, and his worth, to make the best of it, is unappreciated. For those who choose to be sad over these things there is no remedy. And in New York, he felt himself—number one million three hundred and fifty-six thousand two hundred and two.

Arthur had, too, a strong desire to go and see Gracie, much as a child wants to go to its mother's lap and cry. But how much farther off she seemed than if they had stayed at Great Barrington! It was impossible, of course, for him to see her; she had insisted that there should be no announced engagement between them. He doubted even if Mrs. Livingstone knew of it. But how long it would be before they could be married, before they could live in a house—in a house like that one there, for instance! And Arthur waved his cane unconsciously at a house on the corner of Thirty-second Street, in which, though ugly enough outside, it seemed to him it might be reasonably possible for him to maintain his own identity and their dignity of life. Then he remembered that Townley had pointed it out to him the day before as Mrs. Levison Gower's house, and that he had been introduced to her at Lenox. Probably she would not remember him now.

Going to the office, he sought that corner of a desk which was in the future to be his station in the world. Townley arrived late, and gave him a hasty nod; it was a busy day, and he had been up late in the night at the first ball of the season. Arthur's work that

day consisted in writing letters for the firm, following Mr. Tamms's hastily pencilled instructions; but the first letter he wrote of all was not signed by the firm signature, and it bore the address "Miss Holyoke, care of Mrs. Wentworth Livingstone, 6 W. ——th Street, City." Such letters as these it is that make the world go on; and truly they are more important than even the foreign mail of Messrs. Townley and Tamms. This relieved his mind, and the daily labor for his daily bread coming happily in to sweeten his meditations, he got fairly through to four o'clock, when Townley proposed that they should go to drive.

Arthur protested his duty to his employers.

"Nonsense," said Charlie; "the governor knows you've got to get into harness by degrees. Besides, he doesn't pay you anything for your services—and they arn't worth anything, yet," he added. The last argument was unanswerable.

Charlie's cart (it is quite impossible for us, who have known him nearly two days, to call him Townley any more) was very high, very thick, and very heavy, and was purchased in Long Acre; the horses, which answered the same description, were also imported; and the harness, which corresponded to the cart in thickness and heaviness, came from Cheapside. Townley's coat, clothes, top-hat, whip, and gloves were all native of Bond Street or Piccadilly; and in fact, the only thing about him which was produced fairly beyond the London bills of mortality was the very undoubted case of green Havana cigars that he offered to Arthur the moment they had left the Park. They drove up Fifth Avenue, past the same procession of pedestrians they had seen the day before, and Arthur could not but note how much more interesting they seemed to their fellow-creatures from the summit of their dog-cart, and how the interest had become mutual as they entered the Park and joined the procession of T-carts, phaetons, and victorias. He admired the dexterity with which Charlie kept the tandem-reins and the whip properly assorted in his left hand, while the right was continually occupied in raising his hat to pretty women who had bowed.

The Hill-and-Dale Club, the newly established country institution, a sort of shrine or sacred grove whither city folk betook themselves to commune with nature, was in Westchester County, not far from the historic banks of the Bronx. An old country mansion, former quarters of Continental generals, rendezvous of Skinners and Cowboys, had been bought, adorned, developed, provided with numerous easy chairs and sporting prints; and lo! it was a club. The wide lawn in front was turned into a half-mile track for running races; a shooting range and tennis-grounds were made behind; and you had a small Arcadia for mundane pleasures. Here could tired mortals loaf, chat, eat, drink, smoke, bet, gamble, race, take exercise, and see their fellow-creatures and their wives and cattle. Expatriated Britons found here a blessed spot of rest, a simulacrum of home, where trotting races were tabooed, where you were waited on by stunted grooms, and could ride after your hounds, and always turned to the left in passing. Before this Elysium did Charlie pull up, and throwing the reins to a stable-boy, led Arthur to the inner Penetralia. After inscribing his name in the club book (making the fourth, thought Arthur) they went to the smoke-room, where they met a dozen of the fellows (some of whose faces seemed already familiar to him) and executed the customary libation. Here Charlie stood boldly up to a composite ambrosia of which the base was brandy, saying that he thought a fellow deserved it after that drive. Some conversation followed; but I sadly fear 'twould not be worth the trouble of reporting in cold print. Then Charlie proposed they should go look at the stables; and they did.

"That is the beast for you," he said, pointing to a gaunt, fiery-eyed creature with a close-cropped tail. "Vincent Duval is going abroad, and you can have him for four hundred."

"But, my dear fellow, I can't——"

"Nonsense, Holy," said Charlie familiarly falling into the nickname that then and there sprang full-grown like Minerva from his inventive brain. "Look

here, young fellow, I want to give you some advice. Let's go in and smoke on the piazza." They found easy seats above the broad green lawn, half across which reached already the shadows of a belt of huge bare forest trees that rimmed in the western end; and there, inspired by tobacco and the beauty of the scene, did Charles Townley deliver himself as follows:

"My dear boy, we live in a great country; and in a free country a man can make himself just what he likes. You can pick out just the class in life that suits you best. This is the critical moment; and you must decide whether to be a two-thousand-dollar clerk all your life, a ten-thousand bachelor, or a millionaire. If you rate yourself at the two-thousand gauge, the world will treat you accordingly; if you spend twenty thousand, the world, sooner or later, will give it to you. There's Jimmy De Witt, for instance; after the old man busted, he hadn't a sous markee—what was the result? He had an excellent taste in cigars and wine, knew everybody, told a good story—you know what a handsome fellow he is?—no end of style, and the best judge of a canvas-back duck I ever saw. Everybody said such a fellow couldn't be left to starve. So old Duval found him a place as treasurer of one of his leased railroads down in Pennsylvania, where all he has to do is to sign the lessee's accounts; he did this submissively, and it gave him ten thousand a year. Then we made him manager of the Manhattan Jockey Club—that gave him six thousand more; then he makes a little at whist, and never pays his bills, and somehow or other manages to make both ends meet. And now they say he's going to marry Daisy Duval. Do you suppose he'd ever have been more than a poor devil of a clerk, like me, if he'd tried economy?" And Charlie leaned back and puffed his cigar triumphantly.

"But I mean to pay my bills," said Arthur.

"Well, he will, too, in time," said Charlie.

Arthur smiled to himself, and reflected that the corruptions of New York were rather clumsy, after all, and its snares and temptations a trifle worn-out and crude; but he said nothing, and by this time their tandem was brought around and they whirled off to the city. When they got home, he found a note:

"Mr. and Mrs. William H. Farnum request the pleasure—Mr. Holyoke's company—small party, Thursday the twenty-eighth," etc., etc.

He tossed it over to Charlie. "Since you're such a social mentor, what must I do to that?" said he.

"Decline it, of course," said the other; "I've got one myself; you see, they saw us together. You mustn't show up, the first time, at the Farnums."

Arthur was nettled. "I shall do nothing of the kind," said he. "I shall accept it."

"As you like," laughed the other, good-naturedly. "I shall accept, too, as far as that goes; but you needn't go. They can put it in the newspaper that I was there, if they like." Arthur opened his eyes; what sort of young nobleman, then, was his friend, disguised as a clerk upon a salary?

"Perhaps you object to my calling on the Livingstones?" said he, with biting sarcasm.

"Not at all—the Livingstones are all right," said unconscious Charlie. "But don't go to-night; come to the opera with me. In fact, you can't make calls in the evening any more, you know."

"What opera is it?"

"I don't know," said Charlie, serenely. "What does it matter?"

Arthur had nothing to reply to this; and the opera turned out to be "Linda." But Charlie was right; the audience proved more interesting. Here was a dress parade of all that was most fashionable in New York; for it was a great night, the first of the season, and every one was anxious to put herself *en évidence*. Townley was out of his seat three quarters of the time; and Arthur paid little attention to what was going on on the stage. The wicked marquis came, saw, and sought to conquer; the sentimental young heroine sighed and suffered, repelled both the marquis and his diamonds, and fled from the wilds of Chamounix to the seclusion and safety of Paris; and the jewelled ladies in the boxes (familiar with this tale) gave it now and then their perfunctory atten-

tion, recognizing that all this drama was being well and properly done, the correct thing, according to the conventions of the stage. Directly opposite him, in one of the grand-tier boxes, were three women who attracted his eyes unwittingly. Two of them were young girls, and both were beautiful; one, with heavy black hair and fair young shoulders, sitting quietly; the other not quite so pretty, but with an indescribable air of complete fashion, a blonde with the bust of a Hebe, talking with animation to quite a little group of male figures, dimly visible in the back of the box; and the third a woman of almost middle age, with the figure of a Titian Venus and hair of an indescribable ashen yellow. Surely he knew that face?

"Who is that in the box opposite—the middle one, I mean, with the two beauties?"

Charlie lifted his opera glass, and then as quickly dropped it. "She would thank you," he said, "for your two beauties. She is the only married woman of her set who isn't afraid to have pretty young girls about her. That's Mrs. Gower, and she's looking at you, too."

Arthur looked up and met her eye; she made a very slight but unmistakable inclination of her head, and Arthur bowed.

"You're in luck, young 'un," said Townley. "Now you've got to go and speak to her."

"Have I?" said Arthur. "I know her very slightly."

"She doesn't seem to think so, and you needn't remind her of it?" said Charlie, the worldling; and Arthur, having noted the number of the box from the end of the row, started on his quest. He came to the door that seemed to be the seventh in number from the stage, and paused a minute with his hand upon the knob. What young man's heart, however much its pulsations may be dedicated to another, does not beat awkwardly when he is on the point of addressing three lovely women, two of them quite unknown, the other nearly so? Then again, suppose he had counted wrong, and not got into the right box?

His hesitation was cut short by the sudden opening of the door and the exit of a gentleman from within. Before it closed, Arthur had plunged boldly into the dark anteroom, and was blinking earnestly out from it, somewhat dazzled by the blaze of light and the gleam of the three pairs of white shoulders in front.

"Ah, Mr. Holyoke, I hoped you would come—Mr. Wemyss, Mr. Holyoke—Miss Duval, Mrs. Malgam, Mr. Holyoke, of—"

"Of New York, I believe," said Arthur, bowing, and accepting the chair which the gentleman addressed as Wemyss had given up, at a look from Mrs. Gower. Certainly, Mrs. Gower had charming manners, he thought; and it was very pleasant of her to be pleasant to him.

"Of New York? I am so glad—I knew that Great Barrington was only your summer home, but I had feared that you were wedded to Boston. Where is Miss Holyoke?" Mrs. Gower added, without apparent malice; and Arthur cursed himself inwardly as he felt that he was blushing.

"She is living with her aunt, Mrs. Livingstone," said he. And then, with a wild attempt at changing the subject, "Do you like 'Linda,' Miss Duval?"

(Crash! went the big drums; whizz, whizz, in cadence came the fiddles. The wicked marquis, who had also turned up in Paris, was at his old tricks again.)

"I think it is perfectly sweet," said Miss Duval. "Patti does it so well!"

"It must be very pleasant for her to have you here," said Mrs. Gower, innocently. "I was so sorry to hear of poor Judge Holyoke's death. And so you have come to settle in New York? How delightful! Let me see—I have not seen you since last summer, at Lenox, have I?"

"It is very kind of you to remember me," said Arthur.

"Or was it Lenox?" Mrs. Gower went on. "I remember seeing Miss Holyoke one day as I drove by, in Great Barrington," she added, naïvely.

Arthur felt that she was watching him, and was seeking for a reply, when fortunately Linda came forward, almost under the box, and told in a long aria, with many trills and quavers, with what scorn she repelled the marquis's advances; the marquis, in the meantime, wait-

ing discreetly at the back of the stage until she had had her *encore* and had flung madly out of his ancestral mansion. This being the musical moment of the evening, all paid rapt attention; and when the last *roulade* was over Mrs. Gower rose and they all proceeded to help with opera cloaks and shawls. "Mr. Holyoke, you must come and dine with me—are you engaged—let me see—a week from Friday?"

"You are very kind," said Arthur. "No, I think not."

"Then I shall expect you—at half-past seven, mind,"—and our hero had the felicity of walking with Mrs. Gower to her carriage, the others coming after them, with the two young ladies. The carriage-door closed with a snap, leaving Arthur with Wemyss and the other man, whom he did not know. Wemyss seemed to feel that their acquaintance had come to an end; so there was nothing left for Arthur but to return to Charlie Townley.

"What the deuce is Mrs. Lucie up to now?" thought he, when Arthur had recounted to him his adventures; but he said nothing; and Arthur was left for the last act to give his entire attention to the stage. Virtue triumphed, and Vice (who, as represented in the person of the lively marquis, seemed to be a pretty good sort of fellow after all—an amiable rascal, the kind of chap of whom you would feel inclined to ask, What would he like to drink?) was duly forgiven; and he showered his diamonds as wedding-gifts upon the bride. So that Linda, thrice fortunate Linda, not only followed the paths of virtue, but got her lover and the diamonds into the bargain; and with this moral and a Welsh rarebit Arthur and his friend sought home and pleasant dreams.

CHAPTER IX.

ARTHUR GETS ON IN THE WORLD.

THERE should never be more than six at a dinner, unless there are fourteen. You can have your dinner either a parlor comedy or a spectacular play: but you must choose which you will have. Mrs. Gower was well aware of this; and hers consisted of a leading lady, a first young lady, a *soubrette*, a virtuous hero, a heavy villain, and a lover. With these ingredients, you may have a very pleasant dinner; but you must be a sufficiently skilful observer of humanity to detect the *rôles*. For people say that there are not such *rôles* any more, and that we are all indifferent and good-natured and none of us heavy villains.

Arthur was too inexperienced for this; or, like all young men, he also supposed that all these characters were conventional fictions of the stage. He did not believe in villains. Perhaps it would repay us to formulate Arthur's views, as those of a respectable young New Englander of good education and bringing-up, with whose fortunes in life our book is largely concerned. Roughly expressed, they might be put in canons, much as follows:

I. The world is in the main desirous of realizing the greatest good of the greatest number.

II. Unfortunate necessities—the primal curse of labor, or what not—occupy the greater part of the time of the greater number with sustaining life; so the leisure of the fortunate few is doubly pledged to the discovery and attainment of the object before mentioned.

III. Money is a regrettable necessity; but its acquirement, even from the selfish point of view, is but a means to an end. That end, where personal, is the enjoyment of the pleasures of life—*i.e.*, literature, art, refined society, travel, and health. The larger end is intelligent charity, or public work.

IV. Vice exists, like vermin, as a repulsive vulgarity.

V. Crime exists pathologically—*i.e.*, it is either an abnormal disease, or the consequence of a pitiable weakness.

VI. Honesty is the first virtue of the greater number; honor, which is honesty with a flower added, is the peculiar virtue of a gentleman.

VII. Gentlemen are honorable and brave; ladies are like Shelley's heroines, or the ladies in the Idylls of the King.

VIII. The chiefest quality of humanity is love; and the object of all human endeavor is to observe and avail itself of the love of that being which is not humanity.

So much for his ethics; and, as we have said Arthur was a poet, it may not come amiss to add an approximation of his theory of æsthetics. This was, in brief:

IX. All beauty is the visible evidence of the love of God; nature is a divine manifestation; and literature, art, and music are the language in which humanity may reply. Thus, in particular, all highest poetry is but this—the discovery of the love of God.

Such were his tenets, the standard of Arthur's exalted moments, as he supposed them then to be of others. In trying to live by them, he knew that he was weak, as all men are. Of all the people whom he knew, Gracie Holyoke alone seemed always to observe them.

So it may well be that Arthur did not, on that night, justly estimate the worth of those about him. He had, simply, a very enjoyable dinner; he was innocently pleased with the glitter of the glass, the sparkle of the diamonds, the richness of the china, the beauty of the women, the finish of their talk; it was a venial sin for him to like the food and wines,—but there was perhaps one other ingredient in his pleasure, the subtilest of all, which escaped him. Leaving this, for his account, let us speak of the others.

And here we may save space and the wearied reader's attention; for they had no ethics and no æsthetics; and their philosophy of life was simple. Probably their sensual sin was not so great as Arthur's—for terrapin and duck were a weariness to most of them—but in the *summum bonum* they all agreed. To be not as others are, and have those others know it—such was their simple creed. Jimmy De Witt was on the whole the most innocent; his being yearned for horses and yachts, even if they were not all the fastest; and he was not a bad fellow, a great friend of Lucie Gower himself, and so sitting *in loco conjugis*, for the husband of the hostess was absent. To him came next Mrs. Malgam, who was—but all the world, yea, even to the uttermost bounds thereof where the society newspapers do permeate, knows all about Mrs. Malgam. Upon De Witt's other side, convenient, Miss Duval—Daisy Duval, grand-daughter of Antoine of that ilk who kept the little cigar-store down on Chambers Street; then Arthur, on Mrs. Gower's right; and on her left Caryl Wemyss again, a modern Boston Faust, son of the great poet who was afterwards minister to Austria; his son, thus born to the purple of diplomacy, had lived in Paris, London, and Vienna, executed plays, poems, criticisms, music, and painting, and, at thirty-five, had discovered the hollowness of things, having himself become perfect in all of them. So he became a critic of civilization—and this is how he was not as other men—for it was the era of the decadence, and he the Cassandra who foresaw it. Mrs. Gower, our leading lady, made the sixth.

From being the lonely Cinderella of an unexplored fireside, Flossie had grown to be one of the most famed and accomplished hostesses in all New York. She had the tact of knowing what topics would touch the souls of the men and move the women's hearts, and of leading the conversation up to these without apparent effort or insolent dictation. She could make Strephon talk to Chloe, or Marguerite to Faust, without taking the awkward pair by the elbows and knocking their heads together. And all this sweetly, simply, while reserving the preferred *rôle* to herself, as a carver justly sets aside for his own use his favorite bit of venison. Ordinarily, these six people—four of them, surely—would have talked about other people and their possessions; but Mrs. Flossie rightly fancied that Arthur, knowing little of the world, could only talk about books, or at most, about the world in the abstract. Taking up the talk where it was left at the opera, an early speech from Arthur to the effect that he did not mean to go much into society gave her the necessary opening.

"You must not do so," said she. "Society is as important to a young man as work. Is it not, Mr. Wemyss?" (One of the charms of this woman's cleverness was that indefinable quality of humor which consists in the relish of incongruities; her reference to Wemyss for the uses of work, for instance.)

"Society is sour grapes to those beyond its pale," said Wemyss, "but those who can value it press from it the wine

of life." (Wemyss gave a little laugh, to indicate that he did not mean to be taken as a prig.) "Seriously," he added, "no person of wide intelligence can afford to ignore the best society of a nation, whatever it be, for it represents its essence and its tendency. It is the liquid glass of champagne left in the frozen bottle, and has more flavor than all the rest; it is the flower, which is at once the present's culmination and the future's seed."

"Oh, that is so true!" cried Daisy Duval. Miss Duval would have made the same remark had Mr. Wemyss asserted that abuse of stimulants was the secret of Hegel. The others stared rather blankly. Arthur had never considered it quite so seriously; and to Mrs. Malgam and Jimmy De Witt, interpreting it esoterically, society needed no more explanation than the Ding an Sich.

"Then again," said Wemyss, "did you ever go to a party of the people? I don't mean at Washington—there they get a little rubbed off—but at home. Well, I went to one, once—some people who had lived for many years in the house next to mine on Beacon Street—and I do assure you, it was *triste à faire peur;* they thought you were flippant if you even smiled, and took offence, like awkward boys and girls, at the least informality. One longed for a Lovelace, *si ce n'était que pour les chiffonner.* Now, in the world, one's manners are simple, easy; you have some liberty; people don't take offence —*il n'y a jamais de mal en bonne compagnie.* But the trouble with society in this country is," he continued, "that it has no meaning. Now it must have a meaning to be interesting; it must mean either love or politics. In France, if not in England, it has both. But here, all the meaning of it stops when one is married."

"Thank you," said Flossie.

"Madame," said Wemyss, "you are one of the three sirens, singing in the twilight of the world. But in this dark night about you, society exists only to make all young men get married. In the old time, it had a more serious reason for being. In courts where there was a social element in politics, intrigues were always quasi-political; parties were made at evening parties, and ministries were entered from boudoirs; you met the Opposition in his salon, and embraced a minister's principles with—"

"Look out, Mr. Wemyss," said Mrs. Gower, playfully.

—"when you paid a compliment to his wife. But here, society and politics are worlds mutually exclusive; how would the Governor of the State appear at a dinner-party? Politically, the best people are laid on the shelf, like rare china. Society's only recognized function is to bring young people together; when brought together, they are supposed to join hands and step aside; it is a marriage-brokerage board, and its aim is merely matrimony."

"What a social failure you must be, Mr. Wemyss," said Flossie.

"In America," retorted Wemyss. "But even a man who has not married has some social rights. I like a society of men and women—not of Jacks and Gills. But if I tell Mrs. Grundy her gown is becoming, likely as not she'll call for the police, in this country."

"I think she'll take a bit more than that without bolting," laughed Jimmy De Witt.

"The fact is," said Wemyss, who felt that he was becoming epigrammatic, "all worldly pleasures, from the original apple, rest on the taste of the forbidden fruit. The joys of war, the delights of business, the pleasures of gossip, the satisfaction of swearing,—they're all the fun of breaking some commandment. Voltaire never would have put pen to paper but for the first; the pleasure of art is to worship graven images; the spice of newspapers is the false witness that they bear against your neighbor. And what becomes of fashionable life without the tenth, or a faint and ever-present memory of the seventh? Now all Americans covet their neighbor's bank-account; but they are far too practical to covet their neighbor's wife. Positively, we are too virtuous to be happy: for this Arcadian state of things makes society necessarily dull. Like most of the devil's institutions, it requires considerable red pepper."

Arthur stared at Wemyss, much astonished; but all three ladies seemed to

take it as very excellent fooling indeed. Even Jimmy looked as if he didn't wholly understand it, but knew it must be very good.

"But it's the paradise of girls. It offers every opportunity to ardent youth. It shows its prizes in a glamour of light and dress-making, just as a Parisian shopkeeper puts gas-reflectors before his window. Bright eyes and white shoulders are garnished in extraordinary silks and satins; a blare of fiddles and trumpets fills up vacancies in their intellect; and thus, with all their charms enhanced, they are dangled before the masculine eye when his discernment has been previously befuddled with champagne!"

"Positively," laughed Mrs. Gower, "we must leave you to your cigars. There's no knowing what you'll be saying next—and before an unmarried lady, too. Daisy, my dear, go out first, and deliver Mr. Wemyss from temptation."

The three ladies rose, and the men drew back their chairs.

"You must really look out, Mr. Wemyss," said Mrs. Malgam; "in one of your lyric moments you'll forget that some girl isn't married, and be engaged before you know it."

Wemyss shuddered. "Ah, my dear lady, I wish I could forget that you were married—"

"Hush, hush," cried Mrs. Gower, rapping Wemyss's knuckles with her fan, "and *soyez sage*, when we are gone."

But when left to themselves, Mr. Wemyss said little besides a word or two about literature and art. His conversation might have been a model to a governess fresh from boarding-school. Jimmy De Witt told a few stories, and Arthur had great difficulty in talking at all. Mr. Wemyss snubbed them both, as was his habit with intellectual inferiors; and after a very short cigar, they all repaired to the drawing-room, where little happened that Arthur saw; for, as all the company save Mrs. Gower seemed to regard him as an interloping hobbledehoy, to be tolerated only as a fantasy of Mrs. Gower's, he shortly and not over-gracefully took his leave.

He walked to the club, and smoked, somewhat nettled with things in general, and full of much desire to punch Mr. Caryl Wemyss's elegant head. Others had had that mood before Arthur; but you see our hero is by no means an exceptional personage. Being, however, the best we have got, we feel bound to see him through. Still, no Loyola would have chosen that dinner to be the time and place to reply to Wemyss with the propositions we have stated for Arthur at the beginning of this chapter; and the young idealist had wisely held his peace.

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH ARTHUR MEETS A WEARIED SOUL.

Now Mrs. Levison Gower, like Napoleon after Marengo and Austerlitz, was suffering from ennui. This malady of modern times executes its most dangerous ravages, like the gout, only among those who can afford it. It is a sort of king's evil, privileged to the nobility and gentry; and that Flossie Starbuck's healthy constitution ever succumbed to it is testimony—is it not?—to her extraordinary natural refinement: for born to it she certainly was not. She was a woman of some five-and-thirty summers—let us rather say, of some fifteen seasons, as being both politer and more closely descriptive—but with her thick blonde hair and her youthful figure, round and lithe as any girl's, she was divine still in a riding-habit or a ball-dress, and could face the daylight of a north window without flinching. But the fact was, this Marguerite in appearance had been out fifteen seasons; if not so erudite as Faust, she was even more *blasée* with the world; kermesses had become stupid, interesting young men with rapiers and mysterious attendants in red had lost their interest, even jewels had ceased to make her heart beat as of yore: Mephistopheles alone remained eternal.

All the joys of her girl's ambition she had tasted to the full. Every social eminence that she had seen, she had in turn attained. Each one of the diversions of a woman of fashion, she had pushed to its ultimate—gayety pure and simple, haughty and costly exclusiveness, travel and adventure, the patronage of literature and art, even religion and charity.

But Mrs. Gower had been so unfortunate as to take her greatest pleasure at the beginning of her young life. Compared with that triumphal moment when first, surrounded by ladies with names she had hitherto known only in the newspapers, she had taken her place among the patronesses of the F. F. V. Ball as "Mrs. Levison Gower, Jr."—what were all the second-hand joys of the imagination, of looking at books and pictures, even the more solid satisfactions of houses, opera-boxes, horses and liveries, or of social power? The life of the world was Mrs. Gower's book; she made her own drama; any starveling in a garret could have the other kind. But that earliest pleasure was indeed divine. She had met the enemy, and made them hers. And how the dowagers had scowled at her, at first! The haughty Vans, the poor and lofty matrons of the old manorial families of New York, exemplary, unapproachable, Presbyterian. She had routed them with a flirt of her fan; she had dared their feudal armor with her bared fair breast. Their dowdy daughters had been snuffed out of fashion like candles in electric light; a spark of wit had made them laughable, a glance of her soft eyes had brought their brothers to her feet. Her *chic* had won the day, and soon they all began to copy her. Her phaeton and her ponies replaced the antiquated family rockaways; her style made up for breeding, and largely it was Flossie's work that money in New York became the all-in-all, and blood an antiquated prejudice to jest at. And all the Einsteins and the Malgams and Duvals made haste to cluster under Flossie's standard, wanting such a leader; and we Americans throw up our hats and cry how nice and democratic is the change—do we not? How proud was simple Lucie Gower to find him husband to a goddess! How natural for Caryl Wemyss to worship her, the spirit of his favorite decadence!

But still, that early and delightful triumph had been the climax of her life, as it now seemed; all other pleasures had proved silly or insipid. What gratification was it to her to move in the best society? The whole pleasure lay in getting there. She cared nothing for the best society, except in so far as she could humble it, and make it hers. Secretly, Flossie found more sympathy in her new friends of the Duval set than in the old-fashioned Van Kulls and Breviers of her husband's family. The best people bored her. But the Duvals were nothing if not amusing, and had a truly French horror of the *ennuyeux*.

But she was a leader of it; there was still some satisfaction left in that. Her leadership was unquestioned; through whatever will-of-the-wisp of folly she chose to lead the dance, the many (and these the richest, newest, and most prominent) would follow. Mrs. Malgam alone could for a moment contest her prominence—"Baby" Malgam, whose fashionable inanity and lazy beauty had proved almost as good cards as Flossie's cleverness. And the further she went, the faster would her people follow; for the Duvals and Einsteins were wild to *écraser*, by ostentation of their wealth, all those whose position rested on the slightest shadow of superiority that money could not buy. All these people, Flossie knew, would hail her as a leader and grovel at her feet; she, who represented an older style than theirs, if she would be with them and of them. And the old style of things, which had satisfied her for fifteen years, was just now, certainly, beginning to bore her. The drama of her life lacked action.

Well: whither should she lead? What next? Charity, intellect, art, and dancing had been worn to the last thread; hounds and horses were in, just now; and society, in pink coats and silk jockey-caps, was making nature's acquaintance on Long Island and in Westchester County. But what on earth or in the waters under the earth was to come after this, Mrs. Gower did not yet know. Still, it was comforting to feel that when she *did* know, it would be done; this was certainly a pleasure; perhaps the only real one left to poor Flossie in her years of disillusion. As a *parvenue*, she was never tired of having her will over those who had been born her superiors; and it is a delightful novelty that in these days of no prejudices a *parvenue* need no longer climb to the level of society, but will find it both less troublesome and more tickling to the vanity to pull society down to her.

The free fancy of Mrs. Gower's matron meditation was interrupted by the entrance of a *deus* with a *machina*—in other words, by a footman with Mr. Caryl Wemyss's visiting-card.

"Is Mrs. Gower at home?" said the footman; and he commanded larger wages for the subtle infusion of "her ladyship" he was able to give to a plain American patronymic if used in the third person. He also had calves; and made no other than a financial objection to silk stockings, if required.

"Let him come in," said Flossie; and she drew a footstool to her and disposed herself more at ease, before the wide wood-fire.

Wemyss entered perfectly. There were two manners of meeting ladies most in vogue at this time, which may perhaps be described as the *horsey* and the *cavalier*. Of the former, which was perhaps the more fashionable, Jimmy De Witt was an excellent example; he would have come in with a boisterous *bonhomie*, a stable-boy's story, or a blunt approval of Flossie's pretty ankle, which was being warmed before the fire; but Wemyss affected the old-fashioned, and was pleased to be conscious that his manners were, as he would have said, *de vieille roche*. He took her hand and bowed deeply over it, as if he wanted to kiss it, but did not dare; then, drawing a low ottoman in front of the fire, he sat down, as it were, at her feet.

"Well, Mr. Wemyss, how did you find Boston?" said Mrs. Gower, by way of beginning.

"Boston, my dear Mrs. Gower, is impossible. There used to be some originals, but now there are only left their country acquaintances, or their self-imposed biographers, who feebly seek to shine by their reflected light. Emerson might do, for the provinces; but Emerson's country neighbors! Their society is one of *ganaches* and *femmes précieuses*—oh, such precious women!—of circles, coteries, and clubs, with every knowledge but the *savoir faire* and every science but the *savoir vivre!*"

"But," said Mrs. Gower, "surely I have seen some very civilised Bostonians, at Newport, in the summer?"

"You have—like a stage procession," said Wemyss with a smile. "And so, if you stand long enough in the window of the club there, and are fortunate, you may, of an afternoon, see Mrs. Weston's carriage and footmen go down the hill; and perhaps, if you smoke another cigar and wait, you may be so happy as to see Mrs. Weston's carriage and footmen going up the hill again. The rest of Boston drive in carryalls."

Mrs. Gower laughed. "Now I always thought it would be such a charming place to live in—so many celebrated people have been there—so many associations—"

"My dear lady, it is consecrated ground if you like," said Wemyss, interrupting. "And a very proper place to be buried in. But I tried living there for three months."

"And so, now, you are going back to Paris?"

"I came on with that intention."

"Why don't you go then?"

"I am afraid it's too late," said Wemyss, looking at his watch. "My steamer sails at four."

Mrs. Gower made a little ejaculation of surprise; and then laughed a trill or two. "Mr. Wemyss, you are a great humbug," said she, throwing her head back upon the pink satin cushion, and looking at him from the corners of her half-closed eyes.

"We have to be," said Wemyss with a sigh. "Now there's the trouble of Boston; they can't understand that. And the six or eight of us who do, grow rusty for want of practice."

"But you have one another?"

"We know one another down to the ground. There is no excitement in that; it is playing double-dummy without stakes."

"And so you are going to Paris?"

"And so I was going to Paris."

"But your steamer leaves at four, you say? What are you tarrying here for?"

"*Mais, pour vos beaux yeux*—"

"Mr. 'Olyoke," said the footman from behind the heavy curtains. Wemyss struck his two hands together in mock desperation; but as a matter of fact, the interruption was opportune, for he did not in the least know what to do next. There is a certain point in talk

beyond which anything not final is an anti-climax.

"Say you are not at home," said he, eagerly.

But Mrs. Gower chose to be very gracious to Arthur. She gave him her hand with the simple cordiality of a schoolgirl. "I am so glad you have not forgotten our drive," said she.

Arthur had quite forgotten it; so he filled up the time by bowing to Mr. Wemyss; a salute which that gentleman received with some stiffness. Mrs. Gower made a very suggestion of a tinkle in a bell that stood at her elbow.

"Horridge, are the ponies ready?"

"Mrs. Gower's carriage his hin waiting," said Horridge, with a respectful gasp or two before the vowels.

"You see, Mr. Wemyss," said Flossie. "I hope you have not missed your steamer. I must not keep you for one moment longer."

"I see I shall have to postpone my trip," said Wemyss. "*Madame!*" (this with much formality).

"*Monsieur!*" (Mrs. Gower quite outdid Mr. Wemyss in her exaggeration of a long curtesy.)

"Now, Mr. Holyoke," said Flossie, when the cosmopolitan had departed, "I am sure you will give me your company for a drive in the park?"

If there is no Englishman who would not enjoy walking down Pall Mall on the arm of two dukes, there is surely no American who would not like to be whirled through the world at the side of Mrs. Levison Gower. They drove for an hour in the park; and Arthur had the pleasure of raising his hat to Jimmy De Witt, Miss Daisy Duval, Mrs. Jack Malgam and Antoine Duval Jr., Killian Van Kull, Charlie Townley, and many others unknown to him who bowed to her. She talked to him of books and poetry; of Heine, Rossetti and of Shelley; and the tender tones of her voice would have moved an older man than Arthur to sympathy with her. "I had thought that she was worldly," said Arthur to himself. "There must be some secret in her life I have not yet discovered," (this was very possible, seeing he had only been with her three hours)—"some great suffering or repression which makes her wear this fashionable garb as an armor to veil her wounded heart. It is despair that makes her plunge so wildly into this whirl of company and show; the loss forever of something she once longed for, that drives her to distraction and diversion. Love of pleasure it is surely not."

Ah, poor Arthur, no doctor ever yet of soul or body but gave a biassed diagnosis of a pretty woman's soul. How easy it is to weave romances over soft gold hair! How natural to read poetry and lost loves in the light of lovely eyes that look so sweetly now in yours! So good Bishop Berkeley showed us that we mortals see but an image of external things, an inference from the sensation of our own retina; and we silly men, like idolaters, worship but the image we ourselves create. The lily of the field still draws us, not the potato-flower, worthy vegetable. And we fondly assume that the lily cares nothing for its vestment; that it toils not, nor spins, and has its eye upon the stars alone.

Arthur now really felt that he was a friend of Flossie Gower's. His favorite poems were all hers, and she quoted from many of them, with sighs. She had shown to him what the cynic world had never seen, the regrets and longings that lay beneath the pearls and laces that clothed her heart's casement; the true woman, not the fashionable figure known to others. How pleasant it was, to have a friend like her; one whose own life was over, and had all the more sympathy, for that, with lives of others. She asked him to come and see her whenever he liked; and Arthur thought how comforting it would be, to go to this woman for sympathy and advice, so much older than he, and yet so young at heart!

So seriously did Arthur think all this, that it quite jarred upon him when Charlie met him on his return and boisterously complimented him. "Well, old man, you are going it, and no mistake!" (Mrs. Gower's name was pronounced *Go-er*, which gave opportunity for endless puns.) "I say, old fellow, you come down fresh from the pastures like what-d'ye-callem — Endymion — Adonis, or the other masher—and sail to windward of the whole squadron!"

Arthur shook Townley off a little im-

patiently, and refused to dine at the club, as he requested. But, taking dinner alone, with the other boarders, he could not but say to himself that they were not pleasing to him; their minds seemed narrow and their ways uncouth. They were more affable than on the first day, perhaps because it was the evening, not the morning; there was even a certain clumsy attention in the manner of one or two of the younger men, as if they would laugh at his stories, were he to tell any. After dinner, he read a novel in his study with a cigar, feeling comparatively comfortable in the rooms, which already seemed less strange to him; and at eleven o'clock he went to Miss Farnum's party. (One always spoke of Miss Farnum, Miss Farnum's house, Miss Farnum's dinners—not her mother's.) Townley, true to his intention previously expressed, was not there; the dressing-room was full of very young men, pulling on gloves and chattering; one older gentleman with a fine pair of shoulders and an honest face was in the corner next Arthur, and attracted the latter by his looks. "I wonder where they keep their brushes," was all he said; but he said it pleasantly; and Arthur and he walked down together.

Miss Farnum, who was a marvellously beautiful young woman, met them almost at the door. "Ah, I see you know one another already," said she.

"But we don't," said the stranger, smiling; and Arthur was introduced to him as Mr. Haviland. Then Miss Farnum turned to present Arthur to her mother; which formality over, our hero found himself very much alone; and he naturally drifted away into a corner, where he found Mr. Haviland awaiting him. It was pleasant enough to stand there and watch the influx of young beauties; girl after girl came in, in clouds of pink or white, bowed and curtesied at the door, and drifted into the comparative quiet of the main dancing-room, where they eddied around by twos and threes, waiting to be accosted by simpering youth. Haviland was very civil to him, and introduced him to many of them; so that Arthur found himself walking and dancing first with a blonde in blue or white, next with a *brune* in pink or yellow; they were all lovely, but it was difficult to permanently differentiate their natures in one's mind.

The ball was a very brilliant one, and the rooms were full; many of the ladies were pretty, and all seemed rich and well educated. But there was an indefinable spirit of unrest, of effort at shining, of social anxiety, which struck Arthur as a new note in his New York social experiences; and Charlie Townley's patronising remarks recurred again to him. When he went back to Miss Farnum, her reception duties were over; they had a waltz together, and then wandered into a conservatory for cool and rest.

"How different it all seems from New Haven," was Arthur's first remark; and she said yes, it did; and asked him if he were really living in New York, and if it was not Mr. Townley with whom she had seen him walking the other day.

"Mr. Townley is a great friend of mine, you must know; and I think it is too bad of him not to come to-night. And, by the way—whom were you with in the park this afternoon?"

"With Mrs. Gower," said Arthur.

"Mrs. Gower? Mrs. Levison Gower? Was it? I didn't see—" and no one would have guessed that the acquaintance of the lady mentioned was yet an unrealised dream to Miss Farnum. She led Arthur off soon after, and presented him to some of her most particular friends; Arthur was so fortunate as to secure one of these young ladies—Miss Marie Vanderpool—for the german; and they had seats very near the head. Altogether, Arthur was in the high tide of social favor; and nearly every one whom he met talked to him of Mrs. Gower, and he marvelled a little that that lady—who had spoken almost tragically to him of her loneliness—should have so many dear and admiring friends. When he went home, it was with three or four tinsel orders at his button-hole; and Haviland, whose coat-collar was yet undecorated, met him in the hall.

"Are you going the same way?" said he to Arthur; and when it turned out that they were, he asked him to drop in and have a cigar. Haviland knew that Arthur was a stranger in the city; and it soon turned out that they had one or

two acquaintances in common. Then, as is the way of men, their conversation drifted to the last pretty face they had seen—Kitty Farnum. "She is a great friend of mine, and I stayed until the end on her account," said Haviland; "though I don't dance." They stopped at Haviland's house; and entering, Arthur was inducted into the most delightful bachelor rooms, down stairs, filled with books, weapons, and implements for smoking.

"Yes," said Haviland, speaking of Miss Farnum; "and it's a great pity to see her going as she is now. Why" (he went on, in answer to an inquiring look from Arthur), "she is wild upon getting into society, as she calls it, or her mother is for her. There is a girl, rich, beautiful, refined, well educated, and she positively looks up to a set of people the whole of whom aren't worth her little finger, as if they were divinities."

"It certainly seems very funny, if it's true," said Arthur.

"Funny?" fumed Haviland, "I assure you they are as much her inferiors as they would have her theirs. Fashion is a vulgar word, and fashionable people are a fast, vulgar set; fast, because they are too empty-headed and uncultivated to enjoy any pleasure of taste or intellect, and vulgar because they are too stupid to understand any other superiority than that of mere display."

Haviland spoke almost savagely, intemperately, as it seemed to Arthur, about such a trivial thing. "Can he be in love with her?" thought he; and he wondered why he told him all this.

"It's her mother," Haviland went on, "she has brought her up to marry some fine Englishman, and wants to get New York at her feet first."

And Arthur, who had noticed how intimate Haviland had seemed with Kitty Farnum that evening, thought that he had discovered his secret. Their conversation then took a serious turn, to their mutual profit and pleasure; and when Arthur finally went home, the night was going away, and the business of the day beginning. He liked Haviland better than any man he had met, thus far, in New York. But still, his ideas were changing.

THE TRAGEDY.

SONG.

By Charles Edwin Markham.

Oh, the fret of the brain,
And the wounds and the worry;
Oh, the thought of love and the thought of death—
And the soul in its silent hurry.

But the stars break above,
And the fields flower under;
And the tragical life of man goes on,
Surrounded by beauty and wonder.

BEGGARS.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

I.

In a pleasant, airy, up-hill country, it was my fortune when I was young to make the acquaintance of a certain beggar. I call him beggar, though he usually allowed his coat and his shoes (which were open-mouthed, indeed) to beg for him. He was the wreck of an athletic man, tall, gaunt and bronzed; far gone in consumption, with that disquieting smile of the mortally stricken on his face; but still active afoot, still with the brisk military carriage, the ready military salute. Three ways led through this piece of country; and as I was inconstant in my choice, I believe he must often have awaited me in vain. But often enough, he caught me; often enough, from some place of ambush by the roadside, he would spring suddenly forth in the regulation attitude, and launching at once into his inconsequential talk, fall into step with me upon my further course. "A fine morning, sir, though perhaps a trifle inclining to rain. I hope I see you well, sir. Why, no, sir, I don't feel as hearty myself as I could wish, but I am keeping about my ordinary. I am pleased to meet you on the road, sir. I assure you I quite look forward to one of our little conversations." He loved the sound of his own voice inordinately, and though (with something too off-hand to call servility) he would always hasten to agree with anything you said, yet he could never suffer you to say it to an end. By what transition he slid to his favorite subject I have no memory; but we had never been long together on the way before he was dealing, in a very military manner, with the English poets. "Shelley was a fine poet, sir, though a trifle atheistical in his opinions. His Queen Mab, sir, is quite an atheistical work. Scott, sir, is not so poetical a writer. With the works of Shakespeare I am not so well acquainted, but he was a fine poet. Keats—John Keats, sir—he was a very fine poet." With such references, such trivial criticism, such loving parade of his own knowledge, he would beguile the road, striding forward up-hill, his staff now clapped to the ribs of his deep, resonant chest, now swinging in the air with the remembered jauntiness of the private soldier; and all the while his toes looking out of his boots, and his shirt looking out of his elbows, and death looking out of his smile, and his big, crazy frame shaken by accesses of cough.

He would often go the whole way home with me: often to borrow a book, and that book always a poet. Off he would march, to continue his mendicant rounds, with the volume slipped into the pocket of his ragged coat; and although he would sometimes keep it quite a while, yet it came always back again at last, not much the worse for its travels into beggardom. And in this way, doubtless, his knowledge grew and his glib, random criticism took a wider range. But my library was not the first he had drawn upon: at our first encounter, he was already brimful of Shelley and the atheistical Queen Mab, and "Keats—John Keats, sir." And I have often wondered how he came by these acquirements; just as I often wondered how he fell to be a beggar. He had served through the Mutiny—of which (like so many people) he could tell practically nothing beyond the names of places, and that it was "difficult work, sir," and very hot, or that so-and-so was "a very fine commander, sir." He was far too smart a man to have remained a private; in the nature of things, he must have won his stripes. And yet here he was without a pension. When I touched on this problem, he would content himself with diffidently offering me advice. "A man should be

very careful when he is young, sir. If you'll excuse me saying so, a spirited young gentleman like yourself, sir, should be very careful. I was perhaps a trifle inclined to atheistical opinions myself." For (perhaps with a deeper wisdom than we are inclined in these days to admit) he plainly bracketted agnosticism with beer and skittles.

Keats—John Keats, sir—and Shelley were his favorite bards. I cannot remember if I tried him with Rossetti; but I know his taste to a hair, and if ever I did, he must have doted on that author. What took him was a richness in the speech; he loved the exotic, the unexpected word; the moving cadence of a phrase; a vague sense of emotion (about nothing) in the very letters of the alphabet: the romance of language. His honest head was very nearly empty, his intellect like a child's; and when he read his favorite authors, he can almost never have understood what he was reading. Yet the taste was not only genuine, it was exclusive; I tried in vain to offer him novels; he would none of them, he cared for nothing but romantic language that he could not understand. The case may be commoner than we suppose. I am reminded of a lad who was laid in the next cot to a friend of mine in a public hospital, and who was no sooner installed than he sent out (perhaps with his last pence) for a cheap Shakespeare. My friend pricked up his ears; fell at once in talk with his new neighbor, and was ready, when the book arrived, to make a singular discovery. For this lover of great literature understood not one sentence out of twelve, and his favorite part was that of which he understood the least—the inimitable, mouth-filling rodomontade of the ghost in Hamlet. It was a bright day in hospital when my friend expounded the sense of this beloved jargon: a task for which I am willing to believe my friend was very fit, though I can never regard it as an easy one. I know indeed a point or two, on which I would gladly question Mr. Shakespeare, that lover of big words, could he revisit the glimpses of the moon, or could I myself climb backward to the spacious days of Elizabeth. But in the second case, I should most likely pretermit these questionings, and take my place instead in the pit at the Blackfriars, to hear the actor in his favorite part, playing up to Mr. Burbage, and rolling out—as I seem to hear him—with a ponderous gusto,

> Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd.

What a pleasant chance, if we could go there in a party! and what a surprise for Mr. Burbage, when the ghost received the honors of the evening!

As for my old soldier, like Mr. Burbage and Mr. Shakespeare, he is long since dead; and now lies buried, I suppose, and nameless and quite forgotten, in some poor city graveyard.—But not for me, you brave heart, have you been buried! For me, you are still afoot, tasting the sun and air, and striding southward. By the groves of Comiston and beside the Hermitage of Braid, by the Hunters' Tryst, and where the curlews and plovers cry around Fairmilehead, I see and hear you, stalwartly carrying your deadly sickness, cheerfully discoursing of uncomprehended poets.

II.

The thought of the old soldier recalls that of another tramp, his counterpart. This was a little, lean and fiery man, with the eyes of a dog and the face of a gypsy; whom I found one morning encamped with his wife and children and his grinder's wheel, beside the burn of Kinnaird. To this beloved dell I went, at that time, daily; and daily the knife-grinder and I (for as long as his tent continued pleasantly to interrupt my little wilderness) sat on two stones, and smoked, and plucked grass, and talked to the tune of the brown water. His children were mere whelps, they fought and bit among the fern like vermin. His wife was a mere squaw; I saw her gather brush and tend the kettle, but she never ventured to address her lord while I was present. The tent was a mere gypsy hovel, like a sty for pigs. But the grinder himself had the fine self-sufficiency and grave politeness of the hunter and the savage; he did me the honors of this dell, which had been mine but the day before, took me far

into the secrets of his life, and used me (I am proud to remember) as a friend.

Like my old soldier, he was far gone in the national complaint. Unlike him, he had a vulgar taste in letters; scarce flying higher than the story papers; probably finding no difference, certainly seeking none, between Tannahill and Burns; his noblest thoughts, whether of poetry or music, adequately embodied in that somewhat obvious ditty,

> Will ye gang, lassie, gang
> To the braes o' Balquidder:

—which is indeed apt to echo in the ears of Scottish children, and to him, in view of his experience, must have found a special directness of address. But if he had no fine sense of poetry in letters, he felt with a deep joy the poetry of life. You should have heard him speak of what he loved; of the tent pitched beside the talking water; of the stars overhead at night; of the blest return of morning, the peep of day over the moors, the awaking birds among the birches; how he abhorred the long winter shut in cities; and with what delight, at the return of the spring, he once more pitched his camp in the living out-of-doors. But we were a pair of tramps; and to you, who are doubtless sedentary and a consistent first-class-passenger in life, he would scarce have laid himself so open; —to you, he might have been content to tell his story of a ghost—that of a buccaneer with his pistols as he lived—whom he had once encountered in a seaside cave near Buckie; and that would have been enough, for that would have shown you the mettle of the man. Here was a piece of experience solidly and livingly built up in words, here was a story created, *teres atque rotundus*.

And to think of the old soldier, that lover of the literary bards! He had visited stranger spots than any seaside cave; encountered men more terrible than any spirit; done and dared and suffered in that incredible, unsung epic of the Mutiny War; played his part with the field force of Delhi, beleaguering and beleaguered; shared in that enduring, savage anger and contempt of death and decency that, for long months together, bedevil'd and inspired the army; was hurled to and fro in the battle-smoke of the assault; was there, perhaps, where Nicholson fell; was there when the attacking column, with hell upon every side, found the soldier's enemy—strong drink, and the lives of tens of thousands trembled in the scale, and the fate of the flag of England staggered. And of all this he had no more to say than "hot work, sir," or "the army suffered a great deal, sir," or "I believe General Wilson, sir, was not very highly thought of in the papers." His life was naught to him, the vivid pages of experience quite blank: in words his pleasure lay —melodious, agitated words—printed words, about that which he had never seen and was connatally incapable of comprehending. We have here two temperaments face to face; both untrained, unsophisticated, surprised (we may say) in the egg; both boldly charactered:—that of the artist, the lover and artificer of words; that of the maker, the seeër, the lover and forger of experience. If the one had a daughter and the other a son, and these married, might not some illustrious writer count descend from the beggar-soldier and the needy knife-grinder?

III.

Everyone lives by selling something, whatever be his right to it. The burglar sells at the same time his own skill and courage and my silver plate (the whole at the most moderate figure) to a Jew receiver. The bandit sells the traveller an article of prime necessity: that traveller's life. And as for the old soldier, who stands for central mark to my capricious figures of eight, he dealt in a specialty; for he was the only beggar in the world who ever gave me pleasure for my money. He had learned a school of manners in the barracks and had the sense to cling to it, accosting strangers with a regimental freedom, thanking patrons with a merely regimental deference, sparing you at once the tragedy of his position and the embarrassment of yours. There was not one hint about him of the beggar's emphasis, the outburst of revolting gratitude, the rant and cant, the "God bless you, Kind, Kind gentleman," which insults the

smallness of your alms by disproportional vehemence, which is so notably false, which would be so unbearable if it were true. I am sometimes tempted to suppose this reading of the beggar's part, a survival of the old days when Shakespeare was intoned upon the stage and mourners keened beside the death-bed; to think that we cannot now accept these strong emotions unless they be uttered in the just note of life; nor (save in the pulpit) endure these gross conventions. They wound us, I am tempted to say, like mockery; the high voice of keening (as it yet lingers on) strikes in the face of sorrow like a buffet; and the rant and cant of the staled beggar stirs in us a shudder of disgust. But the fact disproves these amateur opinions. The beggar lives by his knowledge of the average man. He knows what he is about when he bandages his head, and hires and drugs a babe, and poisons life with *Poor Mary Ann* or *Long, long ago;* he knows what he is about when he loads the critical ear and sickens the nice conscience with intolerable thanks; they know what they are about, he and his crew, when they pervade the slums of cities, ghastly parodies of suffering, hateful parodies of gratitude. This trade can scarce be called an imposition; it has been so blown upon with exposures; it flaunts its fraudulence so nakedly. We pay them as we pay those who show us, in huge exaggeration, the monsters of our drinking-water; or those who daily predict the fall of Britain. We pay them for the pain they inflict, pay them, and wince, and hurry on. And truly there is nothing that can shake the conscience like a beggar's thanks; and that polity in which such protestations can be purchased for a shilling, seems no scene for an honest man.

Are there, then, we may be asked, no genuine beggars? And the answer is, Not one. My old soldier was a humbug like the rest; his ragged boots were, in the stage phrase, properties; whole boots were given him again and again, and always gladly accepted; and the next day, there he was on the road as usual, with toes exposed. His boots were his method; they were the man's trade; without his boots he would have starved; he did not live by charity, but by appealing to a gross taste in the public, which loves the limelight on the actor's face, and the toes out of the beggar's boots. There is a true poverty, which no one sees: a false and merely mimetic poverty, which usurps its place and dress, and lives, and above all drinks, on the fruits of the usurpation. The true poverty does not go into the streets; the banker may rest assured, he has never put a penny in its hand. The self-respecting poor beg from each other; never from the rich. To live in the frock-coated ranks of life, to hear canting scenes of gratitude rehearsed for twopence, a man might suppose that giving was a thing gone out of fashion; yet it goes forward on a scale so great as to fill me with surprise. In the houses of the working class, all day long there will be a foot upon the stair; all day long there will be a knocking at the doors; beggars come, beggars go, without stint, hardly with intermission, from morning till night; and meanwhile, in the same city and but a few streets off, the castles of the rich stand unsummoned. Get the tale of any honest tramp, you will find it was always the poor who helped him; get the truth from any workman who has met misfortunes, it was always next door that he would go for help, or only with such exceptions as are said to prove a rule; look at the course of the mimetic beggar, it is through the poor quarters that he trails his passage, showing his bandages to every window, piercing even to the attics with his nasal song. Here is a remarkable state of things in our Christian commonwealths, that the poor only should be asked to give.

IV.

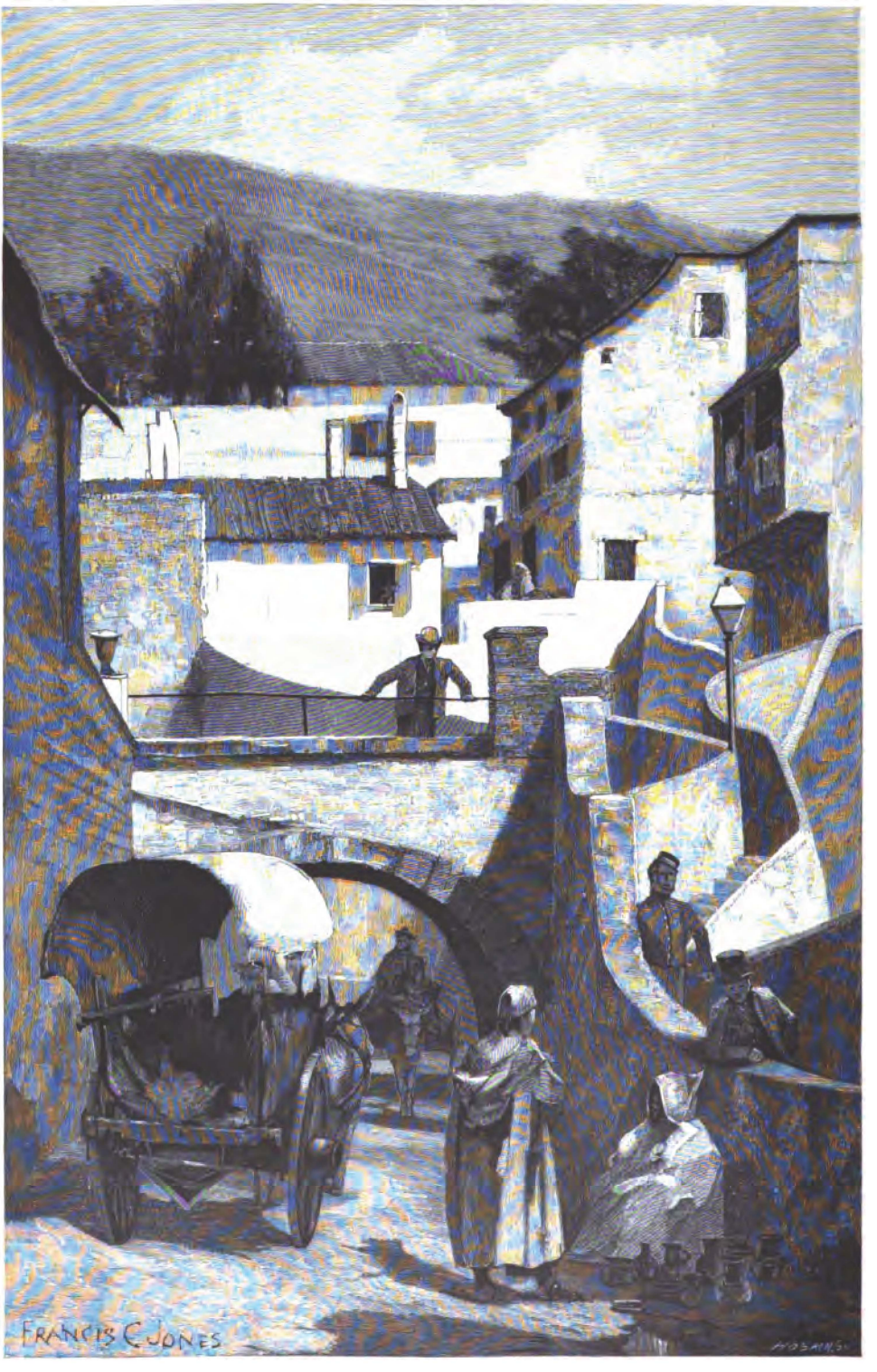
There is a pleasant tale of some worthless, phrasing Frenchman, who was taxed with ingratitude: "*Il faut savoir garder l'indépendance du cœur,*" cried he. I own I feel with him. Gratitude without familiarity, gratitude otherwise than as a nameless element in a friendship, is a thing so near to hatred that I do not care to split the difference. Until I find a man who is pleased to receive obligations, I shall continue to question the tact of those who are eager to confer

them. What an art it is, to give, even to our nearest friends! and what a test of manners, to receive! How, upon either side, we smuggle away the obligation, blushing for each other; how bluff and dull we make the giver; how hasty, how falsely cheerful, the receiver! And yet an act of such difficulty and distress between near friends, it is supposed we can perform to a total stranger and leave the man transfixed with grateful emotions. The last thing you can do to a man is to burthen him with an obligation, and it is what we propose to begin with! But let us not be deceived: unless he is totally degraded to his trade, anger jars in his inside, and he grates his teeth at our gratuity.

We should wipe two words from our vocabulary: gratitude and charity. In real life, help is given out of friendship, or it is not valued; it is received from the hand of friendship, or it is resented. We are all too proud to take a naked gift: we must seem to pay it, if in nothing else, then with the delights of our society. Here, then, is the pitiful fix of the rich man; here is that needle's eye in which he stuck already in the days of Christ, and still sticks to-day, firmer, if possible, than ever: that he has the money and lacks the love which should make his money acceptable. Here and now, just as of old in Palestine, he has the rich to dinner, it is with the rich that he takes his pleasure: and when his turn comes to be charitable, he looks in vain for a recipient. His friends are not poor, they do not want; the poor are not his friends, they will not take. To whom is he to give? Where to find—note this phrase—the Deserving Poor? Charity is (what they call) centralized; offices are hired; societies founded, with secretaries paid or unpaid: the hunt of the Deserving Poor goes merrily forward. I think it will take more than a merely human secretary to disinter that character. What! a class that is to be in want from no fault of its own, and yet greedily eager to receive from strangers; and to be quite respectable, and at the same time quite devoid of self-respect; and play the most delicate part of friendship, and yet never be seen; and wear the form of man, and yet fly in the face of all the laws of human nature:—and all this, in the hope of getting a belly-god Burgess through a needle's eye! O, let him stick, by all means; and let his polity tumble in the dust; and let his epitaph and all his literature (of which my own works begin to form no inconsiderable part) be abolished even from the history of man! For a fool of this monstrosity of dulness, there can be no salvation: and the fool who looked for the elixir of life was an angel of reason to the fool who looks for the Deserving Poor!

V.

And yet there is one course which the unfortunate gentleman may take. He may subscribe to pay the taxes. There were the true charity, impartial and impersonal, cumbering none with obligation, helping all. There were a destination for loveless gifts; there were the way to reach the pocket of the deserving poor, and yet save the time of secretaries! But, alas! there is no color of romance in such a course; and people nowhere demand the picturesque so much as in their virtues.



A STREET IN GIBRALTAR.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. APRIL, 1888. No. 4.

THE CAMPAIGN OF WATERLOO.

By John C. Ropes.

II.

In the Village of Wavre.

IT will easily be seen that information of the direction of the Prussian retreat was of the first importance to Napoleon. Yet neither he nor Soult took the necessary steps to ascertain this direction. With the numerous light cavalry at their disposal, this neglect is simply astonishing. That Napoleon himself was greatly fatigued by his day's work on the 16th, we know. But why Soult, on whom, as chief of staff, the acquisition of information as to the whereabouts of the enemy naturally fell, should have failed on this occasion, it is hard to tell. Soult had been, it must be recollected, for some years, an army commander himself, and had had a chief of staff of his own, and it is quite possible that he may not have been suited at this time to fill this particular post. Very probably a younger man, who had had some years' experience in staff duty, would have done better.

Pajol, however, with his cavalry, went out on the Namur road, and captured some prisoners and cannon. On his return, it was inferred at headquarters, in the absence of all other information, that the Prussian army had fallen back towards its base. Had reconnoissances been sent out to the northward as soon as it was daylight, the long columns of the Prussians must have been seen toiling through the lanes of Gentinnes and Mont St. Guibert in the direction of Wavre. But, strange and unaccountable as it seems, nothing was really known of the Prussians at Napoleon's headquarters on the morning of the 17th of June.

Left without accurate information, therefore, Napoleon was obliged to guess in what direction the Prussians had retired; and he guessed wrong. He supposed they had gone towards their base, towards Namur or Liége. Hence he determined to send his right wing, consisting, as we have seen, of the Third and Fourth Corps, under Grouchy, to follow them up and find out their intentions.

But on these corps had fallen the brunt of the previous day's battle; and he decided to give them the forenoon to get

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patiently, and refused to dine at the club, as he requested. But, taking dinner alone, with the other boarders, he could not but say to himself that they were not pleasing to him; their minds seemed narrow and their ways uncouth. They were more affable than on the first day, perhaps because it was the evening, not the morning; there was even a certain clumsy attention in the manner of one or two of the younger men, as if they would laugh at his stories, were he to tell any. After dinner, he read a novel in his study with a cigar, feeling comparatively comfortable in the rooms, which already seemed less strange to him; and at eleven o'clock he went to Miss Farnum's party. (One always spoke of Miss Farnum, Miss Farnum's house, Miss Farnum's dinners—not her mother's.) Townley, true to his intention previously expressed, was not there; the dressing-room was full of very young men, pulling on gloves and chattering; one older gentleman with a fine pair of shoulders and an honest face was in the corner next Arthur, and attracted the latter by his looks. "I wonder where they keep their brushes," was all he said; but he said it pleasantly; and Arthur and he walked down together.

Miss Farnum, who was a marvellously beautiful young woman, met them almost at the door. "Ah, I see you know one another already," said she.

"But we don't," said the stranger, smiling; and Arthur was introduced to him as Mr. Haviland. Then Miss Farnum turned to present Arthur to her mother; which formality over, our hero found himself very much alone; and he naturally drifted away into a corner, where he found Mr. Haviland awaiting him. It was pleasant enough to stand there and watch the influx of young beauties; girl after girl came in, in clouds of pink or white, bowed and curtesied at the door, and drifted into the comparative quiet of the main dancing-room, where they eddied around by twos and threes, waiting to be accosted by simpering youth. Haviland was very civil to him, and introduced him to many of them; so that Arthur found himself walking and dancing first with a blonde in blue or white, next with a *brune* in pink or yellow; they were all lovely, but it was difficult to permanently differentiate their natures in one's mind.

The ball was a very brilliant one, and the rooms were full; many of the ladies were pretty, and all seemed rich and well educated. But there was an indefinable spirit of unrest, of effort at shining, of social anxiety, which struck Arthur as a new note in his New York social experiences; and Charlie Townley's patronising remarks recurred again to him. When he went back to Miss Farnum, her reception duties were over; they had a waltz together, and then wandered into a conservatory for cool and rest.

"How different it all seems from New Haven," was Arthur's first remark; and she said yes, it did; and asked him if he were really living in New York, and if it was not Mr. Townley with whom she had seen him walking the other day.

"Mr. Townley is a great friend of mine, you must know; and I think it is too bad of him not to come to-night. And, by the way—whom were you with in the park this afternoon?"

"With Mrs. Gower," said Arthur.

"Mrs. Gower? Mrs. Levison Gower? Was it? I didn't see—" and no one would have guessed that the acquaintance of the lady mentioned was yet an unrealised dream to Miss Farnum. She led Arthur off soon after, and presented him to some of her most particular friends; Arthur was so fortunate as to secure one of these young ladies—Miss Marie Vanderpool—for the german; and they had seats very near the head. Altogether, Arthur was in the high tide of social favor; and nearly every one whom he met talked to him of Mrs. Gower, and he marvelled a little that that lady—who had spoken almost tragically to him of her loneliness—should have so many dear and admiring friends. When he went home, it was with three or four tinsel orders at his button-hole; and Haviland, whose coat-collar was yet undecorated, met him in the hall.

"Are you going the same way?" said he to Arthur; and when it turned out that they were, he asked him to drop in and have a cigar. Haviland knew that Arthur was a stranger in the city; and it soon turned out that they had one or

Battle-field of Waterloo—looking from the north towards Napoleon's right wing.

miles to the eastward and explore the roads in the direction of Namur, there is this remarkable passage :

"It is important to find out what the enemy is intending to do ; whether he is separating himself from the English, or whether they are intending still to unite to cover Brussels or * Liége in trying the fate of a new battle."

Fortified with this letter, containing in the sentence cited above the key to the military situation, Marshal Grouchy set out from the battle-field of Ligny about one o'clock, and reached Gembloux that evening about dark, with the Third and Fourth Corps, one division of the Sixth Corps, and a large body of cavalry, some 33,000 men in all.

It is not strange that both Napoleon and Ney should have entirely misunderstood the events of the previous day, and should consequently have had on the morning of the 17th each a grievance against the other. Ney, who supposed that the Emperor had robbed him of one of his corps, in consequence of which his best endeavors to beat the English at Quatre Bras had failed, felt that he had cause to be angry. He sent no report of his doings, and the first news the Emperor received of him was from one of his own staff-officers. In the letter which Soult wrote on receiving this news, we see what Napoleon supposed he had to complain of.

"The Emperor has seen with sorrow that you did not unite your divisions yesterday ; they operated separately ; hence you experienced losses. If the corps of the Counts d'Erlon and Reille had been together, not an Englishman of the force which attacked you would have escaped. If the Count d'Erlon had executed the movement upon St. Amand which the Emperor ordered [that by the Namur road in the rear of the Prussian position], the Prussian army would have been totally destroyed, and we should perhaps have taken 30,000 prisoners. The corps of Generals Gérard and Vandamme and the Imperial Guard have always been united ; one is exposed to reverses if one operates by detachments. The Emperor hopes and desires that your seven divisions of infantry and cavalry will be well united and formed, and that, together, they shall not occupy more than a league of ground, that you may have them well in hand and be able to employ them at need."

Surely no reproof was apparently more deserved, and certainly no reproof was ever more considerately and kindly

* The *et* in the original would seem to have been a mistake of Bertrand's for *ou*, Brussels and Liége lying in such opposite directions.

given. Look at the matter a moment. The two corps composing Marshal Ney's wing of the army had been ordered to unite at Gosselies as early as the afternoon of the 15th ; later in the day the order had been reiterated to the Count d'Erlon ; Ney was fully aware of these orders ; early in the morning of the 16th he had been asked if the First Corps had

Marshal Soult.

executed the movement prescribed the day before ; at or soon after 10 A.M., he had received the order to take both corps to Quatre Bras and carry the position ; yet, at half past five in the afternoon one of these corps is seen menacing the left of the main army while it is attacking the Prussians at Ligny ! Yet, while these facts are abundantly sufficient to account for Napoleon's censure, the truth is that d'Erlon and the staff-officer who turned the corps off the *chaussée* to St. Amand were probably the only persons to blame,—d'Erlon, for lack of promptness in starting, and the staff-officer for his irregular and presumptuous conduct.

This letter to Ney was written about eight, and should have reached him about half past nine. It ordered him to take position at Quatre Bras, as he had been ordered to do the day before,—the Emperor probably thinking that what might have been impossible for Ney to accomplish the afternoon before with the Second Corps alone, might be feasible enough now that he had both his corps together. But if he should find this impossible, then he was ordered to report the facts in detail at once. To this despatch Ney, apparently out of temper, returned, so far as we know, no answer. Another despatch, dated at noon, directs Ney to attack whatever is in front of him, stating that the Emperor will take position at Marbais, with one corps and the Guard, and that he awaits his reports with impatience. To this also, so far as we know, Ney vouchsafed no answer. Had Napoleon been as active a man as he once was, he would no doubt have galloped over to Quatre Bras himself early in the morning, and seen and heard for himself ; but he seems to have been slow about undertaking any exertion of the kind that could be avoided.

Many writers have blamed Napoleon for not attacking the English at Quatre Bras that morning. It is urged, and with great reason, that, the Prussians

La Haye Sainte—the Windmill.

being for the time at any rate out of the way, and the English within reach, two of his corps, the First and Sixth perfectly fresh, and the Guard hardly having suffered at all,—the whole army being in hand—an attack on Wellington's army, if concerted early in the morning, would have had every chance of success, if Wellington had stayed and accepted battle. Very possibly these writers are correct; but would Wellington have stayed and accepted battle? We know from Müffling, who was the Prussian military commissioner at Wellington's headquarters, that the Duke never thought of receiving battle at Quatre Bras; the only question with him that morning was whether he should retreat at once to Waterloo, or give the troops time to breakfast and rest. Müffling advised the latter course, telling the Duke that "it was always Napoleon's custom in Germany," after a battle, "to allow the troops first to cook, and to break up at ten the next morning." And when the French advanced that afternoon, Wellington promptly fell back. We therefore may be permitted to doubt whether Napoleon could have brought the English army to bay on the 17th, unless, of course, the two armies had reached the field of Waterloo in season for a battle in the afternoon. This, perhaps, might have been done by an early start. We have already seen why Napoleon thought he could afford to give his troops a needed rest that forenoon.

A Farm Gate near Waterloo.

Between one and two in the afternoon, however, Napoleon ordered Ney forward, pushing at the same time the Sixth Corps and the Guard over the Namur road to Quatre Bras. The English retired in admirable order. The Emperor, perhaps irritated with Ney for his apparent remissness, and possibly feeling also that he himself had lost some hours of valuable time, rode with the advance

guard, in spite of the rain which was falling in torrents, and infused an unwonted energy into the pursuit. D'Erlon says "the Emperor did not quit the head of the column of the advance guard, and was even engaged in a charge of cavalry in debouching from Genappe." The author of "Napoléon à Waterloo," who was an artillery officer of the Guard, says:

"One ought to have been a witness of the rapid march of this army in the day of the 17th, a march which resembled a steeple-chase more than the pursuit of an enemy in retreat, to get an idea of the activity which Napoleon knew how to impress upon his troops when placed under his immediate command. Six pieces of the horse artillery of the Guard, supported by the headquarters squadrons, marched in the first line, and vomited forth grape upon the masses of the enemy's cavalry, as often as, profiting by some accident of ground, they endeavored to halt to take position and retard our pursuit. The Emperor, mounted on a small and very active Arab horse, galloped at the head of the column; he was constantly near the pieces, exciting the gunners by his presence and by his words, and more than once in the midst of the shells and bullets which the enemy's artillery showered upon us."

A Part of Hougomont.

Captain Mercer in his journal, before referred to, is also quite sure that he saw Napoleon on this retreat.

"Lord Uxbridge was yet speaking, when a single horseman, immediately followed by several others, mounted the plateau I had left at a gallop, their dark figures, thrown forward in strong relief from the illuminated distance, making them appear much nearer to us than they really were. For an instant they pulled up and regarded us, when, several squadrons coming rapidly on the plateau, Lord Uxbridge cried out 'Fire! Fire!' and, giving them a general discharge, we quickly limbered up to retire, as they dashed forward supported by some horse artillery guns, which opened upon us ere we could complete the manœuvre."

The concurrence of these three eye-witnesses is certainly most interesting. Incidents like this, and the one which happened on the 15th, show the forcible and resolute character of the man, how, when his blood was up, he could take hold as vigorously as ever,—though his powers of physical endurance might be less than in his younger days.

The South Gate of Hougomont.

About half past six o'clock the advance of the French army ascertained that the English were in position in their front. The troops then bivouacked for the night.

About midnight, a despatch quite reassuring in its character arrived from Grouchy. He had been ordered, as we have seen, to find out whether the Prussians were intending to separate from the English or to unite with them and try the fate of another battle. In this despatch he wrote that "if he found that the mass of the Prussian army had retired on Wavre, he should follow them in that direction so that they might not gain Brussels and to separate them from Wellington, but that if he found that they had gone to Perwez [a town on the road to Liége], he should pursue them by that place." This despatch, it is true, when closely examined, did not show a thorough grasp of the situation, for Grouchy ought to have known that nothing that he could

Napoleon Conducting the Pursuit on June 17th.

do could avail to hinder the Prussians from retiring on Brussels, or crossing over to the turnpike and joining the English. Still, any movement of Grouchy's intended to effect the objects mentioned by him must inevitably bring him near the main army under the Emperor, where he would be in a position to render such assistance as might be required. Hence Napoleon felt that he could rely on Grouchy's looking out for the Prussians, and, if need be, coming to his help.

What Napoleon was afraid of was that Wellington would continue his retreat.

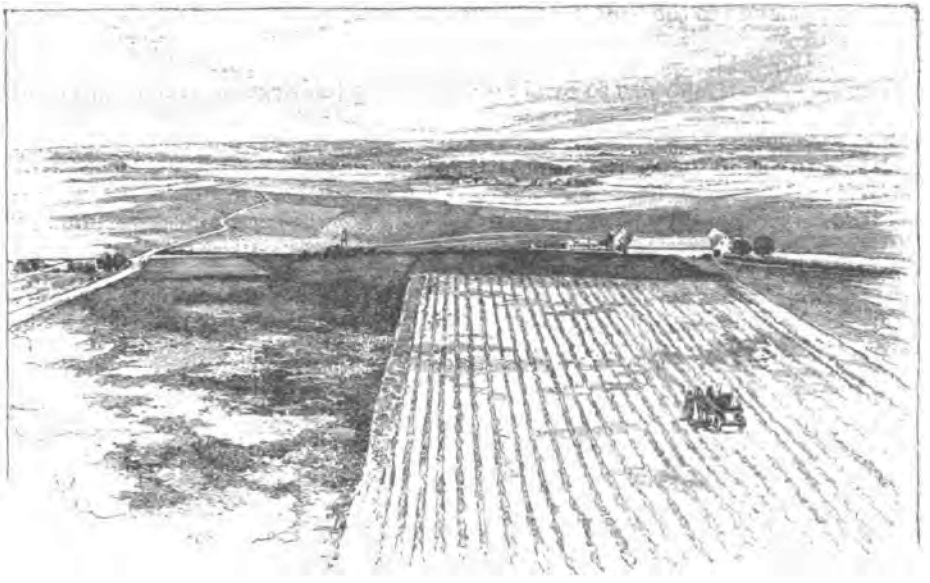
"Having formed an entirely different opinion of the enemy's movements from that of this officer," d'Erlon continues, "I sent my chief of staff to the Emperor to tell him that I thought that the enemy was making his dispositions to accept battle. The Emperor came immediately to the advance posts. I accompanied him. Having dismounted to get near the enemy's vedettes, and examine more nearly the movements of the English army, he saw that I was right, and being convinced that it was taking up its position, he said to me: 'Order the troops to make their soup and get their arms in proper condition, and we will see further about this matter towards noon.'"

Hougomont.

According to his own account, which is in the main adopted by Charras, he went out himself on foot at one o'clock in the morning in a drenching rain, accompanied only by Bertrand, to the picket line, to see for himself, and returned between two and three, satisfied from the fires which everywhere lit up the northern horizon that the enemy were in position. It would seem, however, that, towards morning, the Emperor was led to believe that the English were retreating. D'Erlon tells us that, an officer, sent by the Emperor early in the morning to the advance posts, having reported that the enemy were continuing their retreat, orders were sent to him to march at once and pursue them with vigor.

The point of this story, it will be observed, is not at all to show that the Emperor was particularly active on this occasion, or that he did not spare himself the trouble and risk of a personal reconnoissance on the picket line, but merely that d'Erlon's judgment of the real character of the movement made by the English army was the correct one, and was found to be so by the Emperor himself. Hence, as illustrating in a purely incidental way the still remarkable activity and personal energy of Napoleon, it is a story well worth preserving.

Towards morning the rain ceased, but the ground, much of which was arable



Battle-field of Waterloo—at right angles with the Charleroi road.

land, was in a very bad condition for the movements of artillery and cavalry. Napoleon always made great use of these arms in all his battles. After some conference with his officers, he decided to defer the attack till after eleven o'clock. Meantime the troops took their assigned positions amidst the music of innumerable bands, and with "all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war." The army was unquestionably in good fighting trim. It had steadily marched forward, always a good thing for troops. A part of the men had seen the Prussians defeated the day but one before. A part had on the same day valiantly attacked, and at one time nearly defeated, a portion of the army now before them, and though not successful in the end, could justly claim that they were beaten by numbers only. The troops had had time enough to rest and get their breakfast. The Emperor was in command. Everything foreboded success.

On the other side of the valley, some half or three-fourths of a mile wide, the Duke of Wellington marshalled his array. Of his British troops, those who had been engaged at Quatre Bras were proud of their day's work, and those who had not been so fortunate as to be there were anxious for a chance to show what stuff they were made of. Many of his allied troops showed also a firm countenance. Still there were some very weak places in the line. With great care then did the Duke distribute his steady and trustworthy troops. His battle was to be a purely defensive one. It was to be fought merely to gain time for the Prussians to arrive to his aid. By strictly adhering to his plan, saving his men as much as possible, and infusing into his army his own fixed and unalterable determination to hold the ground, the Duke of Wellington not only hoped but expected to baffle Napoleon's attacks, and, ultimately, with the assistance of the Prussians, to overwhelm him in a combined assault.

The two armies were nearly equal in numbers, that of Napoleon, which counted about 72,000 men, being the larger by about four thousand. It was also, as has been before pointed out, much the superior in point of quality. The French soldiers were decidedly better fighters than the troops from Belgium, Holland, Nassau, and Brunswick, which formed nearly two-fifths of Wellington's army. Many of these were raw troops, hardly better than militia. The Hanoverians were supposed to rank higher than these, but the Duke really trusted only to his

British troops and to the King's German Legion, of whom there were hardly 30,000 on the field.

Even now, the Duke was so afraid of his right being turned that he left some 18,000 men at Tubize and Hal, some twelve miles off, and never sent for them during the day. Had he been beaten, more would have been said about this.

The battle of Waterloo has been so often described that it would be a useless repetition to tell the story over again in any detail. There is little dispute as to its leading features. Every one is supposed to be familiar with them. We will pass them rapidly in review.

The Emperor began the battle by a fierce attack made by the Second Corps, which occupied the left of the line, on

Part of the Ruins of Hougomont.

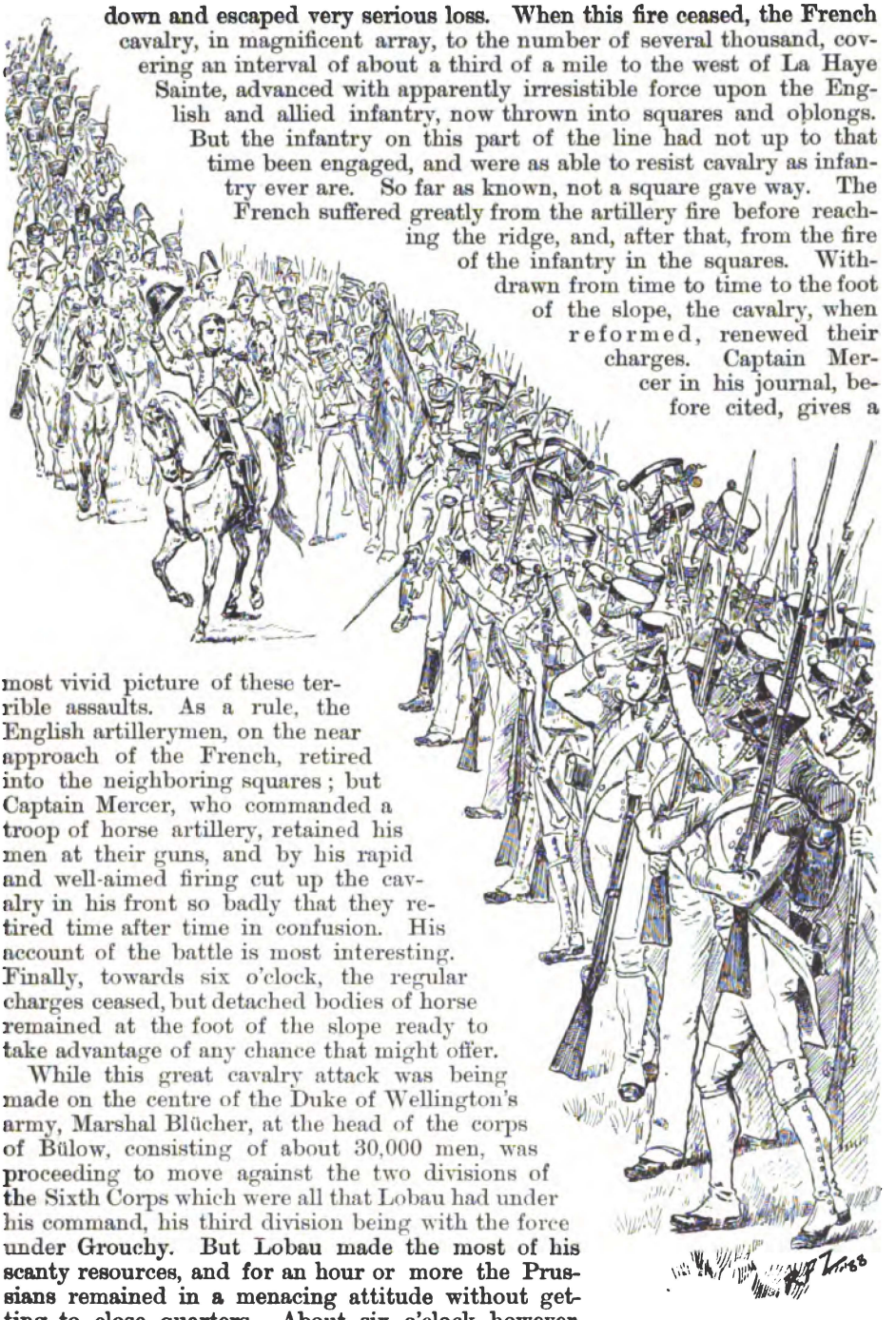
the wood and château of Hougomont, and its enclosures. This lasted an hour or more, but after hard fighting and great loss on both sides, the English retained the post.

Soon after one, a much more dangerous assault under the direction of Marshal Ney was made on the allied left and centre. Over seventy pieces of cannon from the reserve artillery were advanced to a ridge running parallel with and some distance in front of the right of the French line, which was occupied by the First Corps under the Count d'Erlon. After a heavy fire from this formidable battery, lasting for about half an hour, the First Corps advanced in several deep columns. They crossed the valley, and broke some of the Belgian troops in the first line of the allied army; but the English infantry, admirably handled by Picton and his lieutenants, were perfectly steady,—the fire from their extended lines was deadly, d'Erlon's columns found themselves brought to a stand and unable to deploy, and their discomfiture was completed by the brilliant charges of the English horse. At the same time, the allied left wing suffered severely; Picton was killed; the English cavalry, having in their excitement gone too far, were badly cut up by the French cavalry when they neared the main French position; and the Dutch-Belgian infantry were a good deal shaken.

Shortly before this attack commenced, the Emperor had seen, far to his right, Prussian troops coming up on the road from Wavre, and, at the close of the attack, soon after 3 o'clock, the Prussians, although not yet arrived, appeared to be in such force, that the Sixth Corps under Lobau, instead of being employed, as had been intended, in a fresh attack against the English left, was detached to make head against this new enemy. Lobau formed his troops across the road leading from Wavre to Planchenoit, facing nearly east.

On the left, Reille's corps had been a good deal exhausted by its unavailing attempt to get possession of Hougomont; and Ney, to whom, now that the advance of the Prussians on the right of the army had assumed such alarming proportions, Napoleon entrusted the general direction of the attack on the Duke of Wellington's army, decided to renew the battle with cavalry. This time he proposed to assault the centre of the English position, the portion lying between La Haye Sainte and Hougomont. With the view of preparing for the cavalry charges, the French artillery redoubled their fire on this part of the line. So long as there was no cavalry in sight, the allied troops lay

down and escaped very serious loss. When this fire ceased, the French cavalry, in magnificent array, to the number of several thousand, covering an interval of about a third of a mile to the west of La Haye Sainte, advanced with apparently irresistible force upon the English and allied infantry, now thrown into squares and oblongs. But the infantry on this part of the line had not up to that time been engaged, and were as able to resist cavalry as infantry ever are. So far as known, not a square gave way. The French suffered greatly from the artillery fire before reaching the ridge, and, after that, from the fire of the infantry in the squares. Withdrawn from time to time to the foot of the slope, the cavalry, when reformed, renewed their charges. Captain Mercer in his journal, before cited, gives a most vivid picture of these terrible assaults. As a rule, the English artillerymen, on the near approach of the French, retired into the neighboring squares; but Captain Mercer, who commanded a troop of horse artillery, retained his men at their guns, and by his rapid and well-aimed firing cut up the cavalry in his front so badly that they retired time after time in confusion. His account of the battle is most interesting. Finally, towards six o'clock, the regular charges ceased, but detached bodies of horse remained at the foot of the slope ready to take advantage of any chance that might offer.



Vive l'Empereur!

While this great cavalry attack was being made on the centre of the Duke of Wellington's army, Marshal Blücher, at the head of the corps of Bülow, consisting of about 30,000 men, was proceeding to move against the two divisions of the Sixth Corps which were all that Lobau had under his command, his third division being with the force under Grouchy. But Lobau made the most of his scanty resources, and for an hour or more the Prussians remained in a menacing attitude without getting to close quarters. About six o'clock, however, heavy reinforcements arriving, Blücher advanced, outflanked Lobau, and compelled him to retire towards the turnpike. The Prussian left-advance was directed

on Planchenoit, a village lying on the right and rear of the French position. Their intention was apparent,—it was to seize the line of communications and retreat of the French army. The blow was aimed at a vital part. The battle which was being fought on the plateau of Mont St. Jean, important as it was, could not divide Napoleon's attention with the defence of Planchenoit. The attack of the Prussians must be met and repelled, or the whole army would have to be withdrawn from the field of battle. By his movement on Planchenoit, where he hoped to establish himself firmly until the Second Corps, under Pirch, should arrive, Blücher was virtually attempting to throttle the French army.

Mont St. Jean.

Napoleon had ordered Ney to recommence the attack on the English position, but he was not now able to give his personal direction to these movements, still less to reinforce the troops with which Ney was proposing to carry the plateau. The fight in and around Planchenoit, which was not a fight for victory but rather for safety, claimed all his attention. English writers, naturally absorbed in the struggle of their own army, have paid no heed to this circumstance; many of them, and, strange to say, some of the most careful, not hesitating to accuse Napoleon of culpable and unaccountable neglect, in not having devoted himself to the battle with Wellington's army during this hour and a half, in which it is certain that his whole attention must have been engrossed by the pressing danger of the Prussian advance towards the turnpike.

In the action near Planchenoit, Blücher outnumbered Lobau more than two to one. Napoleon, who preserved perfectly his courage and coolness in this emergency, threw the eight battalions of the Young Guard into the village. The place was taken and retaken. The Emperor was obliged to send battalion after battalion of the Old Guard, four in all, to reinforce the Young Guard. Finally, after a very hard fight of more than an hour, the Prussians were driven back. In these combats, and in the final struggle for the village, which took place, as we shall see, at the close of the action, they lost 7,000 men.

Left then to himself, Ney, about six o'clock, made a vigorous and successful attack with the infantry of the First Corps upon the farm house of La Haye Sainte. The loss of this post, situated on the west side of the turnpike, a short distance in front of the English line, was a serious blow to the allied army. It was not only because it was the loss of a definite position, because it was a success for the enemy of a tangible kind which it was useless to deny, and which, occurring as it did near the close of the afternoon, had perhaps more than its due weight, but also because it enabled the French to place their guns under shelter of the bank and under cover of the house in a position to rake the English line from east to west. The effect was frightful. Mercer's battery, for instance, as he tells us, was well nigh destroyed by this fire. At the same time, French skirmishers from Donzelot's and Allix's divisions of the First Corps lined the slope, taking deliberate aim at the officers and soldiers in the squares, in which, for fear of further charges of cavalry, their opponents were obliged to stand, an easy mark for both artillery and musketry. From time to time a regiment would deploy to get an extended fire and drive off the French tirailleurs, only to be ridden down by

the French cavalry, bodies of which, anxious for reprisals, were lurking near the enclosures of La Haye Sainte or in the valley between the two armies. Under these circumstances the infantry on the centre of the allied line suffered terribly. In some regiments there were hardly men enough left to form square. Most of the guns on this part of the line had been dismounted or otherwise rendered unserviceable. The patience as well as strength of the Dutch-Belgians, of the Brunswickers, of the Nassauers, of the Hanoverians, was fast giving out. The English regiments still held their ground, but in numbers they were fearfully reduced. The principal general officers commanding in this part of the field, the Prince of Orange, Alten, Ompteda, were killed or wounded. It was the critical period for Wellington; and it required all his coolness and courage to oppose to the persistent, and now more or less successful, assaults of d'Erlon's men even a semblance of a connected line of battle. The French were gaining ground perceptibly and rapidly; the Duke's position was extremely perilous; it was well for him that the Emperor's attention at this juncture was necessarily concentrated on the task of repulsing the attacks of the Prussians at the other end of the field of battle.

On the Road to Brussels from Waterloo.

The movements of the Prussians having been, however, as we have seen, for the time being, at least, suspended, the Emperor determined to throw that portion of the Imperial Guard which could be spared from the defence of Planchenoit against the English centre. The eight battalions of the Young Guard and four of the Old Guard were still at or near Planchenoit; two more battalions of the Old Guard remained near the turnpike; all therefore that were available for this attack on the English army were the two remaining battalions of the Old Guard, and the eight battalions of the Middle Guard. Of these, according to the French contemporary accounts, with which several early English authorities agree, four battalions of the Middle Guard,—chasseurs, as they were termed,—were formed in column, and led forward by Ney and Friant; the two battalions of the Old Guard followed closely in support. The other four battalions of the Middle Guard seem to have remained in or near their original position. Nearly all the modern English historians, on the contrary, say there were two columns of the Guard, and two attacks, an interval of some fifteen minutes occurring between them. We have not room here to discuss the evidence; after much consideration, we are inclined to accept the contemporary French accounts. We think it probable that there was but one column, one attack, and one repulse or rout.

This column, then, composed of four battalions of the Middle and two of the Old Guard, consisted of about 3,300 men. Its approach was known to the skirmishers of d'Erlon's corps, who were well aware they were preparing the way for what was to be the final stroke. Ney had in fact done all that man could do

Charge of the Cuirassiers.

La Belle Alliance. (From "An Illustrated Record of Important Events in the Annals of Europe," etc. London, 1817.)

to make this the decisive blow. He had rallied the two corps of Reille and d'Erlon. The right division of Reille's corps, Bachelu's and Donzelot's and Allix's divisions of d'Erlon's corps, were pressing hard upon the exhausted and depleted regiments of the Anglo-allied army. As the Guard was advancing, Friant was wounded and obliged to leave the field. He reported to the Emperor that all was going well on the plateau.

For some reason or other, Marshal Ney directed the column towards the point where the right of the English line turned to the south towards the château and enclosures of Hougomont. Had it, instead, been directed towards that part of the line which was nearer to La Haye Sainte, where the guns were dismounted, where the English regiments were reduced to skeletons, where the allied infantry were in many instances kept on the ground only with the greatest difficulty, it would not only have struck the weakest place in Wellington's line of battle, but it would have had no enemy to fear except in front. As it was, the column, moving on the right of the enclosures of Hougomont, approached the allied position under a heavy fire in front and on its left flank. Preceded by a numerous body of skirmishers, it nearly reached the top of the hill, where Wellington had stationed himself behind Maitland's brigade of the English Guards, which was lying down. The troops rose and fired on the skirmishers, scattered them, and then charged down the slope upon the mass, creating more or less confusion in it and causing it to fall back in some disorder. On an alarm of cavalry, however, the English Guards retreated to their former position at the top of the hill, and the column of the Imperial Guard resumed its advance. But in a very few moments, Sir John Colborne, an officer of great dash and excellent judgment, commanding the 52d British regiment, a crack Peninsular corps, moved his regiment from its position near the angle of the English line, on Maitland's right, down the slope until it came op-

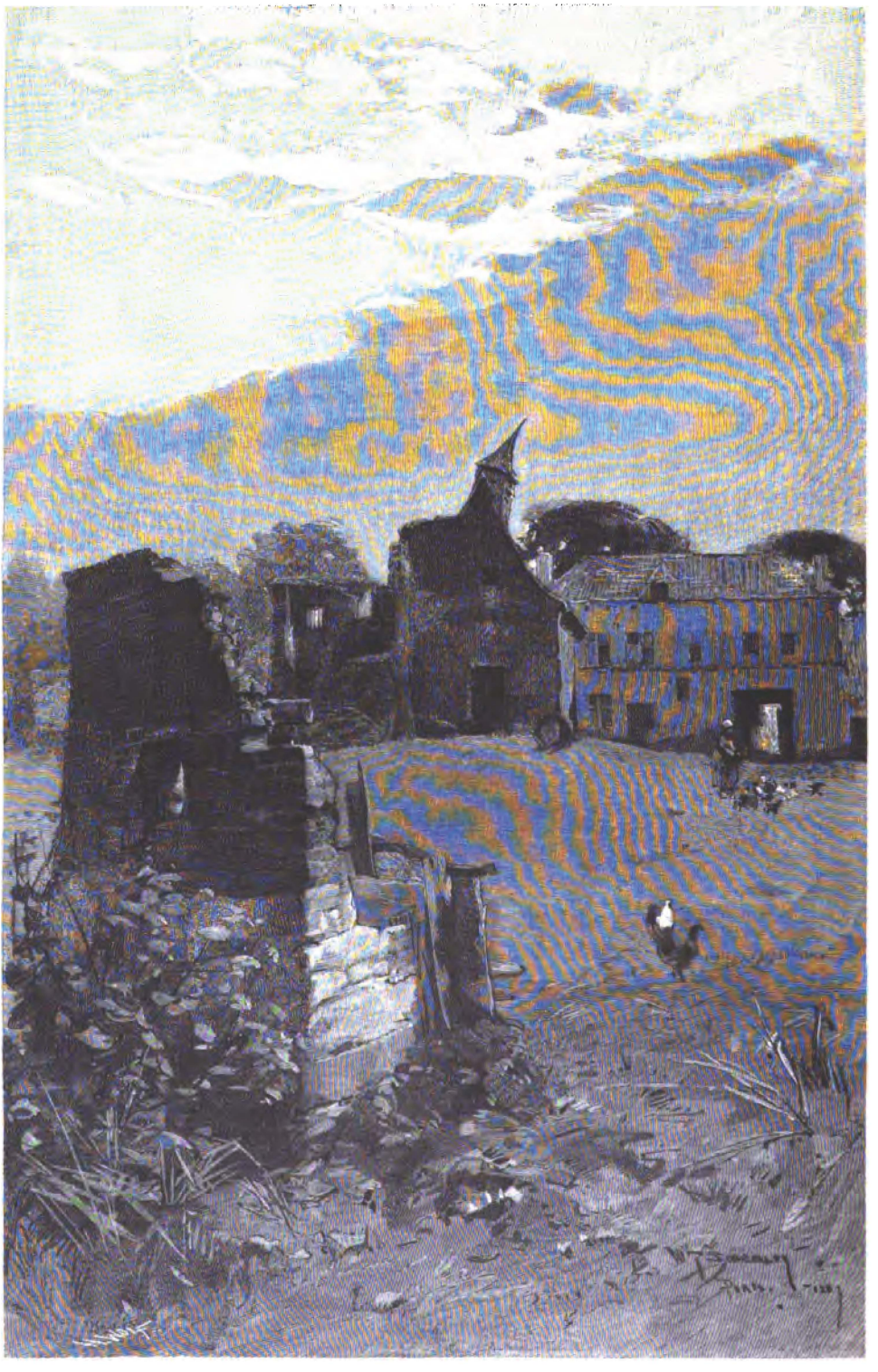
On the Lion Mound at Waterloo.

posite the head of the charging column; then, executing a partial left wheel, his regiment, in line, flanked the French column, and poured into it at very short range a deadly fire. The column halted and faced so as in some measure to return the fire, and the action continued some minutes; other regiments participating. Finally the 52d charged the column with the bayonet. The four leading battalions broke and fled,—the two rear battalions, those of the Old Guard, not being opposite the 52d, retired down the slope in good order.

La Haye Sainte. (From "An Illustrated Record," etc.)

The rout of this column of the Imperial Guard demoralized those French troops who were witnesses of it. Moreover, at this moment the French right had been turned and thrown back in confusion and dismay. Ziethen's corps had arrived on the English left just before the attack of the Guard, and it was now advancing with resistless force upon the right divisions of d'Erlon's Corps, driving them back in disorder, and spreading a panic throughout the French army. Wellington, seeing the moment had come, threw in two fresh brigades of cavalry, those of Vivian and Vandeleur, and then ordered the whole line to advance. The rout of the French was sudden and complete. Only the battalions of the Guard which had not participated in the late attack showed a firm countenance. These were thrown into squares, and, slowly retreating from place to place, repulsed for a while all attacks against them. Napoleon exerted himself to the utmost to rally the army. He galloped from point to point. He threw his headquarters guard of cavalry against the English horse; he personally directed the disposition of the few remaining battalions of the Guard; but it was of no avail. He was forced to seek shelter in one of the squares himself, and finally, when it was evident that nothing could save the army, he was obliged to take refuge in flight.

About the same time, Blücher, whose forces had been nearly doubled by the arrival of the corps of Pirch, after a gallant and obstinate resistance, carried Planchenoit. The whole French army

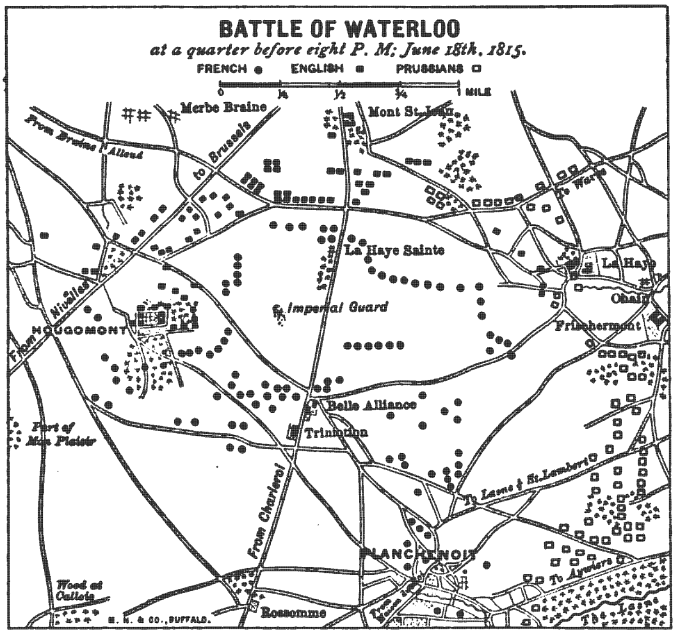


The Ruins of Hougomont.

was now in full retreat, pursued by the Prussians, to whom Wellington gladly left the task of following the defeated enemy.

Such, in brief, was the famous battle of Waterloo. A more complete overthrow never overtook an army. No wonder, then, that the world has recurred again and again to the study of this campaign to see, if possible, how it came about that such a crushing defeat was suffered by the great master of modern warfare. Let us try to account for it, if we can.

It must, we think, be fully admitted that, but for the assistance of the Prussians, the army under the Duke of Wellington would have been beaten. Not only did the advent of the Prussians diminish by about 16,000 men the force available for attacking the English position, but it interfered in every possible way with the employment by Napoleon of the troops which were available for this purpose. It compelled him to fight two battles at the same time. Had there been no Prussians, but had the army with which the Emperor was about to engage Wellington simply been diminished by 16,000 men, the battle would without doubt have been much better fought by him. But, had there been no Prussians, and had the whole 72,000 men of which his army consisted been employed without any interference or distraction against the miscellaneous force which Wellington commanded, it is easy to see what would have been the result.



Napoleon's calculations were, then, perfectly correct as to the relative strength of the two armies, his and Wellington's; his error lay in supposing that he would not be attacked by Blücher. This brings us at once to the consideration, in the first place, of the steps which he adopted for dealing with the army of Blücher after the battle of Ligny, and, secondly, of the manner in which his orders were carried out.

His great mistake, as we have pointed out, was in not ascertaining the direction of the Prussian retreat after the battle of Ligny. His erroneous conjecture as to the direction of their retreat led him to divide his army, to send 33,000 men after them under Marshal Grouchy, and, supposing, as he did, that they had gone towards their base, he saw nothing to be gained by a very prompt pursuit. He did, however, as we have seen, warn Grouchy of the possibility of their effecting a junction with the English and fighting a battle for the defence of Brussels, and Grouchy had said that if he found they had retreated on Wavre, he would endeavor to separate them from Wellington. On receiving this word from Grouchy, Napoleon felt secure. Grouchy, he thought, must, if he manœuvres for this object, approach us, he will probably cross the Dyle during the forenoon, and operate on my extreme right flank.

Marshal Grouchy ascertained before 3 A.M. of the 18th that the Prussians had retired on Wavre, and so wrote to the Emperor. Their object in so doing could be nothing else than to unite with the English. His *rôle* then was a plain one,—to unite with the main army under Napoleon, and prevent his being overwhelmed by both the allied armies. Nothing that he could possibly do, even if he should leave Gembloux at daylight, could hinder the Prussians from continuing their retreat from Wavre to Brussels, or from marching from Wavre towards Wellington. The only thing for him to do was to march as soon and as fast as he could towards the main army, and await further orders. Had he left Gembloux at or before sunrise, say at four o'clock, crossing the Dyle at the bridge of Mousty, a distance of ten miles, he would have put himself in communication with Napoleon before 12 or 1 o'clock, making allowance for the muddy country roads. His numerous cavalry would have informed him of the Prussian march from Wavre to Planchenoit, and his corps might have reached the defiles of St. Lambert, by 2 or 3 o'clock. That he would have met any serious resistance in such a movement seems very improbable. The Prussian army was all full of the idea of joining Wellington. Their leading divisions were across the Dyle at Wavre at daybreak, at the moment when Grouchy should have started from Gembloux. That Blücher would have renounced his plan, would have gone back on his word given to Wellington, his promise that he would march to his relief with his whole army, that Blücher, instead of this, would have taken his army, or sent any part of it, towards Gembloux to fight Grouchy, is not to be believed for a moment. What settles the matter is that Thielemann, who commanded the last of the Prussian corps, had orders to follow the others in case no enemy appeared at Wavre, and was preparing to do so when Grouchy's advance guard appeared. There is therefore no good reason to suppose that Grouchy would have been opposed by any force of the Prussians, other perhaps than cavalry, before reaching the bridge of Mousty, and, once across that bridge, he would have communicated directly with Napoleon, and his two corps would have operated on the right of the main army. This would have relieved Napoleon from the necessity of detaching the Sixth Corps and the Young Guard to resist Bülow, and would have enabled him to employ his whole force against the army under Wellington, —and the result of this would, as we have seen, have been in all human probability a decisive victory for Napoleon.

What Grouchy did was to march in pursuit of the Prussians by way of Sart-à-Walhain. It never seems to have occurred to him that there was more than one way of moving on Wavre, that, while it was possible to operate, as he was doing, in such a way as to have the Prussians between himself and Napoleon, it was also possible and far preferable to operate in such a way as to be nearer to Napoleon than they were. At Sart-à-Walhain he heard the sound of the cannon of Waterloo, but nothing could induce him to change his plan; the Prussians were at Wavre, he must attack them there; nothing that Gérard could urge had the slightest effect on his mind. To Wavre then he went, by the outside route, so to speak; he occupied the afternoon in driving the corps of Thielemann in the direction of the turnpike; when the catastrophe took place, Grouchy was ten miles away, and the whole Prussian army was between him and his master.

Whether, if he had taken Gérard's advice, he could have arrived in time to be of any service, is not easy to say; it is eighteen miles from Sart-à-Walhain to Planchenoit; his march lay through bad roads; but he would have encountered no opposition; the whole Prussian army was on the other side of the Dyle and marching as hard as they could on roads just as bad; they would not have turned back and interfered with him. He might have got up in season to have checked the final attack on Planchenoit, and prevented the rout. But to have been of any great use to Napoleon he should have started to rejoin him the instant he was satisfied that Blücher had retreated north so as to join Wellington.

Into the questions that have been

raised concerning the dispatches sent to Grouchy, we have not time to enter now. At any rate, they were received by him too late to affect his action; when he took his course, they had not arrived. No doubt Grouchy tried to do his best; but this was his first experience in an independent command, and he seems to have been by no means a clear-headed man. Had Napoleon had Davout in his place, as he might and ought to have had, it is not likely that the catastrophe of Waterloo would have occurred. And it must also be remembered that Grouchy would never have been sent away from the main army to pursue the Prussians, if Napoleon and Marshal Soult had not, between them, neglected to ascertain the direction of the Prussian retreat after the battle of Ligny. This was Napoleon's only mistake of any great consequence in the campaign; but this was a most serious omission, which nothing but the greatest activity combined with a quick and correct military judgment on the part of the officer in command of the detached force could hinder from being a fatal omission; and these rare qualities were certainly not possessed by Marshal Grouchy. On the other hand, it is not true to say that Napoleon did not in the least take into account the possibility of the Prussian army's joining the English; he did take it into account, and warned Grouchy against it. But it must be confessed that no warnings against a possible danger can take the place of intelligent action founded upon ascertained facts.

Near Wavre.

"THE SNOWING OF THE PINES."

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

SOFTER than silence, stiller than still air,
Float down from high pine boughs the slender leaves.
The forest floor its annual boon receives
That comes like snowfall, tireless, tranquil, fair.
Gently they glide, gently they clothe the bare
Old rocks with grace. Their fall a mantle weaves
Of paler yellow than autumnal sheaves
Or those strange blossoms the witch-hazels wear.
Athwart long aisles the sunbeams pierce their way;
High up, the crows are gathering for the night;
The delicate needles fill the air; the jay
Takes through their golden mist his radiant flight;
They fall and fall, till at November's close
The snow-flakes drop as lightly—snows on snows.

THE CENTRE OF THE REPUBLIC

By James Baldwin.

FIRST PAPER.

I.

IT is just one hundred years since the old Congress of the Confederation was holding its last feeble sessions in the city of New York, and making ready for that change of government which was to come in with the adoption of the Constitution. That legislative body had had a fluctuating existence of a little more than a dozen years. It had begun its work by inaugurating the war with the mother-country and by declaring the independence of the colonies; it had been the chief law-making and executive power of the States during the long and trying struggle which followed; it had been instrumental, in no small degree, in securing the blessings of peace and liberty to the American people. But now its work was thought to have been finished; that it was capable of performing any further great act of legislation seemed to be impossible. With barely a quorum in attendance, hampered by many restrictions, having little more than the shadow of authority, and possessing neither the confidence nor the respect of the country, there was really little that could be expected of it save quietly to abdicate in favor of the new order of things.

Nevertheless, at the very moment that all men's eyes were turned toward Philadelphia and the convention of delegates that was there framing a new Constitution for the young republic, the old Congress quietly crowned the work of its short existence by an act of the highest importance, not only to the future prosperity of the country, but to the continuance of the Union. It is needless to say that this act was the passage of the now memorable Ordinance of 1787, providing for the settlement, government, and development of the Territory Northwest of the River Ohio. No measure of legislation since the declaration of the nation's independence has produced results more wonderful or more enduring than this last supreme effort of the dying old Congress. "Never probably in the history of the world," says Chief-Justice Chase, "has any law so accurately fulfilled, and yet so mightily exceeded, the anticipations of the law-making power which framed it."

The Territory Northwest of the River Ohio embraced, as every reader of history knows, that portion of the country now included within the boundaries of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, and that part of Minnesota lying east of the Mississippi. This region had lately been ceded to the general government by Virginia and other States which had claimed it, or portions of it, by reason of their charters from the mother-country, or on account of certain treaties made with Indian tribes. With the exception of a few trading posts and military stations, it was an unbroken, almost unexplored, wilderness. The entire number of white inhabitants did not probably exceed two thousand, and of these many, especially in the north and west, were of French extraction.

The motives which prompted the passage of the Ordinance respecting this Territory were not altogether unselfish or patriotic. At the bottom of the movement there was on foot a money-making scheme—a private speculation in land—in which, as one of its promoters acknowledged, many of the principal characters of America were concerned. It was proposed by a company of capitalists, mostly New Englanders, to purchase some three and a half millions of acres in the Valley of the Ohio, paying therefor in public securities, at the nominal rate of about seventy-five cents per acre. They believed that

should a good form of government be secured to this Territory the time would soon come when the land could be sold to settlers or others at a handsome advance, and thus large profits be realized. There were many persons, doubtless, who ridiculed this scheme, and who regarded its promoters as visionaries dreaming of an impossible great empire in the wilds beyond the Alleghanies; but these capitalists had faith in the undeveloped resources of the Ohio Valley, and were willing to risk the investment of their funds if the Congress would only guarantee a form of government which would encourage immigration to the Territory. On the other hand, Congress was anxious to sell the land, and by doing so diminish the national debt; and thus, while the public attention was directed elsewhere it was easy for an arrangement to be effected highly satisfactory to both parties and absolutely wonderful in its unforeseen results. "Every man that had a share in the passage of this act," says Bancroft, "seemed to be led by an invisible hand to do just what was wanted of him; all that was wrongfully undertaken fell to the ground to wither by the wayside; whatever was needed for the happy completion of the mighty work arrived opportunely, and just at the right moment moved into its place."

The sagacity, indeed, with which the makers of this Ordinance provided for the future interests of the "Northwest," and thereby for the welfare and perpetuity of the Union, seems to us little short of miraculous; nowhere has it any parallel save in the matchless wisdom displayed by the framers of the national Constitution. The Ordinance and the Constitution, although originating independently and from motives entirely different, were equally necessary to the establishment and preservation of the union of the States: each was the complement of the other—in the absence of either, the other would have failed to accomplish its full measure of good.

The convention which was sitting at the same time in Philadelphia and debating the adoption of a new Constitution was a body greatly superior both in numbers and influence to the Congress at New York. Among its members were the leading statesmen of the time—Hamilton, Madison, Randolph, Franklin, Washington, and many others. Yet it is worthy of note that their vision into the future was far more limited than that of the eighteen men, unknown to fame, who voted upon the passage of the Ordinance. They had little knowledge of the hidden resources of the West; they had less faith in the possible future of that section. The country for which they were framing a fundamental code of laws was, so far as their knowledge extended, only that comparatively narrow extent of territory embraced between the mountains and the sea, and bounded on the north by the St. Croix River and on the south by Florida.

There were, of course, in that convention a few men, more far-seeing and more enthusiastic than the rest, who fancied that at some dim, distant period great commonwealths might be founded beyond the mountains, and new stars be added to the galaxy of the States. But by most of the delegates there assembled any marked extension of civilization westward was deemed a possibility too remote to be seriously considered. Colonies would probably be established in the Ohio Valley, but for many generations to come these would be but little more than mere "barrier settlements"—a species of outposts between the States of the Union and the domains of barbarism. The Constitution of the United States was, therefore, intended primarily to meet the wants of that part of the country east of the Alleghanies, and not to provide for the possible needs of a western empire. Had the men of the convention possessed that faith in the future of the West which animated some of the members of the old Federal Congress, it is impossible to say to what extent of folly they might have carried their schemes of legislation. But a wise Providence, while hiding from their eyes the magnitude of their work, directed their counsels and enabled them, in establishing a form of government for the East, to provide with equal sagacity and satisfaction for the future, undreamed-of demands of the West.

Three years passed. The old transitional government of the Confederation of States had been dissolved. The new

government of and for the people of a great nation, as established and provided for by the Constitution, had been inaugurated. The first Congress of the United States had assumed the functions delegated to it, and with new blood in its veins and new power in its hands, it was laying firm and broad the foundations of the national republic. Among the first duties of this Congress was that of selecting a site for the permanent location of the nation's capital. The seat of government, it was argued, ought not to be far from the centre of the inhabited portion of the country. Where was that centre? The first census had shown that the population of the States was nearly evenly distributed in all directions about a point some twenty-three miles east of Baltimore. That point, then, was practically the centre of the republic. As the population should continue to increase, what would be the result? Would the location of the centre be changed? If so, in what direction would it move?

Not for several ages, argued some of the members, would the centre of population depart from its present position near the city of Baltimore, and never would it move westward. The cities and towns of the Atlantic coast were increasing rapidly in wealth and importance; if the focal point of the country should change its location at all, its course would be eastward, toward the sea. Not one of the men in that First Congress seemed to have any faith in the growth and future importance of the West. "Not for at least a hundred years," said Fisher Ames, "will that part of the country's population beyond the Alleghanies be sufficient to merit serious attention."

To these legislators, the trackless woods and boundless prairies lying between the Ohio River and the Great Lakes were scarcely of enough importance to be looked upon as actually a part of the new republic. That region was indeed within the boundaries of the national domain, and as such should be provided for and protected; yet it was to be regarded rather as a kind of back-pasture to the original homestead—a kind of dependency whose interests should be considered only so far as they affected the welfare of the States. That it would ever prove to be much more than a sort of troublesome appanage to the nation seems scarcely to have been reckoned among the possibilities.

II.

But the centre of population was at that very moment changing its location; and, contrary to the opinions of the wisest statesmen, it was moving westward. To us, living a century later and looking backward instead of forward, it is a matter of surprise that our first national legislators should have been so blind to the promises and possibilities of the future. That their predecessors of the Continental Congress had, by the Ordinance of 1787, opened wide the way and invited immigration into the Western Territory, appears to have been a fact unnoticed by them, or at any rate to have been regarded as a matter of no importance whatever. They seem not to have been aware that the passes of the Alleghanies were already teeming with pioneers eagerly making their way westward toward the back-pasture of the republic; that the great forests of the Ohio Valley were being rapidly felled, and that innumerable broad farms were being opened in the rich bottom-lands along the watercourses; that villages and towns were being founded which erelong would become the centres of trade and a busy Western commerce; and that, beyond the mountains, men were beginning to talk of the organization of new States in the territory so lately an unexplored wilderness. Does it appear strange that men, with these evidences in existence of the westward march of empire, should fail to perceive them, and should honestly believe and assert that the centre of population and influence in this country would never pass beyond the ridge of the Alleghanies? How much more strange is it that at this very day there are numbers of otherwise well-informed people living in the States of the Atlantic slope, who hug the same delusion and look upon the "West" as still a sort of uncultivated tract of forest and prairie, inhabited by illiterate and uncultured country-folks!

Within ten years from the passage of the Ordinance regarding the Northwest Territory the population of that region had increased to nearly fifty thousand persons. Within thirty years it was almost a million. Long before the taking of the fifth census, Ohio ranked as the fourth State in the Union. In 1880 the population of the five States originally embraced in the Northwest Territory was more than eleven millions—nearly one-fourth that of the entire country. To-day it cannot fall short of fourteen millions.

For one hundred years the point which represents the centre of the republic has been steadily moving due westward along the thirty-ninth parallel of north latitude. Its average rate of progress has been about five miles per year. In 1800 its location was eighteen miles west of Baltimore; in 1810 it had crossed the Potomac; in 1820 it was well on the western side of the Shenandoah Valley; in 1830 it had reached the highest ridge of the Appalachians; in 1850 it had passed the mountain-barriers and was following the course of the Little Kanawha through West Virginia; within the next ten years it had, by a rapid march of more than eighty miles, reached a point over half-way across the State of Ohio; in 1870 it was within fifty miles of Cincinnati; in 1880 it had entered the valley of the Miami; in 1890 it will probably be found well within the boundaries of Indiana.

That sooner or later this central point which represents the westward "course of empire" in the United States will cease to advance, or otherwise will reach a turning place, is absolutely certain. Should its progress continue for another century as during the past hundred years, it would at the end of that time be more than half-way across the State of Missouri. But this is not likely to be the case. Each succeeding census for several coming decades will doubtless show a slacking up in the rate of advancement westward, and finally the direct forward movement must cease. Bearing in mind the narrow vision and the mistaken forecasts of our early legislators, it seems hazardous to conjecture with regard to future probabilities. Yet there is good reason to believe that not for many years will the nucleus of the country's population pass beyond or even reach the Mississippi River.

Indeed, it requires but little boldness of assertion to predict that within the limits of the Territory Northwest of the River Ohio—that territory so grandly provided for in the Ordinance of 1787—the westward march of the centre of population will find, for a long time, its limit. That region is no longer a barrier-land on the outskirts of civilization; it is the centre of a civilization the most progressive on the globe. It is no longer a sort of back-pasture to the original national domain; it is one of the richest and most prosperous portions of the republic. It is no longer the Northwest, nor even the West;* the States which are embraced within its limits are now the Central States of the Union.

To be merely the focal point around which sixty millions of people are distributed, is in itself a matter of but little consequence. The central location of the States north of the Ohio affords them many natural advantages; yet the benefits arising from these advantages would deserve no mention, did not the wealth, intelligence, and moral influence of that section of the Union harmonize with its position. Nowhere within this country has progress in material affairs been more rapid or more substantial; nowhere have social culture and intellectual enlightenment shown a more wonderful development than has been exhibited in these States within the memory of the present generation. It is the purpose of the remaining portions of this paper to call attention to some of the causes and phenomena leading to, and attendant upon, this development.

III.

The American citizen who had crossed the Alleghanies and had hewn out for himself a farm in the woods of the great Northwest could not fail to realize in a striking sense the immensity of his country. Its possibilities were not confined between the mountains and the sea, but

* For the sake of convenience, however, I shall continue in this paper to use the term West, as the most common designation of that section of our country.

were as broad as the continent and as numerous as the water-courses which feed the flood of the Mississippi. Its boundaries—if, indeed, there were boundaries—were not included within any visible horizon. Here there was room to grow, to expand, to feel and to know true freedom, to originate projects, and to carry them to successful issues. Influenced by impressions such as these, the Western pioneer developed a kind of self-reliant patriotism of the true old Roman type. New aspirations began to fill his breast, new ideas and opinions found lodgement in his brain. In the untrammelled freedom of the forest, and beneath the limitless skies of the Western plains, old traditions were forgotten; the conservatism bred of years of dependence upon the mother-country became a thing of the past; a new meaning was added to the idea of independence — the true American spirit of self-government had then and there its birth. Every man was a free man—free not only in a political sense, but in every sense. The beaten roads and ruts of servile imitation were abandoned; originality in thought and action became common, as a matter of both necessity and choice; instead of a meek dependence upon the leadership of others, every man acquired a kind of hardy self-reliance and a faith in his own opinions and abilities which made him under all circumstances his own master; the ordinary class distinctions were ignored, and the equality of men, not only before the law, but in the relationships of life, was generally not more a precept than a practical reality.

For the acquisition of these qualities of character and these opinions the pioneer citizen of the Northwest was indebted to a variety of circumstances and influences. He was indebted not more to the vastness of his surroundings than to the peculiar difficulties and dangers which they presented. He was indebted not more to the great natural resources and advantages which were waiting to be developed and utilized, than to the necessities of his position, which obliged him to make the best of whatever came to his hand. He was indebted not more to any of these things and circumstances than to the wise provisions embodied in the Ordinance which the Congress of 1787 had enacted for the government of the Territory of which he was a citizen.

By the first Article of compact in that Ordinance he was granted the right of freedom in matters of religious opinion: "No person demeaning himself in a peaceable and orderly manner shall ever be molested on account of his mode of worship or religious sentiments."

By the second Article he was assured that no law should ever be enacted which would interfere with or affect private contracts. He was also guaranteed the right of trial by jury, the writ of *habeas corpus*, and the privileges of the common law—rights for which Englishmen had contended for centuries, and in the possession of which they were scarcely yet secure. These rights, it is true, were also affirmed in the Constitution of the United States, but not until after their recognition in the Ordinance of '87.

By the third Article, and the necessary enactments which followed, the education of the pioneer's children was assured, and the diffusion of general intelligence was made obligatory: "Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged."

By the fourth Article the Territory, and the States which might "be formed therein," were declared to be forever a part of the United States and subject to the laws thereof—thus assuring to the pioneer the right of national citizenship and protection, while at the same time discouraging all attempts toward independent sovereignty and an undue assumption of State rights.

By the fifth Article it was provided that the States—not fewer than three nor more than five—which might be formed within the Territory should be admitted into the Union "on an equal footing with the original States in all respects whatever,"—thus encouraging on the part of the pioneer an interest in local and sectional as well as in national politics. In accordance with the provisions of this Article, Ohio became a State in 1802, Indiana in 1816, Illinois in 1818, Michigan in 1837, and Wisconsin in 1848.

By the sixth and last Article freedom

was assured to every inhabitant, irrespective of race or social condition: "There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory otherwise than in the punishment of crimes whereof the party shall have been duly convicted."

Through such conditions and causes —and moulded by their environments, natural and political—the men of the West became thinkers and doers of a type distinctively Western. The States of the Ohio Valley became the nursery of new and progressive ideas; the rallying point of radical movements in politics; the birthplace of innumerable absurd theories, wild projects, and impracticable "isms;" but, withal, the great centre of influence whence has issued a mighty leaven shaping public thought, directing public action, and lending robust strength to the national character.

IV.

In the settlement of the States north of the Ohio River there occurred a peculiar blending of diverse elements. From the New England States, from New York and Pennsylvania, there came a class of hardy, industrious, enterprising immigrants who sought new homes in the West because of the grand possibilities which they believed to exist in that section. From the Carolinas and from the mountain region of Virginia there came a very different class—a class of poor men who, unable to obtain recognition or acquire a foothold in communities where all labor was performed by slaves, were attracted thither by the abundance of game in the forests, the cheapness of the land, and the comparative ease with which a humble livelihood might be obtained. These latter were generally content to settle among the hills in the less fertile southern portions of Ohio and Indiana. Some of them penetrated as far as to the rich plains of Illinois; but, strange to say, instead of making their homes on the prairies, where the land was ready for and inviting cultivation, they preferred the woodland and farms which could be made productive only after the slow and laborious process of clearing the ground of underbrush and trees.

With the exception of a few of the better class of Virginians, and perhaps also of the Quakers from North Carolina, the pioneer squatters from the Southern States were not an enterprising nor, indeed, a well-to-do class of citizens. The impress made upon them and their ancestors by two centuries' contact with slavery was not readily removed or forgotten. With many of them there long remained a lingering respect for the institution which had made life in the South undesirable to them; with others there was engendered a growing antagonism, which in the course of time developed into rank abolitionism. With scarcely an exception, these early settlers were hospitable, large-hearted—generous even to a fault: yet their aspirations were exceedingly limited, and the provision which they made for future necessities was as insignificant as their knowledge of the morrow was indefinite. They were happy in that they were contented with but little; hence, they were opposed to innovations, and were ignorant of the true meaning of progress. They had a kind of admiration for superiority of intellect, and at the same time they regarded mere book-learning with a peculiar indifference amounting almost to contempt. Scrupulously honest, simple-minded, chivalric—they were withal uncouth in manners, indolent, careless of personal appearance, inclined to boastfulness. Their language was a jargon the like of which has ceased to exist, but which certain critics on the Atlantic coast still imagine to be the distinguishing trait of the "typical Hoosier." One may perhaps find to-day in the mountains of West Virginia and Tennessee a state of society similar to that which existed forty years ago among the Southern pioneers in Indiana and Ohio; but the Hoosier, as he is commonly represented in the popular romance, or as he is pictured in the lively imagination of his Yankee kinsman who has never seen the western slope of the Alleghanies—the Hoosier of pioneer days has long ago disappeared from the West. If the typical countryman of the Wabash Valley to-day differs materially

from the typical countryman of Pennsylvania or Connecticut, the odds are rather in his favor.

Very many causes have contributed to the enlightenment and social elevation of the descendants of these early pioneers from the South; but none have had greater influence than their contact with that other element of Western society—the enterprising stock of New England extraction. Indeed, the partial fusion of these two elements, like that of the Norman and Saxon in old England, has resulted in the production of a type of manhood different from that found in either and yet possessing the nobler qualities of both. It is a fact worthy of remembrance, however, that the lines of demarcation which once so sharply separated the Southern from the Eastern tide of immigration have not yet been wholly obliterated. A careful study of country and village life as one passes leisurely from the Lakes to the Ohio River, cannot fail to reveal a gradual change in the social customs, the industrial spirit, and the political preferences of the people. Yet the leaven of enterprise introduced by the Eastern element of immigration has permeated the whole mass, and the time is not far distant when these differences will have vanished.

That the pioneer from the East should thus exercise a predominating influence upon the character of the people of the West, is a fact worthy of more than passing notice. What sort of man was this New England settler in the valley of the Maumee or of the Wabash that the weight of his example and the powers of his genius should accomplish results so important? The story of his life has not yet been written, save in caricature by the novelist or the so-called "dialect poet." The history of his struggles and sacrifices is paralleled only perhaps by the story of his Puritan ancestors in the early settlement of the North Atlantic States. To find materials for such a history it is unnecessary to go back more than half a century from the date of this magazine, when the tide of immigration into that section was at its height. There are men still living on the farms which they won with axe and grubbing-hoe from an almost impenetrable forest, who will tell you of their struggles with the silent yet powerful forces of Nature in the wilderness. Poor in this world's goods and dependent upon their own brawn and muscle for the very necessities of existence, they had no time to cultivate things purely æsthetical or to enjoy the amenities of life. And yet, although labor with its prosaic routine claimed their entire attention, we have no reason to suppose that they lacked appreciation of the beautiful and the true, or disregarded the improvement of the intellectual faculties. They were not men of broad culture or of deep learning; yet as a rule they were not illiterate, and they had the keenest appreciation of the value of knowledge. Their poverty was not to them a source of discouragement; it was their birthright which they had brought with them from beyond the mountains, and it was an ever-present spur and incentive to perseverance. They had come into the wilderness knowing that they would encounter discomforts and many sore trials; and these they met, endured, and surmounted, plucking up new courage with the appearance of each additional difficulty, and content in the hope that their children, at least, should reap rich benefits from their labor. There was in their minds little thought of failure; for it was not in the nature of things that men with strong arms and a worthy purpose should be defeated.

The story of one of these pioneers is a fair illustration of the experience of very many. I tell it briefly and without exaggeration, in almost the exact words in which he himself related it to me. A little more than half a century ago—late in the spring of 1832—he began his clearing in the dense, almost impenetrable woods of Central Indiana. In a single small wagon he had transported his family and his household goods by a long and toilsome journey from the older settlements farther east. The roads for hundreds of miles were scarcely more than paths; over a part of the course he had been obliged to cut his own way among the trees and thick underbrush. He had invested all his money in the purchase of government land, and when he arrived at his possessions he had not

a dollar in his pocket nor, indeed, any immediate means of obtaining one. With the help of his fellow pioneer and nearest neighbor he felled trees, cut them into proper lengths, and of the round logs constructed the walls of a cabin; he hewed rough puncheons for the floor; he rived long boards for the roof; he made a great fireplace of clay and sticks: within six days from the beginning, he had erected and made habitable the building which for several years to come was to be his home. Not a nail nor a brick was used in the construction of that house; nails and bricks were luxuries which the onward march of civilization would by and by bring into that region—but the time had not yet come for luxuries of any sort. For weeks, during that first spring in the wilderness, the doorway of the cabin was closed simply by hanging a bed-quilt loosely from the top, like a kind of rude curtain. The wolves howled around the cabin at night; the pioneer was not disturbed by such sounds—the hunger-wolf was more to be dreaded than the gray beast which skulked in the thickets. Until his first small crop of corn ripened he was by no means sure of food for the winter. He carried his grain ten miles to mill, and waited for it to be ground, in order that he might not disappoint his expectant family, eagerly waiting for the much-needed grist of corn-meal. The first twelve months were months of sore trial; but the end of the year found him firmly established in his new home and out of the reach of want. Even in the very darkest moments, he saw in imagination the wilderness giving place to fields of yellow grain and orchards of over-laden trees; and these thoughts gave him fresh courage and strength for further conquests.

Little by little the great trees and the thick underwoods were cut down and cleared away; every year there were new "deadenings" in the forest and broader patches of corn and wheat and flax in the openings; herds and flocks increased and flourished in the woodland pastures without expense and without especial care; and, sooner than he had dared hope, the pioneer began to see the realization of his dreams. Yet the ordinary comforts of civilized life were long delayed in their coming. For several years all the clothing of the family was homespun—tow-cloth and linen, from flax raised upon the farm; jeans and linsey-woolsey, of flaxen threads interwoven with wool from the farmer's own sheep. Nobody was idle. Wife and daughters were busy from daylight till dark, caring for the cows and the poultry and the garden, carding the wool, turning the spinning-wheel, mending garments, knitting, sewing, churning; and, if need required, they were neither afraid nor ashamed to do a day's work in the fields—it was all a part of the family economy. Even the small boy was a manful helper of his father, knowing quite early the meaning of labor. The farmer himself was a jack-of-all-trades, and good at more than one. He manufactured his own chairs and tables; he tanned his own leather; he made his children's shoes and hats; he wove jeans and tow-cloth for his own clothing and that of his boys; he was an adept at coopering and harness-making; he could make a spinning-wheel, and knew how to tinker clocks; he built barns and houses for his neighbors; and in the long winter evenings, by the light of the blazing fire in the great chimney, he tied brooms and taught his boys and girls how to read and cipher. Was there, even in the days of republican Rome, nobler nurture and training than that which fell to the lot of these sons and daughters? Such bringing-up would nowadays be regarded as fraught with unendurable hardships, unrelieved by any redeeming features; but in the West, as it had done before in other countries and communities, it produced men and women of a type that was able to influence humanity, and in a measure shape the national character.

When, in time, the farm produced more grain than the family and the live-stock needed for food, the farmer turned his thoughts to the best methods of disposing of the surplus. During the first few years, the nearest market was more than fifty miles distant; but that was only a trifle of two or three days' journey, and the entire trip, both to and from, might be accomplished in less than a week. Over roads by no means the best, a few bushels of wheat, and perhaps some vegetables or a pail of

butter, were "hauled" to that distant market. It was rather a holiday jaunt than anything more serious; the farmers of the neighborhood usually went together in caravan style, camping by the roadside at night, and withal making a right merry time of it. The produce was exchanged for salt, and some other indispensable household commodity; and now and then a few yards of calico or some ribbons were carried home to the good wife or the grown-up daughters. There was no hardship in all this. The long journey once or twice a year relieved the monotony of pioneer life, and—the markets would certainly be nearer some time.

And little by little the markets did draw nearer; and there were not only larger crops, but the price of grain was higher, and the farmer began to know, by actually seeing and handling it, what was the color and shape of money. One comfort after another came to lighten the labors of the household. The busy noise of the steam saw-mill, and soon the whistle of the locomotive became familiar sounds. The farmer's boys and girls gradually discarded homespun and clothed themselves, especially on Sundays, in "store goods;" and the farmer himself indulged more and more frequently in some inexpensive luxury of which he had long been obliged to deny himself. One after the other he put aside his weaving, and tanning, and shoemaking, and carpentering; and finally he had nothing to do but to turn his whole attention to his farm and his stock. A neat "frame-house" was built nearer the roadside, and the old log cabin, the scene of many joys as well as sorrows, was deserted. Comfort and plenty abounded on every hand. The blessings of civilization, following in the wake of honest labor, had come at last; and our pioneer, who had hardly hoped to enjoy them himself, but rather to win them for his children, deserved his full share of them. For had he not earned them by the sweat of his brow, by cheerful perseverance, by long and hard wrestling with poverty and the savagery of the backwoods?

But after his life of privation and toil the pioneer was not the man that he might have been had another lot been his. His health had been enfeebled by exposure to the malarial atmosphere of the woods and marshes; his face had been bronzed by the scorching heat of many summers and wrinkled by the bitter cold of many winters; his head had been whitened by many sad experiences, and his hand had lost its former strength and cunning. More than all this, the habits of the backwoodsman, insensibly acquired, clung to him; he was a stranger to the modes of thought and the refinements of polished society; his language was a mixture of localisms and inaccuracies; he could ill adapt himself to the changed order of things which the schools, the railroads, and the development of the natural wealth of the country had brought about. Yet, as a compensation for all his losses and failures, he had this knowledge to console him: He was one of ten thousand veterans who had made conquest of a mighty empire, made its wonderful resources available, and bequeathed it—an inconceivably rich heritage—to coming generations. No hero of history, no warrior-patriot, had ever served his country better, or earned laurels more nobly. For what he had suffered and for what he had accomplished, he was conscious that no one ought to deny to him the lasting gratitude and remembrance which posterity owes to the nation's benefactors.

And what of the sons and daughters born and bred in the midst of the trying influences of poverty and deprived of what are popularly called "advantages and opportunities?" It is not an uncommon thing to suppose that they were illiterate, coarse, unambitious; that even after they had acquired competence and wealth, they retained the boorish manners of the backwoods; that their knowledge of the world was limited to the horizon of their own neighborhood; and that their aspirations for mental and social culture remained undefined and extremely feeble. Such suppositions, although correct in some cases, are far from correct as regards the majority of those who composed what may be termed the first generation of natives. The privations which had been theirs, the necessarily stern discipline under which they had been brought up, the very lack of ready-made opportunities—all tended to

foster self-reliance, to kindle ambition, and to encourage invention and the acquisition of knowledge. Were schools established? The slender opportunities which they offered were seized upon and made the most of. Were railways constructed? They not only brought the markets nearer, but they destroyed the isolation of communities and made one neighborhood of the whole world. Were libraries founded? They were eagerly patronized, and the wealth of knowledge which they contained became a source of inspiration to many a hard-working farmer's boy. Was leisure won after years of slavish toil? It was not unfrequently given to mental improvement and to moral and social culture. And thus from among the sons of the Western pioneers, men have come who have stood in the foremost ranks of every department of private or public life. Scholars, teachers, inventors, statesmen, divines, —the most celebrated thinkers and doers in the nation—have been among those whose lives were shaped and whose characters were moulded through these influences of poverty and stern discipline.

V.

WITHIN the life of a single generation the States which were originally comprised within the Territory Northwest of the River Ohio have advanced to the dignity and condition of powerful commonwealths. As regards wealth, enterprise, and future prospects, that section of our country is now the worthy rival of the older States between the Alleghanies and the Atlantic. That territory, which a century ago was regarded as the profitless back-pasture of the nation, produces annually more than one-third of all the corn, and nearly one-half of all the wheat that is raised in the United States. The value of its farm products for a single year amounts to more than seven hundred millions of dollars. As to mineral wealth, it takes foremost rank, producing more than four-fifths of all the copper, nearly one-third of all the iron, and more than one-third of all the bituminous coal mined in this country. The growth of its cities has had no parallel. On the spot where sixty years ago was naught but an expanse of wild prairie, stands Chicago—doubtless to-day the third city in the Union. Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, and scores of other cities and towns—smaller, and yet the centres of great industries—attest the marvellous wealth and unrestrainable energies of the West. The facilities of that section for commerce by water or by land are unexcelled and unlimited. Its manufactures, already extensive and profitable, are increasing in number and importance. On every hand are the evidences of thrift and of successful enterprise.

These facts and many others relative to the progress and natural resources of the West are known to every schoolboy in the land, and no comment upon them is necessary. It is the purpose of these papers to trace the social and intellectual phases of development through which the people of the West have advanced, rather than to dilate upon the unexampled material prosperity of that section. And yet no clear conception can be had of the influences through which this development has taken place without some consideration of these facts. Its geographical position—bounded, as it is, by two large rivers and the Great Lakes, and being the natural passageway through which the trade between the East and the States beyond the Mississippi must necessarily pass—this, together with the fertility of its soil, and its inexhaustible resources, is alone sufficient to mark that section as the natural and ultimate centre of the Republic.

VI.

A REVIEW, in this connection, of the political history of the West would be not only interesting, but in a certain measure instructive; and yet, save with reference to one or two subjects of national importance, such a review falls scarcely within the scope of this paper. The pioneer, from whatever part of the Union he may have come, was a patriot of the truest type; and yet, when once he had taken the measure of the situation, he was not more a patriot than partisan. In his humble cabin on the very outskirts of civilization, he felt that

he was personally responsible for the proper management of governmental affairs. The ballot to which he was entitled was a sacred trust of which he was bound to give a good account; and yet, in the exercise of his rights as an American citizen, there was nothing which forbade him to consult, in any honorable way, his own personal interests—indeed, he believed that his own welfare was his country's welfare, and cast his vote in accordance with that belief.

The first disturbing element in the politics of the West—strange as it may seem—was the question of slavery. There were many of the settlers, as well from the East as from the South, who were dissatisfied with the anti-slavery clause in the Ordinance of 1787, which declared that there should be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude within the Territory. Indeed, notwithstanding this prohibition, many of the immigrants had brought slaves with them from their old homes, and were loath to give them up; and as slavery was permitted at that time in nearly all the States of the Union, they could not understand why it should be prohibited in the Territory Northwest of the Ohio. Soon after the admission of the State of Ohio into the Union, the people of the remaining portion—known then as Indiana Territory—petitioned Congress for at least a temporary suspension of the anti-slavery section of the Ordinance. But the committee to which the matter was referred, and of which John Randolph of Virginia was chairman, reported that it deemed it "highly inexpedient to impair a provision wisely calculated to promote the happiness and prosperity of the Northwestern country, and to give strength and security to that extensive frontier." Notwithstanding this rebuff, the people of the Territory continued to petition Congress for a suspension or abrogation of the obnoxious article—the fifth and last appeal, signed by Governor Harrison himself, being presented and refused in the winter of 1807, twenty years after the adoption of the Ordinance. The final submission of the people of Indiana Territory to the prohibition of involuntary servitude within their boundaries marks the turning point in the history of slavery in the United States. Of the later effort, in 1823, to introduce slavery into the State of Illinois; of the steady growth thereafter of the anti-slavery sentiment; of the opposition to the fugitive slave law; of the aggressive movements of the Abolitionists; of the famous "underground railroad" from the Ohio River to Canada, it is unnecessary to speak in detail. The fact of paramount importance in this connection is that it was by and through the Ordinance of 1787 that slavery received the first blow in the conflict which finally resulted in the emancipation proclamation of 1863; and that although the first settlers of the Northwest Territory were made parties to this action, they are deserving of but little commendation for their original attitude toward slavery. The influence of the sixth Article of the Ordinance upon the character and acts of the people of the Northwest, and the effects of its provisions in determining the ultimate destiny of the nation itself, have scarcely yet been sufficiently recognized or understood.

It was in the West, also, during the pioneer period, that what is popularly known as wild-cat banking had its origin. This has been described as an "attempt to break up an 'odious monopoly' in banking by making everybody a banker, and to create prosperity by unlimited issues of paper currency." The result was much embarrassment and financial distress—to many, indeed, it was bankruptcy and ruin. "But the lessons it taught," says Judge Cooley, "needed to be learned at some time, and were not likely to be learned except with experience as a teacher. One of its lessons was that neither real estate nor anything else not immediately convertible into money can support the credit of bank currency. But for the experience of the several States in banking, in the years 1837–39, who shall say that the national currency act, when it came to be passed, might not have been as little guarded against dangerous schemes as some of its State predecessors?"

A further review of the political history of the West would serve only to illustrate and reaffirm what has already been said regarding the traits of char-

acter which distinguish the people of that section. We should find many things to condemn because of their corrupting influences and dangerous tendencies; many things to condone because, although they were conceived in weakness and failed to produce the intended results, they were nevertheless prompted by worthy and patriotic motives; many things to commend because of the noble ends which they accomplished, or the good which they are still accomplishing. But we must rest content without further specification. It is pertinent in this connection simply to call attention to the fact that at the present time no other section of the Union exerts a more powerful influence upon national politics and national legislation than do the five States which have been formed from the Territory Northwest of the River Ohio.

[Concluding Paper in the May Number.]

THE GREEK VASE.

By William P. P. Longfellow.

Fig. 1.—From Cesnola.

IT was a happy thing for the lovers of classical study that just when the battle of education seemed to be turning against them, a new interest in Greek art came in to strengthen their cause. In this phase the study has become a fashion—mainly, perhaps, because it has busied itself with the fine arts, with which the educated and the fashionable worlds have of late been much enamored. It is curious that study of Greece should have been kept up among the learned for many generations with hardly a serious thought for her art, when yet half her wonderful influence in later ages has been in this art. Hardly anything is more pervasive in modern civilization than its lesser forms. You cannot, to this day, go through an American village without seeing in the houses, inside and out, as many traces of these forms as you will hear roots from the Greek vocabulary in the spoken tongue, though the forms and the roots are alike unrecognized to the common eye and ear, and—if I may say it—alike bedevilled. Now that Americans have heartily taken up the arts of design we have still as much to learn from these incomparable forerunners by conscious study as by unconscious imitation.

For the side on which we are weakest is precisely that on which the Greeks were strong—stronger than any other people have been—the knowledge of form and sense of design. This strength, nourished chiefly by study of the human figure (a study which we almost wholly neglect), showed itself pre-eminently in their sculpture. All artists bow before their power over the finer and nobler qualities of form, as it appears in their sculpture and their architecture. But the same power, the same exquisite sense for refinement and nobility of form are embodied in their lesser decorative arts. In the little figurines which have of late years been found abundantly at Tanagra, at Athens, at Myrina, and many other places, in their architectural carving, in their sarcophagi, stelæ and cippi, in their ornamental bronzes and vases, the Greeks show a skill in the use of form which is so far outside our ordinary range that we may easily overlook it. No work of theirs has come down to us which has not its artistic aspect: the smallest household utensil that we find among their ruins has some decorative intention. I have lately read in a newspaper that the Americans are the Greeks of the modern world. Whatever we may say to that, we are in one respect their analogue, for we are now in a fever of

decoration. Everything we use must be ornamented, and we must have a thousand ornaments that we never use. The shops in which many of us spend

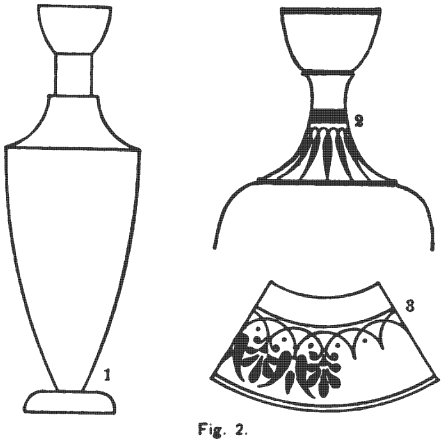


Fig. 2.

most of our money are those that deal in ornamental wares. Half our young women are busy doing one kind or another of decorative work ; and when the work is done they have no notion of confining it, like their grandmothers' samplers, to their own chambers or parlors. Painters and other artists forsake what would once have been their legitimate callings to lead the way in various decorative experiments. All this has its bright side. Our homes are much more cheerful and attractive, our cities the finer for it. Americans have grown rich with astonishing rapidity: they have grown luxurious if possible faster still. A wise friend once said to me that art was the natural corrective for luxury. Interest in it is bred of wealth and leisure. People who would otherwise care nothing for the arts are attracted to them in their decorative form. That so much money should be spent in ornament is perhaps not to be deprecated ; for this might not be otherwise better spent. The time and attention given to it are more important: it is much to be desired that they should not be given to a mere chase after finery, that the zeal for bric-a-brac and handsome furnishings should lead up to, and not away from, appreciation of the qualities of higher art. It is only in the work of half-civilized nations that we find color and splendor developed to the neglect of form ; and it is to Turkish, Persian, Indian and other uncivilized races that we are fond of looking for our examples. I will not try to hold the balance between the two kinds of excellence, nor to place the Japanese and Chinese in the scale of civilization ; but it is safe to say that every cultivated people, according to our standard of cultivation, has based its ornamental design on the careful study of form, and it is certain that no art is completely good which neglects it. Among such cultivated peoples Greece has confessedly held first place for her perception of the finer qualities of all art. In Greek work pre-eminently, the qualities of the

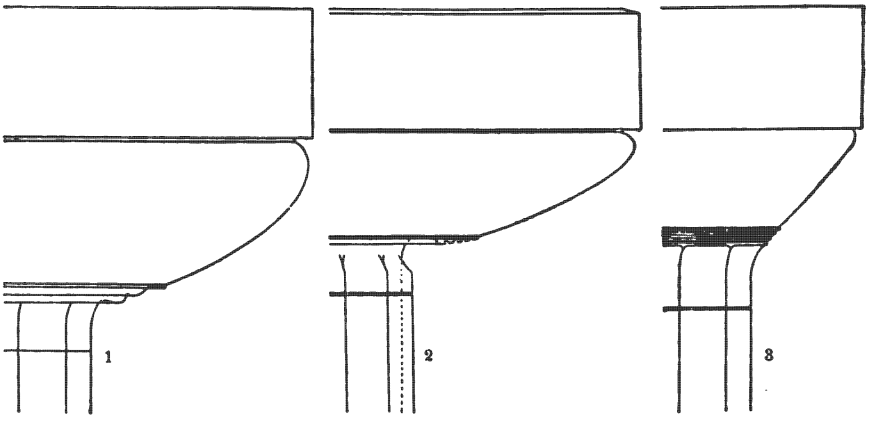


Fig. 3.—1, Cadacchio; 2, Selinus; 3, Theseum.

greater arts are reflected in the lesser ones, and in none of it are they more simply and gracefully evident than in the vases.

It is hard to realize to-day the importance of vases, as we call them, in ancient life. They seem, in the first place, to have been the universal receptacles, serving the Greeks and other ancient peoples for casks, boxes, drawers, cupboards, clothes-presses, bottles, jugs, cups. They were used for storage, for shipping, for cooking, for drinking. Necessarily they were of all shapes and sizes, from the diminutive *Aryballus*, carried by the bather and the athlete for the oil that anointed their bodies, to the *Pithos*, a huge, round clay vase, as high as a man, and sometimes used for his coffin. The so-called tub of Diogenes was really a pithos. Juvenal, in one of his Satires, congratulates him, that if his house breaks down he can easily have it mended with lead rivets, or get a new one; and there are in existence reliefs that show him crawling from it to warn Alexander out of his sunshine. For these homely uses pottery was made everywhere. But vases were also the household ornaments, furniture, treasures, bric-a-brac of ancient times. For such purposes they were made with the greatest care and elaborately ornamented. Corinth, Sicyon, afterward Athens and Samos, were famous for the beauty of their vases, and sent them all over the civilized world. There were two large districts in Athens, one within the walls and one without, called Ceramicus, and given up to the manufacture and sale of pottery. The name and the industry survive there to this day, as the name of the Tuileries has preserved till lately the recollection of the tile-works displaced by Catherine de' Medici. The potters who made the china vases and the painters who decorated them wrote their names upon them. Their forms show that the refinement which distinguished the Greek sculptors reached to the workmen of lower degree. Their painted decoration has been a store-house of beautiful ornamental forms to later ages. The pictures on them are the only things we have left to indicate the qualities of Greek painting; our illustrated compendiums of mythology; our documents for many facts of history and chronology—reflecting the manner, the creations, and sometimes directly imitating the works of the great painters. These vases were cherished

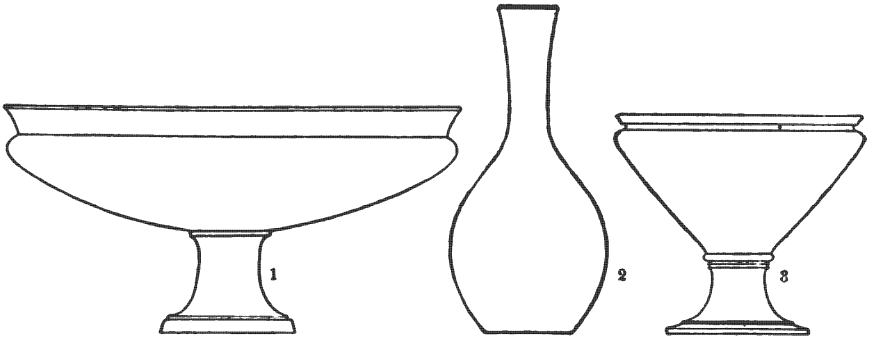


Fig 4.

by the ancients in their homes; were buried beside them in their tombs, as have been the personal belongings of nearly all peoples of primitive habits. If bodies were burned, the ashes were buried in cinerary urns. It is from tombs that almost all our collections have been made.

The first were made from tombs in Etruria, and the vases were at first therefore called Etruscan. Now it is believed that though they were ultimately made in many places where Greek colonies or manners were planted, their inspiration and fashions came from Greece, and also that wherever they were used very many of them, perhaps most of the finer ones, came from Greece proper, and especially from Athens, whose export trade in them was enormous. Those that make the great modern collections

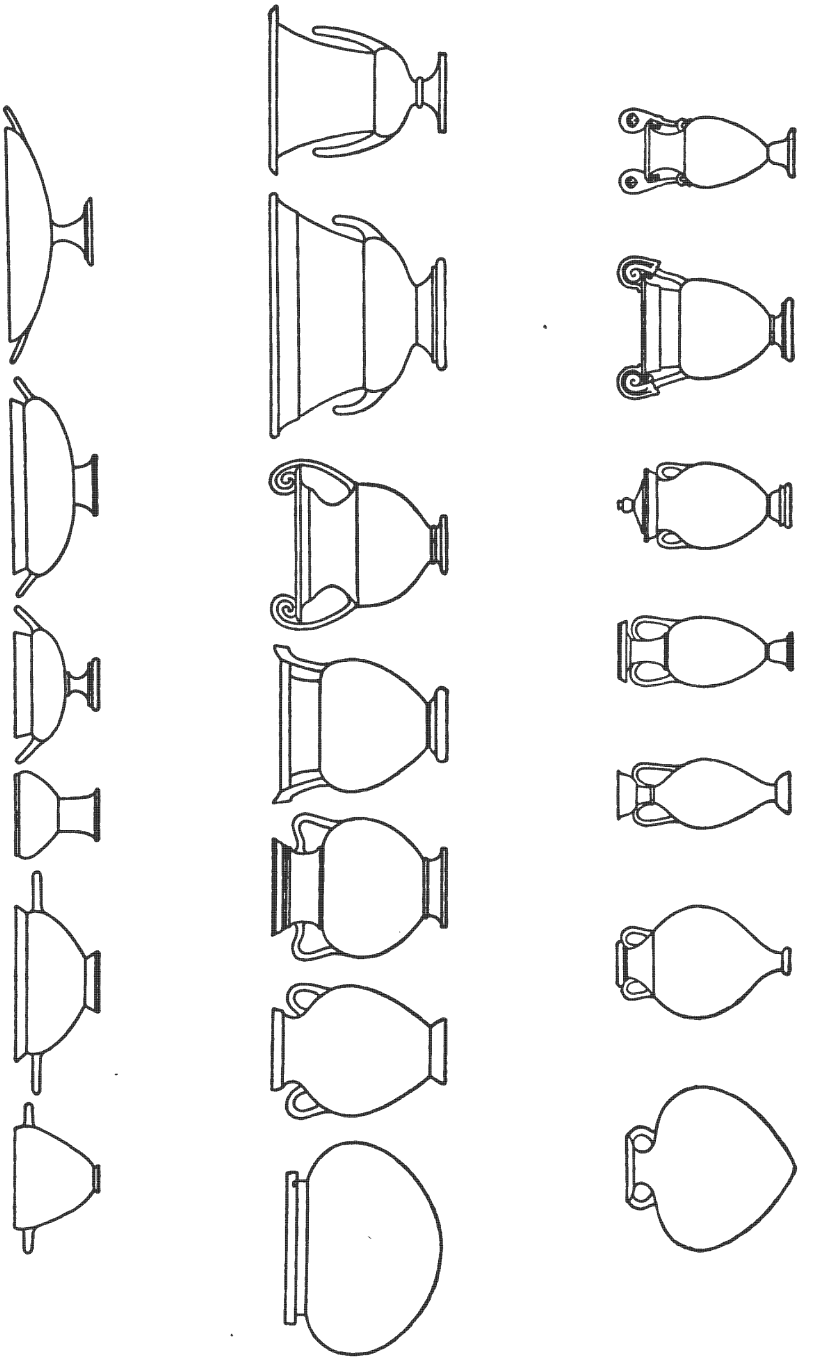


Fig. 5.

are naturally of the finer kinds, which were worthy to be preserved in the tombs of their owners. That they were very highly valued in their day is evident. Some of them which have been found in tombs were carefully mended

with clamps or rivets of lead or bronze. Connoisseurship in them seems to have been rife in the old day, as in ours.

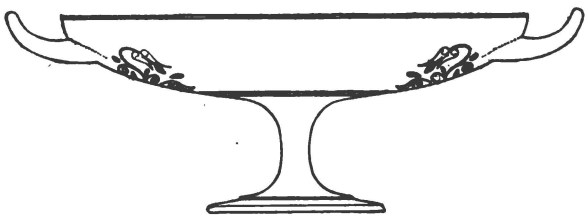


Fig. 6.—From Lau.

Pindar describes the vases which were given as prizes at the Panathenaic games of Athens, and some of them are still preserved to us. There is evidence that famous potters of Athens grew very rich. At Mount Kolias, near Phalerum, one of the ports of Athens, was a pit of peculiarly fine clay from which were made vases of high repute; and it is recorded by Plutarch that a certain dainty connoisseur who had been poisoned refused to take an antidote until he could have it from a cup made of this clay.

Almost all the study that has been given to these vases has been in the way of historical and mythological exegesis, chiefly in archæological studies of the vase paintings, whose style and subjects are determinants in problems of chronology and history. Into their archæology I do not propose to enter, only mentioning here for convenience the names and shapes of a few of the most common types. Let us examine instead the things for the sake of which they were made and for which the Greeks treasured them—their qualities of design, their form and decoration—and if possible the secrets of their beauty.

The commonest kind and most pervading type, for both practical and ornamental uses, was the *Amphora* (Fig. 1). It was of medium size, with oval body, tapering downwards, two handles set high on the shoulders, a rather long neck and a well-marked rim. They were used to store wine and oil, often other things, and for this purpose were pointed at the bottom, that they might be set upright in the earthen floor of a cellar. Sometimes they were set into a clay ring; later this ring was made part of the vase itself and became its foot. The vases given for prizes at the Panathenaic games were amphoræ; with them was given oil from the sacred olive-tree on the Acropolis. Many of these vases, or similar commemorative vases, have been preserved and are to be seen in our museums. Fig. 10 is one of them. Reminiscences of its shape are to be seen in the heavy rims and the bodies attenuated downwards of many other forms of vase (Figs. 5, 13, and 14).

A small vase used for carrying oil and unguents, which we may call a cruet, was the *Lekythus*, in its best form narrow, upright, with tall, slender neck, and emphatic rim apparently copied from the amphora. A kind of lekythus called the white lekythus from the color of the ground laid for the picture on it, was peculiar to Attica and was used as a funeral vase. It has been found abundantly in the tombs about Athens.

Fig. 7.—From Moses.

The *Hydria*, or water-jar, was a finely shaped vase (Fig. 9). It had three handles, a high one to hold and pour by, and two small ones on the shoulders to lift and steady it. The picture on the one here illustrated shows women at a fountain—one balancing an empty hydria on her head, another lifting one apparently full.

The *Oenochœ*, or wine-jug (Fig. 11), was for pouring wine. It had a single handle, like what Americans call a pitcher, and a mouth or lip which was often trefoiled (clover-shaped). The vessel for mixing or serving wine was called a *Crater*. It had a variety of shapes, but was always a largish vase, with wide open mouth (Figs. 8, 14, and 15), from which the wine could be ladled out with a mug called *Cyathus*.* Some were like

* It will be seen that I give these names in their Latin form. Some of them are so familiar in that shape that it would seem unreasonable not to keep it here, and for symmetry, when I know a Latin form for the others I use it.

a widely opened amphora (Fig. 13); some were bell-shaped (Fig. 12). Some were of a nondescript form, sometimes called *Oxybaphon* (Fig. 14). Of drinking-cups there was a great variety. The finest type is the *Calyx* (Kylix), a broad shallow vase, usually with prominent foot and two spreading handles (Fig. 16)—a form often spoken of among us by the Italian name *tazza*. Others were shaped like horns, or like heads of men and animals, and so made that they must be emptied before they were set down.

There were very many other shapes, whose innumerable names are preserved to us, and are identified with more or less of certainty or probability. The types run into one another, and many shapes may be classed indifferently under one or another name. The vases were all turned on the wheel, except the moulded shapes, which did not suit that manufacture, and the pithos, which was too big and was proverbially difficult to make. This way of making them gives them their distinctive character of form: they are all what geometers call solids of revolution, of which balls, columns, vases and balusters are our commonest examples. They are circular in plan, and in every horizontal section, and rigidly symmetrical about a vertical axis. This condition makes them a class of forms by themselves, and while it allows of endless variety of shapes, by its restriction it exacts the greatest nicety in their design, and simplifies them for purposes of study.

The form of a vase, so manufactured, depends entirely on its vertical outline or profile. The double curvature requires pure and simple forms; the process of manufacture condemns or opposes convolutions and deep indentation of outline. We may notice, too, at the outset that the sculpturesque quality in modelling, the wayward play of light and shade which comes of surfaces undulating in all directions, is out of court, and is replaced by simpler modelling, fair surface, delicate gradation of light, and carefully fixed contrast of shade. The characteristics of sculptured ornament are to be added only in carved decoration and considered as sculpture. The artist, or the amateur, who does not love pure lines and fair surfaces does not know the quality of Greek vases.

But pure lines and fair surfaces have fallen into neglect nowadays, our present fancy being for rude lines, and for wrinkled or blotchy surfaces, on which fine modelling is either impossible or invisible. This comes of a feeling which we consider artistic, a revolt against what we think stiffness and conventionality. In the passion of this revolt we incline to call every line stiff that is clean and firm, every form artistic that is ragged. We are influenced in this very much, I believe, by the modern habit of painting landscape. There is a charm in the freedom of natural lines, which easily leads us to think that all lines must be like them. There is, for instance, an unsurpassable nobility in the broken outlines of mountains, which are usually as far as possible from any look of mechanical smoothness; but these lines are of a kind for pictures, and not for decorative use. And yet even these are very clear and decided, in themselves hard and abrupt, and only softened by distance into gentleness. The beautiful long lines of snowfield and glacier which swing down Alpine slopes are as uncompromisingly clear-cut as the sculptor could carve from marble. It is not the firmness of a line in drawing or sculpture that makes it forbidding; it is the stiffness or poor quality of its modulation. Looseness of handling is the dust that the weak designer raises, either in mere clumsiness, or to obscure the traces of his ignorance.

The beauty of a vase then depends on the beauty of its outline: let us look for a moment at the elements out of which the designer constructs this outline. The circle and straight line are both opposed to freedom and to accentuation—to freedom, because they must follow unswerving law; to accent, because the movement of each is unvarying in all its parts: but feeling cannot show itself without freedom, and by its nature it seeks an accented utterance and shuns monotony. We may dismiss the straight line as unsuited to the potter's use. The circle is necessarily the horizontal outline of his vase. It has its kind of beauty and its value as a foil to the freedom of the other lines, and in marking

the axis of symmetry. Moreover, as we look at the vase we almost invariably see the circles flattened into ellipses by foreshortening. This natural use of

We used to have given us for the type of beauty in line the wave, or reversed curve, sometimes called Hogarth's line of beauty. But oval curves have

Fig. 8.—From Mr. Thomas B. Clarke's Collection.

the circle is sufficient. For his profile the potter prefers the free curve which the unembarrassed movement of his hands gives to the clay. Attempt to outline a lekythus, for instance, with arcs of a circle (Fig. 2,[1]) and all the life of the form is gone. Varying curves, on the other hand, are sensitive and expressive, capable of infinite adjustment and combination. The full curves are more robust; the gentler are more refined and delicate; but a flat curve may have an elastic spring which gives it as much vigor as a full one, and the full curve may be swollen and vulgar. In Fig. 15 the full curve is a fine one: in Fig. 18 it is cheap and ordinary. The curve in Fig. 11 has more vigor, in virtue of its elasticity, than the more robust lines of Fig. 17, and there is nothing finer in its way than the upward spring of the delicate outline of the best Attic lekythi. (Fig. 25.)

more power: they are more natural to vases, and in them, at least, finer. Such a curve is the *ovolo* of Greek architecture, the *echinus* of the Doric capital. Here are (Fig. 3) three examples in outline, showing different forms of the echinus. They illustrate the gradual change from round fulness in the earliest Doric to flatness and severity in the late. There was an analogous change, though much less marked, in the vases. It is worth notice that the degree of straightness which fits the line for duty in a capital unfits it for the outline of a vase: In Fig. 4,[1] the fuller curve from Selinus might make a tolerable cup, but the line from the Theseum is an obvious failure. (Fig. 4,[2].)

It will be seen in studying all fine lines that curvature is concentrated in places and spared in others; generally the flatter part of the line predominates, and the strong curvature is carefully reserved

for a smaller space. This accords with a law that holds in every kind of composition,—the concentration of strong effects, as when the musician restrains his richest bursts of harmony within small compass, or the painter paints the most of his picture in half tints, reserving his highest coloring or strongest light and shade for a small area. Compare the late amphora (Fig. 19), or the lekythi (Fig. 25), with the Dodwell vase (Fig. 18) and note how much stronger as well as finer their modulated curves are than the monotonous fulness of the other. Or set the hydria (Fig. 9) or Fig. 11 beside the other amphora (Fig. 10). It is quite possible to fall—as some designers have done in an austere struggle for purity of line—into dryness and hardness by too much reserve of curvature and too sharp contrast (Fig. 4,[3]). But a commoner fault is the vulgarity that comes of excessive curvature, as we may see in Fig. 21—or in Fig. 23, which cleverly exemplifies both faults at once.

There is in all good profiles a leading line, a principal part, to which the others are adjusted as subordinate. This in a vase is naturally the line of the body, the member which dominates, and for which the others exist. Perhaps it was to shun the fault I have last mentioned, perhaps because oval curves have more decision and force, or because the natural office of a vase suggested them, probably from all these motives, that the old potters did not use a reversed curve for their leading line, except where for the sake of simplicity they cast the neck and body into one sweep, continuous or nearly so. And here let me notice a technical device which seems a trifle and yet is one of the secrets of good profiling—the interruption of tangent curves by a little thread or fillet which is enough to break their absolute continuity and define their limit without disturbing their flow. A glance at Fig. 2,[2] shows how it may give life to a profile whose grace would otherwise be insipid. It keeps up the movement of the outline, which may thus reconcile the successive parts into one broad sweep without sacrificing their individuality. It charms like a pebble in a running brook, or the ripple in the third and fourth lines of each stanza in Tennyson's poem of "The Daisy," thus:

Fig. 9.—From Lau.

Fig. 10.—From Lau.

O Love, what hours were thine and mine
In lands of palm and southern pine,
In lands of palm and orange blossom,
Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine.

The Greeks used this device with the utmost delicacy and refinement. It is as serviceable in breaking an angle that might without it be abrupt (see Fig. 16,[2]) as in accenting a union that is too tame. In truth the junctions of the different members are critical points in the design, and need to be carefully articulated. It is easiest to round over the junction, and melt the lines into one

—an example, out of many, where technical processes conflict with the demands of design—and it required a special effort of the potters to mark the separation decisively. But a vase, or any other design, that has no articulations is like the caterpillar among animals, well enough in its way perhaps, but uninteresting to the eye. Such a vase as Fig. 4,[2] may have a graceful outline—this one is Japanese—but we should soon tire of such forms, and ask to have character given them by color or decoration. Many old vases have what we may call confluent necks, some amphoræ for instance, where the passage to the body is quite unmarked in the shape. In these it is sure to be clearly marked in the decoration, and usually offset by a vigorous articulation at the foot (Fig. 19). In the lekytho-amphora, if I may call it so, of Fig. 20 the parts are all confluent, and in spite of the vigor of its outline, the want of articulation infects it with indecision. Even in the exquisitely outlined calyx (Fig. 6), which is saved from over smoothness of outline by the little break in the splay of the foot, we can hardly help wishing that the junction of the foot with the bowl were marked by a slight ripple, as it is in many of its kind. In other vases — in the hydria and œnochoë, for instance (Figs. 9 and 11)—the curves join at a sudden angle which substitutes the boldest contrast for the fluent smoothness of the other vases. Here the fine energy of the curve below carries it off well. It is likely that the use of the vase dictated this form for the safe carrying about of fluids: it prevents slopping, but on the other hand makes it hard to pour. Or they may meet in what is called the cusp (Fig. 2,[3]), the most energetic and piquant kind of junction. This gives great animation to a composition, and is a constant resource of decorators. The salient cusp is not often seen in vase profiles, for it implies hollow lines and fragile edges, but the reëntrant cusp comes in with spirited effect at this junction of the foot in many round-bodied vases, as in the florid crater (Fig. 15) and also in the narrow lekythi (Fig. 25). It will be seen that this cusped junction displays the qualities of the curves at their meeting most conspicuously: therefore it is not easy to bring curves together in this way with good effect. Let the untrained reader try the experiment *in corpore vili*, by drawing the curves of a Roman capital R on a large scale, and he will be likely to find it somewhat difficult, even in this humble instance, to bring the lines together without bunching them awkwardly at the junction or else making them lean and stiff. It is one of the nice points in the joining of lines that they shall show their sensitiveness to each other at uniting by yielding a little, to give way if they are opposed, or to follow each other if they are consonant. We can see in Fig. 15 how the convex turn of the foot is quickened, that it may display the sweep of the body.

Fig. 11.

Fig. 12.—From Moses.

Fig. 13.—From Lau.

We see a like thing in the ovolo of the capital of the Theseum (Fig. 3,[3]). The upper turn, if the curve stood alone, would seem hard and dry, but turning as it does to receive the line of the abacus above, it is altogether satisfactory. We notice also in these cases the effect

Fig. 14.—From Moses.

of the small dividing fillet which we have praised before, here sunk in the recess between impinging curves, but just as valuable in giving clearness and vivacity to the articulation.

In most Greek vases the foot is very subordinate, and after the earliest periods as sharply marked off from the body as practicable. This subordination and detaching of the foot had its justification in two artistic purposes—to give predominance to the body, on which the potter and the decorator expended their chief art, and to keep its curves as unbroken as possible. We have just seen how, where the foot has a profile of any importance, the line is carefully led away from that of the body. In the monumental florid vases of late period (Figs. 15 and 24) the base takes on added height, and the carved marble vases (Fig. 12) that succeeded them make the foot an elaborate and important part of the composition. In the charmingly outlined œnochoë (Fig. 7) of rather late style, this enlarged foot is gracefully added. On the other hand, the straight lekythus, most upright of vases, stands like a sentinel on a perfectly plain flat disc. The broad, shallow calyx rests on a foot that grows higher as the bowl grows broader and shallower. In these two extreme and opposite types the principle of contrast, dear to designers, is the key to the treatment. In the calyx the foot is lengthened as the body becomes shallow, and both grow slender together (Figs. 16 and 6). Here, in this perhaps most delicately graceful of all the Greek forms, we have concord and contrast most felicitously combined. The curves are alike in kind but opposed in direction. The handles bear out the contour of the bowl in a delicate undulation. The composition is graceful and yet spirited, entirely simple and perfectly refined.

Fig. 15.—From Moses.

This brings us to consider the general composition of vases, from which, perhaps, we have been kept too long. Their precision of symmetry in one direction makes it very desirable, in order to give the form animation, that it should not be symmetrical in another. A spherical vase has an uninteresting form. The

Fig. 16.—From Lau.

different exigences of neck and foot make it difficult to shape them alike, but to make even the body symmetrical above and below the middle line will give a dull outline, and we shall not find it in any but the straight-bodied Greek vases, which are late and inferior, as for instance Fig. 23. A natural consequence is the taper of the vases, upward or downward, to which we have alluded. The upward taper tends to stability; but an upright expansion suggests elasticity, nerve, growth as it were, and so gives more spirit and effect to the outlines of

small objects like vases. Sometimes they expand boldly to the top, and even the clumsy oxybaphon (Fig. 14) gets some character from the uncompromising way in which it spreads at the mouth. The calyx contracts its high stem for a moment, and then suddenly opens out like a flower. The stately Apulian crater (Fig. 24) spreads gradually to its full shoulders, and as the neck is drawn in continues the expansion in the handles. The tall lekythus owes its fine *élan* mostly to the way in which the upright lines of the body are stopped before they begin to deflect inward, and the upward movement, caught and continued by the hollow curves which lead into the columnar neck, is again renewed at the very termination in the expanding rim. This ends the vase with an echo of the form of the body, as a painter takes care to support his principal mass of strong color by repeating it in his picture. This treatment of the rim is one of the characteristic points in the composition. It closes with an accent like that of the masculine rhyme at the end of a line of poetry. In point of fact, the rim is important in the composition of every vase, though it may seem trivial. An ornamental composition, if it is not circumscribed like a panel or a picture, needs a well-marked termination, as every piece of music exacts its closing cadence; and many decorators enfeeble their designs in not remembering this.

Fig. 17.—From Lau.

The right proportioning of the members in a vase is of the first importance, though it is difficult to analyze satisfactorily. Fine proportion, like beauty of line, is a thing to be felt, and reasoning takes us but a little way to it. There are, it is true, certain ratios of dimension that are usually agreeable; we know that Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Hindus, mediæval artists, have had great deference for numerical ratios and geometric framework. Yet the truth is that numerical proportions are so obscured, and belied, and modified to the eye by differences of treatment in other respects, and by necessary obliquities of view, that outside a narrow range of applicability they are inoperative. They may do for roughing in, but the eye, not the scale, is the final judge of proportion. The sense for it is incommunicable, like the sense for color; and comes only by birthright or of long training. Many people, I believe, feel it when their attention is called to it who go through life mostly without enjoying it because they do not look for it. Fig. 5 will in some sort indicate how wide is the range of variation in proportioning the members of a vase, and what diversity of types the Greeks found in the different adjustment of these simple members, the body, neck, and foot. These are but a few out of an enormous number of forms. The variations of proportion are endless, and there are beautiful examples of each type.

Fig. 18.—The Dodwell Vase, from Moses.

Fig. 19.—From Moses.

A thing that we can never afford to overlook in a vase is its general contour. The eye quickly descries an enclosing line, an oval of some sort, which mainly follows the principal curve and bounds the subordinate members. Unless this

Fig. 20.—From the Englefield Collection.

contour is good the composition has not succeeded. It need not be as precise as the profile of the vase itself; it may be transgressed with picturesque effect by a salient point—the edge of the rim for instance, or the spur of a handle—and the foot generally lies outside it. In most vases the decorative office of the handles is to maintain it and carry it over into the neck, where the body withdraws from it. It is curious to notice how persistently the Greek potters affixed these handles to the curve which represents the body in the original type, through all the changes of form, so long as even a segment of it remains. Even in the bell-shaped craters (Fig. 5), where the neck has monopolized the vase and the bowl has dwindled to a mere survival, the handles cling to the body with more than filial fidelity, though this makes them useless for carrying the vessel. The artistic reason for this is clearly that here is where they can best continue the flow of the line of the body, atone, as it were, for its compression, and divert the contour line toward the upper part of the

neck. In most of the finer forms, especially in the amphoræ and lekythi, the handles bridge across from the shoulder to the neck. In the beautiful amphora (Fig. 8,') we feel the bounding line which leaves the body at the shoulder, and catching the upper turn of the handles bends inward till it is tangent to the rim. The handsome lekytho-amphora (Fig. 22) is marred in contour by the excess of the rim. If this were cut off in the middle, the rim would fall in with the contour of the handles, and the change of proportion would add a new charm to it. In some smooth, fat vases, on the other hand, the handles simply make a break in the outline, which, like the ears that protrude under a boy's close cap, may be regarded as ornamental or not, according to our taste. When the contour of the vase is cut off by a horizontal line at the top, as in the calyxes (Figs. 16 and 6), or the bell mouthed vases, the handles simply set off the shape of the bowl with a graceful allied curve, but in the heavy-rimmed crater (Fig. 13) they emphasize the squareness of the termination into harshness. In the wide-mouthed florid craters, on the other hand (Figs. 15 and 24), they soften the abruptness of the outline by the way they rise above the rim. In the beautiful œnochoë (Fig. 11) the handle and the mouth are so balanced that they complete the outline by suggesting the full closed oval. In the later œnochoë (Fig. 7) the excess of the handle which wilfully projects beyond the oval is skilfully balanced by the enlargement of the foot.

Fig. 21.—From Lau.

Fig. 22.—From Englefield.

Fig. 23.—From Lau.

The foot, as I have said, is usually outside the effective contour of the vase, forming a base for it, and some of the charm of outline is lost if the eye does not seem to trace the line of the body unbroken through the foot. In the most beautiful vases we always see this: it will be noticed in many of our illustrations. In this respect the amphoræ are apt to be less satisfactory than many others, halting, as it were, between two opinions—between the pointed end made to stick in the ground and the ring which became affixed to it. When, in the drinking-cups, and in the later ornamental vases—the florid Apulian craters and the still later Græco-Roman carved vases—the foot became much more prominent, it was a nice matter to proportion it well. In the elaborate bell-shaped marble vases the temptation was, I think, to make the foot too large (Fig. 12) and too detached. In the delicate lekythus, on the contrary, the sharp

Fig. 24.—From Mr. Thomas B. Clarke's Collection.

cincture only emphasizes its elastic uprightness. (Fig. 25.)

I am far from insisting that all Greek vases are beautiful. To admire simply because they are called Greek argues the same insensibility as to fail to see their beauty. They are of all degrees, beautiful, commonplace, and ugly. But it is not often that those lack charm which were really made in Greece, and in the period of fine work. Here is one, Fig. 23, which is made attractive by its rich ornamentation, and to which the reduced engraving lends a delicacy that is not its own—a late florid incense-vase, probably of Italian manufacture. There are touches of grace here and there in the outline, but it sins at most points. The contour is feeble, the equal divisions of height unpleasant; its neck is too long, its mouth too big, its body meagre—that or the sprawling handles, one or all, might be turned upside down without making any difference. This sounds like harsh criticism, and would not be worth making if it did not emphasize by contrast the excellence of the fine vases. Nice proportioning, subordination of parts, flow and modulation of outline, the harmony of consonant lines, and the

vivacity of contrast are their virtues; and are the means, so far as form is concerned, by which the designers of all fine work have gained their effects. More than this, the serene grace, the absence of effort, result of a harmony in which every part is attuned to one effect, the delightful self-restraint and repose—qualities of which our own ever-struggling art is for the present bereft, and which have their finest expression in the architecture and sculpture of Greece—have their sufficient echo in these lesser forms of her art.

Fig. 25.

THE SHADOW CHASER.

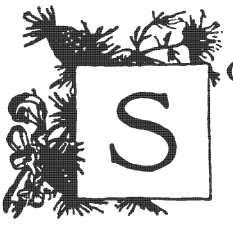
By Henrietta Christian Wright.

With outstretched hands he saw his child joys flee,
And vanish with the passing of the day,
Like ships that keep their course far out at sea,
Nor heed the longing watchers in the bay.
And glad youth found him following ardent-eyed
The fleeting phantom that he ever lost,
And all his eager manhood was denied
The sweet reward such weary searching cost.

Then came at last Life's lord, sweet Death, and said,
"Oh, loyal heart, well done, behold thy wage."
And lo!—with fadeless beauty overspread—
The shadow of his childhood, youth and age.

THE TOWN OF THE HOLY CHILDREN.

By Thomas A. Janvier.



SO full are they of meaning and of music that, at least to stranger hearts and ears, there is a great charm about the names of the towns which the good Fathers long ago founded in this old country of New Spain. That in which Don José dwelt was called La Villa de los Santos Niños —The Town of the Holy Children: and it was so small, and so pervaded by the spirit of peace and restfulness, that its gracious name seemed to have cast over it a lasting spell.

It was a very little town: only a cluster of five or six adobe houses, built not around a plaza, as the usual custom is, but bunched together anyhow, beside a tiny church at the end of a narrow lane. The lane went crookedly across the fields—following closely the water-channels, that as much as possible the irrigable land might be spared—for a mile or more, and then opened out upon the highway that led, far across the waves of sand-hills clad with cedar-brush, to the great city of Santa Fé.

Along this lane was the one line of communication between the Town of the Holy Children and the outside world; and the travellers by way of it were few. Save the Padre and Don José, only old Máximo, the Padre's sacristan and servant, and old Pedro, who was at once Don José's factotum and humble friend, ever had journeyed to the capital; and, having visited a place so far away and so magnificent—wherein a Bishop dwelt, and also a General—Máximo and Pedro were accorded by their fellows a well-deserved reverence that had an enlarging effect upon their souls. The journeyings of the rest of the townsfolk were confined to jaunts to the other little towns lying roundabout in cosy nooks among the mountains, or basking in the plentiful sunshine of the broad Rio Grande valley—Santa Clara, San Pedro, San Cárlos, San Juan, San Ildefonso: and so on through the saintly calendar.

Don José had known better days; at least days which would seem better, when judged by the every-day standard of the working world. Once he had been rich. Now he was poor. Yet his riches had not brought him happiness, only vexation of spirit and of body; and now, in his poverty, he had found contentment and peace. To be sure, at times his thoughts would go back longingly to the days when the great *hacienda* in Chihuahua was his; when five hundred *peones* were his also; when in the midst of his great possessions he reigned supreme—as reigned the patriarchs of old. And he would contrast somewhat bitterly this kingdom of his youth with the petty principality that remained to him now that he was grown old: his thousand or so acres of land, only partly cultivated; his subjects only old Paquita and old Pedro—who managed the one the work of the house and the other the work of the fields.

But when Don José's thoughts went thus sorrowfully astray, Juanita had a way of stepping up softly and kissing him upon a particular little spot upon his cheek, just below the cheek-bone, where his gray whiskers grew thinly—a little spot that she herself had discovered, and that was all her own. And then the wrinkles would disappear from his forehead, the look of longing would fade from his eyes, and he would say, cheerily: "Si, Juanita; 'sta 'ueno, mi chiquita"—Yes, Juanita; it's all right, my little one—and his care, with its cause, would be buried once more in the past.

Juanita, who shared Don José's little kingdom with him, and thus exorcised sorrow from it, was his daughter: and a fairer, more lovable Crown Princess never reigned!

DON José had lived in the Town of the Holy Children for a long time. Juanita—who looked upon herself as being quite an elderly sort of a person because

at the next feast of San Juan she would be seventeen years old—said that he had lived there always. As far back as she remembered anything, she remembered only the surroundings of this village home. Nor could she see that her father in this time had changed in any way. As a little child she remembered him as she still knew him: his tall form bent a little by age, his kindly face framed in a mass of tumbled, curly hair and shaggy beard, which also, being grizzled and streaked with gray, showed the touch of Time. Pedro, seeing more clearly with his old eyes than Juanita saw with her young ones, perceived that Don José in truth had grown older. There was more of gray in his tumbled, curly hair, his shaggy beard was shaggier and grayer, too, and his tall form still more was bowed—as though the burden of the years had grown heavier to bear.

And Pedro could see a much greater change by going back yet a little farther—beyond the sad time when the Señora's life ended on the very day that Juanita's life began. He scarcely could believe that the Don José, bowed and gray, whom he served now, was the Don José, erect and still young in his vigorous middle age, whom he served before that great sorrow came. But he kept such thoughts as these to himself. Thus far Juanita had known no sorrows; and old Pedro loved her too well to cast upon the bright morning of her life the shadow of a dark day dead and gone.

Save this change in Don José, that somewhat early had made him an old man, and the lesser changes wrought by the flight of time in those around him, no change at all had come to anything within the Town of the Holy Children in the nearly seventeen years of Juanita's little lifetime. The days drifted by pleasantly. With them came no burden of care, and with them went no burden of regret—for other days as fresh, as beautiful, as full of quiet happiness, ever were ready to take the place of those which were gone.

Juanita found great joy in the glad air and friendly sunshine. And, in their due season, she found not less pleasure in the friendly rains. The red mountains of New Mexico are very beautiful in the rainy time. All the green things, which try so hard, but so vainly, through the dry season, to grow upon their arid flanks, rejoice as the loving rain comes down to comfort them after their nine months' battle with the sun; to give them strength to live again through the nine months of sunshine that surely will come when the rain is at an end. And the red mountains grow redder, even to purple, as their crests and sides are bathed by the many showers sent down upon them by the kindly clouds. No wonder is it that the Spaniards of old, reverently seeing God in all His works, gave to these red mountains, so nobly beautiful, the name of *El Sangre de Cristo*—The Blood of Christ.

Much of the love that was in Juanita's heart went forth to these great masses of everlasting stone which girded in her home. For the peaks and cañons and beetling cliffs she had special love-names of her own; for they were her close and dear friends. She made stories about them for herself, peopling their purple heights with saints and heroes of the Church, of whom the Padre had told her brave stories—saints and heroes too good for the lower levels of the earth. Chief among these strange loves of hers was the mountain of San Yldefonso, that, ten miles away to the westward, rose sharply from the very centre of the valley and outlined its square, battlemented crest in pale gray-blue against the deep turquoise-blue of the sky. In this noble castle, for so she called it—and so, indeed, it seemed to be, so regular and so symmetrical was its shape—dwelt her bravest soldiers and her best-loved saints. She never tired of looking at this mountain down the vista of the fair valley; of fancying that the Rio Grande, glittering in the sunlight between its green banks, while the red mountains of the blood of Christ towered above, was the golden pathway that led to its stately gates; of fancying that down this pathway rode ever noble knights to the waiting saints who, within the castle, would reward them fitly for their gallant deeds.

Juanita had time and to spare wherein to weave her fancies. In gentle old New Spain there is none of the bustle and toil and vexation of spirit by which

the dwellers in less favored portions of the world are wearied in body and cast down in heart; and fancies are very real in this land where life, no longer a burden, seems more than half a pleasant dream. Nor in all New Spain was there a place where fancies wove themselves more readily or in more airy forms than here in this little Town of the Holy Children—where trouble never came, where all was placid happiness and peace.

YET at last there did come, one day, into La Villa de los Santos Niños a thrill of surprise. The Padre, returning from the great festival of the Corpus, in Santa Fé, brought with him a strange rumor, that the Americanos were coming down again once more from the North—not as they had come long years before, as conquering soldiers, but as railroad-builders; though what a railroad was, not a single man, woman, or child in the Town of the Holy Children, save the Padre himself and Don José, at all could tell. The phrase *ferro-carril*—a rut, a roadway, of iron—was uncouth, strange, incomprehensible. Doubtless, being an invention of the Americanos, this *ferro-carril* was also an invention of the devil. As everybody knew, between the devil and the Americanos the relations were of the closest.

After much pondering upon the matter, in conference with his friend Máximo, this popular view of the matter was presented by Pedro to Don José for confirmation. Nor did the explanation that Don José gave at all tend to shake his faith in the satanic genesis of the threatened invasion. On the contrary, the explanation only bred in his mind a hazy concept of a great howling demon, fed on fire and boiling water, that tore across the land at a speed greater than that of a runaway *burro;* greater than that attainable by anything earthly—in a word, of a more prodigious devil than his imagination well could lay hold upon. Therefore he went back to Máximo in fear and trembling, crossing himself vigorously, and fervently praying that the devastating horror which menaced the Town of the Holy Children might be stayed. After this, no one doubted that the *ferro-carril* of the Americanos was altogether devilish and abounding in danger to Christian souls.

Presently the vanguard of the army of invasion arrived. After all, it was not a very formidable army: only a half-dozen engineers for cavalry; an axe-man, a cook, and a couple of teamsters for infantry; while the nearest approach to an artillery train was a Studebaker wagon, in which certain venturesome investigators discovered a few Winchester rifles, stacked handily upon a loading of general stores. To be sure, besides the Winchesters, the army was well provided with formidable revolvers; but these reposed quietly in their holsters, and their wearers, so far from manifesting a warlike disposition, were friendly to a degree. Indeed, the party was made up of brisk, merry young fellows, bent fully as much upon having a good time as upon making surveys, and apparently quite determined to make themselves as agreeable to the Mexicans as possible. Had they not been Americanos, their laudable endeavor to establish themselves upon a friendly footing in the land certainly would have been successful; but the conditions of the case were against them, and their endeavor failed. The memory of the siege of Taos, of the battle and sack of Santa Cruz, of the wreck of their own tiny town, of the fall of Santa Fé, all this still was green in the memory of the dwellers in the Town of the Holy Children—far too green to permit them, being good Mexicans, to make friends of these Americanos, who, for all they knew to the contrary, were the very sons of their old-time foes.

For a time Don José shared this popular sentiment and had little to do with the railroad men. He had borne his part bravely in that long-past, troublous time. High up on his forehead, just under the edge of his tumbled, curly hair, was a gallant scar—the mark of a Texan sabre, got as he stood firmly in the breach of the church wall at Taos. As a good soldier, he bore no ill-will to the soldier who had struck him down; but it was not in human nature that he should feel kindly toward the nation to which that soldier belonged; toward the people that had conquered his people, and that had left his land bereft and desolate. And therefore it was

that while, as became a Mexican gentleman, he was courteous in his dealings with these railroad-building Americanos who had come down across the mountains from the North, he made his dealings with them few, and treated them as strangers, not as friends.

Yet presently, to the horror of old Pedro, his manner toward the invaders changed. It was Don José's fortune—his fate, perhaps—as he rode homeward one day, down the valley, to fall in with a couple of the American engineers. The young men, full of enthusiasm in their work, and thoroughly convinced that it was destined to regenerate the benighted land in which they were carrying it on, and also charmed with this delightful old fellow, whose manner and whose speech were so pervaded by a courtly elegance, told in uncertain Spanish, but with an earnest energy, of the many benefits to the people and to the country which the building of the railroad surely would bring. They believed heartily what they said, and their faith was infectious. At first Don José listened only for politeness' sake to their glowing description of the coming season of revival, of universal comfort, of the fortunate few who certainly would acquire great wealth. But as they rode on and on, along the dusty road by the river-side, he grew more and more interested in their talk; and presently his dark eyes began to sparkle with an eager light, such as had not shone in them for years; not since the time in his early manhood when he began the grand speculations that were to make him the richest *proprietario* in all Mexico—and that ended in leaving him owner of but one little, poor scrap of land.

Again he grew inattentive to their talk; but now not because it did not interest him, but because the spirit of it had entered into the depths of his being and was working great commotion there. The stray phrases which penetrated to his mind—rich farms, successful vineyards, sales of land, new towns, great fortunes, and the like—gave strength to the flights of his own fervid fancy, and filled with a greater eagerness his eager soul. When their roads separated—at the ford at Chamita—he scarcely roused himself to bid the engineers farewell, so earnestly was his mind engaged with the bright future that had opened out before him at the magic spell of their hopeful words.

Don José rode slowly through the ford, slowly along the Santa Fé road to the point where the lane leading to the Town of the Holy Children branched off from it, and slowly down this lane to his home. Outside the little town he met the Padre, setting forth upon a mission of mercy to one lying sick unto death, whose soul was to be purged of the sins of the world that it was about to leave; but Don José rode on, his head bowed upon his breast, and made no answering sign of reverence to the Padre's salute. At the gate of the corral he threw the end of the lariat to old Pedro without a word—though Pedro could not remember a time when the like of this had happened before. Very close friends were old Pedro and his master—much closer than master and man of the Saxon race, howsoever steadfast their good feeling toward each other, ever could hope to be. Pedro, too, had been in the fight at Taos; and in the darkness of night—daring death—he had stolen into the church, and thence had brought Don José from among the dead, and had nursed him back to life. Don José never had forgotten this—until to-day. But to-day Don José's nature seemed to be entirely changed. He even chid old Paquita—who never before had heard from his lips an unkind word—because by some mischance in the cooking she had suffered the *frijoles* to be burned. And, strangest of all, Juanita's kiss for the first time failed to drive the care-wrinkles from his forehead and to bring a gentle light into his brown eyes.

And so began Don José's new prosperity.

From this day onward, instead of shunning the Americanos, Don José paid court to them. He spent much time with them in their camp; he rode out with them while they ran their lines and staked off for construction; he even made them welcome guests at his own home. The engineers were rather flattered by this unexpected tender of friendship; and as it took a practical turn they were well pleased with it.

Presents of fresh corn, of toothsome joints of kid, of melons and fruit, came across to their camp on old Pedro's unwilling shoulders, and were very welcome there. And after the rigors of camp food, the meals which Don José gave them, of old Paquita's cooking, were veritable feasts—though, had they known how heartily Paquita hoped that each mouthful would choke them, it is possible that these feasts would have lost a little of their relish.

The standing topic of conversation on all these occasions was the grand season of prosperity that would come when the railroad should be finished and the enterprising people of the North should pour down into the land. Don José never tired of hearing how the railroads of the Americanos were pushed out into desert wastes—only to make the wastes gardens and the deserts populous. If a railroad thus could make a barren country rich, how much richer then, he argued, must it make a country that already was peopled and needed only a market in order to develop abundantly its latent wealth. And the bright vision of his little possessions, fabulously increased in value and sold at a price that would enable him again to own the great *hacienda* down in Chihuahua, ever was before his eyes.

He tried, one day, to make all this plain to old Pedro. But for once Pedro's opinions were very much at variance with those of his master. The upshot of their talk was that Pedro said, very sturdily, that it was better to be poor than to take the devil's money. And, in answer to the objection that the devil had nothing to do with the matter in hand, he expressed his emphatic belief that the league which existed, and which always had existed, between the devil and the Americanos made devil's money and Americanos' money one and the same thing. Pedro's opinions were not many, but such as he had were positive and strong.

About this time Don José fell in with a new acquaintance who pleased him mightily. This was a certain Señor Richards—an Americano, of course—who had drifted down into New Mexico for no particular reason, he said, but for the general purpose of seeing what chances there were for investments in the land that the railroad so soon was to make rich by opening it to the world. His anticipations of coming benefits were broader and more sanguine, even, than those entertained by the engineers, and, therefore, much better suited to Don José's needs. Don José had found the engineers rather lacking in enthusiasm, latterly. He had no cause for complaining of lack of enthusiasm on the part of this new ally—whose flights of hopeful fancy more than matched his own. Where the Mexican saw a promise only of hundreds, the American saw thousands; and when Don José ventured, doubtfully, to speak of thousands, Señor Richards firmly and positively spoke of millions. Indeed, there was no end to the wealth and prosperity that he foretold.

Nor were his forecasts vague or illusive. They were precise and practical. A land improvement company; a company for the sale of town lots; a company that would dig a great irrigating canal, and so bring under ditch thousands of acres of arid land; a company that would plant vineyards and manufacture wine—these were the more notable of the plans which were to make Don José's level lands in the valley and ragged stretches of hill-side turn at last into gold. Don José's brain was in a whirl with all these fine projects. He could not at all take in their details, and much of their general purpose was more than he could understand; but their grand result was clear enough to him, and contemplation of it made him glad at heart.

Moreover, he already held in hand an earnest of his riches. The sum of money paid him by the railroad company for the right of way across his lands seemed to him in itself enormous—for in this blessed region all the things which make life comfortable were to be had in plenty, and money, with which comes sorrow, scarcely was known at all. But Don José did not by any means look upon his money as the seed of unhappiness; on the contrary, he believed that with its possession happiness had come to him such as he had not known for many long years. In truth, he looked back now with something like contempt upon the placid life that had been his in the past.

To be sure, in this past time—since the Señora's death—he had known no real sorrows. He had lived in quiet contentment, drawing from his little herd and from his few fields all that he needed to supply his bodily wants, with enough of overplus to help his humble neighbors in times of dearth—and being thus liberal with the goods which God had given him, and being also gentle and kindly in his dealings with those about him, he had many friends. But now, in contrast with the life of magnificence that so soon would be his, this simple life that he had been for so long contentedly leading seemed worthless and mean.

By this time Señor Richards had shifted his position from that of a constant visitor to that of a permanent inmate of Don José's home. The two had so much to talk about, so many brilliant schemes to plan and shape, that they could not afford the time lost in riding backward and forward between the Town of the Holy Children and Española, where Señor Richards had found quarters. So, quite naturally, the American was induced, as a favor to his Mexican friend, to change his abode. Old Pedro's patience was tried sorely by this new move, for he hated the Señor Richards most cordially; but he had found by this time that remonstrance with his master was useless, and so, moodily, he held his peace. With old Paquita the case was different. She was not in the habit of setting a guard upon her lips at any time; and at a time like this least of all. In a fine rage she presented herself to Don José, and freed her mind completely of the burden that rested upon it—of anger that an Americano should be thus received; of conviction that he would repay his debt of hospitality by some hurtful, evil deed. Paquita did not specify what particular evil deed she looked for; but the thought of Juanita, young, beautiful, motherless, was in her heart. Yet Don José was not moved—save to unwonted anger—by this outbreak of rebellion on Paquita's part. Nor did it in anywise affect the result. Precisely as had been arranged, the Señor Richards came with his few belongings to the house in the Town of the Holy Children and made it his home.

Juanita was the only member of the household, save Don José himself, who regarded complacently this addition to the household's membership. Of late her life had been a lonely one. Engrossed by his many plans for getting rich again, Don José had spared no time for the pleasant, idle talk with Juanita—about her heroes and saints in the castle of San Yldefonso, about her friends the mountains, about her goats and sheep and the *burro*, and such like small matters—in which they both had found much simple happiness in the time that was gone. And being thus cut off from the companionship that had become, though she knew it not, a necessary part of her life, Juanita was more than ready to welcome to her home this stranger, whose presence promised to afford her at least the pleasure and excitement which come with change. From what her father had told her—lacking anybody else to tell it to, for Pedro steadily refused to have part or parcel with the new order of things—she was greatly impressed by the wonderful power that this Americano possessed of making their poverty turn into wealth. To be sure, she never had known—until Don José now told her—that she was poor; and wealth was a word altogether strange to her. But it was only natural that the promise of wealth should seem very good to her when she found that its possession meant for her many new gowns and real jewels, much finer than the sham ones worn by Our Lady at Santa Cruz on the day of her festival, and visits to the capital every year, for the Corpus and the other great feasts of the Church. Hundreds of times she had sat upon old Máximo's knee and listened—with an eager longing that she herself might see it all with her own eyes—to his descriptions of the Corpus and of the many splendors of Santa Fé. No wonder, then, that she looked with a reverent admiration upon this Americano, who was to work the change in their fortunes that would put these wondrous and much-hoped-for delights within her grasp. Nor did her admiration of the potent Americano suffer any decrease because he was young and handsome—not handsome as were her own countrymen, but with a fair beauty that was altogether strange

to her, and the more attractive because it was thus strange. Presently, in Juanita's day-dreams, the bravest knights in her castle of San Yldefonso also were fair.

While Don José and his friend, the Señor Richards, talked over their many fine projects for fortune-making, and while Juanita's day-dreams took a shape and color that they never before had known, the work of building the railway went on with a rapidity that, to the easy-going Mexicans, seemed nothing short of miraculous. Although they themselves did the digging and the carting of the earth, the celerity with which the embankments grew, and with which the cuts through the hills were completed, was so prodigious—knowing, as they did, how a whole summer scarcely had sufficed them when they dug the great *acéquia* that watered the hill-side above San Pedro—that they were more than ever sure of the existence of the league between the Americanos and the devil. Nor were they well pleased with their work in some other respects. The fields which they loved, having tilled them all their lives long, and knowing that in the past their fathers had tilled them for centuries, were laid waste as the earthworks grew; and everywhere their cherished water-courses were divided. Yet, with the tendency of their race to make life a holiday, they found solace for what they deemed their misfortunes in the seemingly vast sums of money paid them by the railroad company for their labor and for their wasted fields. The possession of money was new to them, and they found that it brought them many pleasant things. The traders who came down with wagon-loads of beautiful wares and stuffs from the North did a brisk business; and every night there was a dance, and every Sunday a *fiesta*, in one or another of the little towns. Nor did these simple prodigals stop in their merry-making to consider that as their money was going as fast as it came, and going only to secure them passing enjoyment, nothing would remain in the end to compensate them for the injury done to their farms—that would remain an injury always.

Don José was the one exception to this improvident rule. He held what had been paid him for his own land, and, under the guidance of the Señor Richards, he added to his little fortune largely. The two made expeditions together down the valley, in advance of the railway workings, and bargained for the land over which the railway was to pass; and presently sold what they had bought to the railway company at a goodly advance; for the valley folk had faith in Don José—because of the name for kindliness and goodness that he had borne among them for so long a time—and did not question the fairness of the prices which he offered them; and the less, because these prices were higher than ever had been paid in the valley for land before.

Señor Richards stated the case to the right-of-way agent of the railroad company in these terse terms: "We pay 'em a d——d sight more for their land than it's worth to *them*, and we take all the trouble of dickering for it and squaring the titles; and then we sell it for a d——d sight less than it's worth to *you*. It's what I call a d——d fair and square transaction all around. And, d——n it all, I'm not here for my health, anyway."

In language less vigorous, and more in harmony with the sedate forms of Spanish speech, Señor Richards made this same presentment of the case to Don José; and urged, besides, that if the great plans which they had in mind were to be realized, it was necessary that they thus should accumulate a working capital. The business that they had in hand was a legitimate business, he said, one in which any honorable gentleman honorably might engage.

At first Don José certainly did not take kindly to this "legitimate business," but gradually he suffered himself to be convinced by the arguments of the "honorable gentleman" with whom he was associated. And a still stronger argument tending to his conviction was his growing love for the growing mass of silver dollars which he had in store. He had made a hiding-place for his treasure in the clay floor of his sleeping-room, and at night he would dig away the clay that covered it and would sit for hours contemplating it in a dreamy ecstasy, as he pictured to himself the de-

lights which soon now were to be his: how he would be the owner again of the great *hacienda* in Chihuahua; how he would live again the free, careless life of his youth; how once more he would receive the respect and honor that is the due of him who owns broad lands. And, thus richly fancying, he would grow pitiful of himself as he thought of the many years that he had lost, here in this miserable Town of the Holy Children, in a meaningless and ignoble life.

And yet, though he tried to smother it in the depths of his heart, the thought would force itself upon him, now and then, that his wealth was being bought at the cost of certain precious things which wealth, in turn, could never buy. Already his land transactions had brought him the ill-feeling of the valley folk—who, in past times, had known him only by his kindly deeds, and who had felt for him only respect and love. Those whose land he had bought for little and sold for much, as they gradually came to understand the loss that they had suffered, were wroth with him; and as they told, up and down the valley, of the wrong that he had done them, a sentiment of ill-will against Don José arose that widened and gathered strength from day to day. In the course of his rides abroad he no longer encountered smiling faces and greetings which came warmly from the heart; the Padre, too, his tried and trusted friend through many years, had drawn away from him; and even in his own home there was a chilling change. But Don José, filling his mind with thoughts of his great store of dollars, and of the joys which these dollars would buy for him, was able for a long while to hide from himself the dismal truth that, in going out into his new life in search of riches, he had left the love and friendship—precious above all riches—of his old life behind. Yet at last the time came when his mind no longer could keep this secret from his heart.

One day, the Señor Richards being away on an expedition down the valley, concerning some land that they purposed buying, Don José tried to make clear to old Pedro the excellent things which were in store for them all when his plans should be accomplished; and so sought to justify his acts in his servant's eyes. But Pedro listened but coldly, and refused to be convinced. So the end of their talk was that Don José bade him begone for a stupid old fool. And Pedro, shouldering his clumsy hoe, went down sadly and wearily to his labor in the fields, wondering the while if Don José had thought him so stupid that night, long ago, when he crept in between the camp-fires of the Americanos to the church at Taos and saved his master's life at the risk of his own.

And much this same thought came into Don José's own mind as, his anger cooling, he watched old Pedro slowly and sorrowfully shambling away. For a long time he sat with his head bowed down, while his face grew more and more thoughtful and sad. It is a dreary thing suddenly to realize that the friendship of more than half a lifetime is broken—though the friendship thus riven be only that of master and man, and the friend lost only a clumsy old fellow with no ideas in his thick head save those of duty and love. And Don José, as the thought came full upon him that Pedro—who had saved his life, and who for so many years had served him with a loving loyalty—now no longer was his friend, was very sad at heart.

While he sat thus mournfully musing, Paquita crossed the *patio;* and he noticed, being in the mood to perceive the omissions, that she did not turn, as for so many years had been her wont when she came near her master, to interchange with him the friendly smile that was sure to be the prelude to a little friendly talk. Here, then, was another faithful friend estranged.

He heard Juanita's step in the house and called to her; but when she came out to him her face was grave and, stopping a little space from where he sat, she asked what he would have her do. She did not come running to him with a laugh and kiss him upon the cheek; and he knew of a sudden that a long, long while had passed since she had given him this sweet caress.

"Dost thou not love me, little one?" he asked; and his heart grew colder and sadder still as, instead of the loving answer that she would have given a year

before, she said, simply, "Si, Señor," but made no motion to come to his half-extended arms. And then, waiting a moment or two respectfully, to know if he had any commands to lay upon her, and finding that he remained silent, Juanita walked quietly away.

As he looked after her, longingly, he marked with surprise how much within the year she had changed. She no longer was a slim slip of a girl, and instead of her light, quick step she walked heavily. In the doorway she paused and half turned, as though irresolute to go or stay, and he saw that her face was flushed with a deep red. For a moment her eyes met his, and the old-time love-light seemed again to shine in them—but it was strangely blended with an expression, half of doubt, half of fear. Yet, before he had time fully to perceive all this, still less to comprehend it, she turned again, hastily, and was gone.

And thus it was that Don José came to know clearly that the money which he had gained had cost him all the love that was his in the world.

For awhile he again sat silent and sorrowful; and then he arose and walked, with something of eagerness, out from the *patio* and across the road into the little chapel. Although living at the very door of this chapel, Don José but rarely entered it. In common with the men of his race generally, he was content that the services of the Church should be discharged for him by his womenkind. But now he turned to the chapel in earnest need, as the one fit place wherein his sorrow for the past might be lost in prayer, and wherein, through the answer to his prayer, might come hope for a better future. The duskiness of the little church, as he entered it and left behind him the glare of sunlight, was comforting to him—soothing him as he would have been soothed by a soft, cool hand laid upon his hot forehead. There was no one in the chapel—he was glad of that—and he sank down upon his knees before the little altar, restfully, as a wanderer finding welcome in a home from which he has gone far astray. As he prayed there, less in words than in thoughts, peace seemed to come back to him, and love entered once more into his heart. The memory of the many placid, happy years which he had passed here in the Town of the Holy Children came over him and filled him with a quiet joy in which there was rest and thankfulness; and at the same time the firm determination that—by the sweet Children's aid, and by the Blessed Virgin's grace—this life again should be his filled and gladdened his soul. And so, at last, he arose from before the altar and went forth once more into the sunlight; and in his heart was happiness.

Don José, a sinner, forgot that sin—though through God's great goodness and mercy it may be forgiven—is a deadly stain that even true repentance cannot efface; forgot that, while evil may be stopped at its source, the consequences of evil done must go on and on until through bitter sorrow is accomplished the expiation that Fate inexorably demands.

THE Señor Richards, having, with some little trouble, satisfactorily arranged a very promising deal down the valley, came back late in the afternoon to the Town of the Holy Children, to report the transaction to his partner, and to lay out plans for continuing their highly profitable campaign. For private reasons of his own, Señor Richards did not intend to carry on this campaign much longer, and he already had partly mapped out a bold stroke with which he intended to bring it to an end. But that Don José should desire to end it was a possibility that had not occurred to him. Therefore, he was not a little surprised when—in the after-glow of sunset, as the two sat together in the *patio* smoking their *cigarritos*, while the cool wind poured down from the mountains and brought with it a delicious refreshment after the long heat of the day—Don José told him of his changed intentions in regard to the execution of their plans. Don José spoke nervously, almost timidly, for his instinct told him that the Señor Richards could not in the smallest degree comprehend the motives which actuated him in renouncing the fair certainty of wealth; and he felt that this friend, who had helped him so well, so disinterestedly, had a just right for complaint in a sudden stoppage of their joint work

while its profits yet remained all on one side—for, though the money already in hand might be divided, the great schemes for fortune-making, of which this money was the substantial basis, still remained in the air.

For a little space, while he unfolded his intentions in the slow speech that was habitual with him, the angry light that he expected to see in the eyes of the Señor Richards indeed was there. But as he talked on this light died out, and when he had made an end of his discourse the Americano's face wore a smile—not a pleasant smile, it is true; nor one easy for a simple-minded man like Don José to understand. However, it seemed to be well meant, for the Señor Richards raised no objections to the dissolution of their partnership. It made no difference to him, he said, whether or not their plans were executed. Other land-owners on the line of the railroad, no doubt, would accept gladly the chance that Don José chose to throw away; and if they would not, he did not greatly care. On many accounts, he added, he was disposed to return to the States; this was but a slow country for an American to make money in; after all, these plans which they had formed for fortune-making were quite as likely to fail as they were to succeed.

Don José, thinking only of his desire to retreat from his position, did not notice the wide difference between his friend's views now and those which he had expressed that very morning—when he had repeated with emphasis his frequently-urged belief that the very plans which he now dismissed so airily would assure to them both the speedy acquisition of fabulous wealth. Had Don José perceived this change of front, the thought might have occurred to him, ignorant though he was of the darker side of human nature, that the honorable gentleman his partner, for some reason that might not bear examination, had been aiding him and urging him to build a house of cards.

The proposition that the money should be divided was accepted by the Señor Richards briskly. It had better be done at once, that very night, he said; since Don José had decided to abandon their joint undertaking, he would leave immediately—in fact, by the train that passed Chamita a little after midnight—for the States. In anyone else, Don José would have deemed strange such exceedingly prompt action; but in the case of this Americano he had come to know that intention and action usually went hand-in-hand.

Juanita had been sitting near them while they talked, but neither of them had spoken to her—her father had not even thought of her. Women are looked upon as useful creatures in this part of the world, but they have no part in the serious affairs of men. Now she arose from the bench by the doorway, and, with a sob that startled them both, went into the house hurriedly.

"Ah! the poor little one! She mourns the loss of the Corpus, and the beautiful gowns, and all the fine things which I have promised her," said Don José. The Señor Richards made no answer in words, but again there appeared upon his face that curious, not pleasant, smile.

The two men went into the house to Don José's sleeping-room, and Don José—discovering now for the first time its hiding-place to his friend—dug up from the clay floor his hoard of silver dollars and made a fair division of them. He was strongly tempted—little liking the way that he had come by them—to give them all to the American; but the thought of Juanita restrained him. With such a sum as still was left to him he could give her a marriage portion that would assure her a worthy husband; he felt that he was old now, and his heart's desire was to see Juanita, the one true treasure of his old age, well settled in life before he died. Therefore he checked his impulse, and, when the Señor Richards had verified his count, he returned his own half of the money to its hiding-place in the clay floor. Señor Richards stood by and watched him—the unpleasant smile again upon his face, though this time it was unseen by Don José—while he filled in the hole and carefully levelled over it the clay.

When the two men separated—for the few hours of sleep which could be caught before the Señor Richards would ride away to take the north-bound train—

Don José returned across the dark *patio*. As he passed the door of Juanita's sleeping-room he heard, through the darkness, the sound of bitter sobs. Pushing aside the partly open door, he went to where his daughter lay sorrowing. Very tenderly, for his own heart felt a nameless sorrow that entered into and was a part of his great love for his child, he asked:

"Doth thy little heart suffer, my little one, now that all I foolishly promised thee is lost?"

But Juanita answered only with a moan, and in the darkness she clasped eagerly her father's hand.

For a long while, stroking her hands soothingly, he sat beside her. But she would not be comforted, and her quivering sobs wrung cruelly his loving heart. At last she said, with such hollow tones of grief in her voice as made it seem the voice of a tormented soul speaking from amidst the agonies of hell: "Not now, my father, not now. I must tell thee my sorrow—but wait yet a little time. Leave me for this one night longer with thy dear love, that I had thought already was lost to me; leave me, and let me make to the Mother of Sorrows my prayer."

And Don José, half smiling that so small a grief thus should stir to its very depths Juanita's heart, yet sorrowing because his own folly had brought this grief upon her, kissed gently and lovingly her little tear-wet cheek, and left her alone in the darkness to pray.

Sleep came to Don José slowly. This had been a day of great excitement to him, and his mind was charged with many and conflicting thoughts. He had taken a decisive step that shaped positively his future life. As he believed, he had relinquished wealth that was within his grasp; as he certainly knew, he had accepted comparative poverty as his portion for the remainder of his days. Both his conscience and his heart approved what he had done; yet it was not in human nature that, after making such a choice, he should not feel some twinges of regret. And a real poignancy was given to his sorrow by the grief that his choice had caused his child. He felt sure, of course, that this little trouble of hers would be cured by time, and that the life which he had chosen for her was far more likely to bring her happiness than the life which he had rejected; yet it troubled him to think that any act of his—no matter how temporary her pain, nor how greatly for her good the eventual result—should make in her tender soul so harsh a wound. And underlying all these troubling thoughts, now that his mind was awakened to the change that a year had wrought, was a haunting fear that with the coming of the Americanos the restfulness and peace of the Town of the Holy Children had departed, never to return. When at last he slept, his sleep was dreamful and unsound.

Don José was awakened less by a noise than by a presence—by an instinctive feeling that he was not alone, and that deadly peril was near. The room, without windows, was densely dark; only a faint suggestion of dim, reflected light came in through the open door from the star-lit *patio*. Through this slightly luminous space, as he gazed intently, a figure seemed to move; and a moment later he heard a very slight, soft sound, as though a hand were moving over the surface of the clay floor. The sound came from that side of the room where his treasure lay buried, and, as his light sleep wholly left him, he knew that he was being robbed. Some one of the many loose characters with which the valley had been infested since the coming of the railway must have guessed that he had money by him, and so had planned this daring theft. In the excitement of the moment, and in the confusion of a mind aroused from sleep, it did not occur to Don José that a robber of this sort would not have the precise knowledge of the interior of his house, nor of the exact spot where the money lay hidden, that this robber manifestly was in possession of. Indeed, he did not pause to think about the matter at all. Over his head, hanging upon the wall, within easy reach of his hand, was the sword that he had carried so gallantly through the long-past war—the sword that had fallen beside him, when he was struck down in the church at Taos, and that Pedro had brought away, in that dismal night-time, to keep as a precious

relic, should his brave master die. It was a good sword, and Don José's blood coursed hotly through his veins as he felt, although he was an old man now, that he still could use it well. With a cry he seized it, sprang to his feet, crossed the room, and made a fierce lunge in the darkness. But his thrust went into the empty air—and before he could recover himself a hand had clutched his throat.

"Hold your noise, you d——d old fool! I don't want to murder you. I only want the money. Keep quiet, and you'll be all right. Make another sound, and I'll choke you!"

Don José did not understand this speech, for the words were English; but he recognized the voice, strained by passion though it was, as the voice of the Señor Richards. But had he fully understood what was said to him, and no matter who the robber had been, he would not have yielded. His old soldierly spirit, long at rest, was aroused again; and it was fiercely strengthened by the sense of the cruel wrong that was being done him by this Americano, whom he had sheltered in his own home, and whom he had made his friend. He cried out as loudly as he could for the grip upon his throat, and he gave one thrust, at least, with his sword that told. And the cry and the sword-thrust sealed his fate. A revolver cracked, throwing out for an instant a glare of red light into the darkness, and Don José fell back upon the little heap of upturned clay beside his treasure—dead.

As he fell, a gleam of light shone out side the doorway in the *patio*, and then —carrying a lantern, and armed with no better weapon than his big hoe—Pedro rushed into the room; behind him came Paquita, and with her, wild eyed and fear-stricken, Juanita. The light lasted only for an instant. The revolver cracked again, and Pedro fell dead by the side of Don José. In the war-time of old, often had Pedro prayed that should his master fall, battling fairly with an honorable foe, he might thus fall beside him. But what bitter irony of that prayer it was that they should die together in such a dastard fight as this!

For the instant that the light lasted Juanita's eyes met those of her father's murderer; and even the Señor Richards, who was blessed with a commendable coolness under trying circumstances, trembled, with chilled blood, before that wild look in which was mingled deadly horror and desolate despair. Then Pedro's life and the light went out together, and went out, also, all light from Juanita's forever-darkened soul.

In the darkness the two women heard the murderer move the bodies upon the floor; heard, a little later, the clink of silver—he was not the man to lose the fruit of his work; heard him pass through the door, close beside them, and so across the *patio* to the *corral*, where his horse, ready saddled, stood tethered; heard him mount, and heard the sound, ever lessening, of his horse's hoofs as he galloped toward the ford in the river, guided by the clear, pale light of the stars. So still was the night that they even heard the splashing of water as he crossed the ford at Chamita. At the same moment sounded shrilly the whistle of the approaching train for the North; and they knew that to arouse pursuit was useless—for the devil had saved his own.

THUS cruel death and yet more cruel despair came together into the Town of the Holy Children, and broke forever the sweet spell of its gentle, gracious name.

A DREAM.

By Ellen Burroughs.

LAST night, what time dreams wander east and west,
What time a dream may linger, I lay dead,
With flare of tapers pale above my head,
With weight of drifted roses on my breast;
And they, who noiseless came to watch my rest,
Looked kindly down and gentle sentence said.

One sighed "She was but young to go to-day;"
And one "How fiercely life with death had striven
Ere God set free her spirit, sorrow-shriven!"
One said "The children grieve for her at play;"
And one, who bent to take a rose away,
Whispered "Dear love, would that we had forgiven."

GIBRALTAR.

By Henry M. Field.

I HEARD the last gun of the Old Year fired from the top of the Rock, and the first gun of the New. The bugles that sounded at night sounded again at morning. Scarcely had we caught the last echoes, that, growing fainter and fainter, seemed to be wailing for the dying year, before a piercing blast announced his successor. The king is dead! Long live the king!

It was a notable day, even in a life of travel, when I entered the Straits of Gibraltar. Coming from Cadiz, and touching at Tangier, the port of Morocco, after a few hours we glided between the two continents, which here come within hailing distance of each other (only nine miles separating the most southern point of Europe from the most northern point of Africa), and are at once in sight of the Rock, which looms up grandly before us. Although it was but the middle of the afternoon, the winter sun hung low, and striking across the bay, outlined against the sky the figure of a lion couchant—a true British lion, not very unlike those in Trafalgar Square, in London, only that the bronze is changed to stone, and cut out of a mountain. But the figure is there, with the kingly head turned toward Spain, as if in defiance of its former master, every feature bearing the same character of leonine majesty and power. That is Gibraltar!

It is a common saying that "some men

achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." The same may be said of places; but here is one to which both descriptions may be applied —which has had greatness thrust upon it by nature, and has achieved it in history. There is not a more picturesque spot in Europe. Imagine a rock fourteen hundred feet high—more than three times as high as Edinburgh Castle, and not like that firm-set upon the solid ground, but rising out of the seas—and girdled with the strongest fortifications in the world. Such greatness has nature thrust upon Gibraltar. And few places have seen more history, as few have been fought over more times than this in the long wars of the Spaniard and the Moor; for here the Moor first set foot in Europe, and gave name to the place (Gibraltar being merely Gebel-el-Tarik, the mountain of Tarik, the Moorish invader), and here departed from it, after a conflict of nearly eight hundred years.

The steamer anchors in the bay, half a mile from shore, and a boat takes us off to the quay, where, after being duly registered by the police, we are permitted to pass under the massive arches, and through the heavy gates of the double line of fortifications, and enter Waterport Street, the one and almost only street of Gibraltar, where we find quarters in that most comfortable refuge of the traveller, the Royal Hotel, which is to be our home for a week.

It was a bright New Year's morning, that first day of 1887, and how could we begin the year better than by climbing to the top of the Rock, to get the outlook over land and sea? The ascent is not difficult, for though the Rock is steep as well as high, a zigzag path winds up its side, which to a good pedestrian is only a bracing walk, while a lady can mount a little donkey and be carried to the very top. If you have to go slowly, so much the better, for you will be glad to linger by the way. As you mount higher and higher, the view spreads out wider and wider. Below, the bay is placid as an inland lake, on which ships of war are riding at anchor, "resting on their shadows," while vessels that have brought supplies for the garrison are unlading at the New Mole. Nor is the side of the Rock itself wanting in beauty. Gibraltar is not a barren cliff; its very crags are mantled with vegetation, and wild flowers spring up almost as in Palestine. Those who have made a study of its flora tell us that it has no less than five hundred species of flowering plants and ferns, of which but one-tenth have been brought from abroad; all the rest are native. The sunshine of Africa rests in the clefts of the rocks; in every sheltered spot the vine and the fig-tree flourish, the almond-tree and the myrtle; you inhale the fragrance of the locust and the orange blossoms; while the clematis hangs out its white tassels, and the red geranium lights up the cold gray stone with rich masses of color.

Thus loitering by the way, you come at last to the top of the Rock, where a scene bursts upon you hardly to be found elsewhere in the world, since you are literally pinnacled in air, with a horizon that takes in two seas and two continents. You are standing on the very top of one of the Pillars of Hercules, the ancient Calpe, and in full view of the other on the African coast, where, above the present town of Ceuta, whose white walls glisten in the sun, rises the ancient Abyla, the Mount of God. These are the two Pillars which, to the ancient geographers, set bounds to the habitable world.

On this point is the signal station, from which a constant watch is kept for ships entering the straits. It is an ancient watch-tower, for here the Carthaginians watched the Roman ships. The Spaniards called it "El Hacho," the Torch, because here beacon fires were lighted to give warning in time of danger. A little house furnishes a shelter for the officer on duty, who from its flat roof with his field-glass sweeps the whole horizon, north and south, from the Sierra Nevada in Spain, to the long chain of the Atlas Mountains in Africa. Looking down, the Mediterranean is at his feet. There go the ships, with boats from either shore which dip their long lateen-sails as sea-gulls dip their wings, and sometimes fly over the waves as a bird flies through the air; even while large ships labor against the wind. As a current from the Atlantic flows steadily into the Mediterranean, to supply the loss

by evaporation, if perchance the wind should blow from the same quarter, it is not an easy matter to get out of the straits. A friend of mine once came from Smyrna in a sailing ship and was detained in the bay of Gibraltar *six weeks!* At that time, thirty years ago, it was not so common as now to have steam-tugs to tow ships to sea. Every day the number of west-bound ships grew greater till there were hundreds of vessels, large and small, waiting for a wind. At last it came, and in an hour every barque had spread its wings, and, said my friend, "the most beautiful sight I ever saw was that fleet as it moved off together from the Mediterranean into the Atlantic."

But to-day the wind scarcely ripples the sea, and the boats glide gently whither they will; while here and there a great steamer from England, bound for Naples, or Malta, or India, appears on the horizon, marking its course by the long line of smoke trailing behind it.

To this wonderful combination of land and sea nothing can be added except by the changing light which falls upon it. For the fullest effect you must wait till sunset, when the evening gun has been fired, to signal the departing day, and its heavy boom is dying away in the distance,

"Swinging low with sullen roar."

Then the sky is aflame where the sun has gone down in the Atlantic; and as the last light from the west streams through the straits, they shine as if they were the very gates of gold that open into a fairer world than ours.

But, of course, the great sight of Gibraltar is the Fortifications, which are on an immense scale, as the whole circuit of the Rock is seven miles. But not all this requires to be defended, for on the eastern side the cliff is so tremendous that there is no possibility of scaling it. It is fearful to stand on the brow, and look down to where the waves are dashing more than a thousand feet below. The only approach must be by land from the north, or from the sea on the western or southern side. The two latter are defended by a succession of batteries carried along the sea-wall, and up the side of the Rock, so that there is not a spot on which an assailant can set his foot which is not under the fire of guns.

The northern side is pierced by the great Galleries cut in the rock, which are the unique feature of Gibraltar, that distinguishes it above all the other fortresses of the world. These were begun more than a hundred years ago, during the Great Siege, which lasted nearly four years, when the inhabitants had no rest day nor night. For, though the French and Spanish besiegers had not rifled guns, nor any of the improved artillery of modern times, yet even with their smooth-bore cannon and mortars they managed to reach every part of the Rock. Bombs and shells were always flying over the town, now bursting in the air, and now falling with terrible destruction. So high did these missiles reach, that even the Rock-gun, on the very pinnacle of Gibraltar, was twice dismounted. Thus pursued to the very eagle's nest of their citadel, and finding no rest above ground, the besieged felt that their only shelter must be in the bowels of the earth, and gangs of convicts were set to work to blast out these long galleries, which we are now to visit.

As it is a two miles' walk through them, we may save our steps by riding as far as the entrance. It is an easy drive up to the Moorish Castle, built by the African invader who crossed the straits in 711, and finding the south of Spain an easy conquest, resolved to establish himself in the country, and a few years later built this Castle on a shoulder of the hill, where it has stood, frowning over land and sea, for nearly twelve centuries.

Here we present an order from the Military Secretary, and the officer in charge details a gunner to conduct us through the galleries. The gate is opened, and we plunge in at once, beginning on the lower level. The excavation is just like that of a railway tunnel, except that no arches are required, as it is for the whole distance hewn through the solid rock, which is self-supporting.

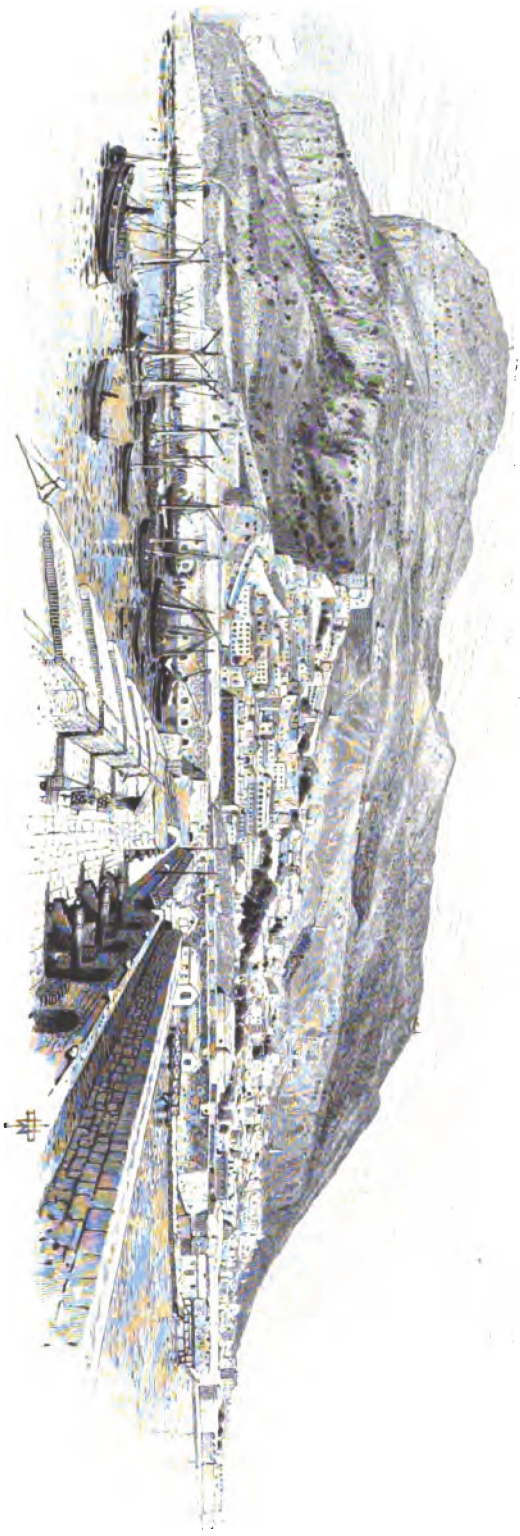
But it is not a gloomy cavern that we are to explore, through which we can

make our way only by the light of torches, for at every dozen yards there is a large port-hole, by which light is admitted from without, at all of which heavy guns are mounted on carriages, by which they can be swung round to any quarter.

After we have passed through one tier, perhaps a mile in length, we mount to a second, which rises above the other like the upper deck of an enormous line-of-battle ship. Enormous indeed it must be, if we can imagine a double-decker a mile long!

As we tramped past these endless rows of cannon, it occurred to me that their simultaneous discharge must be very trying to the nerves of the artilleryman (if he has any nerves), as the concussion against the walls of rock is much greater than if they were fired in the open air, and I asked my guide if he did not dread it? He confessed that he did, but added, like the plucky soldier that he was: "We've got to stand up to it!"

These galleries are all on the northern side of the Rock, which, as it is very precipitous, hardly needs such a defence. But it is the side which looks toward Spain, and is intended to command any advance against the fortress from the land. Keeping in mind the general shape of the Rock as that of a lion, this is the lion's head, and as I looked up at it afterward from the Neu-



General View of the Rock.

The Saluting Battery.

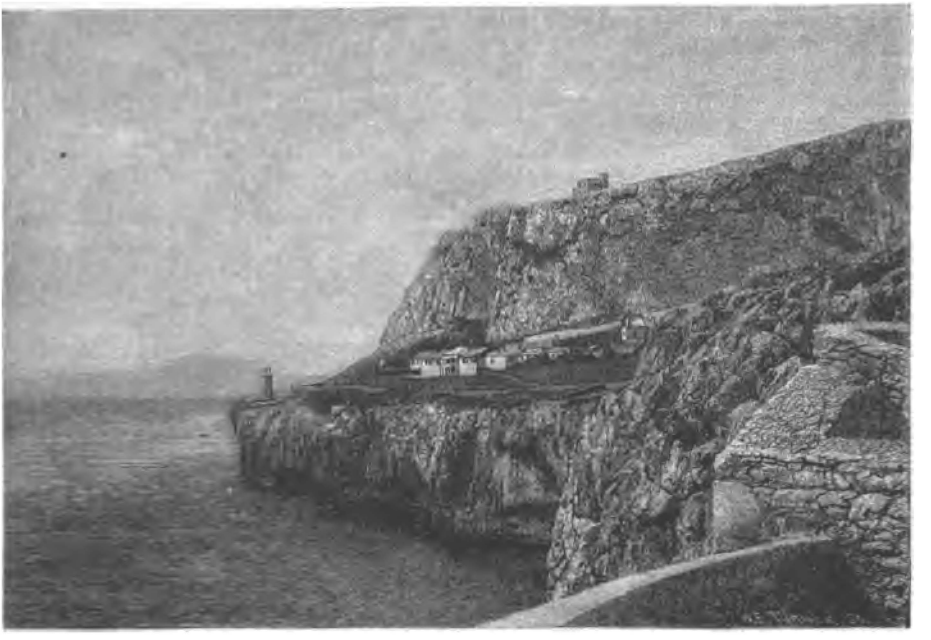
tral Ground, I could but imagine these open port-holes with the savage-looking guns peering out of them, to be the lion's teeth, and thought what terror would be thrown into a camp of besiegers if the monster should once open those ponderous jaws, and shake the hills with his tremendous roar.

Following the galleries to the very end, we find them enlarged to an open space, called the Hall of St. George, in which Nelson was once fêted by the officers of the garrison. It must have been a proud moment when the defenders of the Great Fortress paid homage to the Conqueror of the sea. As they drank to the health of the hero of the Battle of the Nile, they could hardly have dreamed that a greater victory was yet to come; and still less, that it would be a victory followed by mourning, when all the flags in Gibraltar would be hung at half mast, as the flagship of Nelson anchored in the bay, with only his body on board, one week after the battle of Trafalgar.

The name of Nelson recalls the great events which took place in these waters near the close of the last century. Less than twenty-five years before Nelson fell Gibraltar was in the midst of one of the most memorable sieges recorded in history: when France and Spain joined their forces to wrest the Rock from England; and the greatest day that it ever saw was that which finally defeated the most powerful armament since the Spanish Armada. A brief reference to this chapter of history will show how Gibraltar has "achieved greatness" as well as had "greatness thrust upon it."

There is one sure way to take a fortress—by starving out the garrison. But for this it must be shut up tight enough, and kept shut long enough. The besiegers set themselves to "seal up" the Rock both by land and sea. Great works were built across the isthmus, supported by a large army, so that not a human being could get out; while French and Spanish ships guarded against every other approach.

But for all that it is hard to make a blockade perfect when there are hundreds of eyes looking out from the land, answered by hundreds of watchers from the sea. On a dark night a boat with muffled oars could steal up to the land,



Europa Point.

to cheer the garrison with hope of relief. Once or twice indeed an English fleet broke through the blockade, and brought in supplies. But as soon as it retired (for England, which was waging war in two hemispheres, had battles to fight in other parts of the globe) the French and Spaniards closed round again. The Governor had sent away all destitute families, to reduce the number of hungry mouths, but still the food was all too little for those that were left. A goose was worth a guinea, and a bushel of potatoes seemed a priceless possession. As the pinch came closer, the soldiers had often to feel the pangs of hunger, and might have been stirred to mutiny if it had not been for the bluff old Governor, who made light of famine, and showed his men how he could bear the starving process by living for a week on four ounces of rice a day!

And not content with starving the garrison, the besiegers tried to bombard it into submission. At one time they opened a fire from 170 cannon and 80 mortars, and kept it up six weeks, till the town was almost destroyed. Hardly a house was left standing; if here and there one stood half erect, it was riddled with shot and shell. But still the unconquerable English would not surrender.

The siege had now lasted nearly three years, and fixed the attention of the whole civilized world. Made desperate by their repeated defeats, the allies redoubled their efforts. As so many attempts had failed, they determined on one that could *not* fail. A famous French engineer was summoned to prepare an armament more formidable than had ever been known in naval warfare. Taking ten large ships, he cut them down to make of them floating batteries. They were heavily "plated," not with iron on the outside, like a modern ironclad, but with ribs of oak within. Inside their enormous hulls was a triple thickness of beams, braced against the sides. Next to this was a layer of *sand*, in which it was supposed a cannon-ball would bury itself as in the earth. To this sand bank, resting against its oaken "backing," there was still an inner lining in a thick wall of *cork*, which, yielding like india-rubber, would offer the best resistance to the penetration of shot.

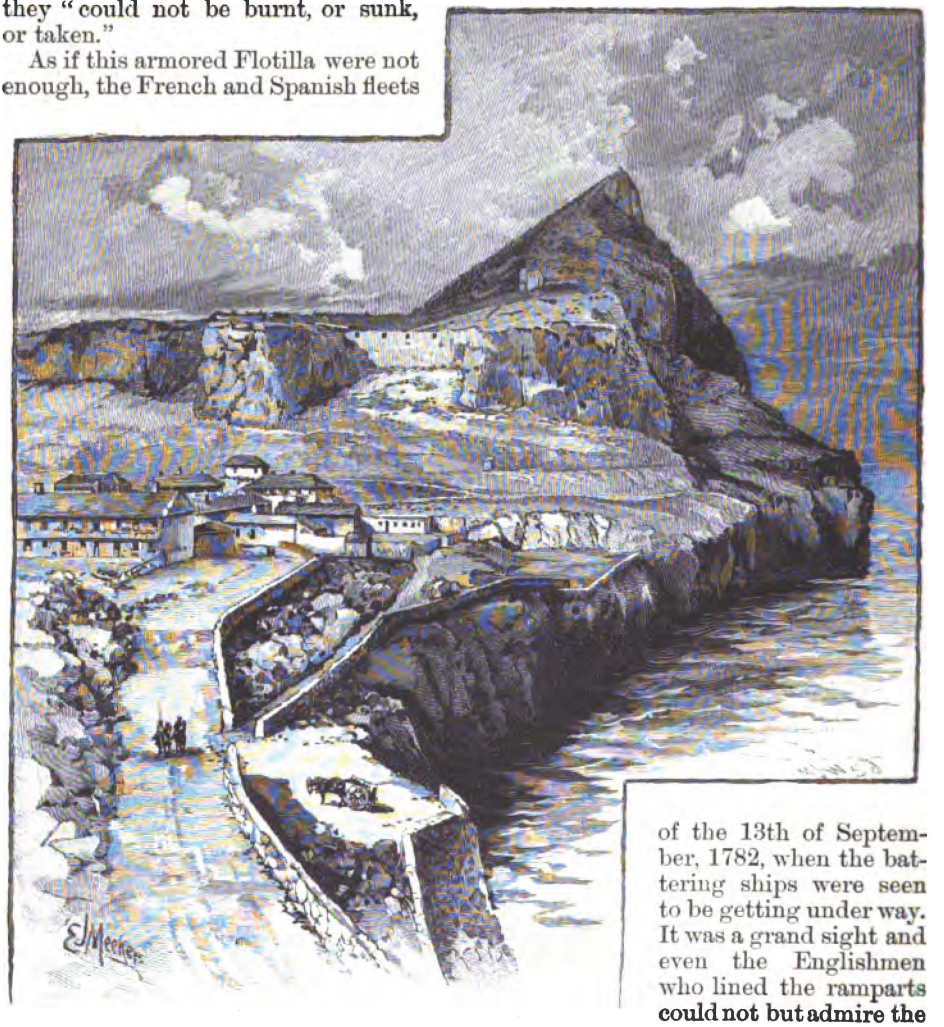
Having thus protected the hulls, it was only necessary to protect the crews

while working the guns. For this the decks were roofed with heavy timbers, which were covered with *ropes*, and next with *hides*, after the manner of the ancient Romans. Thus shielded above and below—from the deck to the keel—these novel ships of war were in truth floating fortresses, and it was hardly presumptuous in their constructor to say that they "could not be burnt, or sunk, or taken."

As if this armored Flotilla were not enough, the French and Spanish fleets had been reinforced till there were in the harbor not less than fifty line of battle ships, with innumerable smaller vessels, supported on land by an army of forty thousand men, whose batteries, mounted with the heaviest ordnance, stretched along the shore.

Against this mighty armament, the English commander, mustering every gun and every man, could oppose only ninety-six pieces of artillery, manned by seven thousand soldiers and sailors.

Such was the position on the morning of the 13th of September, 1782, when the battering ships were seen to be getting under way. It was a grand sight and even the Englishmen who lined the ramparts could not but admire the order in which they took up their positions. So confident was the Spanish admiral that his ships were shot-proof and bomb-proof, that he took no pains to keep at long range, but advanced boldly and moored within half gunshot, with large boats full of men,



Windmill Hill, O'Hara's Tower, and Europa Point.

The Lion Couchant.

ready to land as soon as the batteries on shore were silenced. To both sides it was evident that the decisive day had come.

While this manœuvring was going on, the English stood at their guns in silence till "Old Eliott" took his stand on the King's Bastion, and gave the signal for the roar of earth and hell to begin. Instantly the floating batteries answered from the whole line, and their fire was taken up along the shores of the bay, till there were four hundred guns playing on the devoted town. No thunderstorm in the tropics ever shot out such lightnings and thunderings. As the hills echoed the tremendous reverberations, it seemed as if the solid globe was reeling under the shock of an earthquake.

For hours the battle raged with doubtful issue. Though the English fired at such short range, they did not produce much effect. Their thirty-two pound shot could not pierce the thick-ribbed sides of the battering ships, while their heaviest shells were seen to rebound from the roofs, as the shots of the Congress and the Cumberland rebounded from the roof of the Merrimac. Apparently the fire of the garrison produced as little impression on the ships as the fire of the ships produced on the rocks of Gibraltar.

The disparity of forces was so great that the allies might have carried the day, if that inequality had not been balanced by one advantage of the besieged. They had one means of destruction which could not be so easily turned against land defences—in the use of hot shot. By the side of each battery stood a furnace, kept at white heat, into which the heavy balls were dropped till they glowed like molten iron, and then were carefully lifted and rolled into the cannon's mouth, from which they were instantly hurled at the foe. But even these did not at first make much impression. The French engineer had guarded against them by having pumps constantly pouring water into the layer of sand below, where a red-hot cannon-ball would soon be rendered harmless. In fact, a number of times during the day smoke was seen to issue from the floating batteries, showing that the hot shot had taken effect, but the flames were promptly extinguished. It was not till late in the afternoon that

Rosia Bay.

they began to burst out, and it was seen that the admiral's ship was on fire. As the night drew on the flames became more visible, showing the exact position of the Spanish line, and furnishing a mark for the English guns. At midnight nine out of the ten battering ships were on fire. The scene at this moment was awful beyond description, as the flames mounted higher and higher till they lighted up the whole bay and the surrounding shores. When it became evident that the ships could not be saved, there was a panic on board; all discipline was lost in the eagerness to escape from the burning decks; sailors and gunners threw themselves into the sea. Boats from the fleet picked up hundreds, and still there were hundreds more who were perishing. Then it was that the English showed that their courage was equalled by their humanity, as the very men that had fought all day at the guns pushed off in boats to save their foes from drowning. Nearly four hundred were thus saved by English hands.

The next morning saw the bay strewn with wrecks. The battle was over, and although the siege was nominally continued for some months longer till peace was declared, the struggle was ended, and from that day to this—more than a hundred years—the red cross of England has floated from the Rock of Gibraltar.

Such a defence was worthy of the priceless jewel to be kept. Never was a place more strongly fortified or more bravely defended. Since the Great Siege it has been deemed impregnable, and the most daring foes have kept aloof; but it is always in a state of preparation. Everything goes by military rule: the gates are opened at sunrise and closed at sunset, after which no one, except by special order, can pass out or in. Within these walls are kept at all times five or six thousand men, chiefly regiments brought home from foreign service, that are stationed here for a time, not merely to perform garrison duty, but as a place of rest to recover strength for fresh campaigns, and from which they can be ordered to any part of the Mediterranean or to India. While here they are kept

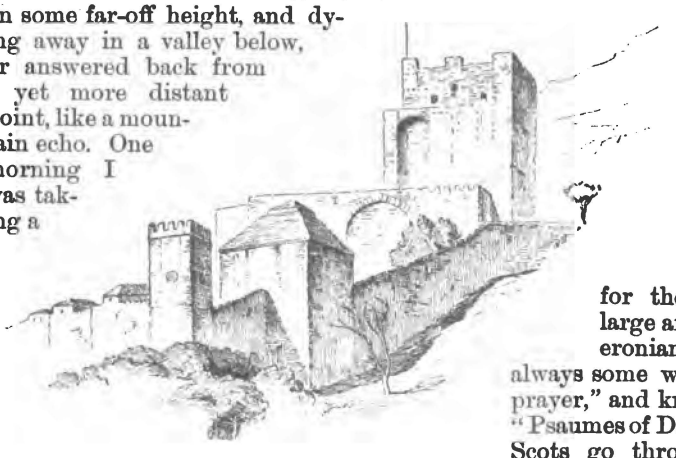
The Signal Station

under constant drill, for which they have for their parades the only level piece of ground in Gibraltar, the Alameda, which is large enough for a regiment to go through its evolutions. I had an opportunity to see the splendid bearing of these trained soldiers on the occasion of presenting colors to the South Staffordshire regiment, one of the oldest regiments in the British army, formed in the reign of Queen Anne, when the great Marlborough led her troops to foreign wars. Of the 184 years of its existence, it had spent 134 (all but fifty) in foreign service, in which it had fought in thirty-eight battles. Its last service was in the Soudan, where it had left the bones of many to whiten the desert. Its commanding officer was killed at Abu Klea. Now its old battle-flags, which had floated on so many fields, worn by time and torn by shot and shell, were to be surrendered to be taken back to England, and hung in the oldest church in Staffordshire as the proud memorials of its glory, while it was to receive new colors, to be carried in future wars. The scene was a brilliant one. The regiment, a thousand strong, was drawn up in line, its burnished arms glistening as if those who bore them had never been in the heat of battle. In front of the line were the officers mounted. As the Governor, with General Walker at his side, an old officer whose breast was covered with decorations, rode on the ground, the band struck up "God save the Queen," and immediately the regiment began a series of evolutions, in which the soldiers moved with firm and even tread as if they had but one body and one soul, at the close of which they formed in a hollow square, and the regimental choir sang with mighty voices, and the Bishop of Gibraltar read a prayer in which he implored the blessing of Almighty God upon the arms of England. Then came the supreme moment. Drums had been piled together to make a kind of altar, and here the two youngest officers of the regiment, kneeling on one knee, received from the hands of the Governor the colors, which they were to bear without a stain! Remounting his horse, the Governor addressed the regiment in stirring words,

to which the commanding officer replied, that in any future conflicts, as in the past, these soldiers of England "would do or die" for the honor of their sovereign and their country: after which the Governor and his staff galloped off the ground, and the bands striking up one of the national airs, the regiment marched proudly away.

The presence of so large a body of troops in Gibraltar gives a constant animation to its streets, which are alive with red-coats and blue-coats, the latter being the uniform of the artillery. Almost every hour a company passes up the street, and never do I hear the "tramp, tramp," keeping time to the fife and drum, that I do not rush to the balcony to see the sight, and hear the sounds which stir even my peaceful breast.

There is nothing that stirs me quite so much as the bugle. Twice a day it startles us with its piercing blast, as it follows instantly the gun-fire, at sunrise and sunset. But this does not thrill me as when I hear it blown on some far-off height, and dying away in a valley below, or answered back from a yet more distant point, like a mountain echo. One morning I was taking a walk to Europa Point, and as the path leads upward, I came upon several squads of buglers (I counted a dozen men in one of them) practising their "calls." They were stationed at different points on the side of the Rock, so that when one company had given the signal, it was repeated by another from a distance, bugle answering to bugle, precisely like the echoes in the Alps, to which every traveller stops to listen. So here I stopped to listen till the last note had died away in the murmuring sea; and then, as I went on over the hill, kept repeating, as if it were a spell to call them back again:

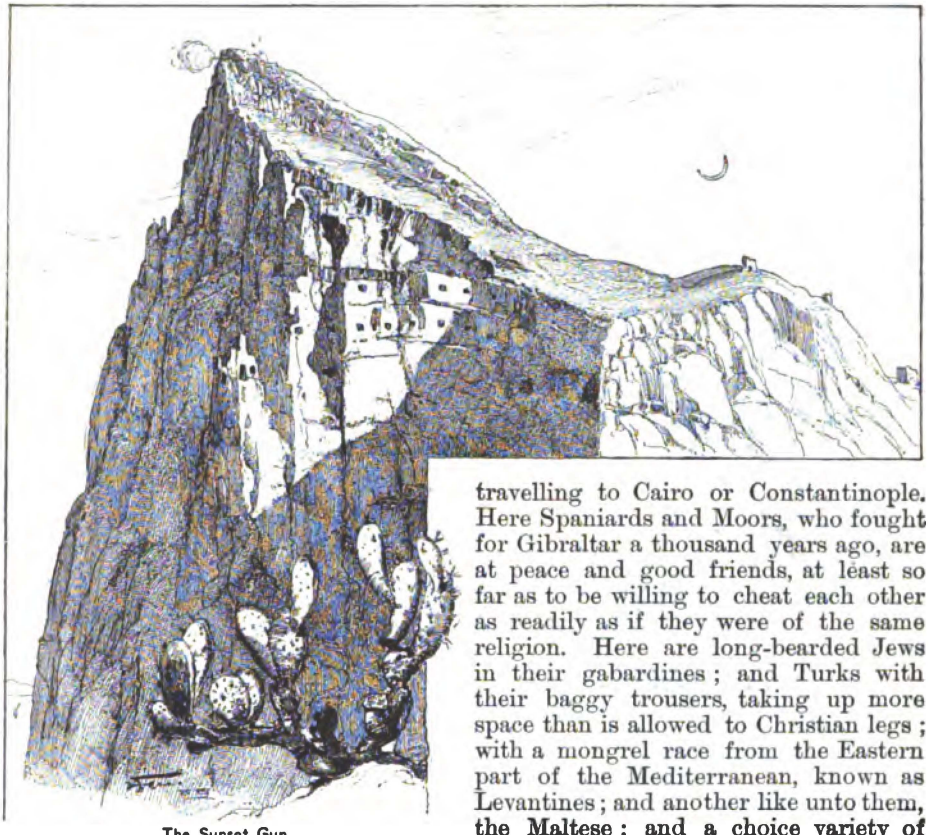


Moorish Castle.

"Blow, bugles, blow,
Set the wild echoes flying!"

Nothing shows the English character of Gibraltar more than the perfect quiet of the day of rest. Religious worship seems to be a part of the military discipline. On Sunday morning I heard the familiar sound of music, followed by the soldiers' tramp, and stepping to the balcony again, found a regiment on the march, not to parade, but *to church*. Probably the soldiers generally follow the example of their officers in attending the service of the Church of England. But they are not compelled to this against their own preferences. The Irish can go to mass, and the Scotch to their simpler worship. In all the churches there is a large display of uniforms, nor could the preachers address more orderly or more attentive listeners. The pastor of the Scotch church tells me that he is always glad when a Scotch regiment is ordered to Gibraltar, for then he is sure of a large array of stalwart Cameronians, among whom are always some who have the "gift of prayer," and know how to sing the "Psaumes of Dawvid." These brave Scots go through with their religious exercises almost with the stride of grenadiers, for they are in dead earnest in whatever they undertake, whether it be praying or fighting; and these are the men on whom a great commander would rely to lead a forlorn hope into the deadly breach; or, as an English writer has said, "to march first and foremost if a city is to be taken by storm!"

But aside from the military life of Gibraltar, one who has been accus-



The Sunset Gun.

tomed to think of it as only a Fortress, is surprised to find it a town of twenty thousand inhabitants, besides the garrison, with as motley a population as can be found in any city on the Mediterranean. Indeed it is one of the most cosmopolitan places in the world. It is a great resort of political refugees, who seek protection under the English flag. As it is so close to Spain, it is the first refuge of Spanish conspirators, who, failing in their attempts at revolution, flee across the lines. Misery makes strange bedfellows. It must be strange indeed for those to meet here, who in their own land have conspired with, or it may be against, each other.

Apart from these, there is a singular mixture of characters and countries, of races and religions. One who is curious in the study of peoples and costumes, or an artist in search of the picturesque, may find it in sufficient variety without travelling to Cairo or Constantinople. Here Spaniards and Moors, who fought for Gibraltar a thousand years ago, are at peace and good friends, at least so far as to be willing to cheat each other as readily as if they were of the same religion. Here are long-bearded Jews in their gabardines; and Turks with their baggy trousers, taking up more space than is allowed to Christian legs; with a mongrel race from the Eastern part of the Mediterranean, known as Levantines; and another like unto them, the Maltese; and a choice variety of natives of Gibraltar, called "rock-scorpions," with Africans blacker than Moors, who have perhaps crossed the desert, and hail from Timbuctoo. All these make a Babel of races and languages, as they jostle each other in these narrow and crowded streets, and bargain with each other, and I am afraid sometimes swear at each other, in all the languages of the East.

These pictures of Gibraltar would not be complete if I did not add that it has one more charm which sweetens all the rest. An American visitor who can remain long enough to see a little of its social life will find it very delightful. He will miss the society of his countrymen, for there is but one American family, that of the consul; but since he is our only representative, it is well that he is one who commands universal respect for himself and for his country. Mr. Horatio J. Sprague is the oldest consul in the American service, having

been here forty years, where his father was consul before him. I wish America were as well represented everywhere else. And he is so kind that all Americans feel at home under his hospitable roof.

But aside from this courtesy, which an American may perhaps expect because of his country, one who comes with letters to those in authority, will find them all, from the Governor through the officials, civil and military, showing that courtesy which is the mark of high-bred gentlemen all over the world. I was particularly indebted to the Colonial Secretary, Lord Gifford, to whom I had a letter from the British Minister at Madrid. These, with the lovely English ladies, make a society into which I felt it a privilege to enter and from which I was reluctant to depart.

The Second Europa Advance Battery.

With such attractions of place and people, Gibraltar might be a most agreeable place of residence. But to me it has one drawback which I have to confess, even though it may move the mirth of my American friends. It is the cannonading which, at certain times of the year, makes the rocks echo with a deafening sound. I hate noise—and especially the noise of sharp explosions. I have always been of Falstaff's opinion, that

"But for those vile guns I would be a soldier."

But here the "vile guns" are everywhere—along the sea, and on the hillside, so that as you climb the Rock, it seems fairly to bristle with guns. You cannot turn to the right or left without seeing these open-mouthed monsters, and looking into their murderous throats. It has been said that at one time there were a thousand cannon mounted on the Rock, but since the modern improvements in artillery, the military engineers have advised to diminish the number and increase the calibre. Two guns of a hundred tons each have recently been mounted on the sea wall, a single shot from which, planted squarely amidships, would sink the greatest ship that floats the seas.

With all these guns around me, I was surprised at the quietness of Gibraltar. I had been there a week, and yet I had not heard a single gun, except at sunrise and sunset, and at half-past nine o'clock for the soldiers to return to their barracks. There had not been even a salute, for, although there was on the Alameda a saluting battery, composed of Russian guns taken in the Crimean war, yet it was less often used than might be supposed, for the ships of war that come here are for the most part English (the French and Spaniards would hardly find the associations of Gibraltar agreeable), and these are not saluted since they are *at home*, as much as if they were entering Portsmouth.

For these reasons my week in Gibraltar was so quiet, that I was beginning to think it a dull old Spanish town, fit for a retreat, if not for monks, at

least for travellers and scholars, when the Colonial Secretary dispelled the illusion by saying, "Yes, it is very quiet just now: but wait a few weeks and you will have enough of it." As the spring comes on, the artillerymen begin their practice. The guns in the galleries are not used, but all the batteries along the sea, and at different points on the side of the Rock, some of which are mounted with the heaviest modern artillery, are let loose upon the town.

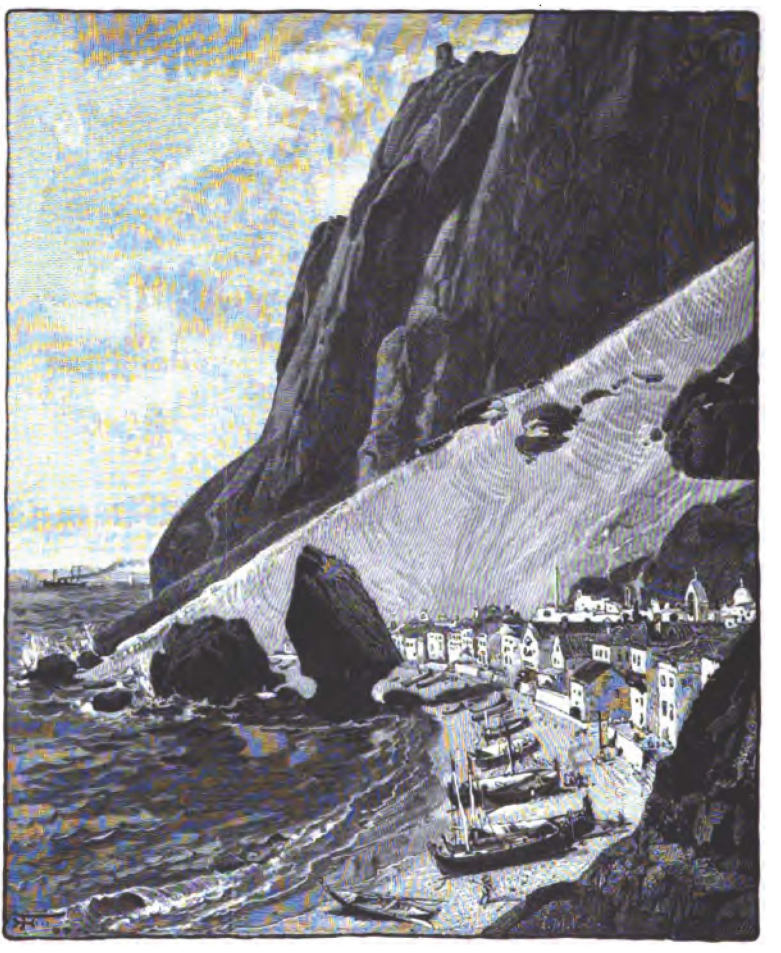
View in the Town, looking North.

But this is not done without due notice. The order is published in the *Chronicle*, a little sheet which appears every morning, and lest it might not reach the eyes of all, messengers are sent to every house, to give due warning, so that nervous people can get out of the way—but the inhabitants generally, being used to it, take no other precaution than to open their windows, which might otherwise be broken by the violence of the concussion. Lord Gifford, soldier as he is, said, "It is awful," pointing to the ceiling over his head, which had been cracked in many places so as to be in danger of falling, by the tremendous jar. He told me how one house had been so knocked to pieces that a piece of timber had fallen, nearly killing an officer. But custom creates indifference to any exposure. As the house of General Walker stands near the sea, heavy guns are mounted on the rampart before his very door; while but a few rods off is one of the pet hundred-ton guns. And yet the ladies of his family said that they "did not mind it." They took good care, however, to take down their mirrors, and to lay away their glass and china, lest they should be shattered in pieces. Then they threw open their windows, and let the explosion come. For me this would be a trifle too near, and with all my love for Gibraltar, I do not think I should choose a hundred-ton gun as a next-door neighbor.

But the week of my stay was coming to a close, and I had taken my passage for Oran on the Barbary coast, when the Colonial Secretary, kind to the last, proposed to send me off to the ship in a government launch, an offer which my modesty compelled me to decline. But he insisted (for these Englishmen, when they do a thing, must do it handsomely) till I had to submit. It was a beautiful night. The moon was up, though half hidden with clouds, from which now and then she burst forth, covering the bay with a flood of light.

Once on the deck the whole broadside of the Rock was before us, with the lights glimmering far up and down the heights. At half-past nine the last gun was fired, and in another half hour the lights in the barracks were put out, and all was dark and still.

It was midnight when the steamer began to move. The moon had now flung off her misty veil, and risen to the zenith, where she hung over the very crest of the Rock, her soft light falling on every projecting crag. The ship itself seemed to feel the holy stillness of the night, and glided like a phantom-ship, almost without a sound, over the unruffled sea. As we crept past the



Catalan Bay, on the East Side of Gibraltar.

long line of batteries, the Great Fortress, with its hundreds of guns, was silent; the Lion was sleeping, with all his thunders muffled in his rocky breast. Thus our last glimpse of Gibraltar was a vision not of War but of Peace, as we rounded Europa Point and set our faces toward Africa.

A HAPPY ACCIDENT

By Sophie Radford de Meissner...

I AM an old maid; and, what is more, an old maid who is as fond of a bit of romance as the youngest and giddiest of you all. Indeed, were it not for that little weakness of mine, I should never have thought of telling you of my summer in the Bernese Oberland; for, although Cornelia—dear soul—is one of the best of women, I cannot fancy that she would be particularly interesting in a story.

From my earliest childhood I had looked up to Cornelia in half-awed admiration, both on account of her very superior intellect and because of her rare strength of character. From this you will gather that I am but a poor-spirited creature myself, and you will not be far from the truth. But since her marriage all that has changed, and I often find myself wondering how it is that these women who seem to rule everyone about them with rods of iron will bend like veriest reeds in submission to men who, I would be willing to wager, have not one tithe of their good, sound common-sense.

Cornelia is my sister—*one* of my sisters, I should say; for there are six of us, married and single, and all of ages that are usually denominated as "rather uncertain." To ourselves, alas! they are most hopelessly "certain."

Of Cornelia I am especially fond, and for her sake I try to like her husband, a phlegmatic old German, whom she met and married some fifteen years ago at Marienbad. Her marriage was the only thing about which we ever disagreed; but all my remonstrances were in vain—remonstrances generally are in such cases—and married they were; and since that time my poor sister has passed the greater part of her life in preparing mustard plasters for Wilhelm's attacks of gout, which, I have noticed, invariably come on after he has been eating too much of his beloved *sauer-kraut*. Only once since the summer of her marriage have I seen my sister, and that was seven or eight years ago, when she was very ill, poor dear, and I left my quiet, pretty home on the outskirts of Boston, to cross the ocean and take care of her. They were living in Berlin then, but upon her recovery left that city for Munich, where they spent four years, after which—Heaven knows why—they moved to Berne. It may have been that Herr von Albrecht, having spent some time there in his youth as Secretary of the Prussian Legation, had retained pleasant recollections of the quaint old town; or perhaps he fancied that the mountain air would admit of his indulging with greater impunity in his favorite dish; but whatever the reason of their going there may have been, certain it is that my sister found her life in the Swiss capital a dreary one. I had thought as much for some time past; but when, one bright morning in May, I received a most imploring letter, entreating me—as the member whose absence could be best supported by the family—to come and spend the summer in Berne, I felt certain that my surmises had been correct. The knowledge, however, did not prevent me from giving many little exclamations of pleasure and delight as, in the gayest of spirits, I packed my

"Turning quickly about, I caught sight of a pretty face."

modest trunk for the voyage. Do not be alarmed, I am not going to tell you about that; though I frankly confess that it was with a great feeling of relief I recognized Cornelia's dear, nearsighted eyes peering into the carriage-windows as the train steamed slowly into the station at Berne; and, dusty, nervous, and tired, I leaned back on the hard cushions of my brother-in-law's carriage as though they had been softest down. How you would have laughed, could you but have seen us then; two prosaic Boston women, sitting there, holding each other by the hand, and talking as fast and unintelligibly as any two school-girls could have done.

As we finally started off, Cornelia made some slight excuse for her husband's non-appearance at the station, and I—devoutly thankful that he had seen fit to remain at home—commenced to rattle off, as quickly as my poor tongue was able, all the family news and gossip, pausing only to give a little cry of delight as we crossed a high bridge, and I saw—far below us—the Aar, tossing and tumbling along, and throwing myriad sparkling little jets of light into the air. How lovely and bright it all was! My spirits were reviving wonderfully, and as we reached the gates of "La Rosière," and caught sight of Wilhelm awaiting us upon the broad piazza, I felt strongly tempted to compliment him on his generally improved appearance, but fortunately restrained myself, and managed to call to my face a properly sympathetic expression, as I inquired, with sisterly interest, after his health.

One morning about a week after my arrival, as my sister and I were filling the different vases in her pretty *salon* with great, richly-tinted roses, the maid announced a visitor; and I, hearing the rustle of a gown in the hall, hurried through the open glass door on to the terrace, paying no heed to Cornelia's call of "Ellen, Ellen," as I went toward my favorite seat in the dear, old-fashioned rose-garden. It was well out of sight, that bench, being hidden from the house by a great thicket of rose-trees—while before it, on the right, the ground sloped gradually down, down, down, until it reached the winding, rushing Aar. On the left lay the valley, its laughing green fields bright now with innumerable wild flowers, and beyond—looking in this clear air as though an hour's walk would take one to their very feet—towered the Wetter-

"Your story was most graphically told, mademoiselle."

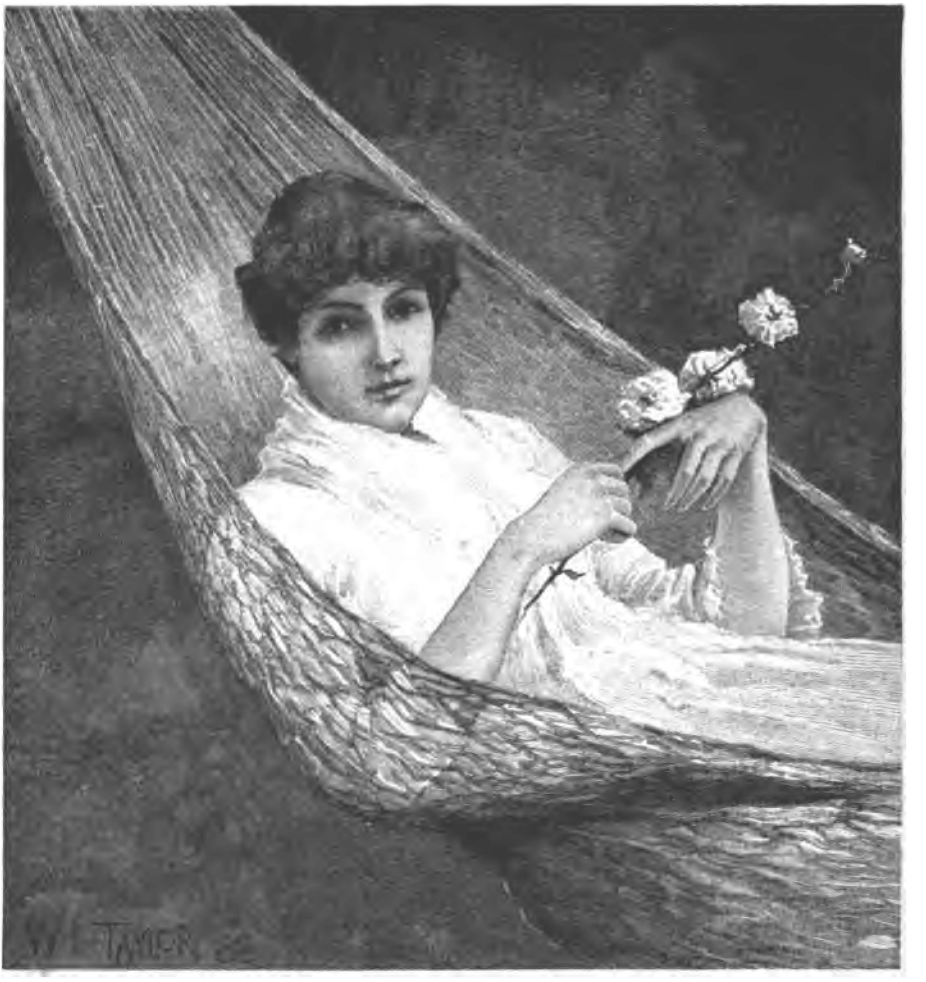
horn, the Eiger, the Moench, and the glittering, beautiful Jungfrau. As I sat there with my hands folded, drinking in all this loveliness, and congratulating myself on having successfully eluded Cornelia's morning caller, I was startled by hearing a half-stifled cough close beside me. I dare say I screamed—I am one of those nervous women who usually *do* scream—for the next moment a low, soft laugh told me the direction from which the cough had come; and turning quickly about, I caught sight of a pretty face smiling merrily at me from across the thick hedge which separated the Albrechts' place from that of their next neighbors. Forgetting that I was in a country where my own plain Boston English was not understood, I called out "Good-morning," and was astonished to see a bright glow overspread the child's face—*child* she appeared to me, though I discovered afterwards she was seventeen years old—as she stammered forth, with the most bewitching little accent:

"Oh! I beg so much your pardon, madame, I thought it was Madame von Albrecht." But that winning face had thoroughly captivated me, and, true Yankee that I am, I commenced immediately asking questions.

"Where in the world did you spring from, my dear? Why have I not seen you before? I am Madame von Albrecht's sister. Come and tell me all about yourself." Again that bright blush, accompanied this time by a low, silvery laugh. I have never heard any laugh just like that one, so clear and soft and musical! I think it must be because I have rather a harsh voice myself that I have always admired so extravagantly that peculiar softness of tone which, unfortunately, is so rarely heard among New England women.

But even as she laughed she had turned away, and just as I was wondering whether I should see her again, a heavy branch of the rose-tree behind me was lifted, and my blithe vision stood by my side. Tall she was not, though rather above the medium height. And where could she be from? For that surely was no Bernese type of beauty! The rich olive skin, under which the red blood ebbed and flowed like the tides on our New England shores, belonged rather to the sun-kissed children of Italy than to the denizens of a land guarded by eternal snows.

Now she seated herself on the bench beside me, and striving hard to bring a repentant look into those laughing black eyes, apologized for having interrupted me. (In my occupation of twisting my thumbs, I suppose!) But having no idea of making my idleness a generally known fact, I abstained from



"While opposite them—partly reclining in a low-hung grass hammock—was Hélène."

any comment on her remark, and recommenced my questioning.

"What is your name? And why haven't I seen you before?"

Neither very polite nor very brilliant, but she answered, quickly:

"Because I have been with my grandmother in Fribourg."

"Ah!" (This with a sigh of relief.) "Then you are not Bernese?"

"Oh, no!" she replied hastily. "My mother is from the South of France, and my father"—here the voice took suddenly a graver tone—"was a *Fribourgeois*."

"Ah! That accounts for your looks, then."

I don't know how I happened to say such a thing, but it slipped out in spite of me; and she turned a puzzled, anxious glance in my direction, just as though I had told her she was a chimpanzee, or something of that sort. Certainly she did not understand the speech in the light in which it had been made, and I did not think it necessary to explain.

How long we sat there talking, I cannot say, but Cornelia's voice recalled me suddenly to a sense of the flight of time by the words: "Ellen, are you *never* coming to breakfast?"

And a moment later my sister herself appeared, her kindly face drawn into

its most severe expression, by way of showing her disapproval of my precipitate escape from the drawing-room. But no sooner had she caught sight of my companion, than the look changed to one of gladness, and giving a little cry of joy, she caught the young girl in her arms, saying:

"Why, Hélène, my darling child, when did you return? And was the cousin all you expected to find him?"

"*N'en parlons pas, chère Madame,*" she said quickly, adding immediately afterwards, "If you allow me, I will accompany you to the house, as I must say *bonjour* to Monsieur d'Albrecht."

After that morning not a day passed without our seeing Hélène de Tavel, and it was not long before I had heard the details of that visit to Fribourg. She had gone there to meet a cousin of her father's whom—as she calmly announced—she one day expected to marry. "It was always my dear father's wish that I should marry my cousin Vincent, and—though as children we never got along well together—I doubt not but that we shall be most excellent friends now. He is seven years older than I am, and has been about, and seen much of the world; still, my mother insists that our *fiançailles* shall not be—how would you say it?—*un fait accompli*—until I have reached my eighteenth birthday—and fortunately there are still two months before that will be here," she finished with a queer, mirthless little laugh.

"Does she love this cousin of hers, or does she not? I can't make her out," I said to Cornelia one day.

"Love him! How can you suppose such a thing!" came the answer. "The child scarcely knows him as yet! He has been brought up in Paris, and she has passed her life between Berne and Fribourg. She *will* love him, of course, when he is her husband, and that is all that is necessary."

Was this really Cornelia speaking? I could hardly believe my ears, and I was certainly very far from being convinced of the wisdom of her words. You see, I am rather an old-fashioned body, and do not like to give up my belief in the existence of love-lorn Romeos and Juliets just yet awhile.

Madame de Tavel was a great invalid, and on these warm summer afternoons would lie in her *chaise longue* on the shaded terrace before her pretty chalet; sometimes reading, but oftener listening to the merry chatter of the bright young being whom she seemed never to tire of watching. There Cornelia and I would join them, and then—ah, well! the mother was not the only person whose glances would linger with fond admiration upon Hélène's sunny countenance. To tell the truth, I had come to love the child as though she had been my very own. It was indeed a pretty picture to see her lying there on the grassy slope beyond the terrace, in the shade of that great spreading *marronnier*, her arms crossed behind her head, and her eager face upturned, as she told us strange stories and legends of the old châteaux we had passed during our morning drives. Blood-curdling tales many of them were, making me—even in this bright sunlight—shiver, and look fearfully about, as though I heard already the clank of heavy armor, or expected to see the lifeless body of the Count d'Erlach stretched on the ground beside me, as it had lain on the stone flooring of the great hall in his old château of Reichenbach, nearly four hundred years ago.

"Who told you all these things, and how is it possible for you to remember them so well?" I asked, rather nervously, one day.

Then she informed me that her father—M. de Tavel had died some eighteen months before—had had a great fondness for collecting old manuscripts, and had owned many containing very curious histories and legends of the country; and that these it had always been her greatest delight to be allowed to read. But, in addition to this, their house was filled from garret to cellar with treasures in the form of rare old china, antique furniture, and costly tapestries; and I could not wonder that—living in such an interior—Hélène's mind had become impregnated with these stories, just as a dainty bit of old lace shut in a box of violet-wood would gradually become permeated with the delicate aroma of the receptacle in which it lay.

One very hot July morning—driving was absolutely out of the question that

day—Cornelia and I were sitting together in the garden; she, busy, as usual, with some knitting, and I—frivolous old body that I am—idly watching her fingers and wishing for some excitement to vary the even tenor of our existence. Suddenly I saw Cornelia's eyes open very wide, in a wondering, startled manner. Quickly following the direction of her gaze, I saw, coming toward the house, a man with a telegram in his hand. Immediately a vision of our numerous family in Boston rose before me, and I ran—as fast as my rather rheumatic knees would allow of my doing—to meet the bearer of that yellow envelope. In a moment I had torn the despatch open, and then, with a great sigh of relief, said, "Oh! it is only Reggie who is coming to see us." Now, by that I meant no slight to my handsome nephew, who, by the way, was generally considered to have lowered himself very much in the world by having left his intensely correct home to go and live as an artist in Rome. Certain it is that none of his family thought much of his talent for painting, and his efforts in that line were all included in the general term of "daubs." Even when it became known that he was really making money, and that people were both buying his pictures and having their portraits painted by him, his father and mother seemed to think he was disgracing himself, and that it was utterly impossible for anyone *really* to admire those indistinct, sketchy things he was so fond of making. But a special pet of his "Aunt Nell's" he had always been, and now I was delighted to hear of his coming, and our day was no longer objectless, for we were planning and arranging how we should contrive to amuse him and prevent his being too much bored by the society of his tiresome old aunts.

Great was my astonishment that evening at beholding the serious-looking, broad-shouldered man with the square-cut golden beard and long mustachios, who, after getting out of the carriage and handing his bag to the servant who stood at the door, hurried toward the terrace, where we were awaiting him. As he came to meet us, all the gravity left his face, and with his old, well-remembered, jolly laugh he caught me up in his arms as though I had been a doll, gave me two resounding kisses, and then turned to treat Cornelia in the same manner.

But my sister is naturally much more stately and dignified than I am, besides which Uncle Wilhelm then stood by her side, so, moderating his transports, Reggie bent his tall head and kissed her in a much more respectful and ceremonious fashion than that in which he had thought fit to treat me.

II.

On the morning following Reggie's arrival, as I was standing before the glass in my room tying my bonnet-strings—that is always a very long and particular operation with me, yet on my return from walking or driving I invariably find my hat perched at some impossible angle over one ear—well, as I was saying, I was tying my bonnet-strings, when a clear, sweet voice from the hall below called out, "Aunt Ellen, are you ready?" And the next moment a light step ran quickly up the stairs, and my beautiful darling stood in the doorway. I had forgotten to tell you that I had insisted upon her calling me "Aunt," for I could not bear the formal "Miss Thayer." Still, I must say that when I told the child to call me "Aunt Ellen" I had had no expectations of Reggie's arrival; yet here he was, and now—well! I should have to allow things to take their course, for I never could explain all this to my pet.

"You have not forgotten the walk we were to take this morning, Aunt Ellen?"

"No, dear, don't you see I am putting on my bonnet? And your picnic yesterday! Was it a great success? We missed you very much, and if it had not been for——"

"Oh! I was so sorry you were not with us," she interrupted, "it was all so lovely. But we only reached home at eleven o'clock. Are you ready? Well, then, we may as well start."

Surely it was high tide this morning, for a brilliant color glowed upon her face.

She wore a dark blue cambric em-

broidered in red—one of those pretty St. Gall dresses—and her hat, of straw to match the dress, had on it a bunch of rich red roses. As she stood there at the door, laughing at my efforts to get my plain brown straw head-gear straight—for I had recommenced tugging at the strings—her black eyes dancing with amusement, I could not help it, I had to run over and kiss her. Then we started down-stairs, and I began lamely enough: "You will not mind, dear, if we have a third person with us this morning. My nephew arrived last night, and I think he would like to go."

But she answered with an indifference which at first rather amazed me: "On the contrary, we shall be much gayer! I did not know you were expecting anyone, but I always get on very well with boys. Papa used to call me his *tomboy*, you know."

Boys! Did my ears deceive me, or did I hear someone making a hasty retreat through the drawing-room toward the terrace, striving in vain to suppress a laugh? But no! as we passed the open folding-doors there was no one to be seen save Herr von Albrecht, who, in his favorite seat on the terrace outside, was calmly reading his papers. And as we went down the front steps we saw Rex sauntering up the drive, evidently just returning from a stroll, so I must, of course, have been mistaken about that laugh. I did not dare look at Hélène's face as I said: "This is my nephew, Mr. Thayer," but I *felt* the glance of indignation she cast upon me. After all, it was not my fault! I had never spoken of him as a boy. Reggie bowed ceremoniously, though I saw him look furtively, with a curious, wondering expression at my pretty friend.

But she, after a frigid little bow, had walked off ahead, taking a narrow footpath leading down the hill-side to the bridge by which we were to cross the Aar. In solemn silence we walked along, in what the boys used to call "Indian file"—the path would not admit of our going otherwise—Hélène, her head very erect, in front; I next; and behind me—this time I was certain I heard him laughing—my nephew. Past the "bear pit" we went, and though I appealed to Hélène for the names of the different animals, she answered coldly that she knew "nothing whatever about them." Here indeed was a fine beginning for what I had hoped would be such a pleasant morning. On we went, through the arcades, up into the town; but what had become of my bright young companion, with her fund of quaint anecdotes, which I—romantic old goose that I am—always listened to so eagerly? As I was cudgelling my brains in a wild effort to devise some scheme by which I could thaw this young iceberg, a happy inspiration induced Reggie to say: "Why don't we go toward the Cathedral? I think the view from the terrace alongside is by far the finest of any about here. At least, I remember that such was my impression when I was here two years ago." As he said this I saw Hélène cast a quick sidelong glance at him, showing that she now heard for the first time of his previous visit; and Cornelia afterwards told me that that summer, which had been the last one of M. de Tavel's life, his family had spent in Fribourg.

Fortunately, that morning there was no music on the terrace, so we had the lovely spot quite to ourselves. Passing beneath the close-growing elms and chestnut-trees, and out from their cool shade to the parapet in front, we stood lost in admiration of the exquisite view that met our eyes. One hundred and forty feet below us stretched the lower town, consisting, just here, of a row of houses and one street, alongside of which raced, with breathless speed, the river, hurrying impatiently toward the broad, low fall which we could see a short distance beyond. Before us, on the opposite side of the Aar, lay the valley, looking like a vast and beautiful sea as the ripening grain rose and fell with each passing breeze. The lights and shadows on the mountains beyond were most perfect, and, as we stood there, I saw a slight thaw coming over a certain fair young face beside me.

Reggie, meanwhile, had sauntered a little distance off to examine a statue of the great Duke of Zähringen—the founder of Berne—which stood beneath the trees; and now, as he came

again slowly toward us, he said suddenly: "Do move the least bit to one side, Aunt Nell; there is some curious inscription on that stone against which you are leaning." And as I complied with his request, he exclaimed: "Well! that *is* drawing it rather strong! Do you suppose they expect anyone to believe that a man *really* jumped from this parapet—on horseback, too—without being injured in any way whatever? I wonder whether he ever tried it a second time!" But, as he spoke, a quick flush had mounted to Hélène's face, and now she asked, in wonderment: "Is it possible you do not know the story of the student Weinzäpfli? I thought everyone who came to Berne heard that—and—yes! most certainly it is true!"

The mocking expression had faded from Reggie's eyes, and with a sudden look of intense seriousness he turned toward the young girl, saying: "You see how wofully ignorant I am! But do tell me about this thing. Do you honestly believe it happened?"

Ignoring entirely the query with which his remark closed, she commenced in a partly troubled, partly doubting, tone: "I fear I shall not be able to make you comprehend. It seems, of course, most extraordinary! You see by the date on the stone"—1654 it was—"that more than two hundred and thirty years have passed since that most miraculous event took place—yet—HERE everyone believes it."

And then, with flashing eyes and eager manner, she plunged into the story of the reckless student who, one night on a wager, rode his horse at full speed over the parapet and sank out of sight in the darkness. A while after, he was found by his friends in the town below, calmly relating his adventures to a wide-eyed crowd, while he drained off one tankard of beer after another.

My poor description can give no idea of the life and fire she put into the old story. Many times she paused as though doubtful as to whether the expression of which she was making use was altogether correct, and once or twice she made some slight alteration in her phrase.

Not once during the recital had Rex taken his eyes from her face, and as she stopped speaking he started as though his thoughts had been wandering. The next moment, however, I saw a curious twinkle come into his eyes; while about his mouth appeared a suspicious look, very much as though he felt inclined to give a good long whistle. But just then she looked at him, and immediately, in a perfectly grave and serious manner, he said: "Your story was most graphically told, Mademoiselle: I could quite fancy I saw the fellow pitching over here."

She glanced toward me, half in doubt, as though by my face she would discover whether he was laughing at her or no; and I who had been quite carried away by her narrative, said, warmly: "My pet, I don't know *anyone* who can tell a story as well as you do!" Again Reggie started, turning an odd, amused look upon me as he heard the manner in which I addressed Mademoiselle de Tavel; and I—to change the subject—hastily proposed a visit to the Cathedral.

Once there, all restraint vanished from Hélène's manner, and she was her own dear, bright self again, telling, in her enthusiastic little way, about the beautiful carvings, and the wonderful old stained glass, introducing now and again one of those quaint, old-time stories of hers, with an air of such perfect conviction that one of us, at least, never doubted but that it was gospel truth; while not a smile, nor the faintest suspicion of one, crossed Reggie's face, as, all unconscious of the effect she was producing, the child spoke of the things she loved so dearly.

After all, our morning was more of a success than I had deemed possible as we were walking in such solemn silence down the hill leading from my sister's house; and it was with rather a grim sense of amusement that I noticed—upon remounting the narrow path, that it would, after all, admit of two persons walking side by side, always provided that *one* of the two was not a maiden lady who had already celebrated her fiftieth birthday! But there! I am not going to say unpleasant things! And as I knew Hélène to be engaged—or as good as engaged—to her cousin, I did

not intend to worry myself on my good-looking nephew's account, for he appeared to me quite equal to the management of his own affairs.

III.

Two weeks had gone by since that visit to the Cathedral, when, one bright morning, I was seated on my favorite bench beneath the rose-trees, hulling strawberries. Cornelia, having seen me stroll off in that direction, had followed soon afterwards with a great dish of the fragrant fruit, which she had deposited on the bench beside me, saying that she had no time to do them, and that if I wished any for breakfast I should have to hull them myself. Well, I went to work at the dish Cornelia had given me, and had soon brought my fingers to a most beautiful roseate hue. How I missed Hélène and her merry chatter! The child had always helped me so sweetly when I had anything of the kind to do; but Madame de Tavel had been more feeble than usual for several days past, and had needed her daughter's constant attendance. As I was bemoaning this fact, there came a quick step down the gravelled walk, and a moment later Reggie was sitting beside me. Throwing away the cigar he had been smoking, he leaned forward and commenced to help me with the hulling. With an utter disregard for my clean percale gown, I dropped my berry-stained hands in my lap and stared at him. What in the world had happened? How many times had I heard him declare that he would never taste strawberries, if, in order to do so, he should be obliged to hull them. Then, too, he had not as yet spoken a word, but was working as though his life depended upon his having a certain quantity finished within some very limited space of time. It was, to say the least, a little odd, and I could not help exclaiming: "What is it you want me to do for you?"

"Why, Aunt Nell, how terribly suspicious you have grown! I knew you could not possibly finish these things before breakfast, so, like a dutiful nephew, I have come to help you." And he laughed; but all the same I knew there was something underneath this, and that it must soon come out.

"I thought you were at work," I said. "Where is little Hans?"

"Oh, I've finished my sketch and let him off. Poor little beggar, he looked perfectly dazed when I gave him five francs for having posed for me these two mornings. You should have seen the double-back-hand-spring he turned!"

Then, after a long pause, during which we both worked away diligently, he asked: "Do you know how Madame de Tavel is, this morning?"

Ah! Now we are coming to it! thought I.

"Yes, they sent word she was much better."

"Aunt Ellen, do you think——"

"Well, what?" I put in rather testily.

"That she would allow me to paint her portrait?"

"Who? Madame de Tavel?"

"What an absurd idea!" he exclaimed, turning positively scarlet; "you know, of course, that I can only mean *Mademoiselle* de Tavel!"

But I was very grave. "I am sure I can't say, Reggie; and, what is more, I am not at all certain that it would be quite the thing."

"Quite *what* thing?" This, in the most innocent tone imaginable, from my nephew.

But I was losing patience, and so said: "You know as well as I do that you have no right to ask anything of the kind; for, even should Madame de Tavel allow it—which I doubt exceedingly—there is still the *fiancé* to be consulted."

As I finished I looked directly at him, and was half frightened at the strange, hard expression that had come upon his face. For a moment or two he said nothing; then, in a cold, measured tone, very different from the one he had before employed, he commenced:

"I really cannot understand why it is that you always insist upon speaking of Mademoiselle de Tavel as though she were engaged to that cousin of hers, when you know perfectly well, Aunt Ellen, that it is not so! Why—" here he spoke in a quick, nervous manner— "he has never even been here to see her! A queer engagement I should call it!"

"But, my dear Rex," I cried, in despair, "I have already told you that Madame de Tavel expressly stipulated that he should not come until Hélène's eighteenth birthday, which will be in a few weeks now. So you had much better give up your idea; for I really can't see that any possible good could come of this painting business."

But he had risen from the seat, and standing, very tall and straight and handsome, before me, was saying, coldly:

"You appear to forget, Aunt Ellen, that I am an artist, and that this will not be the first time I have painted a young lady's picture!"

He was angry with me, I saw, and I was sorry for it—and for him—but what was I to do? Just then the breakfast-bell rang, and I said emphatically, as I took up the bowl of luscious fruit which he had finished hulling for me: "Well, Reggie, I will do what I can for you; but I must tell you frankly that I don't *at all* like the idea of the thing."

Great indeed was my amazement as, that same afternoon, having mentioned in rather a hesitating manner my nephew's request to Madame de Tavel, that lady raised her head quickly from the soft cushions of her lounge, and looking straight into my eyes, said delightedly:

"*Nothing* in the world would give me more pleasure! I have *always* wished for a portrait of Hélène! You say Mr. Thayer will paint it *here*—under these trees—so that I can watch the work! Why, nothing I know of could give me greater enjoyment! When will he begin?"

So much for your perspicacity, Ellen Thayer! thought I, mentally registering a vow that never again, be the circumstances what they might, should I tender my advice to anyone.

The following morning found us all assembled in Madame de Tavel's garden, the invalid having had her *chaise longue* moved into such a position that she could watch the canvas as Reggie worked at it; while opposite them—partly reclining in a low-hung grass hammock—was Hélène, as pretty a subject as it would have been possible for any artist to find. She had demurred slightly about posing at first, and a strangely troubled look had crossed her face; but finding her mother's heart quite fixed upon the idea, she had finally consented. Ah, well! those were very charming mornings we spent there under the great *marronniers*, and if this portrait painting interfered with our walks, we could none of us regret it, seeing what pleasure it gave the poor sick lady. But I, who could not resist watching these young people closely, saw that Reggie's glances were apt to rest longer on the dainty figure before him than there was any possible necessity for; and also that those dark eyes yonder had taken a trick of dropping suddenly before his gaze in the most unaccountable manner. Then once, in the midst of a *séance*, she had risen abruptly to her feet, saying, in an impatient tone, that she could not stand it—that *posing* made her nervous—and so had hurried toward the house, leaving us all bewildered by her behavior,—all, with perhaps the exception of Rex, who continued his work very quietly, no change whatever crossing his face; but I noticed a quick nervous movement of the hand that held the palette—very much as though he would have crushed the delicate wood between his fingers—and this was the only outward sign of the storm which, I dimly guessed, was raging beneath that calm exterior.

But that had happened two days ago, and now the finishing touches were being put upon the canvas, and even Wilhelm had come to have a look at it, and was standing behind Reggie's chair expressing his entire and complete approbation. Indeed, in my opinion, it would have been difficult for the most carping critic to find fault with either the graceful composition of the picture, or the soft, dreamy lights that prevailed in it.

By Madame de Tavel's side sat Cornelia; and if the artist missed occasionally a word or two of his uncle's praises, you may be sure no part of the half-whispered conversation that was being carried on between the two ladies escaped his ear. For we were to start the next morning on a three days' trip to the Grindelwald, and my sister was now asking Madame de Tavel to allow her daughter to accompany us. This

excursion was an amability of my brother-in-law's, who, having frequently heard me express a desire for a nearer view of the glaciers, had, to our astonishment, himself proposed that we should take advantage of the fact of Reggie's being with us to go; and we had waited only for the completion of the portrait before setting out.

It is needless to say that I—who could never keep a secret of any kind—had given a hint of this to Hélène; who, heedless of her posing, was bending forward, listening eagerly for her mother's words. Once she made a slight attempt to interpose something to the effect that "it would, after all, be better for her to remain at home," but no notice being taken of this, she said nothing more. And now, as Madame de Tavel turned toward her, with the remark: "Your grandmother comes to-night, *chérie*, so if you would really like to go, you can do so—I shall not be here alone," she leaned suddenly back again in the hammock, and lay there looking up into the branches above her head, with a white, dismayed expression upon her pretty face; while Rex, after one quick glance in her direction, rose hurriedly and moved his easel slightly to one side. But I well knew this was only an excuse for turning his face momentarily from us.

For the arrival of old Madame de Tavel meant—as we were all perfectly well aware—nothing more nor less than that the time was nearing for the formal acknowledgment of Hélène's engagement; which fact, I am certain, the child herself had scarcely realized, until these few words of her mother's brought it, with startling intensity, before her mind. Well! we should have a few pleasant days together there in the mountains, and after that, all would be changed.

IV.

About two o'clock on the day following our arrival at the Grindelwald we were seated—a rather silent party—on the broad piazza of the hotel. Both Cornelia and her husband, having been much fatigued by the long drive up from Interlaken, had wished to take one day's rest before starting upon any excursion, and I think none of us regretted that decision.

A little apart from us, with a white, listless look upon her face, which struck me as strangely unnatural, sat Hélène; her eyes fixed with a sort of fascination upon the great glacier which rose above us on the right, like a vast icy sea, and her hands lying, loosely clasped, upon her knees. Rex was walking slowly to and fro on the porch, and I noticed that each time he came toward us his eyes rested long and earnestly on that pensive, motionless figure. Ah, well! he had declined to accept any advice from his old aunt, and now—though they were both very brave about it—I knew the blow had fallen.

What argument he had used in order to induce her to start with him for a walk that morning, I do not know; but shortly after ten o'clock she had come to her room—it adjoined mine, and the door was open between—and taking her hat—a little sailor hat it was—had gone without a word. I thought that rather peculiar, but even then there had been a certain something about her—a still, cold tranquillity in her manner—which baffled me, and prevented my speaking to her. As I stood at the window and watched her turn with Reggie into a narrow path leading across some fields, a dim foreboding of the result of that promenade rose in my mind.

Let me see! It must have been quite two hours they were gone, for she reentered her room just as the first bell was ringing for our early dinner. Never shall I forget the feeling that came over me as I heard her hastily close and lock the door leading to the hall and then throw herself across the bed with one long, pitiful moan. I was crying myself, but I did not dare go to her, for there *are* sorrows that cannot even be spoken of.

I hardly expected her to go down to dinner; but as the second bell rang she appeared at my door with that white, still look upon her face which had ever since remained there, and saying only, "If you are ready we will go down-stairs now," led the way from the room, showing no symptom of anything unusual having occurred except by the pointed

manner in which she avoided my gaze. No one especially remarked her looks at dinner, for Cornelia, who was suffering from a wretched headache, had not come down, and Wilhelm was always too much occupied with his own ailments to pay any attention to those of other people.

Now, as we sat there upon the porch, I noticed that Hélène's eyes were no longer fixed on the distant glacier, but that she was watching very intently a little knot of men who were coming slowly along the street in the direction of the hotel, bearing between them a roughly improvised litter; and that the many people who had been walking or talking near us had also turned, and were gazing inquiringly at this approaching band. "What has happened? Who can it be?" were the questions heard upon every side; and as the men bore the litter up the steps and into the hotel, Reggie hurriedly interrogated one of the guides. I could not understand what they were saying, but the man in answering turned and looked back toward the upper glacier; and as Rex and several others close by followed the direction of his glance many exclamations of awe and pity were heard. "What is it?" I inquired. "Is he dead? Who is he?"

"They say," answered Reggie, quickly, "that it is a Professor Koning, from Berne, and that they do not think he is much injured—only stunned—but there is another there"—and he pointed toward the glacier—"who they fear is lost, though they are still searching for him."

"Lost!" I cried—"searching for him! For mercy's sake, what has he done? Where can he have gone? Has he fallen over a precipice, or what?" But my questions were quite unheeded, for my nephew had followed the party into the hotel, and for a few moments the wildest surmises were raised among the excited crowd upon the porch as to what could have been the cause of the accident. Soon, however, the guides, having deposited their burden, reappeared; and with them—having donned a warm shooting-jacket, and the spiked shoes necessary for Alpine climbing—was Rex. Just then Cornelia, aroused by all this noise and commotion, also made her appearance, and I—who felt rather exasperated at finding myself left so entirely in the dark—seized Reggie's arm, and inquired, in a very decided tone, "what he was about to do."

"They want help," he said, quickly; "there's another poor fellow up there in the ice, and as there are a great number of parties out to-day, most of the guides are off, and these men have come down to try and get aid from the village." Then seeing my rather dismayed face, he added, half laughingly: "Oh, you needn't worry about me, Aunt Nell! A bad penny always turns up again, you know."

But the smile died suddenly upon his lips as he caught sight of the terrified look in a pair of dark eyes that were gazing fixedly at him, and, forgetful of all else, he stepped quickly forward, taking the two cold little hands in his, and saying, in a half-whisper, which of course was not intended for me to hear: "Would it not, after all, be better for me if I were never to return?"

Now, I thought that hardly fair of him, considering the circumstances; and when she gave a little gasping cry, and said, "You know that what I told you this morning was the only thing there was for me to say! Ah! Dieu de Miséricorde! How hard it all is!" I should have liked nothing better than to give my nephew a good piece of my mind. But he still held her hands in his, and if the parting glance he gave her was one of infinite tenderness, there was underlying that a look of such positive anguish that I drew hastily back from them, while he turned silently and abruptly away and hurried after the guides, who were already some distance in advance.

I am not going to tell you of the long hours of weary watching and waiting that followed, or of how one startling announcement was succeeded by another, until gradually it came to be known that Professor Koning and his friend, or assistant, had crossed the Wengernalp the preceding day, and after spending the night at Männlichen, had set out at an early hour that morning—the guides having been engaged beforehand—for the glaciers, of which the professor was

making scientific studies—studies which now bade fair to terminate fatally for at least one of the party.

But as all earthly things have an ending, so that terrible afternoon finally wore away; and, the supper hour arriving, we left our places on the porch and went toward the dining-room. A dreary enough meal that was! and I could see the white face by my side becoming more and more set in its strange rigidity as the long minutes dragged slowly by. "And what, after all, will be the end of this?" was the thought that perplexed me, and started me to wondering whether, indeed, the child would be brave enough to give up her cousin in spite of the outcries of her family; or whether she would return to Berne and there seal this engagement, knowing all the time in her inmost heart that she could never truly love the man she was promising to marry. Ah, well! I may be a silly old woman, but I knew too well the changes on my darling's face to be deceived by them now; and—strive against it though she might—I was fully persuaded that she was caught in the toils of a love which would evermore hold her fast.

At last the supper was finished; and as Hélène rose from her chair, she placed one hand suddenly upon my shoulder, saying: "We must hurry, Aunt Ellen"—how curiously significant the old familiar address sounded just then—"they are nearly here now." How could she possibly have known that? For certainly no sound had reached my ears; nor had any other person present heard anything whatever. Nevertheless, I hurried with her out upon the piazza, and there, sure enough, coming slowly along the street in the moonlight, was the band we had seen starting for the glaciers this afternoon, only that now it had increased to more than twice its original size. Had they found the man? Yes, surely; for there in the centre was a litter! It made me shiver to see how ominously still that figure lay, as in solemn silence the men bore their burden up the steps. A coat belonging to one of the guides had been thrown across the man's body, and his head was enveloped in flannel cloths—evidently parts of one or more shirts that had been torn in strips for this purpose—which the blood had already dyed a deep brownish crimson.

"Ai-e-e!!" I could not help giving this cry of pain, for Hélène's fingers had closed so tightly about my wrist that the sharp little nails had positively entered the flesh. What ailed the child? And why, after seizing my hand in that most unaccountable manner, had she dropped it again so hastily, and hurrying forward, pushed her way through the crowd into the brightly lighted hall, where the men were by this time standing. I followed as quickly as I could, wondering the while that people made way for me as they did, but before I could reach her side there came a quick, choking sound—neither word nor cry, but rather a long, gasping sob—and I saw her sink upon her knees on the floor, with her pretty head resting on the unconscious form before her, which, to my horror, I now perceived to be Reggie. Instantly the idea that my nephew was no longer alive took possession of me with such overwhelming force that for a moment I was utterly incapable of thought, and much less capable of action; but fortunately just then Cornelia came forward, taking the entire direction of affairs, in her calm, decided manner; drawing Hélène gently but firmly aside, and confiding her to my care, and turning immediately afterward to speak to one of the guests of the hotel whom we knew to be a physician. For the first time then her voice broke as she said: "He is not—fatally injured—I trust?"

As the doctor bent to touch Reggie about the chest and head a young gentleman—who seemed to be walking with some difficulty—entered the hall, and after looking about him in a perplexed, hesitating manner, hurried forward, saying, in French: "Ah, madame, if you but knew how distressed I am at the accident which has befallen your ——" here he paused a moment in confusion, and after a quick glance at Cornelia, added, "son. It was in saving my life that he met with this misfortune, which I sincerely trust may not prove to be so grave as we at first feared. If my poor services can be of any avail, you have but to command me, dear madame. I shall wait here, and if I can be of any

assistance whatever, you have but to send for the Comte de Ribaupierre."

During this time I was hurrying Hélène from the scene. Upon the child's face there was no trace of tears, but I could feel that she was trembling violently as her hand lay—icy cold—in mine. We were already half-way up the broad staircase when the first words of this stranger's address fell on her ear; and standing suddenly still, she turned a pair of wide-open, wondering eyes upon me. As he ceased speaking she gave again one of those curious sobs, and drawing me after her, hurried on without stopping until we had reached my room. Once inside that, she closed the door, and placing her back against it, stood there looking at me with so startled an expression upon her face that for an instant I was quite persuaded she had lost her mind.

"Did you hear?" she asked, finally, in a hoarse whisper, which sent little shivers creeping down my back and made me look nervously about the room. But mastering my apprehensiveness, I answered, as calmly as I could:

"Yes, dear, I heard. We must be thankful that Reggie was able to save this man's life, and hope that *he* is not so badly hurt as we at first supposed."

"But did you not hear his name—his—the man whose life he saved—the *Comte de Ribaupierre?*" I confess I was now utterly bewildered. Here had I been fancying the child agitated solely on Reggie's account, when lo! I discover that it is some idea connected with this man for whose sake my nephew is perhaps even now dying that is troubling her.

"I must say," I answered, rather shortly, "I was thinking more of Reggie's injuries than of what might be the name of the person who—all unwittingly, of course—had been the cause of this unhappy accident." For a second or two she stood looking at me in a puzzled, astonished manner, then, coming slowly forward, she said: "Is it possible you do not know? The Comte de Ribaupierre—you *must* understand that he is my cousin—my cousin Vincent!"

Now it was a curious fact that never before had I heard the name of this cousin of Hélène's, for Madame de Tavel, on the rare occasions when she had alluded to him in our presence, had done so in a very vague and indirect manner; while Hélène herself, after that first account of her visit to Fribourg, had never spoken of her marriage.

I own that this announcement took me fairly aback, and I could no longer be surprised at her agitation, though, as you will see, I attributed it to causes very far removed from the reality. Many times since have I wondered how I could ever have said such a thing to her, and can only suppose that my own arrant cowardice where anything resembling a "scene" is concerned induced the remark.

"Never mind, my pet. It can make no great difference. I hardly think he could have recognized you in the hall!" Never shall I forget the look that flashed into her eyes then, or the proud manner in which she lifted her small, shapely head. Until then I had never realized that she was indeed a tall woman. What she might have answered I do not know, for just then the door opened and Cornelia came into the room. Evidently she was astonished at seeing Hélène there with that strange glow upon her face, and the scornful light in her dark eyes; but she was pressed for time, and so—fortunately for me, I thought—could ask no questions.

"Things are not so bad after all," she commenced. "Rex is no longer unconscious. He had merely fainted from loss of blood. The doctor does not think the hurt anything serious; it is only a flesh-wound made by a piece of ice that fell and grazed his head as they were drawing him up from the crevasse."

"What in the world was he doing down in one of those dreadful places?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Ellen! He has done an exceedingly courageous thing, and had a very narrow escape from being killed. The old guide himself told me that had '*le Monsieur*' not positively declined leaving the glacier without one more attempt at rescue being made, the Comte—the man—would certainly have been lost, as they were all fully persuaded he had been carried away by the current beneath the ice."

As my sister spoke these last words Hélène turned abruptly away and passed

into the adjoining room; seeing which, Cornelia came closer to me and whispered: "Do you know whose life it was he saved?" I nodded assent, and she continued: "Does *she* know?" Again I gave an affirmative sign, and she murmured, "Poor child! I don't know what will come of it all! I had no idea of anything of the kind!"

This was really too much, and I felt tempted to ask where her eyes had been, and should certainly have done so had not some motive prompted her, just then, to follow Hélène to her room. For a long time they remained there, talking together in low, earnest tones; while I —secretly wondering what the result of that interview would be—proceeded to take off my dress and put on a warm wrapper, that I might be in readiness to assist Cornelia with her watching.

But "no such thing was necessary," she assured me, as she came in hurriedly to bid me "Good-night," making no reference whatever to the conversation that had taken place in the adjoining room. So I was to be excluded from their confidence! I must own that it grieved me to think I had offended my darling, and it was with rather a heavy heart I laid my head upon the pillow. Whether or no it was a dream, I could not tell, but I certainly wakened the next morning firmly impressed with the idea that just as I had been dropping asleep, a pretty, white-robed figure had glided softly into my room, and kissing me twice—very gently—had said: "I was angry at first, Aunt Nell—but I have had a hard day, dear—so you must not mind."

No! that could have been no dream, for she was her own sweet self again, and here was I, sitting in the hotel parlor, partly hidden by the drapery of one of the windows, watching Hélène as she walked restlessly about the room. Not a very attractive *salon* this, with its inartistic red chairs and sofas, and centre table strewn with daily papers—English, most of them—but we were not here to look at the furniture. Indeed no! We had something of much greater importance before us. I had tried hard to persuade her that my presence at the impending interview was quite unnecessary, but she had insisted upon my remaining, and after my stupid speech of the night before, I could refuse her nothing.

Now the door opened, and a slight, dark, good-looking man, scarcely taller than Hélène and resembling her somewhat, appeared. Advancing with that blank, bewildered air one is apt to have on coming from the bright sunshine without into an imperfectly lighted room, he stopped suddenly as he caught sight of the slim, gray-clad figure, before him.

Without giving him time to speak, Hélène said, quickly: "It is I who sent for you, *mon cousin!* There are many things about which I must speak with you, and it is best to do so here, immediately."

From my post of observation I could see his face, and it was a perfect study. Amazement, incredulity, and, I faintly suspected, some discomposure, were fighting for mastery there. Now he cast a rapid glance about the room, and his eyes falling on me, he said in a low tone—they were speaking in French, of course—"Would it not be better to wait for another opportunity? I had no idea that my aunt was staying here at the Grindelwald. It is quite an unexpected pleasure." He had raised his voice in these last two sentences, and now lowering it again, he added hurriedly: "You know I shall be in Berne on Monday. Can we not discuss all needful questions then?" Hélène had seated herself by this time, and resting her folded arms upon the table, looked up at him as he stood there turning his hat and stick in his hands in rather an agitated manner.

"My mother is not here," she said, in her clear, distinct tones; "I am with —friends. And it is precisely of your visit to Berne I wish to speak." Again he glanced hastily in my direction, seeing which, she said, calmly: "*C'est une amie à moi!* It is quite as though we were alone."

Rather a left-handed compliment, thought I, feeling strongly inclined to laugh at the turn affairs were taking.

"I will not detain you long, *mon cousin*, but as it is a most important question that I wish to speak to you about, I pray you be seated." And he dropped into the chair toward which she motioned him, as though he really had not

strength to stand. I could not help pitying him, for he had been taken at a disadvantage, and had certainly no conception of what awaited him.

"It will perhaps amaze you, what I am about to say," she commenced, "but, knowing that our marriage is simply *une affaire de famille*—a manner of keeping our grandmother's fortune undivided—I cannot imagine that it will be much of a blow to you if it never takes place. *Voyons, franchement*, is it not true, that?"

For a moment he was literally too astounded to speak, and then—a dark glow overspreading his face—he said slowly: "I am at a loss to know what can have put such an idea in your head. If by chance you have heard something about me which displeases you, I can but ask—in justice to myself—that you will let me know what it is."

I could not help an inward cry of Bravo, for this was said with a great deal of dignity; and I commenced to tremble lest Hélène should have the worst of the encounter. She had evidently not expected him to take this view of the matter, and there was a little distressed ring in her voice as she exclaimed:

"No, no! It is not that! I am sure you would have made a good husband—but—but really, Vincent, I cannot marry you—I did not think—but I *know* now that it is utterly impossible." He, however, appeared to have no intention of being cast off so easily; and leaning forward on the table, just as she was doing, until his dark head was very near to hers, said:

"Tell me what has happened, Hélène. Your father wished this marriage, and we have always considered it a settled thing. If, then, at this last moment, you have changed your mind, it can only be because you have met someone else whom you care about. If that is the case, I can, of course, say nothing more; but—it will be harder for me than you think."

What would she say, I wondered, for on her next words the future of *three* people depended; and I was too interested in the result of this tête-à-tête—for you see *I* did not count—for the absurdity of my own position to trouble me at all. Well! she did not keep him long in suspense, though her answer came with a half-sad little cry:

"Oh! I am so sorry! I really never thought you would care! I have tried to do right, and everything seems to be entirely wrong. There *is* someone else whom I—care about—as you say. I thought at first it was nothing—that it would pass—that I should get over it—and that we would be married—you and I—and live very happily together; but I know now that *that* can never be—it would be quite impossible! Ah! I cannot tell you more—but you understand—you will not make it more difficult for me—for I assure you I have suffered these last few days!" So! It was out! But he bore it bravely, like the true gentleman he was, and rising, said:

"I *do* understand, my little cousin. And now I will tell you 'Good-bye,' as I see it is best for me to go away for a while,—later, we shall be good friends, I hope." As he stood there, looking straight into her eyes, there were actually tears in his. He was facing the light, and I could not help but see this. And Hélène, putting both hands in his, leaned forward in her quick, impulsive way, saying: "You are much too good to me, Vincent. I have——"

But that speech was never finished, for the door had opened, and there, looking very pale and white, but otherwise showing no symptoms of being any the worse for the accident of the day before, stood Rex. I think at that moment the only unconcerned person in the room was the Comte de Ribaupierre, who, springing forward with quick words of welcome on his lips, took Reggie's hand in his, and turning, said earnestly:

"Hélène, I must present my rescuer, Mr. Thayer. My cousin, Mademoiselle de Tavel."

You probably know me sufficiently well by this time to hear without astonishment that I had put myself as much as possible out of sight, for I did not at all like the looks of things; but at the same time I could not resist the temptation of watching unperceived all that passed. That sounds rather badly, but, after all, I had been brought here against my will, and it was not my fault, if, after having insisted upon my coming, Hélène

should become oblivious of my presence. But now Reggie, after one swift, startled glance at the man whose life he had saved, was bowing in Hélène's direction, and saying coldly: "I am more than happy at thinking I have been able to render so great a service to Mademoiselle de Tavel." Then, after an awkward pause which no one seemed inclined to break, he turned away, with the remark: "I must really beg pardon for intruding, but I was told, Comte, that you had inquired for me, and as the man said you were here—" He was quite near the door by this time, and had put out his hand to open it, when it was pushed from without, and a waiter, looking in, said: "*M. le Professeur* Koning begs *M. le Comte* to have the kindness to come to his room, as he is feeling much better and would like to look over those notes he was speaking with *M. le Comte* about this morning."

How I wished that I might have followed the Comte de Ribaupierre, unperceived, from the room! But I did not dare move, as Rex had not seen me, and Hélène, apparently, had forgotten my very existence.

In the first moment Reggie had started as though he also would have left the *salon;* but something in the utter immobility of that pale figure opposite arrested his steps. As the door closed he came slowly forward, and resting his two hands on the back of a chair, stood looking down upon the white, troubled face. For a moment only he stood thus, and then, —speaking scarcely above a whisper, said:

"I am going away this afternoon!" No answer; and after a pause of a few seconds, he added, "It is almost a pity they did not leave me there, down in the crevasse, is it not?" Still no reply; only the white look upon her face was intensified, while a nervous movement of the corners of that pretty mouth seemed to indicate that tears were suspiciously near. Seeing this, he said suddenly, always in the same low tone of intense agitation: "Only think! I might have come away and left him there! The guides said there was no hope! Great God! It would have been almost a temptation had I known——" But here, catching sight of the terrified look upon Hélène's face, he stopped abruptly, and dropping into the chair beside which he had been standing, bent his head forward upon the table, saying, in a voice hoarse with emotion: "Forgive me, dear. I am not myself this morning. I came down hoping to have one more talk with you—one more opportunity of pleading for your love. But there! It is of no use! I see I am too late! Ah, well! I must not complain—you have been good and kind to me

"It made me shiver to see how ominously still that figure lay."

always — a dangerous kindness — but now I shall go away, and not trouble you again—for——" Here he raised his head suddenly, and, his eyes meeting hers, he ceased speaking, while a great and wondrous light overspread his face. She was standing beside him; and gently—oh, so gently—he took both her hands in his, whispering softly: "Am I not too late, after all?"

You may possibly imagine that I am going to tell you what my darling's answer was, but you are very much mistaken; indeed I fear that I have been already most indiscreet in talking as much as I have done—but of *one* thing you may be certain, and that is, that no one in that house could have hailed the sound of the dinner-bell, which rang shortly after these last words of my nephew, with greater delight than did Miss Eleanor Thayer. You think, perhaps, that that sound recalled to Mademoiselle de Tavel's mind a memory of the close proximity of her friend and *quasi* chaperone. Not a bit of it! She would have left the room with never a thought for me, had I not—resenting such forgetfulness—emerged indignantly from my corner.

Well, well! We laughed many a time over that afterwards, and Hélène—little mischief—was even then seized with a most unseemly fit of merriment as she attempted to apologize for her obliviousness; but Rex, who was ignorant of the cause of my being there, was, very naturally, more than half inclined to be angry about it, becoming mollified only when he had gathered from my rather irascible explanation some inkling of the true state of affairs.

I think we all experienced a great feeling of relief when — as we were leaving the dining-room after our mid-day meal, a waiter handed Hélène a note from her cousin, stating as he did so, that "*M. le Comte* had left." Had Ribaupierre's suspicions been aroused by anything in Reggie's manner, or had he merely wished to avoid the ordeal of bidding *her* good-

bye? Whatever the cause of his sudden departure, we were evidently not to

be enlightened on the subject, for she put the note calmly into her pocket, and slipping her hand through Cornelia's arm, went with her to her room.

As you may readily imagine, we had all had enough of the Grindelwald, and the following evening found us once more seated under the *marronniers* on Madame de Tavel's terrace. She, poor lady, had listened in some perturbation to Reggie's petition for her daughter's hand, which, you may rest assured, he had made without loss of time. Evidently Madame de Tavel had a nervous dread of offending her husband's mother; and that old lady, upon being called in to the family council, positively and indignantly refused to give her consent. She "should countenance no such capriciousness and—yes—positive coquetry; and as her fortune was her own to dispose of, it should all go to Vincent, who had been *more than willing* to fulfil his part of the compact."

Whereat Mr. Rex flew into a fine rage; telling the old lady she might leave her fortune to whom she pleased, that, for his part, he wished none of it; but if Hélène would marry him, he would promise her that, God granting him health and strength, she should never have cause to regret the loss of her grandmother's money. Which was all very fine, but decidedly hazardous,

"Hélène, I must present my rescuer."

as, with the exception of his talent—which I had come to believe in only since seeing the wonderful picture he had made of Hélène—he had certainly *nothing* to depend upon.

But if Mademoiselle de Tavel had the faculty of being able to picture to us scenes and legends long since past and forgotten, she could be also very practical when she chose, and now, by a cleverly turned little speech, she demonstrated so clearly to her grandmother that, had it not been for Rex, Vincent would have been no longer in this sphere to enjoy the fortune that was destined for him; and that, in consequence, a certain graceless cousin of his would have had it all, the old lady could not but relent; and, indeed, before many days had passed, the dowager Madame

de Tavel had become one of my nephew's stanchest friends and admirers.

And now there is really nothing further for me to tell, unless it be that it was a very lovely bride who one bright afternoon late in October stood, in her dainty laces, beneath those old *marronniers*, saying softly, as she turned a pair of smiling, love-lighted eyes on Rex—he was looking proud enough that day, you may be sure—"We must thank the Grindelwald for having decided our fate!"

What the answer was I cannot say, as it was not spoken loud enough to be heard by anyone but the person to whom it was addressed; but her response came with *such* a happy laugh: "Ah! you must not be too sure! I do not know that I should ever have had the courage to defy them all, had you not frightened me nearly to death that terrible afternoon!"

TOWARD SPRING.

By Edith M. Thomas.

Thou knowest not I love thee—no, not yet,
More than the plains in heavy darkness drowned
Forecast that cheerful Day will flow around,
And to the ancient Night his limit set.
Thou knowest not thou hast me in thy debt,
More than this pallid Winter-guarded ground
Forecasts the shower from April cloud unbound,
The drinking grass-blade and the violet.
Thou knowest not I love thee! Yet no less
Than as the Day and Springtide hither tend
Do I with unperceivèd motion bend
My gradual steps toward thee; nor canst thou guess
How I, for all delaying, will but bless
Thy life with richer service in the end.

WHERE SHALL WE SPEND OUR SUMMER?

By A. W. Greely.

FIFTY years ago this was a question which was never heard in American homes, for the few families who quitted their own mansions for comfort or pleasure had in view some near resort where the lack of perfect surroundings was made up by easiness of access. With the building of railways and the rapid development of steam navigation, the changing manners of the American people have kept pace. Indeed, it seems as though every new line opened to travel but enhances the taste for change and movement which impresses foreigners as so characteristic a phase of our national life. Everybody travels nowadays, going on the instant, whenever affection or interest, business or pleasure, may chance to move the spirit. But at one season of the year, when the mercury rises to the nineties, it is safe to say that five per centum of the entire population of the United States makes its plans and arrangements to quit regular homes for summer quarters, and as many more sigh regretfully while thinking that either means or circumstances detain them in the old, dull round of things.

People who go a-summering are divided into three quite distinct classes: the first, the fashionable folk who follow their leaders and are to be found as the latest freak of fancy demands, at the springs of Saratoga, on the sands at Long Branch, on the beach at Newport, or by the rocky shores of Mount Desert; second come those who search mainly for comfort and pleasure, seeking to pass their summer day under such conditions as will either guard them against the discomforts which would be experienced during the heated term at their homes, or will insure them pursuit of, or indulgence in, favorite sports or pastimes. It is this spirit which dots the waterways along our eastern coast, from New Jersey to Nova Scotia, with snowy sail, and that fills the mountains of the Adirondacks, the forests and the streams of Maine and Canada, with fishermen and hunters. Besides these two is a third, the greatest and poorest class, composed of those whose strength and systems, sapped and undermined by toil and trouble, and even more by unhealthy surroundings, are compelled to seek out for their brief vacations of a few days or weeks such spots as offer climatic conditions best suited to renew physical vigor and mental tone. It matters little to the fashionable first class what may be the climatic conditions of the resorts they frequent, and even to the second the question of sunshine and shower, of moisture or dryness, is one either of indifference or minor importance. The question of climate, embracing temperature and rainfall, fog and sunshine, is, however, of serious import to this greatest class, which undoubtedly comprises two-thirds of the summer voyagers.

The important influence which meteorological conditions exert on the public health is becoming more and more a vital question which engages public attention and medical research. Certain abnormal atmospheric conditions, such as prolonged heated terms and the continued prevalence of excessive moisture, are believed to directly and indirectly cause very many deaths in our great cities. It cannot have escaped the attention of any regular reader of our city dailies that the enormous mortality in cases of diseases of the bowels is coincident with, and proportional to, the excessive heats of midsummer, and also that sudden and violent changes of temperature are followed by unusually high death-rates.

The three types of summer weather are: *warm and dry*, *warm and moist*, and *hot*. Small-pox is especially fatal under the first, while the death-rates of scarlet and typhoid fevers are augmented by the second type. *Hot* weather, in July

especially, is marked by a sharp increase in one class of diseases—bowel complaints; and there is always an enormous proportional death-rate, due to the great mortality of infants less than a year old. Apart from the mortality of mere infants, there is every reason, if care is taken, why the mortality of summer should not be as excessive as that of winter.

We hear it often urged that the summer can be more comfortably and healthfully passed at home, surrounded by the conveniences of one's own household. There is doubtless much truth in this statement when there is in question summer life in small cities, especially such as are not too closely built and are free from the noxious effects of large manufactories and other similar causes which fill the atmosphere of many cities with impurities.

The amount and the extent of the impurity of the air in great cities are not generally known. These impurities may be divided into acids (carbonic and nitric) and organic matter. Frequent comparison of country and town rainfall has shown that acids are quite largely above the average in cities. The amount of organic matter in the air is comparatively very large in cities, the quantity, as might naturally be expected, increasing in a somewhat constant ratio with the density of the population.

The deleterious effect which such impurities must have on the public health is so obvious that it is surprising they have not more fully engaged, in America, the attention of sanitary boards and the medical faculty. In Great Britain inquiry has been initiated, with a view of "authoritatively defining the safe limits of the density of population, and the extent to which manufactures may be carried on within a given area."

While the fatal relation of certain types of weather to the public health is obvious even to laymen, under extraordinary conditions, yet until the heated term slays its hundreds, proper sanitary methods are not strictly observed, nor are the weak and sickly properly forearmed against the too often fatal results of such environment.

Since health and comfort dictate the quitting of large cities for a certain period each summer, let us next consider the respective advantages offered by the mountains, forests, lakes, and sea-shore, to one of which we must resort.

The question as to what constitutes a comfortable and healthy summer climate is one which is difficult to define with absolute precision, especially for the United States, where the enormous extent of territory is populated by communities accustomed each to their peculiarly local and widely diversified climates. All authorities probably agree that, in this important problem, the temperature is a dominant factor, in summer, at least. The average daily, as well as the maximum and minimum, temperatures must be relatively stated, since there are but few localities in the whole country where the entire summer is wholly comfortable; though there are many localities which are healthy.

The American public are familiar on all sides with elaborate and detailed statements of the weather at a thousand and one resorts. If we may believe all that we read in such reports the temperature never reaches the eighties, the sky is flecked with just enough of cloud to perfect the landscape, the breezes are always balmy and the nights ever cool. There is possibly one place in the United States where such conditions obtain—a bit of country of about forty square miles, at the extreme southwestern part of the United States, in which San Diego is situated; but even here, perhaps once in two or three years, the sultry blasts of the Mojave Desert pass over the low mountain range and parch this favored district. By a singular contrast the second favored spot as to summer weather is the extreme northeastern point of the United States—Eastport, Me. At Eastport the prevailing summer winds are from the south, which makes the weather delightful, save on occasional days when the wind goes into the northerly quadrant and sends the temperature uncomfortably near to the freezing point. The point at which the temperature begins to be considered hot naturally depends upon the character of the climate to which persons have been accustomed. It follows that people living in the extreme southern portions of the United States have a radically differ-

ent standard from those residing along the Canadian frontier. In default of any fixed standard the writer follows the example of Herr Alexander Supan in his article and maps of the duration of the heated term in Europe. Herr Supan classes mean daily temperatures from fifty degrees (ten degrees Centigrade) to sixty-eight degrees (twenty degrees C.) as warm. Mean daily temperatures above sixty-eight degrees are classed as hot. This classification answers very well for Europe, since in Great Britain, Northern France, Germany, and the mountainous regions of all Central Europe the mean daily temperature rises only occasionally to seventy degrees, and never remains at that point for any considerable number of consecutive days. If we examine the mean daily temperatures of the United States, as calculated from many years' observations, we find that the coast of Northern Maine, and a portion of Northern Michigan, and the immediate coast line of California and Oregon, are the only parts of the country where the daily mean temperature does not rise above sixty-eight degrees for several weeks of each year.* In considering American summer climate the writer has added a third period called *very hot*, during which the average daily temperature exceeds eighty degrees Fahrenheit. The above map shows, by a broad line marked 80°, the points to the eastward of the 97th meridian where the highest *daily* mean of the year barely touches that temperature. The fainter lines, marked one month, two months, etc., unite places where the very high daily mean of eighty degrees may be expected to continue for one, two, or three months, as the case may be. It will be noticed that the eighty line extends as far northward as Omaha in the Missouri Valley, and as far as Baltimore in the Atlantic States. The tempering effect of elevation is shown by the trend of the curves in the mountainous regions, for no part of the Blue Ridge Mountains is very hot.

An impartial writer is consequently forced to admit that the term comfortable, as applied to summer climate in the United States, is a relative one only, and that in the discussion of climatic data one must depend upon the Signal Service reports, supplemented by the observations of such private meteorological observers—and there are hundreds of them—as have no climatic wares to dispose of.

* Of course, the summits of certain mountain peaks and high plateau stations, which are objectionable on other grounds, are not included in this statement.

It has been decided, for the purpose of this article, to consider as comfortable regions such sections of the country as have normally for less than ninety consecutive days a daily mean temperature above sixty-eight degrees.

The southern limit of this region is shown on the map by a broad line marked three months sixty-eight degrees. To the northward of this broad line are two fainter ones which unite places where the daily mean temperature of sixty-eight degrees continues, respectively, for two months and one month.

It is obvious from the map that the transition from a very hot district to a comfortable region involves, in most cases, a limited amount of travel. In a northern direction from the section of the country designated as hot, the climate moderates rapidly to the European standard as to comfortable temperatures, which is shown by the broad line marked zero. This line indicates the extreme southern limits of regions where the mean daily temperature does not normally rise as high as sixty-eight degrees. It will be noticed that the region which can be classed as comfortable includes the greater part of New England, New York, and the States immediately bordering on the Great Lakes. Attention is further invited to the fact that in the Lake region, where the prevailing winds have a southwesterly component, the shores on the northeasterly side are cooler than those on the southwesterly. The difference in latitude is very small between Toledo at one end of Lake Erie and Buffalo at the other. Yet, for reasons given in general principles enunciated elsewhere, as to the cooling effect of vapor-laden winds, the mean daily temperature remains at sixty-eight or above for ninety-seven days at Toledo and only sixty-seven days at Buffalo.

But apart from considerations of health is the desire for cooling breezes, and in this respect the instinctive tendency of Americans to seek relief from the high summer temperatures of great towns and cities by fleeing to densely wooded highlands, such as the Adirondacks, or the Green or White Mountain ranges, rests on grounds equally solid and scientific. The opinion, if it does not appear to be quite well established as a fact, prevails that residence at certain elevations above sea-level is decidedly beneficial to certain lung affections. While some believe that the rarefied atmosphere works the improvement, others dwell on the positive benefit flowing from simple conditions of living, regularity of life, and, above all, from continued inhalation of an atmosphere of decided purity.

As to the question of temperature, it is true that trees and vegetation are, like other substances, heated by the sun, and cooled by radiation, but owing to their low conductivity of heat, their highest and lowest temperatures occur at different hours from corresponding phases of the air. This tendency of forests to make nights warmer and days cooler is supplemented in mountainous countries by the system of descending currents of cold air, which further modify in an agreeable manner the temperature of the atmosphere at the bases of such mountains or steep acclivities. It will be found by summer visitors, as a rule, that the narrower the valley and the steeper its sides the greater are the chances of cold descending air-currents, which, however, may in some instances be sufficiently severe to test the endurance of invalids of certain classes.

On the other hand, the philosophy which draws such a large proportion of summer voyagers to the sea, finds a strong and valid, if unconscious, justification in the fact that while the air of the sea-coast is much freer from organic and inorganic impurities than the air of cities, it is also as free from acids as are the high plateaus.

The great climatological importance of seaside resorts is so self-evident that there is slight necessity of dwelling upon their remarkable curative effects on summer visitors. The sea heats very slowly by the sun, and cools quite as slowly from nocturnal radiation; so that the daily range of temperature is very small. In consequence, especially along the sandy coasts of Long Island and New Jersey, where the tendency is towards high temperatures by day and low temperatures by night, the sea is a most important factor in ameliorating the temperature conditions both by day and night. The rising of heated air over the

sandy regions by day necessarily causes an indraught of cool air from the sea, while the warmth of the ocean at night causes a reverse movement seaward of the land air—cooled by radiation. However, when from accidental causes (such as the passage of a storm-centre sufficiently distant not to induce rain, but to cause fresh winds) the wind blows steadily from the land, the visitors to sandy shores experience at times in midsummer heated periods of great severity. It will be noticed at such times that the effects of vegetation and forests very materially modify these unfavorable conditions, so that such strips of the sea-coast as are lined with forest or underbrush are spared these trying extremes of temperature. In connection with the well-known fact that winds acquire, to a considerable extent, the temperature of the regions they pass over, it is most important to consider what are the prevailing currents of air. This question becomes a particularly important one a few miles inland from the shores of the ocean or the Great Lakes, beyond which the system of alternating land and sea breezes already referred to does not extend. A section of country may, according to the prevailing direction of the wind, be most trying as a summer residence, owing to dry winds heated by the barren soil they have passed over; or it may be a comparatively comfortable region, through the cool, vapor-laden winds coming over the surface of large bodies of water of low temperature. The height and direction of mountain ranges, when perpendicular to the prevailing winds, make them drier; so that the country to the leeward of the mountains has hotter summers and colder winters than the region to the windward, since the absence of vapor exposes them more completely to solar and terrestrial radiation. Fortunately, the mountain ranges in the United States are so situated relative to the prevailing winds that these adverse conditions only very locally occur, except in the Pacific coast region to the eastward of the coast range.

The prevailing direction of the winds over such portions of the United States as have been designated as suitable for summer resorts are from the south or southwest, except on Lake Superior, where they are northerly. Fortunately for the seaside resorts, the winds are in general southerly from Delaware to Maine, so that, being tempered by the ocean, they alleviate materially the summer heat. As before stated, the southwesterly winds in the Lake region have the effect of making the eastern shores more comfortable than the western.

The question of cloudiness is one of a certain importance, since the relief from the heat of the summer's sun is a material advantage. In this respect New England is slightly favored over New Jersey, to the extent of two or three per cent., and over the Lake region to the extent of five or ten per cent.; the least clouds in summer being found over Southern Michigan.

The number of rainy days is greater during July than August, in New England, the Middle States, and in the vicinity of Lakes Huron and Ontario; but in the Lake Superior region the rainy days are more numerous during August. From New Jersey and Pennsylvania northeastward to Maine, one must expect rain at least every third day during July, but during August the ratio would be two days per week.

There is another phase of summer weather which, for certain classes, is of equal importance with any that has been so far considered. This is relative to the humidity of the atmosphere. The importance of this particular component of climate is set forth by a committee of the Colorado State Medical Society, which petitioned the United States Signal Service to furnish data on this subject, which, the committee say, "is of the utmost importance to that large invalid class who are troubled with consumption, asthma, malaria, and kindred complaints." The committee in question further set forth the equal value of these data to the physician and to the patient, and dwelt on their great importance with reference to the continuing health of a community.

The method by which the humidity of the air has been recorded and discussed by many observers gives results of no practical importance to the invalid, since the relative humidity, which shows the per centage of saturation, has been generally given, and not the more important

absolute humidity, which shows the true amount of moisture in a definite manner, expressed by grains of aqueous vapor to each cubic foot of air. The accompanying map for July shows the weight of vapor per cubic foot in grains, as deduced from three years' observations of the United States Signal Service. The effect of the Alleghany and Blue Ridge ranges in deflecting the equal contour lines is evident at a glance. It is probable that a sufficiently large number of reports would show similar southward deflections due to the White and Green mountain ranges in New England, and the most elevated parts of the Adirondacks in New York. The tendency of elevation, with its lessened temperature, is to reduce the weight of aqueous vapor in each cubic foot of air; and thus, for patients seeking a dry atmosphere, the high plateaus and the mountain regions will be found most satisfactory. It will be noticed, too, as might be expected, that the lines of equal grains to the cubic foot are nearly parallel with the sea-coast, and that the amount decreases as one goes inland. It is further of importance to note that the quantity of vapor per cubic foot decreases as one goes northward, and that the absolute amount of water in the air in New Jersey is fifty per cent. greater than in Maine; while the quantity along the Atlantic sea-coast from Hatteras southward is nearly double as great.

A dry summer climate is assumed to be one where the atmosphere contains five and a half grains, or less, of aqueous vapor to each cubic foot; and on this basis it is safe to recommend the northern half of New England and New York, as well as the entire Lake region, except, possibly, a few islands or places which are almost entirely surrounded by water.

The attention of the reader should be drawn to the fact that although the absolute humidity shown by this map is the mean of three years only, yet in the examination of observations made at certain stations for a series of years it has been shown that these figures cannot vary in their value over one twentieth, or five per centum, from those for many years.

In résumé it may be said that the writer recommends, as a moderately dry and not too warm climate, the coast of Maine with its outlying islands, and the southern coast of New England between Nantucket and Stonington. To the westward of the last-named point, al-

though the Connecticut coast is bordered with abundant vegetation, yet the sandy stretch of Long Island, intervening between it and the open sea, affects to a considerable extent the ocean breezes, and renders the summer climate somewhat less agreeable. Long Island itself, and the sandy beaches of the New Jersey coast are even less desirable, and, apart from salt air and sea bathing, may be considered, on the whole, as inferior to many portions of the Lake region—particularly those sections to the northward of Lakes Erie and Ontario, and the extreme northern parts of Michigan.

For a very dry climate, not too hot in summer, the White, Green, and Adirondack Mountains afford the best available, while but slightly inferior in this respect are such parts of West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee as lie between the Blue Ridge to the eastward, and the Kanawha Ridge, Cumberland, and Clinch Mountains to the westward. The summer advantages of the broken, mountainous country last referred to, are hardly known to the general public, but with succeeding years and increasing facilities for travel and entertainment, this comparatively unknown section will be resorted to in summer by tens of thousands from the South and Southwest, and in winter from the North and Northwest.

The temperature of the ocean, as has been shown in speaking of the prevailing winds, has its due effect upon the comfort of the summer visitors to the coast, by softening the temperature of the air. Apart from this, the question of the actual temperature of the sea-water is one of great importance when it becomes necessary to take sea baths for the health, and it is of interest always.

The highest average temperature of the water along the Atlantic coast occurs at Key West, Fla., being eighty-seven and a half degrees during July, the month when the temperature is the highest as far northward as Chincoteague, Va., where the July average is eighty degrees. At Atlantic City, N. J., the highest mean, seventy-two and three quarters, prevails during August, the month when the sea is the warmest thence as far as Portland, Me., where the temperature of the sea-water falls to sixty-one degrees. At Eastport, the retardation of temperature causes the highest average, fifty degrees and a half, to occur in September. It is to be noted, assuming sixty-eight degrees to be a comfortable temperature for sea bathing, that such conditions obtain on the Atlantic coast only as far northward and eastward as the entrance to Long Island Sound. From Block Island to Nantucket the mean temperature of the sea averages sixty-eight degrees only for a few days during the month of August, except in shallow and sandy bays, where the August sun raises slightly the temperature of the water for the mid-day hours. To the northward of Cape Cod it is only on rare occasions, and in favored spots, that the temperature ever rises above sixty-five degrees; while to the eastward of Portland the temperature of the ocean rarely reaches the sixties, and in the extreme eastern part of Maine never so. Along the New Jersey coast, and in Long Island Sound, bathing is comfortable during the three months of July, August, and September.

The incomes and conditions of the greater part of the American people forbid their leaving permanent homes for any considerable length of time, and to such classes it is a matter of great and sometimes vital importance to know exactly what period of the year should be chosen, so that they shall obtain the greatest relief from extreme temperatures during their brief summer outing. It too frequently happens that men and women having but a week's vacation are tempted by the first heated term to take it at that time, long before the maximum summer heat prevails. The sun is nearest the earth at the summer solstice, the 21st of June, but the amount of heat received by day continues greater than that radiated by night for a considerable period after the solstice, reaching its maximum when the amounts received from the sun by day and radiated into space by night are equal. It goes without saying that the hottest single day, or even the hottest three days, for any summer cannot be absolutely foretold, since this period may be slightly advanced or retarded by violent atmospheric changes in the shape of severe storms. The series of

observations made by the Signal Service of the Army have been continued for such a number of years that we can, however, speak with certain confidence, based on the normal daily temperatures, as to the dates on which the three hottest days should fall. While these dates vary in different sections of the country, it is sufficiently within the scope of this article to say that the hottest three days east of the Mississippi River should occur between the 12th and 17th of July. If, therefore, any single week is to be taken with the hope of escaping from extreme summer heat, it should commence not later than the 10th of July.

It is a matter of special interest for many to know that the hottest part of the year in the Rocky Mountain regions and the entire country to the westward falls, as a rule, in the early days of August, so that travel and residence in the extreme western part of the United States are most objectionable on account of summer heat from the 15th of July to the 15th of August. It should be understood that in speaking of the hottest days the writer refers to those successive dates on which the temperature is the greatest for the entire twenty-four hours, and the fact should not be overlooked that *single* days may occur outside of the period named when the highest temperature recorded during the day may be higher, or even the mean temperature of the day itself.

The writer refrains from touching upon the summer resorts of the Pacific slope, since their remoteness from the great centres of population precludes the possibility of their serving as summer resorts except for those residing to the westward of the Rocky Mountains. As a matter of general information, it may be said that no portion of the Pacific States can be recommended for summer visitors except a narrow strip along the coast, or on the salt-water bays, which are rendered, as a rule, delightful by the prevailing sea-breezes, tempered by the warm waters of the Pacific Ocean.

THE STAR TO ITS LIGHT.

By George Parsons Lathrop.

"Go," said the star to its light:
"Follow your fathomless flight!
Into the dreams of space
Carry the joy of my face.
Go," said the star to its light:
"Tell me the tale of your flight."

As the mandate rang
  The heavens through,
Quick the ray sprang:
  Unheard it flew,
Sped by the touch of an unseen spur.
  It crumbled the dusk of the deep
  That folds the world in sleep,
And shot through night with noiseless stir.

Then came the day;
And all that swift array
Of diamond-sparkles died.
And lo! the far star cried:
"My light has lost its way!"

Ages on ages passed:
The light returned, at last.

"What have you seen,
  What have you heard—
O ray serene,
  O flame-winged bird
I loosed on endless air?
Why do you look so faint and white?"
Said the star to its light.

"O star," said the tremulous ray,
"Grief and struggle I found.
Horror impeded my way.
Many a star and sun
I passed and touched on my round.
Many a life undone
I lit with a tender gleam:
I shone in the lover's eyes,
And soothed the maiden's dream.
But ah, the wrath of the battle-field
Where my glance was mixed with blood!
And woe for the hearts by hate congealed,
And the crime that rolls like a flood!
Too vast is the world for me;
Too vast for the sparkling dew
Of a force like yours to renew.
Hopeless the world's immensity!
The suns go on without end:
The universe holds no friend:
And so I come back to you."

"Go," said the star to its light:
"You have not told me aright.
This you have taught: I am one
In a million of million others—
Stars, or planets, or men;—
And all of these are my brothers.
Carry that message, and then
My guerdon of praise you have won!
Say that I serve in my place:
Say I will hide my own face
Ere the sorrows of others I shun.
So, then, my trust you'll requite.
Go!" said the star to its light.

FIRST HARVESTS.

By F. J. Stimson.

CHAPTER XI.

THE STORY OF A QUIET SUNDAY EVENING.

SUNDAY was a long-looked-for day to Arthur. It was only the second Sunday after his arrival in New York; but it was as if he had been many months in the city already; and on the evening thereof he was to take tea at the Livingstones.'

Tea is not a formal meal; and surely it could do no harm if he went there early? It was almost six o'clock, and well on in the twilight when he arrived at the house; Miss Holyoke was in the parlor, the servant said; the other ladies were up-stairs. The low tones of a piano reached his ear as the man was speaking; and Arthur recognized a soft and serious Bach prelude, very quiet, very tender, very old in melody and simple chords. It was a favorite piece of Gracie's; and Arthur stood at the door, unseen, and watched her play. Her black dress and slender figure was just visible in the faint light that came in from some other room; but her face, sweet and pale, was clearly outlined against the long window and the last light of the November day; it touched her chin and brow and her parted lips; and the look of these was like the music she was playing. The prelude died away, in minor modulations, like a low amen; and Gracie sat playing idly with the ivory notes, her head drooping, and a dim shining from the firelight in her dark hair.

When the others came down, they found these two sitting together, like brother and sister, and talking in low voices to each other. Arthur knew Mrs. Livingstone; but the others of the family were still strangers to him. Mr. Livingstone was an old man, much bent, with older manners and appearance than his years warranted; then there was an only daughter, Mamie, and a favorite cousin of Mr. Livingstone's, Miss Brevier. Mamie Livingstone was a pretty young girl, with slightly petulant manners, as if she had been a little spoiled; she had a wonderfully mobile face, and quick intelligent eyes, and was evidently warm-hearted and impulsive, and very fond already of her cousin Grace. She regarded Arthur critically, and with some disapproval; in fact, she snubbed him more completely than that young gentleman had yet been snubbed—thanks to Mrs. Gower—in New York.

"Where is Mr. Townley, mamma?" said she, imperiously. "I want to see Mr. Townley."

"Hush, Mamie," said Mrs. Livingstone, slightly shocked; and the old gentleman looked at his daughter with a meek astonishment, as is so often the way with contemporary parents. Charlie had been invited in acknowledgment of his kindness to Arthur.

"Mr. Townley," said Mr. Livingstone in a quavering voice, "is a very old friend of mine, in whom I have always had the greatest confidence. I have yet to make the acquaintance of his young —connection."

"They say he waltzes like an angel," said Mamie the irrepressible; and just then the door-bell rang, and the subject of their conversation appeared, with his usual irreproachable exterior. Arthur had never seen him so subdued; he sat next to Miss Mamie, but treated her quite *du haut en bas*, talking much to Mr. Livingstone. Arthur could see that he was on his best behavior; and his best behavior was extremely unobjectionable, though he came very near being caught in the middle of some airy personality when Mr. Livingstone inaugurated the meal by saying grace.

After tea was over, Miss Mamie manœuvred Charlie into a remote corner, where he seemed to find her more worthy his attention. The evening was very quiet; Mr. Livingstone gravely reading some review, and addressing from time to time a solitary remark to his wife, who

sat with her hands folded, placidly. Gracie talked to Arthur of himself, and our hero told her of all that had happened since he came to New York. Her life had, of course, been a quiet one, divided between books, her music, and charitable occupations. In all these Miss Brevier had encouraged and assisted her; Gracie spoke very warmly of her, her intelligence and character. This was after Miss Brevier, in the other room, had begun reading aloud to the old couple, in a low and sweet, but very clearly modulated voice.

"When can I come next?" said Arthur to Gracie as they rose to go. There was a sweetness in her presence that had won his heart a thousand times again; she seemed a rarer being, in this peopled city; he adored her.

"You must not come often, dear Arthur—my aunt thinks it better for us both. She thinks that we are both too young, and that you must try a year or two in society to make sure that you really care for me—and I for you," she added, in a tone hardly audible. Arthur's only answer was to press her hand; and so they parted.

When they got into the street, Townley lit a large cigar, with a slight sigh of relief. "Lively little girl, that Miss Livingstone," said he; "but I say, old man, what an evening! No wonder she wants to come out."

"I am sorry you found it slow," said Arthur, testily.

"Oh, well, I know it's devilish respectable and all that sort of thing," said Charlie. "Good middle-class domestic life; they're just like our grandfathers, and our grandfathers were nothing but *bourgeois* after all; that little girl will sink all that, or I'm mistaken. Come round by Sixth Avenue a minute, will you?"

There was a certain incongruity in Charlie's words, as it seemed to Arthur; it might have been Wemyss who was speaking, instead of this careless young Epicurean, who usually troubled himself little with abstractions and general categories, but occupied his understanding with perceiving the most practical sort of causes and effects. The fact was that Townley had used the current slang of his set, word-counters for thought, and his mind was already far from the subject, and his lips framed to the whistle of an air from "Iolanthe." They turned into Sixth Avenue (which is a strange, conglomerate street—insolently disreputable at times, elsewhere commercially prosperous, or even given to small tradesmen and other healthy citizenship, but always, in its earlier days, at least, rakishly indifferent to brown-stone-front respectability) and stopped at a little shop in a tiny two-story brick block. On the left was a little glass door, with the simple legend *Rose Marie* upon the panel; and in front of them a toy staircase, leading to the imminent upper regions. Through the glass of the door Arthur could see one or two bonnets on pegs in the window, and he divined that the shop was a milliner's. "Is Miss Starbuck in?" said Charlie to a child who appeared with a candle. The child (who was either deformed or very old-looking for her age) looked keenly at Arthur, whose eyes fell helplessly before her searching gaze.

"She has gone to a concert at the Garden," said the child. As they spoke, there was a murmur of men's voices from an adjoining room, and a rough clatter of applause, with knocking of heels and sticks.

"All right," said Townley. "Goodnight." And after this somewhat inexplicable call the two young men went back to their Fifth Avenue lodgings. Here they found John Haviland, largely reposing himself on two chairs before Arthur's hospitable hearth.

Haviland and Arthur had met many times since the Farnum ball; and Arthur was more pleased than surprised at finding him in his rooms to-night. "I'm so glad you waited—I've just come from the Livingstones," said he. "Charlie, let me introduce my friend Mr. Haviland—Mr. Townley. Have a cigar—oh, you've got a pipe, have you?"

The others already had cigars; and disposing themselves in attitudes of permanent equilibrium, all plunged into the divine cloud of vapor until such time as the genius of the place should move them to speech.

"Is the Miss Holyoke who is staying at the Livingstones' your cousin?" asked Haviland, finally.

"Yes," said Arthur. "Don't you know her?"

"What a queer old thing that Miss Brevier is," said Charlie. "Can you believe it, she used to be a bosom-friend of Mrs. Levison G.!"

"Pity Miss Brevier dropped her," said Haviland, dryly.

"Miss Brevier drop her?" said Charlie, whose sense of humor was sometimes, at a critical moment, deficient. "You are chaffing."

"Mrs. Gower," said Haviland gravely, "does more harm than any woman in New York."

"She is a person of European reputation," suggested Townley.

"She is unquestionably proficient in the latest and silliest vices of the aristocracies we came over here to escape from," retorted John.

Townley laughed a little, while Haviland puffed vigorously at his pipe.

"I say, Arthur?" said the former, "speaking of Mrs. G., have they asked you to join the Four-in-Hand Club?"

"What's that?"

"It's a club organized for the purpose of driving twice a year up to Yonkers with string teams and liveries, and showing your most esteemed young ladies in flaring light-colored dresses to all the sidewalk population of New York," broke in Haviland, "and paying four thousand a year for the privilege!"

"What rot," laughed Charlie. "In the first place, it needn't cost you one thousand a year, for one wheel apiece. Four fellows can own a drag together, you know. And it's great fun. Mrs. Gower got it up, and all the boys belong. Why, old Mosenthal came to me the other day with tears in his eyes, and offered to keep two full-rigged drags, if we'd only let him come in—and lend me one of 'em, he meant," added Charlie with a grin.

"How cheap for him," growled the other, "if he could buy the envy and consideration of the society of this great republic for the price of a few horses!"

Townley's good-nature never forsook him; but he looked at Haviland as if puzzled; and the latter rose to go. "I called on the Livingstones last week," said he to Arthur, "and met your cousin. Good-night, Mr. Townley."

"What a prig he is," said Charlie, with a sigh of relief when Haviland had gone. "I always supposed it, from his looks. I knew that he refused to join the Four-in-Hand Club; and you hardly ever meet him in society—except at some queer place like the Farnums', for instance. He mugs down town at his office all the day, and improves his mind in the evening, I suppose, or reads goody-goody stories to little Italian children, down on Baxter Street! He's good as gold, you know."

"Don't you ever mean to work yourself?" asked Arthur.

"Not that way," laughed Charlie. "It's not in my line. Books and things are played out, I tell you." But the full account of his plans of life Charlie was too canny to impart, perhaps even to admit to himself.

For Charlie had not always been thus. There was a time when he was fresh from Princeton College, and he used to fill his table with English and foreign reviews, and could talk intelligently of their contents. He had begun his business life with enthusiasm, and was only known as a promising athlete outside of it. He showed great industry at the office, and some ability, and had been referred to by his elders as a well-informed young man.

But Charlie was a smart fellow, wide awake, and it did not take him long to get, as he fancied, *désorienté*. Suddenly, the second or third autumn of his business career, he had given up his reading, dropped his industry and early hours, and, for reasons well known to himself, he became the Charlie Townley known to us and the world. He had almost abandoned Wall Street for the Piccadilly Club and the Park; he dropped out of sight, on 'Change, and reappeared smiling in "society." And so well did he play his cards, that he, a poor and almost friendless stranger, without money or influence, with but one solitary advantage, that of a name not unknown in New York, had become—it would be premature to say what he had become, or why he did it; like all great generals, he had his strategy, not to be fathomed by the enemy, still less by emulous friends. Let us stick to the what, nor pry into the why or wherefore.

What he did, then, was to become the most ineffable dandy in all New York. With perfect clothing and fine linen, the exactly new thing in sticks and hats, and a single eyeglass decorously veiling his intellect and dangerously wide-awake eye, Charlie had become that thing of which the name may change from dandy to *lion*, from buck to swell, from blood to dude, but the nature endureth forever. But this was but dressing the part, it was merely the transformation of the exterior, the *travesti;* it was here that Charlie's career began. He only spoke to those whom others spoke to, and said only those things that others thought; he preferred married women to the society of maidens, even to the charm of blushing buds; though he selected one or two virgin beauties every season to whom he royally threw an occasional sunbeam of his society. These were always faultless either in family, or in beauty, or in fashion—for Charlie was catholic in his recognition of merit—and they appreciated the word or look he grudgingly accorded them and were duly grateful. Soon, his approval would give a *cachet* to almost any girl; but careless Charlie was all unconscious; girls were slow, he said. Mrs. Gower, Mrs. Malgam, Mrs. Jacob Einstein, formed his court. With these he reigned; by them he was taken up and formed, and later, by them adored, as the heathen worship the brass or wooden idol they themselves have made. This was at the time when Mrs. G. had gone in for *belles-lettres;* she and Townley read de Musset and Balzac together, and Theophile Gautier's poems. Who would have supposed that Charlie had ever read de Musset! It was at the same period that Levison Gower, Senior, died, and Mrs. G. adopted the hyphen; there was an English titled family of that name, and she fancied the difference of one vowel would only lend a *vraisemblance* to the descent; but society saw the joke and called her Lady Levison for all one season. There never had been any Levison in the Gower family; Gower senior's father had come from Connecticut, and his first name was John Lewis. The family estate consisted of an old farm-house and a few acres near Windsor Locks; the house is now burned down, and upon the ancestral acres grows rank tobacco.

What precious humbug is all this! Well, well, let us not despise humbug; *nihil humani alienum.* Let us rather see this humbug; let us put it on a pin, and examine this insect. You may be sure Charlie found his account therein. Frivolity is a word for dullards; I wish the ministers could enforce their precepts half as well as the dressmakers. Fashion is a marvellous potency, the public opinion of small things; in a democracy who can despise it? As I write, fashion tells our womankind, Put birds upon thy bonnet; and lo! four hundred thousand women in New York alone wear fowls. How many years ago was it, now, that some one said, Sell all that thou hast and give it to the poor? And four hundred thousand in the world have done it, not yet.

As for Charlie—in Mrs. Edgeworth, or in "Sandford and Merton," or other book of our childhood I once read a fable: how Honesty, Industry, and Ability formed a partnership for the acquirement of ambergris from whales. And Ability caught a hundred whales in the first year, and Industry carefully separated from all these whales a few ounces of ambergris, and Honesty sold this ambergris for a large sum of money. And Rapacity, who had been lying by, laughing, all this time, signed the check and took the ambergris; and lo! the check was worthless. And Society looked on and laughed, and said Rapacity was a smart fellow; and in the next year there were many worthless checks, but no ambergris.

Now Charlie was not Rapacity; but he was a clever fellow and could see this and other fables as they were enacted before his eyes. And he would not steal; nor would he go to the North Pole and search for whales. But he was in search of *les moyens de parvenir.*

CHAPTER XII.

A COMMUNIST AND HIS SISTER.

MEANTIME a discussion upon society in general and other things in particular, something like that of Haviland and

Townley, was going on in the back shop of the little brick store upon Sixth Avenue. A certain James Starbuck had lodgings there with his sister; that is, he was usually there when he was in New York. But this his occupation seldom permitted; for he was employed as a sort of small paymaster or inspector of the great Allegheny Central Company, a corporation which owned coal-mines, oil-wells, pipe-lines, factories, bonds, stocks, and other contracts so complex that the mind of even its owner grew confused at thinking of it. Starbuck was a slender, pale, narrow-chested American mechanic, whose bright eyes contrasted strikingly with his feeble frame and stooping shoulders, and whose sharp look betokened an unhealthy intelligence. His work was one which did not, however, require manual exertion, and he did it faithfully. His sister Jenny was very different in appearance; handsome, fond of pleasure, high spirited, they had only their cleverness in common.—But with Jenny's case we have nothing to do.

Of course, the reader, on the alert for coincidences and dovetailings of plot (as one always is in a novel, however veracious) has noticed that the name of Starbuck is not strange to this story; and has smiled to himself, superior, as his sagacity foresaw a link of connection in this fact. But was James Starbuck a cousin of clever, fashionable, refined Flossie? Starbuck did not know it. What, in active, progressive America, in the migrating America of the last fifty years, need a man know of his antecedents? They go for little in his life. Starbuck remembered his father well enough; and how he had struggled from pillar to post, from one frowzy city street to another, with the jaded, tawdry woman who was his wife; until one day, from a new and prosperous little city in the oil regions of Pennsylvania, he had gone, never to be seen or heard of after, by wife or child. And there they had lived, as they had been left there; and his mother took to dressmaking and a boarding-house for the miners, and his pretty sister had been sent to the public schools, and he had found work with the Company. His sister went through the High School, and then came home discontented; she could not bear their mode of life, nor like her mother's boarders—great hulking fellows who came home at night grimy from the wells and mines, and were, at best, but laboring-men, though they had money enough. Then her mother had died; and her brother had proved unequal to the actual labor of the business; but his quickness, his Yankee intelligence, had not gone unobserved, and he had been given this sort of clerkship or travelling agency, which made it possible for him to live at either end of the line. But he could not support her yet, though she persuaded him to move to New York; and she quickly found a place with Rose Marie, who was a little, beady-eyed old Frenchwoman, and slept in the remotest attic-chamber, so that she grew to be rather a myth, and Jenny's friends used to disbelieve in her existence, and called Jenny Rose Marie, in joke.

But we, who know everything, will not attempt to escape the reader's perspicacity. Yes (though it has nothing to do with the story), James Starbuck was in fact the grandson of that old whaling-captain Obed, Flossie's father's elder brother—he would have been her second cousin, then—quite too far for city kin to be counted, even had Mrs. Gower known anything about it. His father, by some curious chance, atavism, or some other influence, had taken after the uncle, and ceased to follow the sea; but, not like his uncle, he had not prospered, and had lived upon the world when he could; when he could not, he brought his wife back to her home in the small country town in Connecticut. The father was one of those curious fellows who turn their hand to anything, and of whom the best you can say is that they are hardly respectable, and the worst that they don't quite deserve to be hanged. Their lives are one long misdemeanor, but (unless we count fraudulent bankruptcy, and except an occasional bigamy) they rarely commit a crime. This Horace Starbuck had his ups and his downs, his ins and his outs; but the friends and the places of his prosperity knew him not in his adversity, and *vice versa*. There was no more continuity to his career than there is to

a string of cheap assorted beads; and I doubt if even the devil took any serious interest in him. He was clever, too, in a way, with that common-school education no person born in New England can be without: he had made an invention, and owned a patent or two in the course of his life, and formed several corporations, in Connecticut and elsewhere, for their exploitation. It chanced that in one of these (it was upon a patent for machine-made shirts) some stockholder had actually paid up his stock; this lucky chance was the means of bringing seven thousand dollars into Horace Starbuck's pocket, the largest sum he ever possessed at any one time of his life. He promptly got himself married to a girl in his own town, which was probably, on the whole, the most defensible action of his career. They went on a wedding-trip to New York, where Starbuck went into six new corporations; and in a few months they were as poor as ever, and these twin children were born to them. Mrs. Starbuck's health gave out after this; and she never had any more children. Her husband's business made it necessary for him to travel a great deal; and she sometimes went with him, sometimes not. Hardly a commercial hotel in the United States but Starbuck had stopped there; he made his nest in hotels, as a spider does in dark places by the sea. His travels led him all over the northern part of America and to Australia; his assets consisted of a diamond-pin, a gold watch and chain, and four collars and a shirt, besides the clothes he wore; and he subsisted mysteriously. At one time he had considerable reputation in Ohio and Indiana as Dr. Westminster, the cancer doctor; he wore his hair long, and had his portrait so taken printed in the newspapers; his treatment consisted in an application of leaves of bracken or fern, steeped in hot water, and business prospered, until he foolishly used cabbage-leaves instead, and a patient died of the blister. He made some money by curing stammering, at one hundred dollars the cure; if the patients did not pay him, he threatened suit, and they were glad to get rid of him at any price. At times he gave temperance lectures (drinking never was one of his vices); and if worst came to worst he could play three-card-monte, though he hated to resort to this, as being fairly beyond the liberal moral line he drew for himself. He never had any permanent occupation; when luck ran strong against him, he would return to the little Connecticut town, where his wife had a bit of real estate and a home with her brother, old Sam Wolcott, and there vegetate. He honestly and in good faith considered himself a gentleman; he always wore a black coat, and once came near getting a Labor nomination for Congress. But the workmen, when it came to the point, would none of him; though he did occupy a seat for a year as a Prohibitionist in the Connecticut Legislature. He was given to long disappearances; and at the time of his Australian tour it really seemed to his wife as if he were never coming back. However, he walked in home, one day, with the gold watch and chain, and quite a little sum of money; and did not finally disappear until that time in the Pennsylvania mining-town, whither he had gone to buy oil-land, having at last persuaded his wife to sell her little bit of real estate in Connecticut, against her brother Sam's advice. All this James Starbuck did not know, of course; but in a general way he did not accord much respect to his father's memory. He considered pride of ancestry a most disagreeable form of aristocracy; and whereas his father would speak of himself as a gentleman, James Starbuck boasted openly that he was nothing but a plain laboring-man. James was perfectly honest in financial affairs, and he tried to look after his twin-sister. Much of his childhood had been spent with his uncle Sam; and his earliest recollections were of that little district school the reader may remember. For uncle Sam belonged to the salt of the earth, good old Puritan stock, and lived to be the last of it, the day he hanged himself, and the Wolcott family tomb was sealed.

They had had a scene to-night, apropos of her visit to the garden-concert. She had gone with an ornate and expensive person, a sporting gentleman, whose ostentatious affluence had won her fancy; and whom James detested. She called

him one of her "gentleman-friends;" and they had angry words about him, for I suspect, after all, James was a better judge of a gentleman than his father had been. But she had his own cleverness and strength of will; and it was difficult for James, who despised all authority himself, to exercise it upon another. Both brother and sister were, and had always been, absolutely and utterly devoid of any semblance or savor of religion; how absolutely, only those who have lived in certain classes of society in modern American manufacturing towns can know; and there was a large range of motive upon which it was perfectly hopeless for the brother to call. He knew it, and he was too bluntly honest not to recognize it; so he ended merely by hoping that his sister would not make a d——d fool of herself; which, as they both had common-sense and practical minds, was perhaps the best argument he could use. But Jenny, perfectly conscious of her ability to take care of herself, was quite well aware of all that could be said on both sides; and replied that if Jim chose to smoke pipes in his shirt-sleeves with common laborers, there was no reason why his sister should not accept a gentleman's invitation to go to a concert. An English navvy might have stopped her going with a knock-down argument; but no pure-blooded American ever strikes a woman, and James could only swallow his wrath, admitting that his sister was a free human being in a free country, and if she preferred pleasure and he power, why it was the way of humanity. He was conscious that his own aims were selfish enough, and though he dimly felt that jewellery and fashionable hats and shawls were vanities, it was hard to put that idea into their language. For he believed in labor and commodities; and these, at least, were commodities. What fault he found was in their distribution alone; and his sister was but taking her way to get them unto herself. But to see her aping aristocracy added a drop to the hate he bore that *bête noire* of his class; though surely Dave St. Clair was no aristocrat, as he had to admit. Dave St. Clair was the gentleman who had taken his sister to the garden.

What was it, then, that made him hate the world? It was money, accumulation, capital, as he had learned to call the word. And he went back to the little coterie in the back room, and fervidly resumed his speech where his sister's departure had interrupted it.

"I tell you," said he, "we must change it all. A man is only worth what he makes. They tell us society would be a chaos without private property; I tell them it is private property that makes a chaos of society. They talk about the law! the law! I tell them the world would be better without law. It is a bogey, invented to scare off us ignorant fellows from the plunder the rich have appropriated, just such a bogey as religion was, only religion has been exploded. It is the law's turn to go next. All property is robbery; and it is only because land-owners are the worst thieves of all, that we feel differently about other things. The earth belongs to the human race; and no man can rightly own its surface, whether he got his title from a feudal baron or a Spanish general, any more than he can own the air of heaven. But property in other things is just as bad; and Jay Gould is a worse man than the Duke of Westminster, though he has ten million acres and Gould only a few hundred. How much of his wealth represents the honest labor of himself or his forefathers?"

There was murmur of applause at this. There were some half dozen men in the room, all sober and apparently intelligent, and all natural-born Americans.

"But somebody must own things," one of them remarked "Somebody must own the mills, and the railroads, and the machinery. Why up to our works we've got a single engine that cost nigh unto eighty thousand dollars."

"We can all own them," Starbuck went on earnestly, "just as we all made them. Who do you suppose made that eighty-thousand dollar machine—the banks with their money and so-called capital, or the men as put it together? A man is worth just what he makes, I tell you. Can Jay Gould make an engine? But because we've all got to have a little land, and a little plant and money, are those as have got it to take away

from us ninety-nine per cent. of all we make? Yes—if we're fools enough to stand it. A man can have what he can keep and use, what he can eat and what he can wear. If he chooses to store up his day's labor, to set aside the bread and meat he earns, he can do so, and keep it till it spoils. But this dog-in-the-manger business ain't to be carried no further; and if a feller squats down on land, an' don't use it, an' another feller without no land comes along and wants it, that first feller has got to get up and git—that's all. A man's a man for what he is, for what he can do—not for what he owns."

"But who's going to support the Government?"

"Government," said Starbuck, with a snort of disgust, to the speaker, who was something of a ward politician. "Government! We don't want no government, Bill. What's the use of a government, except to scrouge out taxes, and make wars, and support standing armies and lazy politicians?—To protect life, liberty, and property, they say; property may go to h—l for all I care; and I guess life and liberty can take care of themselves; they aren't much helped by government, anyhow. And don't you suppose we fellers can look after them? And our own schools, and our roads and things, too, each town and city for itself?"

The man addressed as Bill paid little attention to these last remarks, but was talking politics with his neighbor. "Vote for F—— this year," he was saying; and Starbuck caught the end of his sentence as he finished his own remarks.

"Vote!" he interrupted, with infinite contempt. "Vote, vote again! I tell you, you're only doing yourselves harm. It ain't no sort of use. The ballot-box is just the last toy the bosses have got up, to keep you fellows quiet. Why, all this machinery keeps up the Government, and the laws, and the property, and the very things we've got to fight against. There's that patriotic bosh, and the talk about national honor, and the German wars and all—all for the benefit of the State, and the bosses, and the existing condition of things. What call has a Frenchy to go and cut a Dutchman's throat—or I an Irishman's? He's my mate, just as the next fellow is. I say, what we've got to do is, to fight; but not fight each other. We've got to fight the aristocrats, or the bosses, or the capitalists at home. I tell you these bondholder fellows are all over the world; they're just as much in Egypt or in Mexico or in Turkey as they are here or in England. We've got to make a clean sweep, that's what we've got to do."

"By God, when a man talks, I like to hear him talk like a man," said another, approvingly; and there was a murmur of applause.

"But what's the use of destroying things?" said a third, of a sparing turn of mind.

"Destroying things! that's the d——dest bugbear of all," cried Starbuck. "Do you know, if everything in the world was destroyed to-morrow, we fellows could put it all back in two years? Aye, and less, if we worked with a will. I tell you, we've got to make a clean sweep, first of all; and when we build 'em up again, we'll build for ourselves this time—and don't you forget it," he added, by way of climax.

"Well, you talk pretty fine for a young fellow," answered one of the older men; and the party got up and exchanging a rough good-night, separated. Starbuck sat a long time with his chin on his hand, pulling at the embers of his pipe. Late at night the door opened and his sister returned; he heard a short colloquy at the door, and then she entered alone, with a flush upon her handsome face. She had the rude, frank bearing and the pitiless smile which belong to the type who take life's pleasures without much regard to its pains or the pains of others; and the strong, full curve of the merry lip grows harder with age, with less of merriment and more of malice. But, withal, such a woman as no man could ever rule; and James felt it vaguely, as he sat and looked at her.

"A pretty time for you to be in o' nights," said he; and the girl laughed loudly; and putting off her hat and shawl upon a chair, went to a little mirror and stood before it, touching her hair with her fingers. Now, a laugh and then silence was perhaps of all things the most exasperating to James Starbuck.

"Who was that brought you home?" said he, rudely.

"I don't know what call you've got to ask me that," said she. "I go with what gentlemen I choose; I don't interfere with you sticking to your workmen, do I? Phew! how it smells of pipes;" and Jenny ostentatiously rattled open the light windows.

"Well, its just here; I can't have you going round this sort of way, that's all," and James banged his white fist upon the table. The girl only laughed, more contemptuously and less merrily than before, and the brother grew furious.

"I can't have it—d'ye hear?"

"Mind your own business," said the sister, "and don't talk nonsense. I suppose you'd have me sit here in the back room and be a poor sempstress all my life. You like your lectures and your laborers' clubs, and your political power that you're all the time talking about—and I like to have a good time, and go out in society. We're quits. What have you got to say against it?"

"It—it ain't right," said James, weakly.

"Oh, ain't it? Well—I like it, then. I suppose you never do but what's right, of course. You're all the time complaining we don't get enough of the good things of this world—I guess you'd get 'em yourself, if you could, anyhow. And I can." And Jenny pulled off a very pretty little glove and showed a single diamond ring, which flashed bravely in the lamp-light. "You go ahead your way, an' I'll go mine; an' I guess we'll both get what we can."

James was honest enough in his philosophy, and really without direct personal ends; and the last words goaded him to madness.

"Yes, an' I guess you went your own way up to Allegheny City a little too much," said he. "Where's Charley Thurston now?" (This Charley Thurston was an old friend of Starbuck's, to whom his sister had been once reported engaged.)

"I left Charley Thurston of my own free will, because I wanted to live in New York," screamed the girl, really angry at last. "Look here, Jim Starbuck—I've had about enough of you anyhow. You can't give me the position in life I require; and I've had more'n enough of your talk. This house is mine; and I paid for it, and for every dress I've got to my back—yes—and for this ring, too," she added, noticing her brother's glance. "You just go, do you hear? Clear out——" And the girl tore her brother's coat from the nail and threw it into his lap.

"You don't mean that," said James.

"Yes, I do—I'm sick of you and all your low acquaintances. I suppose you want me to pay for your lodging, do you?"

James got up, wearily. They had had many such a dispute before; but, with his feeble health and physical condition, he had never managed to keep his temper so long as now.

"You'll be sorry for this, Jenny," was all he said. "You know where to find me." And he went out, and the front door closed behind him.

Left alone, the beauty rubbed her forehead impatiently, and pouted for a few minutes. Then she took out a small case of crimson velvet from her pocket and opened it; it was a framed and highly colored photograph of herself, on porcelain, and set in gilt, with small jewels inlaid in the frame. As she looked upon it, her mouth unbent at the corners, her lips came back to their usual roguish, fascinating curves. She laid aside her dress, and, robed in a splendid pink-and-lilac négligé, unbound her hair and sat for a long time before the glass, looking from it to the miniature and back again to the original. Then she took out a letter and read its contents, still smiling.

And then, for the first time that evening, you might have seen a resemblance—to what? Why, for all the world—as she sat with her yellow hair falling on her full neck, with the contented, infantine smile, and the fashionably cut *robe-de-chambre*—for all the world, like Mrs. Flossie Gower.

CHAPTER XIII.

UNA AND THE LION.

JOHN HAVILAND was a banker down town, a man of much business and of few intimate friends. He was over

thirty at this time, and made no sign of getting married; which was the stranger, as his health was good, his wealth sufficient, and he cared less for the pleasures of life than for its happiness. He had no brothers nor sisters; his mother was a widow and he lived with her. Flossie said it was hard to get interested in such people as John Haviland.

Every afternoon at four he left his office and went on a long and solitary walk; thus his days were of a piece with his life. He never chose the conventional promenades; and through the outlying districts, the river villages, the Bowery, the forgotten little parks and green places; by Riverside and Morningside; through the mysterious Greenwich settlement, as well as Central Park, Morrisania, and Fort Washington; in any sort of weather—sleet, snow, rain, or freeze—you might have met the man, striding along like a well-oiled engine, observant of everything, from the street urchins to the signs in the shop-windows. This at an hour of day when he might have gone to teas; wherefore people said he had never been in love. Which is a rash predication of your chimney-sweeper, but happened to be true of Haviland.

One day his wandering took a direction beyond Washington Square. This most characteristic of all New York squares lies bounded on the north by Belgravia, on the west by Bohemia, on the east by Business, and on the south by Crime. West of it are rich districts of individuality, where the bedrock of shabby gentility develops occasional lodes and pockets for the student of humanity. It is a place where the deserving and the undeserving poor are huddled together, both of them inefficient, but neither wicked; and where all the inhabitants make some sort of incoherent struggle against the facts of life, and either, on the one hand, emulate respectability, or, on the other, excuse themselves with the divine license to vagabondage given by Art.

In one of the southernmost and more dubious of these streets, Haviland, steaming along with his mind on everything, and a watch on deck—for he was no introspective Hamlet—noticed a group of hulking fellows ahead of him. They were the sort of persons that has no obvious function in the divine economy; persons whose principal end seems to be to get knocked on the head with clubs in street riots, thereby dying, at least, with some poetic justice. Haviland would not have ordinarily noticed them; but he was struck by their unwonted rapidity of motion, and looking, he saw that they were following something; that something being a graceful female figure, dressed in black. John Haviland swung promptly into line behind them; and gaining more rapidly upon them than they upon the lady, he sauntered innocently between two of them when she was still a few dozen yards in front of them. He glanced casually at them as he passed; they slunk away like beaten dogs, and melted, in divers directions, from sight.

In a moment more they had reached a broader street; and John was on the point of diverging his course again from that of his protegée, when, looking at her, he hesitated a second, and then walked rapidly up to her.

"Miss Holyoke?" said he, raising his hat and with an unavoidable shade of surprise in his tone.

"Mr. Haviland? you down here too? Or perhaps you come on the same errand?" And Gracie smiled frankly, as John looked up, puzzled, into her lovely face. "I am visiting some poor families, you know—for the Combined Charities——"

"But surely," he broke in, "you ought not to be down here alone, Miss Holyoke?" They were at Sixth Avenue by this time; and Gracie was looking for a car.

"Usually my aunt lets me have the carriage," said Gracie; "but Miss Livingstone needed it to-day. And I don't like to drive quite up to the doors, even then. It seems so hard to drive up with one's own carriage and horses, and then have to refuse them everything but a little work," she added, smiling. "And Miss Brevier often goes with me."

"Do you mean that you come here often?" asked John; and she told him that she and Miss Brevier had each "taken" the people on one street; and were seeing that they got help when help was necessary, and that the undeserving

had none wasted upon them. John put her safely in the car, and resumed his pedestrian voyage with something new to think of. This personal visiting by refined young ladies was doubtless an excellent thing on its poetic side; but it could not but seem to him that the danger and the exposure were out of proportion to the benefit. He had had much experience among the city poor, and was perhaps a little sceptical as to the advantages to be gained by such devotion. For, as is the way of things so often here below, the selfish, the fraudulent, the undeserving, find it easy to advertise themselves and solicit help; while the saddest cases of all are lost in some modest garret; there they suffer unseen, ashamed to cry for charity, and wear their lives out silently. Except this latter class, and cases of long illness, most of the poor in New York are poor from laziness, intemperance, or crime; and their moral attitude towards society is rather that of sullen and callous defiance, or covetous acquiescence, than repentance. We need to get a better breed of men, not coddle the present one overmuch. Life suits them well enough as it is, if they could only get a few of their neighbors' goods; such goods as they desire and Mrs. Flossie desired, and not the *summum bonum*. If degraded, they do not mind their degradation, but are content with it; money always, clothing and food sometimes, they will derisively accept; but work they will evade and not perform. Amongst these, thought Haviland, there may be much squalor, even much suffering; but there is little real poverty. Had he told all this to Gracie she would have said that it made no difference; and that one should try all the more to find the true cases, where righteous-minded beings were sinking in the turmoil of the world; and that one such family helped and saved was worth a hundred of impostures. Moreover, Gracie had not a man's fear of being taken in; had she thought of it at all, she would have scorned it; the odium of deception falls on the deceiver, not the deceived; she would not stoop to be suspicious. And mercy will ever be a mystery to mere justice; like the ways of God to human intellect.

Meantime Haviland was walking along, lost in thought. He wandered mechanically through various unknown and afterward unremembered districts, by a strange old graveyard yet undesecrated, through Leroy Street, and Sixth Avenue, until his time was up; then he went home and dined, with his mother. In the evening, he had his ward club meeting; this was a thing in which he took great interest, and he went as a matter of course. It was not an easy thing, at this time, to be admitted to the councils that rule in the free city of New York. And, as we have spent some time over pretty Flossie Gower, that flower of republican society, it may not be wasted time to see a little what thing this political club was, which may stand, in a sense, for its root.

If New England, with its offshoots on the Western Reserve and elsewhere, is the result of an attempt to obtain religious freedom, our whole country, in a still larger sense, is the result of an attempt to obtain political liberty. Our national faith has been that which is, of all possible faiths, the farthest from that of poor James Starbuck; it is government by every one, while nihilism is the negation of any government at all; moreover it is individualism, as opposed to socialism. But in New York there had grown to be a class who, as others could give no time to government, sought to make up for it by giving all of theirs. For what proportion is there between the time of a busy merchant or physician, and that of a professional idler? And the interminable and vain caucuses, impossible to the one, form the delight of the other. These had leisure to make acquaintances; to know each other; to pass their days in bar-rooms, nurseries of political power; and long ere this, they had arrogated to themselves an effective oligarchy. Theirs to make nominations and to mar candidates' careers; and the people, high-placed or low, had no right in their august councils save on sufferance. Thus we dropped aristocracy, and got a kakistocracy; but an oligarchy still.

John Haviland, however, had been admitted. He had had to struggle hard for this honor; and had finally attained it much more by his physical

prowess than by his intellectual qualifications. Near his house were the rooms of a well-known "professor in the art of self-defence;" and there he had been in the habit of taking lessons, and occasionally "putting on the gloves" with all comers. Among the frequenters of the place were also many of the local magnates of the party; and Haviland, whose manners were frank and hearty, had thus met most of his ward leaders, and knocked the greater part of them down successively. Thus treated, they took a fancy to him; said that there was no nonsense about him; and one day, to Haviland's great surprise, informed him that he had been elected a member of their local club.

The meeting to-night was not over interesting. It might have been called less incendiary, but it was certainly more selfish than Mr. James Starbuck's, we have so lately left; while for earnestness and a definite attempt at effecting something, the two were not for one moment to be compared. For whereas the official political organization of the great national party in Haviland's ward was occupied primarily with satisfactory apportionments of the offices among the would-be candidates, and secondarily with beating the rival party at the polls, Starbuck's people went in much more directly for measures than for men, and as for offices, desired none at all.

Haviland found it hard to keep his attention, that evening, on the subject before the meeting. Tom was saying what a good fellow was William, and how the machinations of Richard might be defeated if Patrick were only secured, which might be done if Michael were given a local judgeship. It was pretty unsatisfactory talk at the best, and hardly can have been what the makers of the Constitution, or even what Monsieur Jean Jacques Rousseau, intended. Haviland had often stood up against it, alone; but that night he gave little ear to it, and things went their own way.

From this meeting he went to the Farnums'. He was a familiar in the house, and could call late, if he chose. Mrs. Farnum had disappeared; Mr. Farnum was rarely visible; but sitting in the front room alone, with a sweeping robe of pale-gray velvet across the floor, and head and arm leaning on a low *causeuse*, a book discarded lying face downward on the floor, he found the beauty. A moment before he entered, her eyes (purple-gray they were in color) had had a strange look, both proud and longing, both weary and fierce. This was peculiar to them; but it softened a shade as he entered, and she looked up at him.

"Mr. Haviland?" said she.

"Yes—I came to see you because ——"

"Because you had nothing better to do," said she, tersely.

"If you will," said John, smiling. "Though it is not kind."

"The world is not kind," said the beauty, with a frown, looking off again.

"For the world you are not responsible," said Haviland gravely. "Tell me, do you know Miss Holyoke?"

"Miss Holyoke? What Miss Holyoke?"

"Mrs. Richard Livingstone's niece."

"No," said Kitty Farnum, curtly. "I don't know Mrs. Livingstone."

"But I thought you might have met Miss Holyoke. Do you not belong to the Combined Charities?"

"Certainly not."

"I wish you did," said John, half to himself. "I thought you and Miss Holyoke might—might find it pleasant to go together."

"I have no interest in them," said Miss Farnum, as if finally. And she looked as if she thought the world too intolerable to herself to dream of trying to mitigate it for others.

"Excuse me," said Haviland; and the talk drifted off into commonplaces. But Miss Farnum's manners were not lenient, and his call was a short one.

Haviland continued to take his afternoon walks; but he was now more than ever apt to lose himself in the district west of Washington Square. Gracie never came to any trouble, all that winter, on her charitable excursions; but, if you had ever met her there alone, you would have very likely met, just far enough behind her, so that she never saw him, steaming along in his usual wholesome way, our friend John Haviland.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SOCIAL SUCCESS.

ARTHUR HOLYOKE was making his way. Despite Charlie's admonitions to the contrary, he had succeeded in living within his income; and, after a six months' trial at the office, the firm put him upon a salary. It was small, to be sure; but it was a distinct step toward the home that he was hoping to build. He had joined one club, recognizing that after the initiation the expense was trifling; and that he must be put in a way to meet men. Here he spent much of his time; bachelor lodgings are cheerless.

Business was, on the whole, a disillusion. The firm of Townley & Tamms had formerly carried large banking and investment accounts; but these had not increased of late years; and it gradually became evident to Arthur that all this legitimate business would hardly pay their office expenses. Where they really made their money was either in buying large blocks of securities at less than their value, or, more commonly, in selling new issues, after a long course of artificial demand and advertisement, at very much more than they had ever paid for them. Tamms was the light and soul of the firm. He never went up town into society; he never sought to shine in the fashionable world, and pretended that he did not want to. His largest social orbit did not transcend the society of the Brooklyn church to which he belonged; in the city of churches he lived and had his being; and he was in all respects a most reputable citizen. Old Mr. Townley might come down at eleven or at nine; Arthur might leave at three or at five; but they always met Tamms at the office, or left him there, curled up over his private desk, silent, in his formal black coat, with his restless eyes shining like a spider's; and he seemed to have a spider's capacity for living without fresh air and exercise. The deacons entrusted to him the church funds, and even, occasionally, made a long or short sale of stocks, on private account, at his advice; for Tamms, even by these aspirants for the kingdom of heaven, was reputed a man of remarkable business sagacity on earth. And in these days, when even the church must have its secular foundation and its corner lots, the laying up of treasure on earth is not to be avoided; what we need, therefore, is some really sure preventive of moth and rust, and some wholly efficacious precaution against those thieves that break in and steal. Although there is, I believe, no text telling us that thieves need be always with us.

But the tendency of the times is toward a fiercer battle in the struggle for existence, and weaker laws to keep the rapacious in check. Of the ever smaller surplus that the world's work wins, a larger share is every year being demanded by the laborer, and aggregated capital, organized monopoly, growing hungrier as it has to take less, thirsts each year more greedily for all that is left. And the middle class, which has ruled the world so long, is being ground to pieces by these warring Titans.

Tamms perceived this, not so dithyrambically, but more practically, and he profited by it. No one could turn in and out of corporations more cleverly than he; or turn them more adroitly to private ends, or drop out of them more apropos. Such an ingenious contrivance for clever men are these; more ingenious than the law which governs them. Indeed, the law has now dropped far behind, standing where it stood in the Middle Ages, when corporations were few and simple, and stares agape at the Frankensteins of its own creation. But these same soulless monsters afford to their masters unlimited power, without interest or responsibility; and Tamms revelled in them. And Tamms was a self-made man, and a smart one; and the public deified him for both attributes, as is its wont; and his church would have canonized him, had his business needed a saintship instead of a seat in the Stock-Exchange.

Arthur's head grew dizzy at the corporations, and syndicates, and pools and other unnamed enterprises that Tamms's busy life was wound up in. Head and chief was, of course, the great Allegheny Central Railroad; this was the chief goldmine that they worked; for in it Tamms could make his own market and buy and

sell at his own price. But there were many others. And of these, the stock of the Silas Starbuck Oil Company had grown lately prominent.

The Stock-Exchange was no longer a strange sight to Arthur; he had grown familiar with it, with its moods, its dialect, its very battle-cries and interjections. And here he had seen the Allegheny Central bought and sold, and bought again; and of late he had been sent to out-of-the-way holes and corners, auctions, and even to the up-town houses of retired merchants (Mrs. Gower's among the number, only Mrs. Gower would not sell) in search of the share certificates of the Starbuck Oil.

"Governor's up to something," said Charlie. "Don't believe anybody knows what—not even the old man." The "governor" was Mr. Tamms; Mr. Townley was the "old man." And it was true the latter had little to do with the business of the firm. He had been a conservative, prominent banker in his day; and still carried much weight with the multitude; but, though he bore his gray head with much dignity behind his white choker, there was little in it—as Townley might have said. Little remained of the once active spirit behind it but a fixed belief in Allegheny Central and a strong taste for landscape paintings of the French school. However, no one had found this out but Tamms, not even Mr. Townley himself, though Charlie, as we have seen, suspected it. And Mr. Townley was a merchant of the old school, whom all the world delighted to make trustee for its posterity. He had a great box in the Safety Deposit Vaults, crammed with the stocks and bonds upon which others lived; and these he administered carefully and well.

But one great day there was a "corner" in Starbuck Oil stock; for some mysterious reason the once common certificates had disappeared, like partridges on the first of September. Madder and more extravagant grew the demand for it at the board; scantier still the supply offering; one per cent. a day was bid, even for its temporary possession, so highly were the shares suddenly prized. There were vague rumors of "plums," "melons," and consolidations; meantime the Starbuck Oil stock had disappeared from human vision. Then, one morning, came the news; the Allegheny Central had absorbed the Silas Starbuck Oil Company; two shares were to be given for one, and in addition, to cover terminal facilities, connection, etc., five millions of six per cent. bonds were to be issued. Townley & Tamms, it was announced, had taken them all, and offered them to the eager public for 105 and interest. "Thought the governor was up to something," said Charlie. "What do you suppose we paid for them?—the bonds, I mean," said he to Arthur; and he put his tongue in his cheek and looked very knowing.

Arthur was kept busy, writing personal letters to the more valued clients of the firm, calling attention to the merits of the bonds in question; and preferred not thinking of the matter at all. He solaced himself with human sympathy; that is to say, the delights of society as offered in balls and dinners; and soon grew so accustomed to the stimulant as to take much pleasure in it.

For do we not see every day, gentle reader—that is to say, fashionable, fascinating, admired reader—how great and potent is the charm of this life? Do we not see men ruining themselves, girls giving themselves, for this alone? How dull, how short-sighted must our forefathers have been, who flattered themselves that we, their clever children, would content ourselves with the rights of man! What we desire is the envy of mankind.

Humanity has indeed labored over a thousand years for these simpler things, ever since that crowd of uncultivated Dutchmen came down on Rome, and the feudal system adopted Christianity unto itself and strangled it, or sought to do so. We have tried with brain and sinew, through blood and fire, to get this boon, that our lives may be respected, and our liberty of person not constrained. And now, in the nineteenth century, we have got it; and lo! society is bored. Languid and dull—too dull to hear, in its liberal mass, that low and distant murmur, too sceptical, indifferent, to see the dark low cloud, just forming, now, to the West and East—is it a mighty swarm of locusts, or is it merely storm and rain? Here and there a tory

sees it, dreading it; here and there a radical, dreaming of it; their imagination aiding both. And the multitude, who are not indifferent, and who are never bored, have little time to look at the weather, still less to read and think; or, if they read, it is no longer now the Bible, which, they are told, is but a feudal book, a handy tool of bishops and of premiers. Moreover, modern enlightenment teaches that it is a lie; there never were twelve basketfuls of fragments left from loaves and fishes on the Mountain; therefore what words were spoken on the Mountain cannot be true.

The world is free; and ninety-nine per cent. are miserable, and the other one is bored. So, we remember, Flossie Gower was bored, when she got all her wishes, and had liberty to do what thing she chose. But surely, liberty being the greatest good, it follows she must choose to do good things? But to-day the light of the sun does not content us, nor the fragrance of the woods and fields, the breath of free air and the play of mind and body, love and friendship, and health and sympathy. These are but the tasteless water of life; the joys of possession and of envy are the wine. The early pagans were happy with these indeed, benighted creatures; but what though the ancient text says, What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Others will envy us the world; but our own souls pall with us. We moderns have invented *amour propre*. What matters being happy? The true bliss is, that others think you so. We have realized equality; and all these good people (even to Jem Starbuck's sister) struggle to escape from it. Jem Starbuck was a nihilist, and their logical counterpart. What did Flossie care for her two horses and Russian sleigh and silver mountings and black and white furs and waving scarlet plumes? If Central Park were the wastes about the Northern Pole, do you suppose she would care to take her sleigh-ride there, and show off to old John Franklin's whitened bones alone? Is it the light, and the air, and the motion, that makes her pleasure; is it the mere child's delight in brilliant colors that makes her flaunt her trailing scarlet plumes; or is it the subtile intoxication of the world's notice of what thing the world desires? And Mrs. Gower's equals see these things and do homage; and their daughters wed for these, and their husbands work; and in pretty Jenny Starbuck's head, walking on the roadside, the homage turns to envy; and in James her brother's heart, to gall.

Arthur went in this sleigh many times, and enjoyed it, and said pretty things to Mrs. Gower in exchange. He had a poet's delight in rich and beautiful things, in show and speed and glitter. Shine, not light, attracts your women, says Goethe; and the old courtier-poet might have said the same of men, himself included. And Mrs. Gower lolled back, beautiful, her yellow hair shining strangely through the snow; so Helen in the Greek sunlight, so Faustina in the streets of noble Rome; so Gutrune, by whose wiles twelve thousand heroes and the gods went down to darkling death. All these were blondes, and smiled and charmed and had their adoration and their joy of life. What call had Flossie to trouble herself with the eternal verities, or man's past or future? She was not eternal. She was, furthermore, a sceptic and a cynic—if a butterfly can be said to be sceptic of eternal life. She had no real knowledge of the things she won. She would have liked the sword of Siegfried for a panoply, to put the Grail in her cabinet of rare china. She would have liked to possess these things, and money and fans and dresses, and have other women know that she possessed them. She would have liked to possess men's hearts.

Not that she was wicked. She was no tragedy queen, no evil heroine of romance; she had no desire, so far as she knew, to injure any one. She would have paid a fortune for a picture that other people admired; but she would have exchanged it for a ball-dress, had there been but one ball-dress in the world; and she simply did not believe in the Holy Grail, or the sword of Siegfried, or men's hearts. So a rude conqueror thirsts for the great King's talisman, and barters it for an ounce of colored glass, and wears the latter on a ring in his nose. But yet this glass is

not the ultimate reality, despite its wearer's pride.

So some air-dwelling German has told us, long time the world slumbered unconscious, wrapped in a dreamless sleep. And the gold of the Rhine still slumbered in its waters, and the gods kept guard. Then all things broke to consciousness, after a myriad of cycles of years; and their first awakening was a joy; and men arose, and lived in the light of the earth. But shortly, after some few centuries, this consciousness became a blight; and they turned, and knew themselves. And the gold was wrested from the deep waters by an evil race of men, forswearing love forever; and the love of the world turned to avarice, and the love of man to the love of self, and the love divine was forgotten and whelmed in the dusk of the gods. And so the pessimists of the day must follow out the old myth, and tell us that the end and cure of all is this darkness of the gods, the death of all things, the black waters that well again from earth, the rising waves of the dreamless sea.

But behind Zeus and Prometheus and Hera lay Fate, a power not themselves, to whom both gods and men must bow. And beneath Wotan and Loge sits Erda, in the heart of Earth, silent; and the web of things to come is spun, slowly, by the silent Norns.

CHAPTER XV.

IN MAIDEN MEDITATION.

Gracie was sitting alone in her own room; she had been reading—the "Faery Queene" the book—but it had slipped from her hand—and now she was thinking. Not of herself, but of others; Arthur, perhaps, principally. For she had given her heart to him; and in a perfect maidenly love there is always some foretaste of the maternal, a fond solicitude as of a mother for her child. Perhaps even Arthur did not know how much she thought of him; and Mrs. Livingstone was too much bound up in Mamie, and Mamie too much in herself, to notice it; Miss Brevier alone had seen it, and had held her peace. Gracie fancied that no one knew it, save Arthur himself; though for her and Arthur it had changed the world. The world itself she did not understand; all things did not look clear to her that winter; the people of her acquaintance puzzled her. It almost seemed as if she would not have their sympathy in all ways; but this could not be proven, for Gracie never made a confidante. Now Mamie Livingstone, on the other hand, confided everything to her; and then, apparently, forgot it all, much as a Parisian lady may be supposed to forget the substance of her last auricular confession; for Gracie noted a certain repugnancy or incoherence in this young woman's heart history of which the heart's possessor was unaware entirely.

Mamie was intensely a metropolitan girl; the exquisitely sensitive product of a great social nerve-centre. She did not know her Emerson, and was wholly untroubled with "the whichness of the why:" but she had mastered her own environment at an early age. And she had—except, of course, as against young men, her natural prey—a frank disposition and a warm heart.

The great event of her life, her appearance in society, was to take place in the season following; and all through this winter Mamie was in a state of electric anticipation. She was already laying, in an innocent and girlish way, her wires. What Gracie failed chiefly to understand was these very love confidences, above mentioned; for though Mamie talked most ardently of the qualities of her successive swains, they seemed to bear a much more definite relation to her own self-love than to her heart. But then, it was her self-love that was the source of pleasure to her; her heart was an amusement only. And Mamie knew the world, as has before been hinted, *à priori;* she was a girl of transcendental mind, who saw through the copper-plate formulas of her study-books to the realities around her; with innate ideas and tastes as to what was fashionable and really fine. She alternately patronized and petted Gracie, who was three years older than herself; yet Gracie had more influence over her than anyone else. As for the parental authority of her father and mother—the phrase is too grotesquely mediæval to be

completed. Mr. Livingstone was an old gentleman with a million and a half of property, whose manners had outlived his mind.

Gracie was looking—if I could describe to you the manner of her look, you would all men be poor Arthur's rivals, I am sure; the direction of her look was simply to the northward, through the window. The manner of it—perhaps even Arthur never wholly noted it; may be he thought all girls had it; may be he even preferred the scintillating alertness of Pussie Duval's or Baby Malgam's—people now called her Baby with a touch of malice—which was more new to him. It was a deep and holy radiance, as if the look's object were not yet quite found, and a certain questioning withal. Gracie was almost sure to have it when alone; perhaps a certain exquisite if unconscious tact restrained it, with other girls, lest they should call it pose; but no man—that is, no *man*—ever saw it fairly, but his soul was turned to fire. Medusa's look it was that turned a man to stone; but there seems to be no metaphor for this opposite one. Perhaps because the Greeks had never met with it; it is found since Hamlet and since Gretchen, in England or New England and grows mostly in the country, with books, sweet thoughts, and solitude. I have more rarely met with it in Wellesley or in Vassar; yet it is not absolutely inconsistent with a knowledge of Greek.

"You do look so sweet, cousine," cried Mamie as she tripped into the room, "but awfully poky. I've got such a thing to tell you about Mrs. Lucie Gower. And oh, do you know? Charlie Townley called here to-day. And somebody else too—aha?"

"Who was it?" said Gracie.

"Who was it, Ma'am Soft-airs, indeed. Cousine, do let me try a bit of rouge some time—that blush was so becoming to you. Mr. Haviland, of course; and I peeked through the crack of the door when the servant said you weren't at home. But tell me, Gracie dear, do you think it would do for me to ask Mr. Townley to dinner next time? You know, I've had all the younger men, and he dances like an angel."

"Why, Mamie, you don't mean to have a dance?"

"No, no, stupid, but for next winter, I mean. I'm determined to have Charlie lead my German, you know; they say all the young married women are fighting for him. And the only other man is Daisy Blake, and he's too slow for anything. Besides, I'm dead in love with Townley, you know."

"Oh," said Gracie.

"I heard he gave a supper-party last night, and both Mrs. Gower and Mrs. Malgam were there, and the Earl of Birmingham; and afterward they all went in masks to a public ball. Wasn't it horrid? And just think what fun it would be to get him away from those married women? Why, Marion Roster told me last year that the debutantes had no chance at all. I'll see about that." And Mamie stamped her little foot and tossed her pretty head defiantly; and indeed it looked as if the filly might make it hard running for the four-year-olds. And Charlie Townley, had he seen it, might have felt that he had gotten his reward on earth. For I doubt if any poet's bays or any soldier's laurel were more highly prized by maid or wife than Mamie, the rich, well-bred, well-born, rated Charlie Townley's style of excellence. *Le style c'est l'homme*, says some old, grave writer; what then is style to a giddy young woman? And I doubt if either bays or laurel be so marketable. And Charlie was a man of the world, familiar to its stock-exchanges; who did not mean to marry, but meant to marry well.

Gracie looked at Mamie Livingstone with some faint wonder; and then the young girl laughed loudly, as was usual, and kissed her, and called her a dear old thing; and laughed again, as if she had been jesting. And so the other one supposed it, and smiled back through Mamie's many kisses.

"Look here," Mamie began again, with a gesture of triumph; and she pulled a note from her pocket, and waved it triumphantly in Gracie's face. "I've got a note from him already!"

"Oh, Mamie——"

"'Sh, Ma'am Prunes and Prisms—it's only about a summer fan. I asked him to get a kind which I knew had only been made at one place down town, and they were all sold out, so he had to

write and tell me so. See, isn't the signature nice? 'your devoted servant, Charles Townley'—and such a nice manly hand." And Mamie roguishly made pretence of kissing it, the while her eyes danced with merriment. Gracie looked at her—puzzled; and Mamie only laughed the more. "There, there, don't look so grave, you delightful old darling; it's not so awfully serious, after all—yet." And with the final burst of laughter that accompanied her last word, Mamie danced from the room.

Left alone, Gracie's smile, which had reflected Mamie's, changed to a deeper look, a look that Mamie's face could never mirror. Yes, it was a puzzle, in a way; people so rarely seemed to care for the essentials of things. Gracie's notion of a man was enlightened heroism, of a woman perfect bravery and trust, and the light in the lives of both the light of the world that comes from another, like the sun's. But to these young ladies and gentlemen, the light of the world was the light of a ballroom.

So she sat there, looking northward over the roofs and steeples, to the bright sky-line; and perhaps, if an eye were at the other end of that ray of light that slanted through space to meet her own, it saw a human soul. But to the telegraph wires and brick chimneys, to Mamie and the men near by on the roofs, it was a girl with a pretty face like another.

Human nature, they tell us; and another says, people are all alike when it comes to the point; and the motives of mankind have ever been the same, says a third. The course of history is thus and so; it is human nature to do this, and take this bundle of hay rather than that; and we are all alike, they repeat again; scholars, men, and books repeat again, until we do become human nature—or drown ourselves in preference.

But it is a lie. Humanity is not all alike; it is as a broad plain of grass or weeds; and this is alike. But among it, here and there, there flames a poppy, and above it, here and there, stands up the glorious lily, like a halo on a flower's stem; and beneath it breathes the sweet and gentle violet. Hard by grow the weeds, and dock and hardy thistles; on one stem perhaps with these, unconscious of them.

So mankind is a great crowd composed of common units, all alike; but with them walking, mostly alone, there journeys the hero, and the martyr, and the woman with a soul. And the hero looks straight ahead, sad and strong; the martyr looks up to heaven; and the soul looks about it and breathes its fragrance to its fellows.

But the crowd is so great that these three, though they are many, yet seem few. And they journey as they may, and work, and do, and die; but ah me! they are lonely, for they seldom meet, each one the other; they are fortunate if they see each other's radiance dimly, through the crowded field.

TWO SONNETS.

By Graham R. Tomson.

TO-DAY.

CLASP close my hand, this little space is ours,
This safe green shore between two bitter seas,
A narrow meadow-land of love and ease,
Made musical with birds and fair with flowers.
For all the fragrance of the rose-hung bowers,
For all the shelter of the dusky trees,
We thank thee, Eros! Yea, upon our knees,
With tears we praise thee for these perfect hours.

Look not where Yesterday's dull current laves
The misty sea-board of our landing-place—
Clasp close my hand, and turn to me thy face,
Before we tempt To-morrow's tossing waves:
Forget, in this dear moment's certain grace,
That Time and Fate press on—and hold us slaves.

TO-NIGHT.

ALAS! my heart shrinks chill before To-night;
The birds keep silence now, the air is gray
And salt with leaping foam of Yesterday,
Lashed into fury with the shrill wind's flight.
To-day hath shrunk too narrow for delight:
To-morrow's billows raven for their prey;
Through gathering dusk, low-gleaming on its way,
The rolling tide advances, wild and white.

Thy mournful face is fading from my sight,
Though still thy hand clings steadfastly in mine;
The dawn draws near to bid us both resign
Our storm-worn shallop to the tide-wave's might—
Yet this, a little while, was mine and thine,—
One green vine-garland, plucked in Fate's despite.

PULVIS ET UMBRA.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

WE look for some reward of our endeavors and are disappointed; not success, not happiness, not even peace of conscience, crowns our ineffectual efforts to do well. Our frailties are invincible, our virtues barren; the battle goes sore against us to the going down of the sun. The canting moralist tells us of right and wrong; and we look abroad, even on the face of our small earth, and find them change with every climate, and no country where some action is not honored for a virtue and none where it is not branded for a vice; and we look in our experience, and find no vital congruity in the wisest rules, but at the best a municipal fitness. It is not strange if we are tempted to despair of good. We ask too much. Our religions and moralities have been trimmed to flatter us, till they are all emasculate and sentimentalized, and only please and weaken. Truth is of a rougher strain. In the harsh face of life, faith can read a bracing gospel. The human race is a thing more ancient than the ten commandments; and the bones and revolutions of the Kosmos, in whose joints we are but moss and fungus, more ancient still.

I.

Of the Kosmos in the last resort, science reports many doubtful things and all of them appalling. There seems no substance to this solid globe on which we stamp: nothing but symbols and ratios. Symbols and ratios carry us and bring us forth and beat us down; gravity that swings the incommensurable suns and worlds through space, is but a figment varying inversely as the squares of distances; and the suns and worlds themselves, imponderable figures of arithmetic, NH_3 and H_2O. Consideration dares not dwell upon this view; that way madness lies; science carries us into zones of speculation, where there is no habitable city for the mind of man.

But take the Kosmos with a grosser faith, as our senses give it us. We behold space sown with rotatory islands, suns and worlds and the shards and wrecks of systems: some, like the sun, still blazing; some rotting, like the earth; others, like the moon, stable in desolation. All of these we take to be made of something we call matter: a thing which no analysis can help us to conceive; to whose incredible properties, no familiarity can reconcile our minds. This stuff, when not purified by the lustration of fire, rots uncleanly into something we call life; seized through all its atoms with a pediculous malady; swelling in tumors that become independent, sometimes even (by an abhorrent prodigy) locomotory; one splitting into millions, millions cohering into one, as the malady proceeds through varying stages. This vital putrescence of the dust, used as we are to it, yet strikes us with occasional disgust, and the profusion of worms in a piece of ancient turf, or the air of a marsh darkened with insects, will sometimes check our breathing so that we aspire for cleaner places. But none is clean: the moving sand is

infected with lice; the pure spring, where it bursts out of the mountain, is a mere issue of worms; even in the hard rock, the crystal is forming.

In two main shapes this eruption covers the countenance of the earth: the animal and the vegetable: one in some degree the inversion of the other: the second rooted to the spot; the first coming detached out of its natal mud, and scurrying abroad with the myriad feet of insects or towering into heaven upon the wings of birds: a thing so inconceivable that, if it be well considered, the heart stops. To what passes with the anchored vermin, we have little clue: doubtless they have their joys and sorrows, their delights and killing agonies: it appears not how. But of the locomotory, to which we ourselves belong, we can tell more. These share with us a thousand miracles: the miracles of sight, of hearing, of the projection of sound, things that bridge space; the miracles of memory and reason, by which the present is conceived, and when it is gone, its image kept living in the brains of man and brute; the miracle of reproduction, with its imperious desires and staggering consequences. And to put the last touch upon this mountain mass of the revolting and the inconceivable, all these prey upon each other, tearing them in pieces, cramming them inside themselves, and by that summary process, growing fat: the vegetarian, the whale, perhaps the tree, not less than the lion of the desert; for the vegetarian is only the eater of the dumb.

Meanwhile our rotatory island loaded with viticidal life, and more drenched with blood, both animal and vegetable, than ever mutinied ship, scuds through space with unimaginable speed, and turns alternate cheeks to the reverberation of a blazing world, ninety million miles away.

II.

What a monstrous spectre is this man, the disease of the agglutinated dust, lifting alternate feet or lying drugged with slumber; killing, feeding, growing, bringing forth small copies of himself; grown upon with hair like grass, fitted with eyes that move and glitter in his face; a thing to set children screaming;—and yet looked at nearlier, known as his fellows know him, how surprising are his attributes! Poor soul, here for so little, cast among so many hardships, filled with desires so incommensurate and so inconsistent, savagely surrounded, savagely fathered, irremediably condemned to prey upon his fellow lives: who should have blamed him had he been of a piece with his destiny and a being merely barbarous? And we look abroad and behold him instead filled with imperfect virtues: infinitely childish, often admirably valiant, often touchingly kind; sitting down, amidst his momentary life, to debate of right and wrong and the attributes of deity; rising up to do battle for an egg or die for an idea; singling out his friends and his mate with the most cordial affection; bringing forth in pain, and rearing with long-suffering solicitude, his young. To touch at once the heart of his mystery, we find in him one thought, strange to the point of lunacy: the thought of duty; the thought of something owing to himself, to his neighbor, to his God: an ideal of decency, to which he would rise if it were possible; a limit of shame, below which, if it be possible, he will not stoop. The design in most men is one of conformity; here and there, in picked natures, it transcends itself and soars on the other side, arming martyrs with independence; but in all, in their degrees, it is a bosom thought:—Not in man alone, for we trace it in dogs and cats whom we know fairly well, and doubtless the like point of honor sways the elephant, the oyster and the louse, of whom we know so little:—But in man, at least, it sways with so complete an empire that merely selfish things come second, even with the selfish: that appetites are starved, fears conquered, pains supported; that almost the dullest shrinks from the reproval of a glance, although it were a child's; and all but the most cowardly stand their ground amid the risks of war; and the more noble, having strongly conceived an act as due to their ideal, affront and embrace death. Strange enough if, with their singular origin and perverted

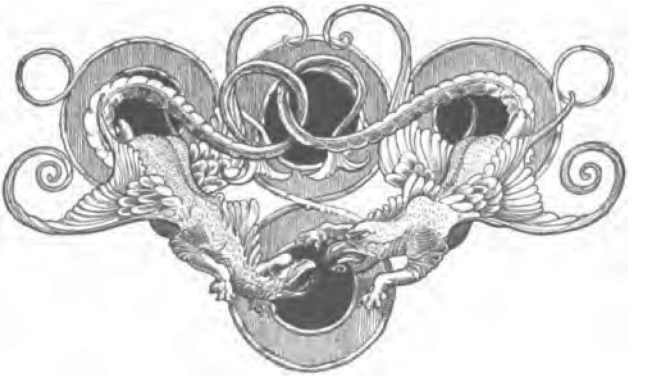
practice, they think rewards attend them in some future life: stranger still, if they are persuaded of the contrary, and think this blow, which they solicit, will strike them senseless for eternity. I shall be reminded what a tragedy of mis-conception and mis-conduct man at large presents: of organized injustice, cowardly violence and treacherous crime; and of the damning imperfections of the best. They cannot be too darkly drawn. Man is indeed marked for failure in his efforts to do right. But where the best consistently mis-carry, how tenfold more remarkable that all should continue to strive: and surely we should find it both touching and inspiriting, that in a field from which success is banished, the labors of our race should not be stayed.

If the first view of this creature, stalking in his rotatory isle, be a thing to shake the courage of the stoutest, on this nearer sight, he startles us with an admiring wonder. It matters not where we look, under what climate we observe him, in what stage of society, in what depth of ignorance, burthened with what erroneous morality: in the Navigator Islands, crowned with flowers and fabricating proverbs; by campfires in Assiniboia, the snow powdering his shoulders, the wind plucking his blanket, as he sits, passing the ceremonial calumet and uttering his grave opinions like a Roman senator; in ships at sea, a man inured to hardship and vile pleasures, his brightest hope a fiddle in a tavern and a bedizened trull who sells herself to rob him, and he for all that simple, innocent, cheerful, kindly like a child, constant to toil, brave to drown, for others; in the slums of cities, moving among indifferent millions to mechanical employments, without hope of change in the future, with scarce a pleasure in the present, and yet true to his virtues, honest up to his lights, kind to his neighbors, tempted perhaps in vain by the bright gin-palace, perhaps long-suffering with the drunken wife that ruins him; in India (a woman this time) kneeling with broken cries and streaming tears, as she drowns her infant in the sacred river; in the brothel, the discard of society, living mainly on strong drink, fed with affronts, a fool, a thief, the comrade of thieves, and even here keeping the point of honor and the touch of pity, often repaying the world's scorn with service, often standing firm upon a scruple, and at a certain cost, rejecting riches:—everywhere some virtue cherished or affected, everywhere some decency of thought and carriage, everywhere the ensign of man's ineffectual goodness:—ah! if I could show you this! if I could show these men and women, all the world over, in every stage of history, under every abuse of error, under every circumstance of failure, without hope, without help, without thanks, still obscurely fighting the lost fight of virtue, still clinging, in the brothel or on the scaffold, to some rag of honor, the poor jewel of their souls! They may seek to escape, and yet they cannot; it is not alone their privilege and glory, but their doom; they are condemned to some nobility; all their lives long, the desire of good is at their heels, the implacable hunter.

Of all earth's meteors, here at least is the most strange and consoling: that this ennobled lemur, this hair-crowned bubble of the dust, this inheritor of a few years and sorrows, should yet deny himself his rare delights, and add to his frequent pains, and live for an ideal, however mis-conceived. Nor can we stop with man. A new doctrine, received with screams a little while ago by canting moralists, and still not properly worked into the body of our thoughts, lights us a step further into the heart of this rough but noble universe. For nowadays the pride of man denies in vain his kinship with the original dust. He stands no longer like a thing apart. Close at his heels we see the dog, prince of another genus: and in him too, we see dumbly testified the same cultus of an unattainable ideal, the same constancy in failure. Does it stop with the dog? We look at our feet where the ground is blackened with the swarming ant: a creature so small, so far from us in the hierarchy of brutes, that we can scarce trace and scarce comprehend his doings; and here also, in his ordered polities and rigorous justice, we see confessed the law of duty and the fact of individual sin. Does it stop, then, with the ant? Rather this desire of well-doing and this doom of frailty run

through all the grades of life: rather is this earth, from the frosty top of Everest to the next margin of the internal fire, one stage of ineffectual virtues and one temple of pious tears and perseverance. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together. It is the common and the god-like law of life. The browsers, the biters, the barkers, the hairy coats of field and forest, the squirrel in the oak, the thousand footed scourer of the dust, as they share with us the gift of life, share with us the love of an ideal: strive like us—like us are tempted to grow weary of the struggle—to do well; like us receive at times unmerited refreshment, visitings of support, returns of courage; and are like us condemned to be crucified between that double law of the members and the will. Are they like us, I wonder, in the timid hope of some reward, some sugar with the wholesome drug? do they, too, stand aghast at unrewarded virtues, at the sufferings of those whom, in our partiality, we take to be just, and the prosperity of such as, in our blindness, we call wicked? It may be; and yet God knows what they should look for. Even while they look, even while they repent, the foot of man treads them by thousands in the dust, the yelping hounds burst upon their trail, the bullet speeds, the knives are heating in the den of the vivisectionist; or the dew falls, and the generation of a day is blotted out. For these are creatures, compared with whom our weakness is consummate strength, our ignorance perfect wisdom, our brief span eternity.

And as we dwell, we living things, in our isle of terror and under the imminent hand of death, God forbid it should be man the erected, the reasoner, the wise in his own eyes—God forbid it should be man that wearies in well doing, that despairs of unrewarded effort, or utters the language of complaint. Let it be enough for faith, that the whole creation groans in mortal frailty, strives with unconquerable constancy: Surely not all in vain.



A Pope

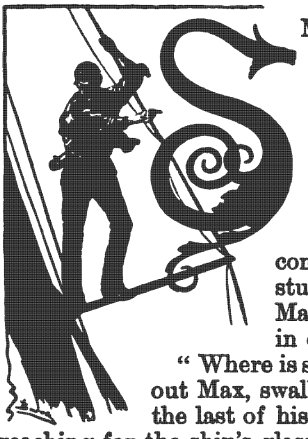
FROM A PORTRAIT BY KNELLER, 1716. ENGRAVED BY J. SMITH, 1717. [ÆTAT. 28.]

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. MAY, 1888. No. 5.

IN THE STEAMERS' TRACK.

By William Perry Northrup.



"SMOKE—O!" called the man at the mast-head.

"A steamer, sir," shouted the man at the wheel, and up the companion-way stumbled old Max, the pilot in command.

"Where is she?" choked out Max, swallowing down the last of his supper, and reaching for the ship's glass.

"Dead ahead, sir," responded the man at the wheel, and dead ahead pointed the man aloft.

The pilot-boat David Carll, bearing on her mainsail a huge figure 4, was thirty-six hours out from Sandy Hook, making her way slowly to the eastward in the steamers' track. At this time she was about off Martha's Vineyard, with light wind, but fair. She had on board, beside one passenger, seven pilots, joint owners of the boat, and known as the "Company." These occupied the cabin aft. In the forecastle lived the "boat-keeper," or mate, and his four sailors, known, at whatever time of life, as "boys." Somewhere forward lived the non-combatant, the steward.

"Number 4" was a keel boat, painted black, eighty-six feet long, eighteen feet abeam, drawing ten feet four inches of water, schooner-rigged. She was broad forward, and hung well over at the stern. Her ballast was bolted to her keel in part, part was made into her oaken framework, and all located amidships. Her bow and stern were light, making her safe and dry, exceeding quick in her motions, and trying to sensitive stomachs. Such craft, especially those of the Gloucester fishermen and the Sandy Hook pilots, are considered the best sea-boats of their size ever sailed. In thirty years no pilot-boat has been lost through stress of weather.

Immediately on coming aboard, at Staten Island, the pilots "chucked the dice" for order of turns. Max scored eighteen, and took his first. He was thenceforth officer in charge till he found a ship. He acted as pilot out of the bay, standing at the wheel himself. Having passed the Hook, he gave the wheel to a "boy," who received his orders and steered by compass. In these contests the laugh is always on the pilot whose turn comes last. He must wait, without murmur, anywhere from a week to twelve days. In that time he has nothing to do but stand his night-watch; has not a word to say about the management of the boat; must eat salt meat if the fresh gives out, and forbear giving points to the man who's "got the turn."

The first twenty-four hours at sea are usually spent in sleep. It is not necessary for all pilots to sleep that much, but a good, long sleep after the gayeties of a few days ashore is wholesome, and some need it. Thoroughly rested,

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Pilot-Boat "Number 4."

there soon comes a time when inactivity begins to affect the spirits and tempers of the men. If, by chance, the boat crawls along to the eastward three whole days and no man is put aboard a steamer, individual characteristics begin to crop out. Business is dull, and there is no way to enliven it. First there is banter and discussion, then loud bluff and browbeating and vehement altercation. You will hear more loud talk and see less fighting than in any other spot outside of France. But the same would follow if they were college students, shut up together in idleness, and the same if college presidents.

In the stage of loud discussion the "Company" of the David Carll found themselves off Martha's Vineyard, on the evening of the second day out. They were rested, had told all their new stories, compared notes on shore gossip, had offered to "bet a dollar" on everything that occurred through the whole day, and had grown tired of lying in the sun in idleness.

This new sensation changed the atmosphere in a moment. Six pilots and one passenger, grouped in the bow of the boat, had their eyes fixed on the masts faintly seen at the horizon ahead.

"Which way does she head?" shouted Max from near the wheel, shaking himself loose in his clothes, preparatory to a dive below decks.

"Hist the flag!" he continued. "She must haul for us. In a light wind like this we can't run across her bow."

The blue flag crawled along the lee of the mainsail and floated, at length, clear above the tip of the maintopmast. Old Max leaned out over the weather rail, paced across the cockpit, muttered something to himself, wagged his head in a confident manner, and dove below to put on his shore clothes.

Nelson took a look through the ship's glass.

"She's headed toward us; we are right in her track." Having settled this point, he lighted a clean, new clay pipe and walked up and down, taking a look forward at each lap. Nick came back from a trip below, with an excellent light in his cob furnace, sending forth a suffocating fragrance of burning navy plug.

"What do you make 'er, Nels?" He took a look with the long glass. "Yes," he said, alongside the tight-pinched pipe-stem. "She's headed toward us, but I can't see no smoke; she's a schooner close-hauled, like we are."

Number Three seized the glass and steadied it at the rail.

"You can't see no smoke and, blow me, ye can't see no sails neither. She's no steamer—that's sure."

So they discussed and looked and smoked. First one, then another, took the glass and gave an opinion. No one said he guessed or he thought. No one respected another's feelings, but flatly and bluntly rebutted one statement with another.

"Ye want to bet on it? Put y'r money up—put 'er right there—money talks," and Old Arkansas whacked his knee with his pocket-book. "Old Arkansas" was a name given to Frank N——, from his resemblance to that character in Mark Twain's "Roughing It," a man who was always "spoiling for a fight." At heart he was as tender as a child.

Old Max now appeared at the companion-way and came forward on deck,

buttoning his vest as he walked, kicking his trousers down over his boots, and craning his neck to see where the steamer was.

"Has she showed a flag? Has she hauled?" he managed to say, without dropping his collar and necktie, held between his teeth. No one had called Max, but he seemed sure he was soon to end his cruise. He reached the group just in time to hear Dennis announce his final conclusion:

"That's a wreck, that ship is—mark my word—and she's flying a flag."

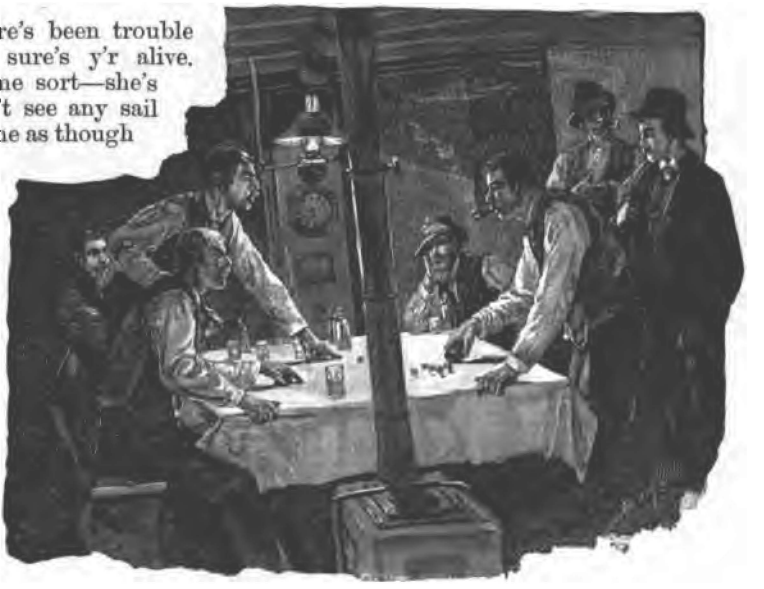
The captain of the Carll, an exact little man, whose word everyone listened to and remembered, steadied the long ship's glass at the starboard lanyards, and slowly expressed his conclusions:

"Well, boys, there's been trouble aboard that ship, sure's y'r alive. She's a sailer of some sort—she's no steamer. I can't see any sail set, and it looks to me as though some of her standin' riggin' was carried away, and she lists to one side."

Bob looked: "Yes, yes, boys; there's been hell aboard that ship."

It was an interesting group gathered in the boat's bow. Dennis and Jeremiah belonged to a family of pilots dating back two generations. Captain Beeb came from a race of bold sailors, excellent in everything that pertains to good seamanship and exact navigation. He knew the distance from the keel of his boat to the sand bottom over every rod of New York Harbor. It was his ingenuity that freed the steamship Wisconsin from the sand-shoal off Long Island. Nick was the lucky man. He never put out a hawser to a wreck but he got his prize into port. Frank N——, alias "Old Arkansas," with both hands crammed into his pockets, sat astride the rail on the weather bow, with one foot swinging over the water. A thin, black cap was drawn well down over his forehead, shading his small, gray, deep-set eyes, which could scarcely be seen beneath the overhanging visor. Smoke curled away from his new clay pipe, and frequent characteristic exclamations escaped amid the smoke-puffs. He wanted to bet that ship was a wreck; he wanted to bet a dollar it was a steamer; or he would bet it was a sailing vessel. He wanted someone to joggle the chip on his shoulder.

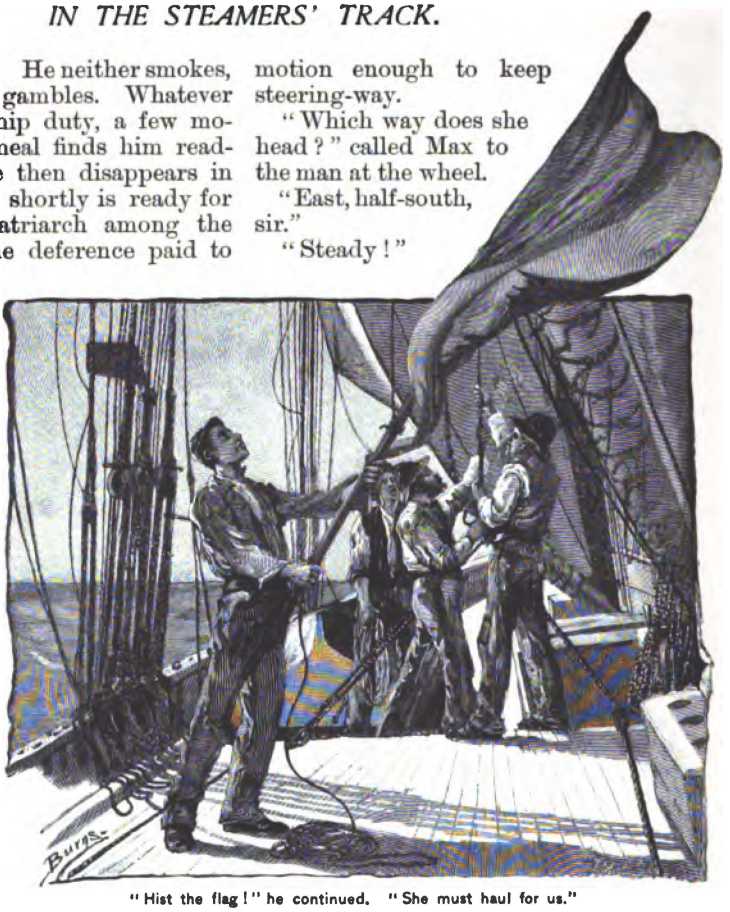
Bob S——, a tall, lank, broad-shouldered Maine Yankee, who had sailed from boyhood in every kind of craft, listened attentively. He had been master of a ship; he had worked in quarries; been submarine diver, wrecker, contractor, and pilot. When hardly grown he had laid the ten-ton granite blocks around "Race Rock" Lighthouse, in the open sea, an achievement considered wellnigh impossible until accomplished by his courage and bull-dog grit.



"The pilots 'chucked the dice' for order of turns."

Max was a spare, active, wiry old man, as straight as a mast. He had been on the sea all his life, as boy, sailor, whaler, and, at seventy-six, was the oldest man in the Sandy Hook service, having been a

pilot for forty years. He neither smokes, drinks, swears, nor gambles. Whatever the demands of ship duty, a few moments after each meal finds him reading his Bible. He then disappears in his state-room, and shortly is ready for duty. He is a patriarch among the young men, and the deference paid to his years is worthy the chivalry of his messmates and does them honor. He never fails in one jot of his duty; he never shirks; he never does more—he does exactly that. Duty is the incentive of his whole life; everything else seems trivial and unworthy. When told a man was going around the world on a bicycle, he immediately said: "Crank, crank!" with a quick jerk of his head and tight-closing of his jaw. When he heard that a friend desired to go down on the boat as passenger, for *pleasure*, he thought only of the hardships of his long life at sea, and separated his teeth just far enough to eject "Crank," and then snapped them together. He walked the deck with hands behind his back. His step was quick; his elbows worked, his fingers worked. His eyes darted from the ship ahead to the sun astern, as he continued his walk.



"Hist the flag!" he continued. "She must haul for us."

All had now come to the settled conclusion that the ship ahead was disabled.

"Fog," said Max, as he turned in his walk.

"Gosh, that's so!" said Frank, swinging his leg over the rail and peering forward, to calculate the time and distance to the wreck. "Better keep your eyes on that wreck, boys. Here comes the fog—right here on top of us."

The sun sank into the ocean, and with it the wind. There was barely motion enough to keep steering-way.

"Which way does she head?" called Max to the man at the wheel.

"East, half-south, sir."

"Steady!"

A wreck ahead, fog about, and no wind. All hands were on deck. The "boys" stood back by the foremast—one at the wheel.

"Go aloft, Joe," sung out Max; and Joe, the sailor, grasped the hoops and climbed, hand over hand, to the masthead.

"Can ye see 'er?" A negative answer came from above. Nick looked over the rail into the water.

"We are moving a little," he said. "She keeps steering-way."

Everybody now was in command. It was no longer a steamer cruise. Everyone seemed possessed to walk. Not a man was still. Bob crammed his hands into his pockets, looked ahead, took a turn, listened, turned sharply, and said, in a most deferential manner:

"Better get the yawl ready, Mr. Max."

Max was not there; he had gone below. Then Bob wheeled, and howled to the man aloft:

"Come down, Joe; help these boys. Undo the lashin's o' the port yawl."

Joe swung forward on the back stay and dropped to the deck like a cat.

"We must be pretty near her now," said Jerry.

"It's breezing up a bit. Nasty night this; they must have had a blow to the south'ard to make this swell," said Dennis, shrugging his shoulders.

"What do you make 'er, Nels?"

"Can ye make 'er out, Beeb?" asked Frank, finding him looking intently off the weather bow. Beeb thought he did see her, but concluded he did not. So the time wore on. The Carll moved slowly through the water, the sails half filled, and "walloping" from side to side, as the boat rolled on the gentle swell. Dense fog lay all about, and night was coming on.

"Found 'er yet?" inquired Max, emerging from the companion-way, clothed once more in his boat-suit. There was no reply. Each man was straining his eyes into the settling mist.

"That's a wreck, that ship is—mark my word—and she's flying a flag."

At this moment a light wind cleared the fog, and dark on the weather bow, half a mile away, outlined against the leaden sky, rolled the strange craft.

"Turn the yawl on the rail. Who'll go aboard? Take two lanterns!" shouted the cautious veteran, as he took the wheel and sent the "boy" to help the others. Gus, the steward, came on deck to share in the general excitement. "I'll get the lantern, sir;" and down the forward hatch disappeared the stubby little cook, his hands grasping the combings, his apron flying over one shoulder, and his tuftless fez and bare arms bringing up the rear.

The yawl was quickly filled; two voices shouted simultaneously, "Let 'er go!" and the boys pulled away into the fast settling gloom.

On the Carll's deck all were straining their eyes to discover some sign of life aboard the ship which the small boat was fast nearing. Disjointed remarks escaped.

"Them poor fellows must have had a hell of a time."

"She's a big one; — bark, ain't she?"

"There ain't a rag aloft. See, Nick, what we thought was a flag."

"She rides high. She lists badly," etc.

"Number 4" in a fog.

Suddenly a voice came over the water. It was Bob's.

"Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!"

Each man started forward, looking and listening as only sailors can.

There was no answer.

The pilot-boat stood off and on in short tacks and passed within hailing distance of the yawl, just rounding her stern.

"What's her name?" yelled Max.

"Alice Roy—Quebec—drawing 19 feet," called back Bob as the Carll passed.

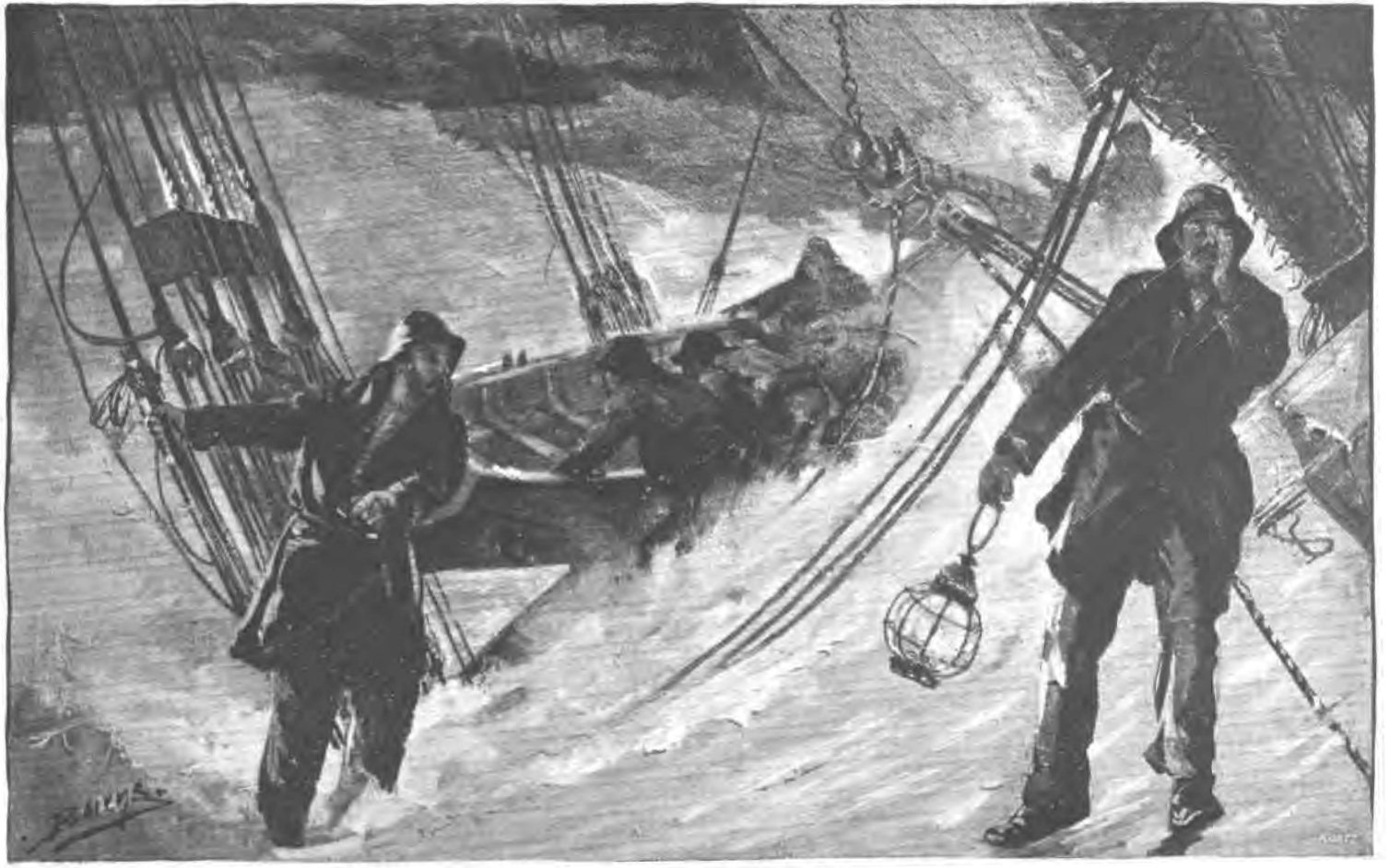
The yawl rested. One man clambered on deck, flung over a rope, and then let down a rope-ladder.

"Old Max now appeared at the companion-way."

The men clambered up, separated, and darted, first into the cabin, then into the forecastle, and then gathered excitedly on deck; the Carll turned and repassed. Bob mounted the ship's rail and shouted into the night and fog the dismal word:

"*Abandoned!*"

The Alice Roy was a three-masted vessel, bark-rigged. At this time her foremast was broken close to her deck; only the stump of her mainmast was standing. Everything above this had been carried away. The mizzenmast alone was unbroken. From this hung a loose spar, with tangled ropes and a piece of sail. This swung and hammered as the ship rolled in the trough of the sea, and this it was which, in the distance, was thought to be a flag. The hurricane had struck her with her sails set and her yards braced up, and before the crew could ease her she had been knocked on her beam-ends, her sails and spars trailed in the water and her cargo shifted. In the attempt to right her they had cut away the port lanyards of the foremast, and the mast had broken short off at the deck. Thus relieved, she had raised her rail out of water. The cutting away and casting adrift of the tophamper trailing over her side had righted her still more. The top spars of the mainmast had been blown away, and being held by the strong wire stays from going overboard, had been whipped back upon the deck. One end of a large spar had broken through the planking, and stuck fast. To this were connected ends of



"Turn 'er on the rail."

"'Go aloft, Joe,' sung out Max."

stay-ropes and halyards, and bits of sail. The mizzenmast was stripped, except for a few small, fluttering ends of canvas. The spanker-gaff was the only yard aloft on the whole ship. The steering-wheel was racing first one way, then another, as the sea swept the rudder back and forth. One-half its rim and three of its handles had been carried away by the falling spanker-boom. Two spokes were splintered down nearly to the hub. The main hatch had gone adrift, part of the lee rail was torn away, the deck broken, the large, iron fresh-water tank abaft the mainmast wrested from its lashings and tilted against the lee rail, and its cover loosened. The pumps were worn out and useless, and one was smashed. Two small boats, bearing the ship's name, lay bottom up on the fore house. One had been cut loose from its fastenings, for possible use in case of need; the other had been injured by flying pieces.

In the forecastle was found an old oil-lamp, which led an exploring party below. It sputtered with the wet, and threatened every minute to leave them in darkness. Here everything was just as it had been left by the sailors. In the lockers were a few odd pieces of clothing, mostly of little value. In one was a large wooden chain, with a ball at either end enclosed within four bars, all whittled from one piece of soft wood, the result of an idle hour of some one of the crew. By the side of this, in the same locker, was an ingenious picture-frame, made from the wood of cigar-boxes.

Upon the galley table were the supper-dishes, just as they were left—tin plates and coffee-cups; lying near at hand a loaf of bread, half cut away, and a sailor's sheath-knife. On the floor lay a soup-bone. On the range was a disabled tea-pot, which had evidently suffered from the knock-down and had been forced to continue duty, even though maimed. Within the fire-box were half-consumed pieces of lanyards.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" said Bob, with oil-lamp in one hand and griddle-handle in the other. "See!" The lanyards, being tarred rope, burned freely, and so made a quicker fire for getting supper.

On the top shelf of a small cupboard, from which one door had been torn away, skulked a half-grown cat, apparently in a starving condition. In another instant the frightened creature darted away and was seen no more.

"They *may* have been in a hurry," said Beeb. "But I take notice that they took everything of value."

Going down the companion-way, he noticed they had not forgotten the ship's compass. On entering the cabin, Beeb's quick eye caught sight of a letter on the cabin table. It was nailed fast. By the flickering light of the lamp could be deciphered on the envelope these words: "To whom it may concern." With one wrench of his knife, Beeb drew the rusted nail, and all hands gathered around to see and read, while Bob held the light.

"Bark Alice Roy," it ran; "bound for Quebec, dismasted in a hurricane the night of Aug. 19th, two days out from New York, off Nantucket Shoals. Officers and crew saved by English steamer bound for London.

"Master James McMurtry.
"Mate Thomas Terry."

Nearing the Wreck.

The letter was written in thick black ink, which gave evidence that it did not flow freely. It was written by a strong, unpractised hand, and evidently in haste.

"They was mighty glad to get off this bloody ole bark, and don't you forget it," said Old Arkansas, with a knowing shake of his head. "The blow was short and sweet, and after it was over they cleared away the decks, but, mark my word, they'd had enough of her."

"I guess the old man was an 'old-timer,'" called Beeb from the captain's room, holding up a pair of handcuffs. "Look 'ere—spread-eagles. Wonder if he had any trouble aboard and set one of them fellers loose before they all left in a hurry."

A lantern, a sou'-wester, and a cob-pipe appear at the hatch. Nick had not been idle in other fields of investigation.

"She's a prize! Come here!" cried Nick and led the way, lantern in hand. "Look out for this ladder; a round has been carried away. Stoop down; crawl past this spar. Holy Moses! How could a spar go through such planking? Here are molasses-casks, three tier deep. Come along 'midships. Coal—nigh on to 500 tons—shifted by the knock-down—loose coal, just as it was poured in—too stingy to pay anybody to stow it. I say it's a darn shame. It's criminal to go to sea with such a cargo—loose coal! There ought to be a law against it! Here for'ard is syrup—good, too. Take a dip of it from this busted cask."

"That cargo and hull in New York would be worth not less than ten thousand dollars, and the salvage on abandoned vessels at sea is fifty per cent.," said Bob to himself.

While this search continued, the Carll came up under the wreck's bow, and a voice, which was instantly recognized as Max's, sung out:

"Well, what are you going to do? Wait here all summer? Is she wo'th anything? What's she loaded with? We've got no ha'ser to tow a big ship like that. We'd better go 'long about'r business. She ain't wo'th nothin'. If she was inside Sandy Hook it'd be another thing."

"The boys pulled away into the fast settling gloom."

But nobody minded Max. One object possessed everybody—viz., to save the wreck at all hazards, and tow her to shore. Work began. Some remained aboard the wreck and got out its five-inch hawser, while the others went aboard the Carll and passed out a light rope to bring it aboard. This was passed through the chock of the taffrail, through the hands of the boat-keeper, one or more pilots, steward, passenger, and sailors, to the vocal solo of "Shanty."

"Make her fast to the windlass!" shouted Beeb. "Aye, aye, sir!" Home it came, slowly and surely, till the huge knot reached the pilot-boat and was made fast to the bridle, or loop, hitched to the two quarter-bits.

But no time was to be lost. The sea was comparatively smooth and the wind light. It was beginning to rain. Slowly the David Carll took up the slack of the large hawser and made a start for home.

The huge rope rose to the surface; the bridle cracked on the bits; the wreck paused in its heavy roll, raised its head, and slowly followed. No one thought any longer of being sore and lame. Each one thought how he would "celebrate." There were visions of prize-

"All hands gathered around to see and read, while Bob held the light."

money — salvage fifty per cent.! Old Arkansas was going to send his wife and boys on a two months' vacation, "And I'm going with 'em, too, and don't you forget it."

Nick pinched the cob-pipe in his teeth, and was going for another "house and lot in Brooklyn."

Dennis was bound to make it six weeks in Syracuse, instead of two.

Mr. Max would skip a cruise and take his Sunday-school on a picnic.

The boys in the fo'castle wanted to work right along. The prize-money and new suits of clothes would not be amiss to them. Frank, the boat-keeper, thought, in the confusion of happiness aft, of being on dear old Staten Island longer than twelve hours, for once in his life.

Steward, passenger, all hands shook the brine from their reddened fingers, looked with pride on the tight-drawn hawser, and forgot it rained.

The men came aboard the Carll. After a short discussion as to the direction of the wind, the conclusion was announced:

"Sandy Hook in this breeze!" and all went below. Frank paused at the first stair and looked back on the pleasing success.

"She follows like an old mare," he said, and went down. After a pause he whipped himself out of his dripping oil-skins, wetter than he expected.

"Well, boys," he continued, sitting down on the locker; "dat is de bes' prize I ever saw since I was in de business"— pulled off another boot and poured the water into the two-gallon spittoon. "She's worth four times as much as the Fish (another pilot-boat) captured in that last wreck of theirs. If the sea goes down a little we can shove on more sail and yank her eight mile an hour. Don't she follow like a lady—see dare!" He saw a trip home to Sweden at the end of that string, and went on looking for dry socks.

On the bow of the bark, under the shelter of the projecting bowsprit, was a rudely carved, life-size figure in white. "Alice Roy" was sorely in need of errant knights at this time. Though probably selected by the ship-builder from a row of head-figures in stock, this one had a touching fitness. There was pathos in her upturned eyes, as she clasped to her bosom a flower. Despair had given place to resignation. Her lips moved not; she had made her peace and was silent. Her suppliant attitude changed not; she still clasped the rose. Hope returns timidly where despair has had full sway.

After breakfast the men were smoking and lying in their berths, when a thrill ran through the boat.

"Hawser's parted, sir;" called the man at the wheel.

"I told you that gosh-darned old hawser was no good—chafed and old," said Dennis.

"Well, she towed out the harbor with it, didn't she? If she could stand that, with a tug at the other end, she ought to stand this," replied Nick.

"That's too gosh-darned bad!" groaned Old Arkansas.

Beeb raised on his elbow from his after-breakfast nap. Jerry opened his eyes lazily.

Bob looked serious. He didn't like the way the sea was rising, and the hawser had always looked to him to have dry-rot. He had an eye, though, on a wire cable—a wire stay aboard the bark. He reminded Beeb of it.

"Well, what next?" sounded a familiar voice. "What you going to do about it? Better go 'long about y'r business. She ain't wo'th nothin' anyhow," said the old man, as he disappeared up the companion-way, with his fingers twirling behind his back.

In the forecastle of the wreck.

After a little consultation the boat was put resolutely about, and stood toward the wreck. Then, sharper and quicker than ever, came the orders for making ready the yawl. Blanks sprinkled the conversation copiously. Voices were loud, motions quick and decisive; then the yawl dropped astern, with three pilots and two sailors in dripping oil-skins. No time was to be lost. The sea was rising, the wind freshening. Just now it blew fair for Sandy Hook. On board the wreck, a long wire stay-rope, which had led from the bowsprit to the foretopmast and back, was overhauled by Bob and cast adrift, made fast with a bight to another wire stay and led to the bridle at the pilot-boat's stern. Some time was consumed in these preparations. The day had begun at four o'clock, and it was now near noon. The rain continued.

At this juncture diverse counsel was offered. One said—pay out twenty-five or thirty fathoms of anchor-cable, and to this make fast the wire stays. It would help steady her. Seizing an axe, he began to unshackle the anchor, but the key was immovable from rust, and the majority were against the expedient. The plan was abandoned.

Once more "David Carll" offered a hand to "Alice Roy." This time she responded more quickly and followed. At the first touch she lifted her head, as if in the hope of rescue, rode up over the waves, and seemed to rejoice in her deliverance. The hawser tightened a little. Up went the topsail and with it the spirits of all on board the Carll. All hands were active and hopeful. No one was any longer tired. The weather was not bad, after all, and in forty-eight hours they would see Scotland Lightship.

"Eh, Jerry, old boy! If any of those snoozers come puffing alongside to give

us a tow we'll tell 'em good morning. We can't stop to talk with a tug-boat. We're in a *hurry*. We'll tow her inside Sandy Hook ourselves, b'gosh, and telegraph old Charley Hazard to come down with his tug. Won't he open his eyes? It'll take a big chew to brace him for that. I only wish the wind would haul a little and send us flying into New London."

"She's new coppered, new calked, hasn't started a seam, hasn't made an inch of water since I tried her starboard pump last night. Every bit of that water came in through the hatch at the time of the knock-down. It don't rise above her keelson," said Bob, running his eye over her lines.

On board the wreck every man was alive. Beeb was reeving a rope through the pulley-block at the mainmast head. Slowly, by irregular impulses, a dirty, triangular sail travelled aloft on the stay-rope. Up it travelled, higher and higher, and stopped midway, flapping wildly in the wind.

"Ah," cheered Jerry, "they have it now!" as the ragged scrap filled and drew beautifully. Even one small sail was a relief to the eye amid such desolation. What a pity her foremast was gone —a sail forward would help her greatly. But the boys were not idle. Up went another. It was an old jib they had hunted out of the sail-room. Well done! Now the bark looked alive.

"It must be done."

The wind rose; the rain continued. The Carll tugged at the hawser. One moment the long wire cable lay slack in the water; the next a sea checked the bark's headway, and with a swish it straightened and vibrated like a fiddle-string. Could the cable stand that? Could anything stand it? Bob ran his eye along its length and anxiously shook his head. The chain, he said, was the thing to break the strain. Let the anchor-cable settle into the water, and rise when the strain came and sink again when it was past. That was the wrinkle.

An oil-skin figure appeared on the bark's bow and called between his palms —"Shovels!"

"Upon my word, they mean to shovel over her coal and right her up," said Jerry.

"Good! Throw out the other yawl and send two more men!" came crisp and sharp from the old man. By this time she led gloriously, and with her new sails set looked as independent as a yacht.

"I don't know about that cable, Jerry," said Bob. "That's a fearful strain as she falls behind a sea. Look there, now! It's as straight as a crow-bar, and as hard. You can feel it under your feet."

The wire hawser swished into the air; the bridle cracked on the bits; something must give.

"Don't get too near that line," yelled Max; "if she should part she'd knock some of you fellows to Davy Jones."

The topsails were taken in. That was better. It was incomprehensible how a pilot-boat could tow so large a ship. And what is very strange, even if the schooner's canvas were set upon the wreck, it would not sail her so fast as it now sailed the Carll and towed the bark besides.

Gus appeared at the companion-way

"The yawl had caught the smooth water in the lee of the wreck."

and announced dinner. Dennis made a trumpet with his flaring palms and called across the restless water to the wreck "Dinner! Coming aboard?" A nod answered, and soon the yawl was alongside.

"Nick's aboard the bark, taking his turn at the wheel, and wants his dinner fetched," said Frank, as he threw himself over the rail, dripping, but happy.

All was life; all was hope. Plans were settled, and in forty-eight hours more the boat and tow would sweep into the lower bay, to the envy of every craft in the harbor!

"What a fuss there'll be up in the pilot-office. Just think! Molasses, syrup, coal! After this they'll date everything from the Chicago fire and the wreck of the Alice Roy."

Bob did not join in the laugh. He paced the deck nervously, and remarked that the sea was rising hourly and that a fresh wind blew from the northeast.

"Is this an old-fashioned no'easter?" he inquired anxiously of Max.

The wind continued to freshen, driving the Carll and her prize straight toward Sandy Hook. Dinner was ended; pipes were lighted. The men lounged on the lockers. Suddenly a sharp, quick cry came from the lookout on deck and started every man to his feet.

The wire stay had parted!

Five minutes later the yawl put off and brought Nick aboard.

Those whose calling takes them upon the streets of a great city at all hours of the twenty-four find there is a short interval when the bustle ceases, a pause of a few short hours when the distant hum is hushed. So it is on shipboard, only the activity reaches its lowest ebb between one and three in the afternoon. It is then that all the pilots not on duty turn in for a long sleep. On this day, eventful to many sea-faring men for the havoc of its storms, one "boy" and one pilot managed the wheel and sails and kept the lookout.

The cabin was quiet except for a duet of snores scored in the bass clef, and the long, measured, rhythmic breathing of tired men. These spirations would be musical, possibly, and harmonious, if a master could group them and make them synchronous, pause at the rests, and begin together. But no,—there

"The light on the wreck burns clear and steady."

seemed nothing but confusion of time and harmony. The small man and the huge could not be told apart by the volume and pitch of their notes.

Around the stove were hanging, on extemporized rope-yarn lines, all manner of wet garments. Beneath them, on the floor, were rubber boots, half turned inside out, and in the companion-way a heap of oil-skins and sou'westers, soaking wet. The small, cast-iron barrel-stove had been fired with light wood, and the room was suffocating. Long and steadily the deep breathers logged off eighteen to the minute.

All day long the northeast wind blew; fresh, then hard, then harder. All day long the steady swell of the sea came up from the south. All day it rained and grew thick and thicker. Gradually the wind competed with the swell for right of way and the result was a compromise—a cross sea. The Carll was safe, and the August storm was short. How about the prize, which meant $5,000 salvage?

Sleep on, tired men; you can't work round a wreck in such a sea!

Bob now sadly took the wheel. The David Carll hove to and slowly forged ahead, first on this tack, then on that, each time wearing around and beginning on the lee of the prize. The wind being steady and strong, he drove the boat close to windward of the wreck. She was rolling heavily in the high sea, dipping aboard tons of water. The force of the avalanche would right her for an instant; then she would plunge and shake herself free, only to labor and struggle once more in the unequal contest.

Down in the cabin the men were beginning to give signs of life. One huge figure slid down from his berth to the locker and rested his hands on his knees. It was Beeb, stiff and sore.

Old Arkansas wanted to know if the wind had hauled to another quarter; if the bark was riding well, riding high out of water. He had no notion of going to see—not he. He looked at his swollen hands. With one finger he explored his palms to see if there was any place less tender than another. Wire ropes had worked havoc with his water-soaked hands. Nick hadn't moved, and nothing could rouse him.

After some tidying up of the apartment, they made their way to the camp-stools, and Gus brought in the mugs of coffee.

"Whoa, there!" and the elegant Dennis, the bachelor, gathered himself up from the locker, and, with mug and stool in his hands, deposited himself at his corner once more. Another lee lurch, and away went the three of them against the locker.

"Skating rink!" said Dennis, grimly.

This watching and waiting for sea and wind to cease, like other watching and waiting, is often disappointing. The wind came out of the northeast "a whistlin'," as Jerry said. "Number 4" had been under short sail for some time. Her bonnets were unlaced from the jibs and she had three reefs tied in her mainsail and foresail.

The sea and wind continued to rise. Supper was spread in the racks upon the table. It was of no use; nothing fluid could be trusted. At each lurch everything in the cabin slid. One's

senses lost their reckoning. The fixed points were no longer fixed, and yet moved in harmonious relations to each other. With each lee lurch the men slid, the dishes slid, the lamp swung in its frame, the caster swept back and forth above the table, and the tumble and crash heard all about the cabin told of books and boots and crockery gone adrift. There was unending confusion.

Night comes early in late August when the clouds are flying. Outside, the wind shrieked through the rigging and the seas raced each side of the Carll, as she rose and fell like a sea-gull.

Suddenly Old Arkansas's pipe fell from his mouth and shivered on the floor. Grabbing his sou'wester he sprang up the companion-way. A moment later he threw himself back into the cabin and dashed his wet oil-skin on the table.

"It's got to be done, boys. She's plumb in the steamer-track; and we must get a light aboard that bark, if we lose every man on the Carll."

"That's so," said Beeb, springing from his berth; "and it's almost night, and a nasty one, too. Ain't fit for a dog to be out in, but we've got to do it. We've dropped her there, and we've got to make her safe. That's our duty, and it's a pretty plain one."

"You're right, Captain Beeb," rejoined half a dozen pilots in a breath. "It must be done, and shall."

There was a fearful tension in the air when these seven men said "*It must be done.*" They were men who lounged and laughed, when it was calm, and told idle stories. They would laugh at a show of sentiment, but they would never leave that wreck a hidden danger in the steamers' track. When they said together, "*It must be done and shall,*" it meant *heroic duty*. The price of a prize meant nothing. Think what it meant for a steamship, with 1,500 souls on board, to crash into that loaded hull!

The sun had tinted the thin clouds faintly and was gone. "To-morrow will be clear." But to-morrow would not do for them. The rain ceased; the fog lifted. Cold dark clouds hung low everywhere. The sea was afroth; the wind had hauled a little and was blowing a half gale.

It was rough when hove to. What would it be when the boat wore round and was put to it?

The deck was no place for a landsman now. The pilots and men hurried about in dripping oil-skins. Quick, loud orders were heard amid the lashing waves, driving spray, and whistling ropes.

"Undo the lashin's o' the starb'rd yawl; we are nearing the wreck!" thundered Max.

"Turn 'er on the rail."

The weather staysail sheet had been hauled well over, the boat's headway killed, the thole-pins were shipped and the men stood by.

"Heave 'er out!" howled the officer. Into the boat sprang a young Norwegian. The yawl was at the rail—now out of sight—she struck against the boat—water splashed up between—up again—gone—up. Another man sprang in.

"Take another man!" shouted Bob. The pilot-boat rolled and touched her rail to the yawl—rolled again and was fathoms from her—rolled again and a young man sprang into the small boat and was lost in the spray. The yawl dropped astern and rose and fell, dry and safe—was seen—was gone.

The boat stood away a little, not far. There might be need of help, and it was getting dark. The yawl had caught the smooth water in the lee of the wreck and was near her sides. The boat's company saw the outline of the wreck against the western sky.

"My God! What a sea!" exclaimed Dennis. "Look at that! It broke clean over her amidships." Huge seas ran up to the wreck, lifted themselves high in air and fell pitilessly on the decks of the helpless wanderer. She bent her neck to the blow. No sooner had she cleared her decks than another wave rushed aboard, smothered her in spray, and escaped through her scuppers.

"Those men can't board that wreck in this sea," said Dennis; "better call 'em in." The pilot in command thought, looked, hesitated.

"Wear ship!" rang out loud and decisive.

"Jerry, give us a hand at the crotch-rope."

"Fore-boom-tackle—be alive there, men!"

"Ease 'er over—hitch on y'r main boom-tackle — make 'er taut—take a turn 'round the bit—wait—now tighten 'er up—that's well!"

Nice work, to wear ship in a howling wind! If the crotch-rope should give way,—away goes the main boom into three pieces.

The boat ran close to leeward, and Max called "Come in, boys—come aboard!" He might as well have whispered in his sleeve. His nearest neighbor could hardly hear him. Then he waved his hands wildly. They sent back no signal and were lost to sight. Another roll and the lantern shone from the yawl, low down by the water under the lee bow of the huge, dark mass. The high decks and forward house made this part of the wreck less dangerous.

As the bark rolled to leeward, the yawl's lantern shot forward like a star, burned steadily, and then darted back. In that instant the young Norwegian sprang upon the ship's side at the fore-chains, and made his way to the deck. He carried a lighted lantern. He mounted the house. Now he is standing on tiptoe, reaching high up on the stay. Minutes seem hours. Will he never lash that light! In this perilous position he swept back and forth, now leaning well over, with the water almost below him, now as far the other way. Thank God, he's finished! Clear and bright burns the ship's light, high up on the stay rope. All honor to the brave fellow! The steamers' track is safe at last! The man climbed down. But the danger was not over. To take a man from a wreck in such a sea, every sailor must know his duty and act promptly.

"Where are they now?" yelled Max.

The yawl cannot be seen, the men cannot be seen.

"Wear ship!" rang out quick and clear.

Yonder the huge waves crashed amidships. High they broke against the stern and bow. Forward and aft a man can live, but he must be calm and watch his chances. The yawl's light floated and wavered in the lee of the wreck. The Norwegian was still aboard. What could he be doing? Max paced the cockpit with nervous step. He ran the pilot-boat as near as he dared and shouted, "Get that man off!" They neither heard nor saw.

"What *is* he doing?"

Back and forth swung the bright light. Could it live in this wind?

"There they are! There they are! There they are!" called one and another and howled a third, as though to relieve his pressure.

"Are they all there? Are there *three?* Are they all in?" asked everybody together. The small lantern was seen and gone and seen again. To pick up a yawl in open sea requires experience, good judgment, a calm head. The pilot-boat was pointed into the wind, her motion was killed; the yawl pulled across her bow, stood a moment on the lee, till the boat came slowly up; at just the right moment shot her nose up to the boat's rail, and threw out her painter. The boats moved ahead together; the men watched the sea, and as the yawl tossed up even with the rail one leaped aboard, then another, and a third. The last one hitched the burton to the span, and the yawl was hauled aboard.

All the men are accounted for. The light on the wreck burns clear and steady. The tension is relieved in language not wholly characteristic of pilots, but expressive. The pent-up excitement finds vent in general abuse.

About four o'clock in the morning Bob was called, rubbed his sleepy eyes, and took his watch on deck. He wore the boat about, and ran down by the wreck to make observations.

"She's lower in the water," he muttered to himself. "Pshaw! No use. Lower by the head — waterlogged." Each plunge forward seemed to him to be her last.

"She dies hard," he said.

Then he shook his head, muttered something like "too —— bad" lashed the wheel, with the boat on the starboard tack, and crouched in the companion-way to light his pipe. A quick call from the lookout forward reached him just as the bright glow in his clay bowl touched its margin all about.

"Lights, sir!" he understood him to say.

"Where?" replied Bob, hurrying on deck.

"On the wreck, sir. Lantern's out."

Half an hour later, in the early morning light, a ship's small boat was seen floating, bottom side up, and on its side was painted "Alice Roy, Quebec."

THE BITTER SWEET OF SPRING.

By Edith M. Thomas.

I.

NOW is the tender moment of the year
When bards of Hellas feigned the sweet return
Of Ceres' daughter from the Night's sojourn.
Feigned? Nay, she comes apace—she now is here,
Soft-sobbing, while her mother's arms ensphere;
Soft-laughing, childlike striving to relearn
Familiar words forgot in Orcus stern,—
While with her sobs and laughs her mother dear.
Hence for us also doth the season weave
A subtile weft of heartache and fine joy:
We walk in gladness, yet some fond annoy
From unlaid sorrow to our steps will cleave;
But when we, single-hearted, turn to grieve,
Lo! some new beauty springs with quick decoy!

II.

WITH pain of joy doth vernal nature thrill,
And takes its mood, sad-memoried, soothed, or wild,
From ever-changing moods of Ceres' child:
Her groping thought,—the mists that valleys fill;
Her kindling life,—the glow upon the hill
In mid-days when the quivering air is mild;
Her wistful glance,—when golden suns have smiled
Good-night on green fields stretching lone and still.
Anemone and cress rain-swept and blurred,
Stirrings and sighings of the grass-blade frail,
Carols that wake among bare boughs, and fail,
The tree-toad's twilight cry, ere comes the bird:—
Tokens of her thou hast both seen and heard,
And canst thou longer doubt the old Greek tale!

THE HILL PATH.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

Are the little breezes blind,
They that push me as they pass?
Do they search the tangled grass
For some path they want to find?
Take my fingers, little wind;
You are all alone, and I
Am alone too. I will guide,
You will follow; we will go
By a pathway that I know,
Leading down the steep hillside,
Past the little sharp-lipped pools,
Shrunken with the summer sun,
Where the sparrows come to drink;
And we'll scare the little birds,
Coming on them unawares,
And the daisies every one
We will startle on the brink,
Of a doze.
(Gently, gently, little wind.)
Very soon a wood we'll see,
There my lover waits for me.
(Go more gently, little wind,
You should follow soft, behind.)
You will hear my lover say
How he loves me night and day,
But his words you must not tell
To the other little winds,
For they all might come to hear,
And might rustle through the wood,
And disturb the solitude.
(Blow more softly, little wind,
You are tossing all my hair,
Go more gently, have a care;
If you lead you can't be blind,
So,—good-bye!)
There he goes! I see his feet
On the grass;
Now the little pools are blurred
As they pass;
And he must be very fleet,
For I see the bushes stirred
Near the wood. I hope he'll tell,
If he isn't out of breath,
That he met me on the hill.
But I hope he will not say
That he kissed me for good-bye,
Just before he flew away.

Pope, by Kneller, 1722.

ALEXANDER POPE.

By Austin Dobson.

TWO hundred years ago, on the 21st of May, 1688, was born in Lombard Street a poet whose influence, for nearly a century, reigned paramount in English verse. He had not been long dead, it is true, when his supremacy was contested, but to so little purpose, that two decades passed away before his overbold assailant mustered courage to follow up his first attack. Then, after an interval, the challenge was renewed, and for a long period the literary world rang with the blows of the opposing champions. Was Alexander Pope a great poet, or was he not? It was Thomas Warton who first put that question, and it was William Bowles who repeated it. Against Warton was Warburton; against Bowles were Byron and Campbell and Roscoe, with a host of minor combatants.

When at last the contest seemed to droop it was only to begin again upon a new issue; and the lists shook beneath the inroad of De Quincey and Macaulay. Was Pope a "correct" poet? The latter-day reader, turning cautiously—it may be languidly—the records of that ancient controversy, wonders a little at the dust and hubbub. If he trusts to his first impression he will, in all probability, be content to waive discussion by claiming for Pope a considerably lower place than for Shakespeare or for Milton; and upon the point of his "correctness," will decide discreetly, in the spirit of the immortal Captain Bunsby, that much depends upon the precise application of the term. But let him have a care. The debate is an endless one, eternally seductive, irrepressibly renascent, and hopelessly bound up with the ineradicable oppositions of human nature. Sooner or later he will be drawn into the conflict and cry his slogan with the rest. If, in the ensuing pages, their writer seems to shun that time-honored discussion, as well as some other notable difficulties of Pope's biography, he does so mainly lest they should, in Bunyan's homespun phrase,

> "—prove *ad infinitum* and eat out
> The thing that he already is about,"

to wit, the recalling, upon the anniversary of Pope's birth, of so much of his work and story as may be included in the limits of a magazine article.

Pope, after Rysbrack's Bust, 1788.

Pope's father was a London linen-merchant, who, according to Spence, "dealt in Hollands wholesale." His mother was of good extraction, being the daughter of one William Turner of York. Both were Roman Catholics, at a time when to be of that faith in England was to suffer many social disabilities, and it was perhaps in consequence of these that, about the time of the Revolution, the elder Pope bought a small house at Binfield on the skirts of Windsor Forest. Here he lived upon his means and cultivated his garden, a taste which he transmitted to his son, who, under the care of his mother and a nurse named Mary Beach, grew from a sickly infant into a frail, large-eyed boy with a sweet voice, an eager, precocious temperament, and an inordinate love of books, from copying the type of which he first learned to write. Like his father, he was slightly deformed, while from his mother he derived a life-long tendency to headache. His early education was of a most miscellaneous character. After some tuition from the family priest, he passed to a school at Twyford, where he is said to have been flogged for lampooning the master. Thence he went

A View of Twickenham, showing Pope's House. Muntz, 1756.

to a second school, where he learned but little. As a boy, however, he had tried his hand at translating, and had tacked together, from reminiscences of Ogilby, a kind of Homeric drama to be acted by his playmates, with the gardener for Ajax. But his real education began at Binfield, where, when between twelve and thirteen, he resolutely sat down to teach himself Latin, French, and Greek. Between twelve and twenty he must have read enormously and written as indefatigably. Among other things, he composed an epic of Alcander, Prince of Rhodes, which is said to have extended to 4,000 lines, and its versification was so finished that he used some of the couplets long afterwards for maturer work. His earliest critic was his father, who would sit in judgment on his son's performances, ruthlessly "sending him down" when the Muse proved unusually stubborn. "These be good rhymes," he would say when he was pleased.

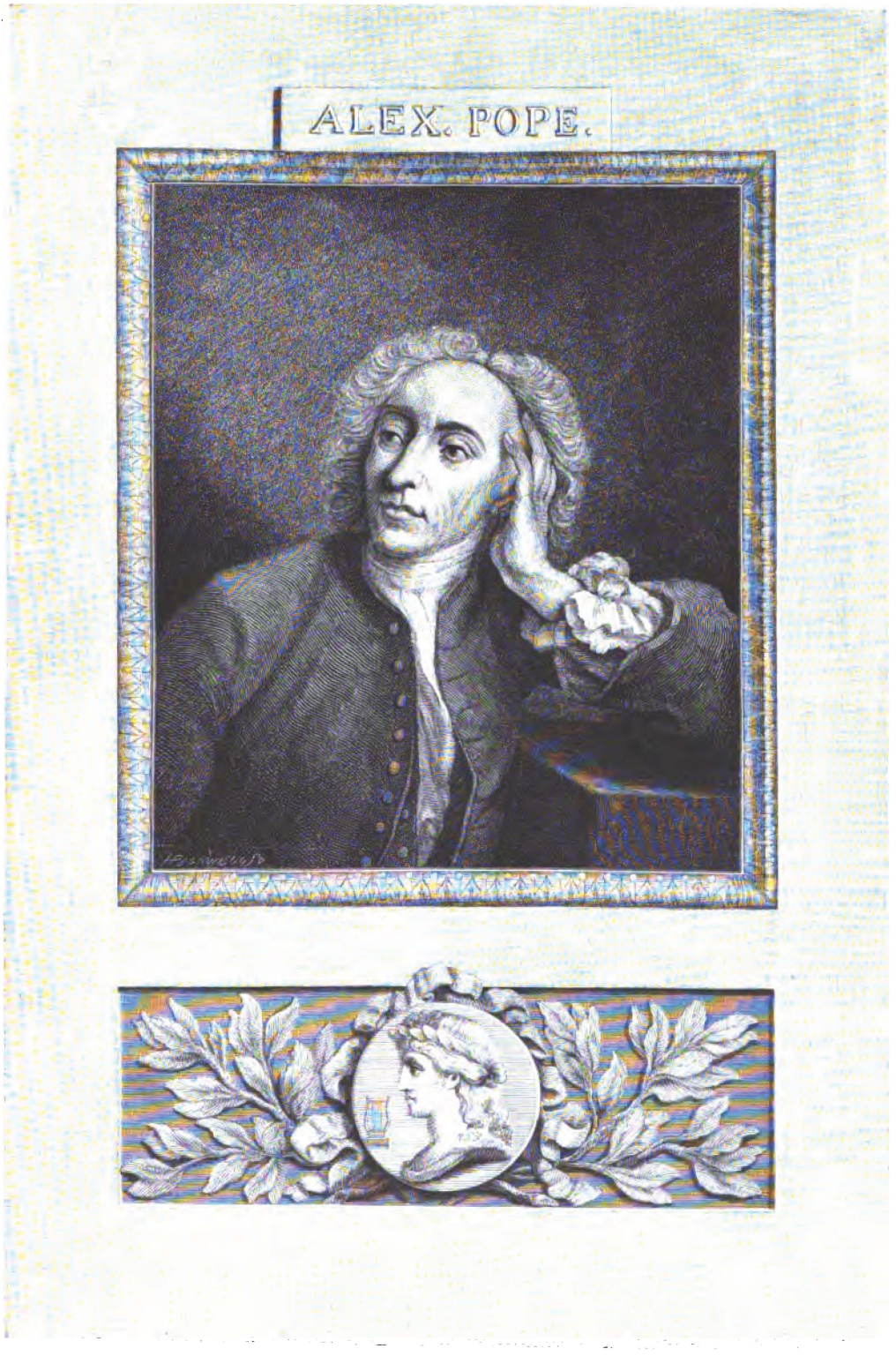
The quiet, orderly household in Windsor Forest received but few visitors, and those chiefly of the family faith. Such, for example, were the Carylls of West Grinstead, and the Blounts of Mapledurham, where there were two bright-eyed daughters of Pope's own age, the "fair-hair'd Martha and Teresa brown," whose names, linked in Gay's dancing verse, were afterwards to be indissolubly connected with that of their Binfield neighbor. At this date, however, they must have been school-girls at Hammersmith, under some pre-Thackerayan Miss Pinkerton, or else were being "finished" at that Paris establishment whence they derived the foreign *cachet* which is said to have been part of their charm. Another friend was the ex-statesman and ambassador, Sir William Trumbull, of East Hampstead, who compared artichokes with the father and read poetry with the son. To Trumbull Pope submitted some of his earliest verses, and from him, it seems, received much valuable advice, including a recommendation to translate Homer. Another acquaintance was the minor poet and criticaster, William Walsh, who gave his young friend that memorable (and somewhat ambiguous) injunction to "study the ancients" and "be correct." He had been introduced to Walsh by another man of letters, whose acquaintance he must have made during one of his brief excursions to London, the whilom dramatist Wycherley,—now a broken septuagenarian, but still retaining a sort of bankrupt *bel air*. To Wycherley, who could not tear himself from his favorite St. James's, the youthful Pope wrote literary letters, being even decoyed, until the functions of both critic and criticised became untenable,

Mr. Pope's House, before 1802, when Welbore Ellis died.

into patching and revising the old beau's senile verses. Another of his correspondents was Henry Cromwell—Gay's "honest, hatless Cromwell, with red breeches," who at this time was playing the part of an elderly Phaon to the Sappho of a third-rate poetess, Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas. The epistles of the boy at Binfield to these battered men about town, when not discussing metres and the precepts of M. the Abbé Bossu, in a style modelled upon Balzac and Voiture, are sometimes sorry reading. But both Wycherley and Cromwell were wits and men of education, and it is not difficult to pardon that morbid, over-active mind for occasional vagrancy in its efforts after some congenial escape from the Tory fox-hunters of Berkshire and the ribald drinking songs of Durfey.

By 1711, when Pope was three-and-twenty, his intercourse with Wycherley and Cromwell had practically ceased, and "knowing Walsh" was dead. But he had already obtained a hearing as a poet. He had written a series of *Pastorals* in the reigning taste, a taste which, under guise of imitating Theocritus and Virgil, not only transferred to our northern shores the fauna and flora of Italy and Greece, but brought along with them the light-clad (and somewhat embarrassed) Delias and Sylvias of those favored lands. Pope, indeed, partly modified this. He drew the line at wolves, for instance, though (as Mr. Leslie Stephen suggests) this mattered little when altars and milk-white sacrificial bulls were still "perpetually retained." But the main feature of the *Pastorals* was less their subject than their versification, which in these earliest efforts was already as finished, and as artful, as anything Pope ever wrote, and was far above the work of his contemporaries. Lansdowne ("Gran-

Pope's Mother, after Richardson, 1731. By Carter, 1774.



Alexander Pope. (From a portrait by Pond.)

Pope's House, 1807.

ville the polite"), Congreve, Garth, Halifax and others praised them warmly in MS., and left-legged Jacob Tonson came cap in hand to solicit them for the sixth part of his *Miscellany*, where they ultimately wound up that volume, balancing (or rather over-balancing) the *Pastorals* of Ambrose Philips, which began it. To the same collection Pope contributed an imitation of Chaucer, and an episode from the *Iliad*. The immediate success of these performances seems to have set him upon his next poem, the *Essay on Criticism*, which was published by Lewis in 1711. His mastery over his medium was still more noticeable than the originality of his thought. But this *cento* of exquisitely chiselled critical commonplaces goes far toward being a *chef-d'œuvre* of mere manipulative skill; and we are still, by our daily use of some of its lines,* justifying the truth of Addison's dictum, that "Wit and fine Writing doth not consist so much in advancing Things that are new as in giving Things that are known an agreeable Turn."

The criticism in the *Spectator* from which these words are taken led to an acquaintance with its author, Addison. Pope wrote to Steele, with whom he seems already to have had some slight intercourse (probably through the Carylls), to thank him for his commendation, and Steele, at once transferring the authorship to his colleague, offered to introduce Pope to him, and they afterwards met frequently at Button's Coffeehouse and elsewhere. Pope followed up his letter to Steele by some contributions to the *Spectator*, one of which, a further essay in the "pastoral" vein, was the "sacred eclogue" called the *Messiah*, which honest Steele, then in temporary retirement at Hampstead, seems to have genially criticised, declaring it enthusiastically to be better than the *Pollio* of Virgil. Another friend whom Pope made about this period was Gay, as yet only the author of a blank verse poem on *Wine*, and of the *Present State of Wit*, a pamphlet still dear to Collectors, which contains some excellent remarks on the new school of periodical literature inaugurated by the *Tatler* and its successor. Gay, indolent and amiable, and, when not depressed by ill-health or the

* *e.g.*, "And Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread."

visionary expectations of court preferment, a charming companion, became a closer friend than either Addison or Steele.

> "Blest be the great! for those they take away
> And those they left me; for they left me Gay,"

Pope said long after in the *Satires*, and the lines have a more genuine ring than is their wont.

ed to compose matters by invocation of the Muse. The poem in its first *Miscellany* form consisted of no more than two Cantos; but Pope, confident of his own powers, and certainly with a better knowledge of his own method than his critics could have possessed, boldly took advantage of its success to expand it into five Cantos by the addition of a Rosicrucian machinery of sylphs and gnomes. This apparently hazardous experiment

Martha Blount. By Picart, 1807

To the *Essay on Criticism* succeeded one of Pope's most brilliant poems, the famous *Rape of the Lock*. In its first form it appeared, together with some minor poems and translations, in a volume of *Miscellanies* published by Tonson's rival, Lintot. Its *motif* was the theft by a certain Lord Petre of one of the tresses of Miss Arabella or "Belle" Fermor, and this venial larceny having somewhat strained the relations of the two families concerned, Pope was invit- was perfectly successful, and the *Rape of the Lock* became what it remains, the typical example of raillery in English verse—the solitary specimen of sustained and airy grace. If it has faults, they are the faults of the time, and not of the poem, the execution of which is a marvel of ease, good humor, and delicate irony. Another of Pope's efforts at this date was *Windsor Forest*, a theme which, assuming that to be the best which lies nearest, should have afforded

material for another enduring success. But Pope, with a matchless eye for manners, looked at nature with the unpurged vision of his generation, and the poem, though not without dignity and beauty

Teresa Blount. By Evans, 1807.

of versification, is cold and conventional to the modern reader.

To the reader under Anne it was otherwise, for to him "verdant isles" and "waving groves" and the whole farrago of gradus epithets were not only grateful but indispensable. "Mr. Pope," wrote Swift to Stella under date of March, 1713, "has published a fine poem called *Windsor Forest*. Read it." This is the only time Pope is mentioned in that memorable journal (now nearing its closing pages) and it scarcely points to any close relations. But, by and by, when Swift came back from his Irish deanery to reconcile Oxford and Bolingbroke, he seems to have made Pope's personal acquaintance, and to have begun the correspondence which lasted so long. By Swift Pope was introduced to Oxford, to his later "guide, philosopher, and friend," Bolingbroke, to the gentle and humane Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, to Prior and Parnell, to Arbuthnot, best of men and physicians—some of whom he mentions in the "Prologue to the Satires." Swift, he says,

> "endur'd my lays;
> The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read;
> Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head,
> And *St. John's* self (great Dryden's friends before)
> With open arms receiv'd one Poet more."

Closely connected with the group of Pope's connections at this time was the famous literary association known as the "Scriblerus Club," the avowed object of which was to satirize the abuses of human learning. The dispersal of its members at the death of Anne interrupted this enterprise, which never extended beyond a first book—a fragment which

must, however, be held to have been unusually pregnant in suggestion, since it contained the germs of *Gulliver's Travels* and the *Dunciad*. But Pope's life at this point grows too complicated to be pursued in detail, and it will be impossible henceforth to do more than note briefly its chief incidents. Trumbull's counsel to him to translate Homer, and his first essay in Tonson's *Miscellany*, have already been mentioned. In a later volume of Miscellany poems edited by Steele, he had printed some specimens from the *Odyssey*, and in the following year he embarked in the great work of his middle life, the translation of the *Iliad*. By 1715 the first volume, containing four books, was issued to the subscribers, whose roll, ennobled by the patronage of Oxford and Bolingbroke, and extended by the imperious advocacy of Swift, included almost everyone of importance. The only blot upon its brilliant success is the unfortunate quarrel with Addison, which led to the portrait of Atticus.

With Addison, to say nothing of the fact that he was a Whig, Pope's relations had apparently been less genuine than with any of his compeers. Even when the *Essay on Criticism* had been praised by the Spectator, Pope's sensitive nature had fretted under the writer's reservations. Addison, again, is said to have been chief of those who had deprecated the extension of the *Rape of the Lock*, and Pope remembered this. Yet he had written a prologue for *Cato*, and when that play was attacked by Dennis, had voluntarily entered the lists on Addison's side with a Swiftian lampoon against the snarling old critic, who was a *bête noire* of his own. Addison declined to approve this method of controversy, and made his disapproval more distasteful by expressing it indirectly through Steele, with whom Pope could scarcely have grown in favor since, under guise of a puff of Ambrose Philips, he had palmed off on Steele's editorial indolence a panegyric on his own Pastorals. Thus by the time Pope's *Homer* came out—and, almost concurrently—another version by Addison's *protégé* Tickell made its appearance, there were all the materials for a quarrel. That Tickell was deliberately put forward as a rival to Pope is open to considerable doubt; but to Pope's morbid suspicions the coincidence was conclusive, and his anger blazed in that immortal portrait of Atticus which, in its final form, appears in the *Epistle to Arbuthnot* of 1734. Whether Addison ever saw these verses may be doubted; and that doubt disposes of much speculation. But the most notable thing about them, apart from their justice or injustice, is that, with their wonderful mingling of truth and falsehood, of ostensible commendation and insidious malignity, they afford the earliest finished example of that supreme satiric art which, as the best judges hold, is the most immortal part of Alexander Pope. Without a specimen of his workmanship any account of him would be incomplete; and he reaches no higher point than in these well-known lines:

"Peace to all such! but were there One whose fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he?"

Early in 1716, not long after the death of Wycherley, Pope moved from Binfield to Chiswick. His house, in what was then known as the "New Buildings," but is now Mawson's Row, still exists down a turning off the Mall, not very far from the old Church where Hogarth lies buried, and from Chiswick House, the mansion of Lord Burlington, under whose wing Pope describes himself as

residing. Here, for a couple of years, were delivered those letters, upon whose backs or envelopes, piously preserved in the British Museum, the "paper-sparing" poet penned his daily tale of Homeric translation, completing two more volumes of the *Iliad* during his sojourn in Mawson's Row. At this time he was twenty-eight, and may therefore be assumed to be accurately represented in the portrait painted by Kneller in 1716, and mezzotinted a year later by Smith. Here he appears as a slight, delicate young man, wearing a close-fitting vest or tunic, and, in lieu of a wig, the dressing or "night-cap" which took its place. His keen, shaven face is already worn by work and ill-health, and conspicuous for the large and brilliant eyes to which he refers, in his *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, as one of his noticeable features.

Besides the poems already mentioned, he had, in 1715, produced another imitation of Chaucer, the *Temple of Fame*, an effort which has never taken high rank among his works. But while at Chiswick he published, in addition to instalments of the *Iliad*, two pieces of considerable merit, although they are scarcely regarded by the critics of this age with the enthusiasm they excited in Pope's earliest admirers. One is the celebrated *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*, which perhaps owes some of its reputation to the difficulty experienced in identifying the "ever injur'd Shade" intended. She is now understood to have been a much-persecuted Mrs. Weston, who, although she suffered many griefs, did not (as her poet implies) put an end to her own life in consequence. The other, under the title of *Eloisa to Abelard*, versifies the Latin letters of that distinguished amorist to her lover. It is impossible to deny to both these works the utmost amount of artful development and verbal finish. All that skill can do in the simulation of sincerity Pope has done. "The Epistle of Eloisa," he tells a correspondent, "grows warm, and begins to have some breathings of the heart in it, which may make posterity think I was in love." But this, with all submission, is precisely the illusion which is absent, and it is perfectly possible for the most sympathetic reader to peruse the balanced outpourings of "Fulbert's niece" without the slightest tendency to that *globus hystericus* which all persons of sensibility must desire to experience. Yet, it must nevertheless be admitted that these poems are the best examples of a vein which is not native to their writer, and that, in them, Pope comes nearer to genuine pathos than in any other of his works. Next to these, the only literary event of this portion of his career is his connection with the deplorable *Three Hours after Marriage*, a farce in which he was assisted by Arbuthnot and Gay, the latter of whom bore the blame of the play's failure. Pope's old enemy Dennis was caricatured in it as "Sir Tremendous;" but it had also the effect of adding another and abler foe to the list of his opponents, the player and manager, Colley Cibber, whose open ridicule of a part of this ill-judged *jeu d'esprit* began the feud which ultimately secured for him the supreme honors of the *Dunciad*.

But although Pope's militant nature never feared to make an enemy, his friends were still in the majority. His *Homer*, with its magnificent subscription list, had opened a wider world to him; and his new associates seem for the time to have partially seduced him from his valetudinarian régime and ten hours daily study. In his varied and alembicated correspondence we track him here and there, at Oxford or at Bath, studying architecture with my Lord Burlington and gardening with my Lord Bathurst or "beating the rounds" (probably only in metaphor) with wilder wits such as my Lord of Warwick and Holland. One of the prettiest of Pope's missives (some of them are not pretty) to "Mademoiselles de Maple-Durham," as he styles the Blounts, describes a visit he had paid to Queen Caroline's maids of honor at Hampton Court, the Bellenden and Lepell of his minor verses. He dilates upon their monotonous life of hunting, etiquette, and Westphalia ham, and then, as Carruthers suggests, not without oblique intention of lighting a spark of jealousy in the fair Martha's bosom, records how he walked for three or four mortal hours by moonlight with Mrs. Lepell, meeting never a creature of quality but his Majesty King George I., giving audience to his Vice Chamberlain

"all alone under the garden wall." Another epistolary idyll to Martha Blount, of which there are at least four replicas, relates the sentimental death by lightning of the two haymakers at Stanton Harcourt. Did Pope write this letter? or did Gay? Or did they write it both together? This is a question which Pope's editors have failed to settle. At all events, a similar composition went to another of Pope's flames, the brilliant Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, now absent from England with her husband, who was ambassador at Constantinople. Clever Lady Mary, however, entirely declined to be subjugated by the pathetic fallacy, and sent back a matter of fact epitaph for John Hewet and Sarah Drew, which, though it wound up with a compliment to her correspondent, can hardly have gratified him. But there is one letter of this time the sincerity of which is undoubted. It is Pope's announcement to Martha Blount of his father's death. "My poor Father dyed last night," it says. "Believe, since I don't forget you this moment, I never shall. A. Pope." The antithetical touch shows how art had become a second nature with the writer; but his attachment and devotion to his parents is not one of the disputed points in his story.

Alexander Pope the elder died in October, 1717. Not very long after, the poet moved with his mother to a little villa, or "villakin" as Swift called it, on the banks of the Thames at Twickenham, close to the grotesque Gothic jumble known as Radnor House. It is still discernible in ancient prints—for example, in Muntz's "View of Twickenham," dated 1756. When Pope first took it, it was simply a tiny building, with the conventional parlors on either side of a stone-paved entrance hall, and bedrooms above to correspond. In front there was a pleasant little lawn sloping to the water; at the back the house looked upon the highway from London to Hampton Court. On the other side of this road stretched the garden, which was entered from the lawn by a subway. This garden was Pope's greatest delight. According to John Searle his gardener, who published a plan of it in 1745, there "were not ten sticks in the ground when his master first took the house." But with the aid of Bridgeman and Kent the architect, and the amateur counsels of Lord Peterborough and others, supplemented by his own sleepless ingenuity and genius for landscape-making, Pope managed to twist and twirl his "scanty plot of ground" into a perfect paradise of "artful wildness" and "pleasing intricacy." "I am as busy"—he wrote to Lord Strafford in 1725—"in three inches of gardening as any man can be in three-score acres. . . . I have a Theatre, an Arcade, a Bowling-Green, a Grove, and what not? in a bit of ground that would have been but a plate of sallet to Nebuchadnezzar." Besides these there were an orangery, an open temple, "wholly compos'd of shells in the rustic manner," a quincunx, and a wilderness. As time went on an obelisk, ringed with yew and cedar, and inscribed to "the best of Mothers and the most loved of Women" terminated the vista.

But the greatest glory of all was the so-called Grotto, or, as honest John Searle styles it, the "Underground passage." This, which, as already stated, went beneath the road, and must, according to the plan, have also occupied some of the space under the house, Pope decorated profusely with sparkling shells and minerals, to which collection all his friends contributed. Borlase, the antiquary, sent him Cornish diamonds; Ralph Allen (Fielding's "Squire Allworthy"), incrustations from the Bath quarries; Spence, Italian marbles, the Duchess of Cleveland, clumps of amethyst, and Sir Hans Sloane, basaltic fragments from the Giant's Causeway. Over the entrance was a line from Horace; and in the interior a spring that "echoed thro' the cavern day and night." When you looked through it from the house you saw the sails on the shining Thames "passing suddenly and vanishing;" if you looked the other way from the river, you saw the shell temple and the multicolored leafage of the wilderness; if you shut it, it became a darkened chamber of wayward lights and mysterious scintillations. Some of Pope's critics have found in this toy of his later years a thought too much of the lodging-house curio; but Walpole, who was not very tolerant of other people's whimsies, seems to have been favorably impressed

with both grot and garden. "The passing through the gloom from the Grotto to the opening day," he says, "the retiring and again assembling shades, the dusky groves, the larger lawn, and the solemnity of the cypresses that led up to his mother's tomb [obelisk] are managed with excellent judgment; and though Lord Peterborough assisted him 'To form his quincunx and to rank his vines,' these were not the most pleasing ingredients of his little perspective." *

At Twickenham or, as he called it, "Twitnam," Pope continued to reside until his death, his permanent housemates being his old nurse, Mary Beach, to whom there is a tablet on the outer wall of Twickenham Church, and his mother, who survived her husband until 1733, only preceding her famous son by eleven years. Pope tended her with exemplary care—a care rendered daily more imperative by her increasing infirmities. Many references to her occur in his correspondence, and the sedulous inquiries made by his friends as to her health are earnest of her son's unwearied solicitude. One or two of the old lady's simple, homely letters to him have been preserved, with their fond messages and faulty spelling. Now and then, it is recorded, he would gratify her by setting her to transcribe his *Homer*, an assistance of which the advantages must have been debatable. There is a sketch of her, in extreme old age, by Jonathan Richardson, which, in all probability, did her scant justice; and it sets one vaguely thinking whether Greuze, whose lovely portrait of his own mother is at South Kensington, would not have made a better portrait of Mrs. Pope.

Many friends came and went at the pleasant little villa by the Thames, "flanked by its two Courts" of Hampton and Kew, and often, no doubt, the London stage, starting from the Chequers in Piccadilly, brought to it guests bearing names familiar in the annals of the time. Now it would be fat and friendly John Gay, polishing a song in the promptly-to-be-prohibited *Polly;* now it would be Swift, gloomier than of yore, and sick with sad forebodings of Stella's coming death; now it would be Prior, making friends with everyone, down to drunken John Bowry the waterman, and boasting of his own paradise at Down Hall, where he had composed "a fish pond that would hold ten carps." Sometimes it would be Mrs. Howard from Marble Hill to consult with her neighbor as to the laying out of her grounds; sometimes a flying post from the Duchess of Kingston at Acton with an urgent summons to music on the water, followed up by an entire night out upon the Thames. Occasionally, failing to decoy Lord Oxford (Harley's son) into tasting his broccoli and Banstead mutton, Pope would himself set out for Wimpole, there to potter over that extremely "speculative lot," his lordship's dubious medals and manuscripts. Or perhaps John Bowry would row him Fulham-wards to visit the hero of Barcelona, the gallant and eccentric Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, who (we may suppose) had just transmitted to Twickenham a cask of the cordial and comforting "Mum," which Scott makes the morning beverage of Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck. Another of Pope's haunts was Riskins, in Buckinghamshire, where, among the rest, he carved his name upon the famous covered bench (scored with the names of wits and fine ladies), which "the vivacious Lord Bathurst" consecrated to the votive inscriptions of his guests; another, again, the pseudo-farm "at Dawley near Uxbridge" where that "statesman out of place," Lord Bolingbroke, played, not very successfully, at raising turnips and cultivating moral tranquillity. It was in coming from Dawley, in 1726, that his lordship's charioteer emptied Mr. Pope into the water, and his hand was badly cut by the glass as he was drawn out of the coach. "Is it possible," wrote one of St. John's foreign visitors, "is it possible that those fingers which have written the Rape of the Lock, and the Criticism, which have dressed Homer so becomingly in an English coat, should have been so barbarously treated?" "Dressing Homer becomingly," sounds slightly ironic. But, although Pope did not love him, this can scarcely have been the meaning of so discreet and congenial a spirit as M. François-Marie Arouet de Voltaire.

* "Pope's Villa," altered and rebuilt by subsequent tenants, now only exists in name.

The list of Pope's circle might readily be extended. But there are three other members of it who cannot be neglected in any record, however brief. When Lady Wortley Montagu came back to England, she took up her residence at Twickenham, and the hitherto epistolary adoration of the poet became a practical fact. According to a story popularized by the pencil of Frith, Pope at length so far forgot himself as to make a declaration in form, to which she returned no reply but that most exasperating of all replies, ungovernable laughter. Whether this tradition be true or not, it is plain that she seems always to have remembered their difference of rank, and to have been rather cold than encouraging. The issue of the acquaintance is a sorry one. Pope revenged himself for her scorn in his worst and most unmanly fashion of innuendo; she, on her side, retorted with lampoons and satire as cruel. One feels glad that she finally left England and that further bickering was impossible. The other two persons were the already mentioned Blounts, each of whom seems at first to have by turn

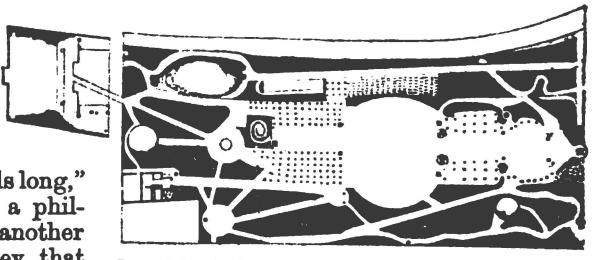
> "—blossomed in the light
> Of tender personal regards,"

Teresa, the elder and handsomer, becoming by degrees the acknowledged favorite. But whether, like the lover in Prior's song, Pope "convey'd his treasure in a borrowed name," or merely changed his mind, it is certain that, at a later period, the younger, Martha, had proved the "real flame," to the permanent displacement of her sister. As time went on, Pope's attachment for Martha Blount continued to increase until she became almost an inmate of his house. For more than fifteen years, he told Gay in 1730, he had spent three or four hours a day in her company; and he seems to have loved her with an affection as genuine and as watchful as that which he showed to his parents. Like all his connections, this, too, was marred by strange pettinesses and curious contradictions; but one can scarcely grudge to his sickly sensitive nature the anodyne of feminine sympathy. Why so close and tender a friendship never ripened into marriage is an inquiry that may be relegated to the limbo of questions insoluble. It is enough that in the checkered chronicle of the loves of the poets, "blue-eyed Patty Blount" has an immortality almost as secure as that of Esther Johnson.

But it is time to return to Pope's works. In the first years of his Twickenham residence the *Iliad* was finished triumphantly, and Pope was invited by the booksellers to edit Shakespeare. The task was one for which he had few qualifications, and his execution of it at once laid him open to a new attack from a fresh opponent, Lewis Theobald, afterwards the "Tibbald" of the *Dunciad* and the *Satires*. Then he followed up the *Iliad* by the *Odyssey*, in which he was assisted by Fenton and Broome. Toward 1725 Bolingbroke settled at Dawley, and in the succeeding year Swift paid a long visit to Pope at Twickenham. These two influences may be traced in most of Pope's remaining works. In 1726 *Gulliver's Travels* saw the light, and in 1727 were issued those joint volumes of *Miscellanies* which contained the *Treatise on the Bathos*, a prose satire, to be supplanted, in brief space, by the terrible *Dunciad*. In this latter Pope entered upon a campaign against the smaller fry of the pen with a vigor, a deadly earnestness, and a determination to wound, unparalleled in the history of letters. One of the most gifted of his critics, the late Rector of Lincoln College, speaks of the *Dunciad* roundly as "an amalgam of dirt, ribaldry, and petty spite," and M. Taine has brought against it the more fatal charge of tediousness. But even if one admits the indiscriminate nature of that onslaught which confuses Bentley with such creatures of a day as Ralph and Oldmixon, it is impossible not to admire the surpassing skill of the measure; and it is probable that, in spite of the "higher criticism," the *Dunciad*, swarming as it does with contemporary allusions, will continue to hold its own with the antiquary and the literary historian. But it has ceased to be regarded as one of the desirable masterpieces of its class.

If Swift, who encouraged Pope in his war against Dulness, must be held to be indirectly responsible for the attack upon its strongholds, it was Bolingbroke who

suggested the once popular epistles which Pope dedicated to him under the title of the *Essay on Man*, a work which has this in common with the earlier *Essay on Criticism*, that it is a versification of a given theme. But Pope understood the precepts of Rapin and Bossu better than the precepts of Leibnitz and St. John, and the *Essay on Man*, bristling as it does with axiomatic felicities and "jewels five words long," has long been discredited as a philosophical treatise. It is to another hint from the sage of Dawley that we owe its author's most individual work. A chance remark of Bolingbroke set him upon the imitations of Horace that grew into the *Satires and Epistles*. In these and the cognate *Moral Essays*, which belong to his ripest period of production, Pope's unmatched mastery over heroics, perfected by the long probation of his Homeric translations, and his equally unrivalled powers of satire, freed and emboldened by the brutalities of the *Dunciad*, found their fitting field. Aimed at the old eternal vices and frailties of humanity, they assail them with a pungency, a force, a wit, and a directness which, in English verse, have no parallel. Indeed it may be doubted whether the portraits of Bufo and Sporus, of Atossa and Atticus, have been excelled in any language whatsoever.



Plan of Pope's Garden, from John Searle's drawing, published in 1745.

View of Pope's Grotto, from Searle.

The first of the Dialogues known as the *Epilogue to the Satires* was published in 1738 on the same morning as Johnson's *London*, thus (in Boswell's view) providing England simultaneously with its Horace and its Juvenal. The second part followed in the same year. Besides these there is little material to be added to the record of Pope's work but the revised *Dunciad*, in which, to gratify an increased antipathy, he displaced its old hero Theobald in favor of Colley Cibber, who, whatever his faults, was certainly not a typical dunce. Toward the close of his life those infirmities at which Wycherley had hinted in his youth grew upon him, and he became almost entirely dependent upon nurses. He had not, to use De Quincey's words, drawn that supreme prize in life, "a fine intellect with a healthy stomach," and his whole story testifies to that fact. As years went on his little figure, in its rusty black, was seen more rarely in the Twickenham lanes, and if he took the air upon the river, it was in a sedan-chair that was lifted into a boat. When he visited his friends his sleeplessness and his multiplied needs tired out the servants; while in the day-time he would nod in company even though the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry. He was a martyr to sick headaches, and in the intervals of relief from them would be tormented by all sorts of morbid cravings for the very dietary which must inevitably secure their recurrence. This continued strife of the brain with the ignobler organs goes far to explain, if it may not excuse, much of the less admirable side of his character. His irritability, his artifice, his meannesses even, are more intelligible in the case of a

man habitually racked with pain, and morbidly conscious of his physical shortcomings than they would be in the case of those "whom God has made full-limbed and tall," and, in the noble teaching of Arthur's court, his infirmities should entitle him to a larger charity of judgment.

Nothing in his life is more touching than the account of his last days, when he lay wasted with an intolerable asthma, waiting serenely for the end, but full of kindness and tender thoughtfulness for the friends who came and went about his bed. Bolingbroke was often there from Battersea, stirred to philosophic utterances and unphilosophic tears, and grave Lyttleton, and kind Lord Marchmont, and faithful Joseph Spence. Martha Blount, too, was not absent, and "it was very observable," said the spectators, how the sick man's strength and spirits seemed to revive at the approach of his favorite. "Here I am dying of a hundred good symptoms," he said to one of his visitors. What humiliated him most was his inability to think. "One of the things that I have always most wondered at (he told Spence) is that there should be any such thing as human vanity. If I had any, I had enough to mortify it a few days ago, for I lost my mind for a whole day." A little later Spence is telling Bolingbroke how, "on every catching and recovering of his mind," Pope is "always saying something kind either of his present or absent friends," and that it seems "as if his humanity had outlived his understanding." But the vital spark still continued to flicker in its socket, and only a day or two before his death he sat for three whole hours in his sedan-chair, in the garden he loved so well, then filled with the blossoms of May and smelling of the summer he was not to see. On the 29th he took an airing in Bushy Park and a little later received the sacrament. On the evening of the following day he passed away so softly and painlessly that those who stood by knew not "the exact time of his departure." He had lived fifty-six years and nine days, and he was buried near to the monument of his father and mother in the chancel of Twickenham Church. Seventeen years afterwards Bishop Warburton erected a tablet to him in the same building with an epitaph as idle as that which disgraces the tomb of Gay in Westminster Abbey. It is possible that Pope may at some time have written it, but the terms of his will prove conclusively that he never meant it to be used.

What is Pope's position as a poet? Time, that great practitioner of the exhaustive process, "sifting alway, sifting ever," even to the point of annihilation, has well-nigh answered the question. No one now, except the literary historian or the student of versification, is ever likely to consult the *Pastorals* or *Windsor Forest*. Men will in all probability continue to quote "Hope springs eternal in the human breast" and "A little learning is a dangerous thing," without the least suspicion that the one comes from the seldom-read *Essay on Criticism* and the other from the equally seldom-read *Essay on Man*. Here and there a professor (like the late Professor Conington) will praise the "unhasting unresting flow" of the translations from Homer, but the next generation will read its *Iliad* in the Greek, or in some future successor to Mr. William Morris or Mr. Way. Few will now re-echo the praises which the critics of fifty years ago gave to the *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady* and *Eloisa to Abelard*, and none but the habitual pilgrims of the by-ways of literature will devote any serious attention to the different versions of the *Dunciad*. But there is no reason why the *Rape of the Lock* should not find as many admirers a hundred years hence as it does to-day, or why—so long as men remember the poems of the friend of Mæcenas—the *Satires and Epistles* should fail of an audience. In these Pope's verse is as perfect as it is anywhere, and his subject is borrowed, not from his commonplace book, but from his own experiences. He wants the careless ease, the variety, the unemphatic grace of Horace, it is true. But he has many of the qualities of his master, and it is probable that only when men weary of hearing how Horace strolled down the Sacred Way and met an intolerable Bore—only then, or perhaps a little earlier, will they cease to hearken how Alexander Pope bade John Searle bar the door at Twickenham against the inroads of Bedlam and Parnassus.

A DIALOGUE

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. POPE.

POET. FRIEND.

P. I ſing of POPE—
FR. What, POPE, the *Twitnam* Bard,
Whom *Dennis, Cibber, Tibbald* puſh'd ſo hard!
POPE of the *Dunciad!* POPE who dar'd to woo,
And then to libel, *Wortley Montagu!*
POPE of the *Ham Walks* ſtory—
P. Scandals all!
Scandals that now I care not to recall.
Surely a little, in two hundred Years,
One may neglect Contemporary Sneers;
Surely Allowance for the Man may make
That had all *Grub-ſtreet* yelping in his Wake!
And who (I aſk you) has been never Mean,
When urg'd by Envy, Anger or the Spleen?
No: I prefer to look on POPE as one
Not rightly happy till his Life was done;
Whoſe whole Career, romance it as you pleaſe,
Was (what he call'd it) but a "long Diſeaſe:" *
Think of his Lot,—his Pilgrimage of Pain,
His "crazy Carcaſs" † and his eager Brain;
Think of his Night-Hours with their Feet of Lead,
His ſleepleſs Vigil and his aching Head;
Think of all this, and marvel then to find
The "crooked Body with a crooked Mind!" ‡
Nay rather, marvel that, in Fate's Deſpite,
You find ſo much to ſolace and delight,—
So much of Courage and of Purpoſe high
In that unequal Struggle *not* to die.
I grant you freely that POPE play'd his Part
Sometimes ignobly—but he lov'd his Art;

* See the Epiſtle from Mr. *Pope* to Dr. *Arbuthnot.*
† "Your little, tender, and crazy Carcaſs."—*Wycherley.*
‡ *Mens curva in Corpore curvo.—Orrery.*

I grant you freely that he ſought his End
Not always wiſely—but he lov'd his Friend;
And who of Friends a nobler Roll could ſhow—
Swift, St. John, Bathurſt, Marchmont, Peterb'ro', Arbuthnot—
FR. ATTICUS?
P. Well (*entre nous*),
Moſt that he ſaid of *Addiſon* was *true.*
And Truth, you know—
FR. Is often not polite
(So *Hamlet* thought)—
P. Then *Hamlet* (Sir) was right.
But leave POPE's Life. To-day, methinks, we touch
The Work too little and the Man too much.
Take up the *Lock*, the *Satires*, *Eloiſe*,
What Art ſupreme, what Elegance, what Eaſe!
How keen the Irony, the Wit how bright,
The Style how rapid and the Verſe how light!
Then read once more, and you ſhall wonder yet
At Skill, at Turn, at Point, at Epithet.
"True Wit is Nature to Advantage dreſs'd"—*
Was ever Thought ſo pithily expreſs'd?
"And ten low Words oft creep in one dull Line"—*
Ah, what a Homily on Yours—and Mine!
Or take—to chooſe at Random—take but This—
"Ten cenſure wrong for one that writes amiſs." *
FR. Pack'd and preciſe, no Doubt. Yet ſurely thoſe
Are but the Qualities we aſk of Proſe.
Was he a POET?
P. Yes: if that be what
Byron was certainly and *Bowles* was not;
Or ſay you grant him (to come nearer Date)
What *Dryden* had that was denied to *Tate*—
FR. Which means, you claim for him the Spark divine,
Yet ſcarce would place him on the higheſt Line—
P. True, there are Claſſes. POPE was moſt of all
Akin to *Horace, Perſius, Juvenal;*
POPE was, like them, the Cenſor of his Age,
An Age more ſuited to Repoſe than Rage;
When Rhyming turn'd from Freedom to the Schools,
And ſhock'd with Licence, ſhudder'd into Rules;
When *Phœbus* touch'd the Poet's trembling Ear
With one ſupreme Commandment, *Be thou Clear;*
When Thought meant leſs to reaſon than compile,
And the *Muſe* labour'd—chiefly with the File.

* See the *Eſſay upon Criticiſm.*

Beneath full Wigs no Lyric drew its Breath
As in the Days of great ELIZABETH;
And to the Bards of ANNA was denied
The Note that *Wordſworth* heard on *Duddon*-ſide.
But POPE took up his Parable, and knit
The Woof of Wiſdom with the Warp of Wit;
He trimm'd the Meaſure on its equal Feet,
And smooth'd and fitted till the Line was neat;
He taught the Pauſe with due Effect to fall;
He taught the Epigram to come at Call;
He wrote—

FR. His *Iliad!*

P. Well, suppoſe you own
You like your *Iliad* in the Proſe of *Bohn*
(Tho' if you'd learn in Proſe how *Homer* ſang
'Twere beſt to learn of *B—tch—r* and of *L—ng*),
—Suppoſe you ſay your Worſt of POPE, declare
His Jewels Paſte, his Nature a Parterre,
His Art but Artifice—I aſk once more
Where have you ſeen ſuch Artifice before?
Where have you ſeen a Parterre better grac'd,
Or Gems that glitter like his Gems of Paſte?
Where can you ſhow, among your Names of Note,
So much to copy and ſo much to quote?
And where, in Fine, in all our Engliſh Verſe,
A Style more trenchant and a Phraſe more terſe?

So I, that love the old *Auguſtan* Time
Of formal Courteſies and formal Rhyme,
That like along the finiſh'd Line to feel
The Ruffle's Flutter and the Flaſh of Steel;
That like my Couplet as Compact as Clear;
That like my Satire ſparkling tho' ſevere,
Unmix'd with Bathos and unmarr'd by Trope,
I fling my Cap for Poliſh—and for POPE!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

A CHILD OF LIGHT.

By Margaret Crosby.

I.

WE stood on the beach, in the dim evening light, our eyes fixed on a sail-boat anchored about twenty yards from where we stood. Max held her muslin dress away from the wet, shining sand and, raising her clear voice, called, "Mr. Duncan!" There was silence for an instant. Pauline paced the beach restlessly.

"I do not believe he is there, Max," she said, "and if you have decoyed me here for nothing it will go hard with you. I am inured to disappointments, but I am not prepared for them here. I expect no sensations of any sort."

I perceived, from Pauline's tone, that the change from the excitement of the city to a lonely settlement on the coast of Massachusetts had not wrought the benefit she had assured me it would; she was still bored.

"He *is* there," asserted Max. "I saw his head over the top of the cabin just now. Mr. Duncan!" she called, still louder.

"All right, Max, I'll be there in a minute," a friendly voice answered from the boat. The dim figure of a man emerged from the cabin, untied the rope of a tiny row-boat fastened to the stern, and, getting into it, pulled rapidly toward the shore.

A few powerful strokes brought him near enough to speak to us, and, resting his oars in the water, he said: "Well, Max, what do you want with me?"

It was still light enough to see that he was a gray-haired man, with keen eyes that looked at us with kindly scrutiny. A gray mustache shaded his mouth. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and it needed only a glance to see that he was a working-man—not a gentleman, in the ordinary acceptation of the term.

"These ladies," said Max, "are going to spend two weeks in the cottage next to ours, and I have brought them down to see you."

The man pulled off his small rough felt-hat with one hand, holding both oars with the other. "I'm glad to see you, ladies. Max won't be as lonely with you to go round with her.

"Come, Max," he continued, "you're wantin' something—I see it in your eyes." His manner was familiar, but I saw that this familiarity was quite unconscious. His voice was musical, but his accent and manner of speaking were that of any down-east fisherman or farmer.

"I *do* want something," said Max. "I want you to take Miss Trent and Miss Leslie sailing, and I am dying to go out in the Queen."

"Now let me see," he returned. "I've a lot of work on hand—boats to paint, and other things to do, but you know, Max, I never refused you anythin'. I can't say exactly when I'll take you, but come down to my shop to-morrow morning and we'll see about it." Then, pointing to the sky, "Did you ever see such a night, ladies? Do you come from the city?"

"Yes," I replied.

"I wonder whether you're a-goin' to be contented here with only nature to study. If you haven't studied her, you'll find her hard to understand at first. You've left splendor, I suppose, but it's splendid misery, after all; that's what I call life in a city, even under the best conditions. Artificial happiness, produced by artificial means. There ain't nothin' of that sort here—it's got to be *real*. There's Max, here," turning to the young girl; "you're happy, ain't you, Max?"

"Of course I am," said Max, laughing. "That's nature's own child, that Max." Then, his tone becoming more colloquial, "Well, good-night, I've got to go back to the Queen."

His little skiff dipped and courtesied over the ripples, and in a moment reached the sail-boat.

"You did not exaggerate, Max," said Pauline, as we walked up the road to our cottage. "Your Mr. Duncan is a curious being. Is all this talk affectation?"

"Just what I was going to ask," I said.

Max looked puzzled and surprised.

"Affectation!" she cried. "Wait till you know Mr. Duncan."

"How still it is here!" exclaimed Pauline. "Rachel, how contented you and Max look. It is irritating to look at you."

"Max is just beginning life, and I have weathered some of my storms," I answered; "you are in the midst of yours, Pauline."

I might have added that her storms were of her own creating, or, rather, the creation of her temperament, but I loved her too well to lose patience with her. Besides, one must be as beautiful as she was to be as much indulged—and as much spoiled.

"I am tired of everything," she had said to me in the city a week before; "if I stay here I shall do something desperate. I have the prospect of a long Newport summer that is worse even than the city. Take me away with you, Rachel, to your out-of-the-way place you told me of; for a week—two weeks—forever!"

The suddenly expressed wish proved to be a strong desire. It was beginning to be uncomfortably warm in town—there was only her mother's consent to win, and a week later found us in a small furnished cottage in the straggling sea-coast village of Slowbridge, with two native servants to minister to our wants. Our only neighbors were little Max Brandon and her mother, old friends who had persuaded me to try Slowbridge for a few weeks.

Our house was a stone's throw from the water, on a grassy bank—a thickly wooded hill rising abruptly behind it. The shore made a deeply curved horse-shoe-shaped bend, forming a picturesque harbor. Our cottage was on one end of the horse-shoe and almost opposite, at the other end of the curve, rose a high, rocky hill that we called the mountain, but which the inhabitants of Slowbridge disrespectfully termed the Hump. We were three-quarters of a mile from the actual village, in the centre of the horse-shoe, which comprised a few white, green-shuttered houses, and the usual country "store." Near the store was a vine-covered house, with several large trees shading it. There was a walk, bordered with a box-hedge over which roses peeped, leading up to the door. Every day the mail was left there by a lumbering stage-coach which ignored the existence of a railroad station close by.

We had not been a day in Slowbridge when Pauline, standing on the piazza watching the boats sweeping over the blue expanse of water, issued the fiat that we must sail. Max Brandon was standing beside her, looking at her with the adoring admiration of seventeen for a beautiful woman six or seven years her senior. Mrs. Brandon was ill, and Max was doing the honors of the place.

"Mr. Duncan will take you out in the Queen," she said, "unless you can sail yourselves."

"Impossible," sighed Pauline; "but who is Mr. Duncan?"

Max answered with her usual vague enthusiasm. He was a saint, the best man in the world. She and her mother could not be happy in Slowbridge if it were not for him. Who was he? and what did he do? Oh! he built boats and made rigging and all that—he would have been very rich if he had patented his inventions, but he would not, because he thought it selfish. He worked for everyone in the place, and took no money for his work. Why not? We must wait until we knew him. He was—just—Mr. Duncan, and she loved him. They had known him since she was twelve, when they first began to spend their summers in Slowbridge. So, *of course*, he called her Max—she would not for worlds put into his head that he should do anything else.

With this we were forced to be content, but in the evening, while strolling down the beach, under Max's guidance, we had made the acquaintance of her hero.

The next day we called for Max, and, going down the road a short distance, found our way up some rickety steps to a little wooden house—one of several

small houses belonging to some of the fishermen of the place. Next to it was a larger building, equally shabby, with a porch and green blinds. This, we were told, was where Mr. Duncan lived, and the little battered building we were approaching was his workshop. As we reached the door, we heard a voice call:

"Come in, Max; come in, ladies. I'm glad to see you."

We entered, and found ourselves in a square room, the floor and walls of unpainted pine, the beams of the roof crossing overhead. The windows were square openings, the sashes having been removed, allowing the sunlight to fill the room and the branches of the rose-bushes out-side to push their way through the open spaces. Looking out, one saw the harbor and the hill opposite, the rocks and trees as distinctly outlined as if they were but a few yards distant. Beyond was the sea, the sun-sparkles glancing on its ripples. The floor was littered with shavings, and on the walls hung the models of boats and rigging and sundry strange inventions, including a flying-machine. Newspaper cuttings and illustrations were tacked and pasted up wherever there was an available space. On a small shelf was a wooden clock and four or five books—one on mechanics, "Darwin's Descent of Man," "The Poetical Works of Pope," and a book on phrenology. They were all worn and thumbed.

Mr. Duncan, in his shirt-sleeves and a blue cotton working-apron, came forward from a long work-table to welcome us, and, dragging forward two chairs and a high stool, begged us to be seated. He went back to the table and planed the model of the boat he was making. By daylight he seemed about forty-five years old. I thought I had never seen a face more intensely alive than his. His stiff, upright, iron-gray locks, his irregular eyebrows, and keen, deep-set, hazel eyes and resolute mouth and chin, gave an impression of strength and vitality. He seemed to be pleased that we had come, and thanked us, as he expressed it, "For the happy influence we throwed over him."

"I'm always thankful for livin'," he said, "and all the more on a day like this, when the sun shines and the birds sing, and when you girls that I feel in sympathy with have come down here to see me."

At the first glance Pauline's beauty arrested him; from time to time he regarded her attentively. Something in the expression of her melancholy eyes seemed to strike him, for he turned suddenly to her, saying abruptly: "I had eyes like yours once—now they're all faded out like my hair and the rest of me. You don't make music of your life like her," pointing to Max, who sat on the stool in the centre of the room with a look of serene content irradiating her face.

Pauline was surprised and amused at this sudden attack, but she answered, seriously, "No, when I try to make music nothing sounds but discord."

"*I* know," he answered. "You're one of the kind that's always beatin' against the bars and strivin' for what they can't reach. You ought to be happy, but you ain't. Why can't you learn, my child, that 'whatever is, is right?' *My* God, that is, *Nature*, has made this world and all the things in it out of the best material she could find, and we're bound to be content, not only with circumstances but with ourselves. Don't fight with yourself or your circumstances; you've got the whole force of nature to crush you if you do. Adapt yourself to life. If you can't have what you want, be content without it. There's other things to do in the world besides gratifying these graspin' minds and selfish bodies of ours."

Incongruous as these words seemed, coming from a country boat-builder, it was impossible not to be impressed by the man's sincerity.

Pauline answered, with naïve frankness: "That is all very well for you, Mr. Duncan. It is easy to see that you have a contented nature, that life is bright to you. But do you never say, 'There is something that I long for, that by rights I should have, and haven't?' Do you never feel that you could have been better if your life and surroundings had been different? Do you never feel—" she hesitated a little—"the injustice of life?"

I was startled at the effect of her words. The blood flamed to the man's

face; the veins stood out on his forehead with what seemed almost physical pain. He stretched out one hand, clinched so tightly that it trembled. "Longings!" he said. "Of course I have 'em, and they make my life a *hell* when I let 'em get the upper hand; but do you think I let *that* happen? No. I say to myself, 'There is so much misery in this world, right here, 'round me, that it would take a thousand lifetimes to set the smallest part of it right, but every day's long enough to make some one person happier and better, and if I don't do that I'm not fit to live'"—here his voice sank almost to a whisper—"and you'll find happiness comes with *that*, my lady—understand?"

He had come across the room as he spoke, his plane still in his hand, and as he ended he stood before Pauline, and a bright smile broke over his face. One of Pauline's charms was the responsive, emotional side of her nature. As Mr. Duncan smiled, her eyes filled with sudden tears, and an answering smile, like that of a child, parted her lips. I looked for some consciousness of the depths that had been stirred in Mr. Duncan's manner as he went back to his bench, but I saw that his mood was habitual, for he began to speak of other things in almost the same breath. The next instant the door-way was darkened by the forms of two men who, as they saw us, hesitated, as if unwilling to enter. They carried fishing-poles in their hands and a large basket of fish.

"So you're back again," said Mr. Duncan, looking toward them; "pretty good luck, too," he added, glancing at the basket of fish. The elder of the two men rubbed his sun-burned face with the sleeve of his coat.

"Yes," he answered, "we're much obliged for the boat. What's the damage? We've been out about four hours, wa'nt it, Jim?" turning to his companion. He was a young fellow with a broad, good-tempered face and a shock of light hair. He kept his eyes fixed on the ground, but stole an occasional surreptitious glance at Pauline. He nodded:

"Shouldn't wonder if 'twas jest about that."

Mr. Duncan turned back to his work-bench.

"Oh! I guess there ain't nothin' to pay," he said, indifferently. "You didn't hurt the boat jest floatin' round in her. We'll see about that next time you're in Slowbridge. I don't like to have my boats paid for," he added to us; "you see they're my playthings in a way, and I don't want to take money for 'em."

The men spoke in low tones together for a minute; then the spokesman said, "Well, we're much obliged, and if you'll just take a couple of these here fish, we'll be very glad."

"Just leave 'em on the step there, and be sure and stop in whenever you're in Slowbridge," answered Mr. Duncan.

"You can calkerlate on that," said he of the red face. The other man contented himself with a grin, that included us all, and walking down the path they disappeared.

Max jumped off her stool. "Mr. Duncan," she cried, "you haven't said when you'll take us sailing yet. You're a fraud. It has got to be soon, for I am going away in three weeks."

She put her head on one side as she spoke, looking at him with distracting coquetry.

"Ah!" he said, "when Max calls me a fraud, I can't resist her. I'll take you—let's see, to-day's Wednesday, I've got some painting to do on the Queen—I'll take you Monday. So you're goin' away in three weeks, are you, Max? What am I goin' to do without you? When Max goes, my sun sets—still I ain't afraid. Neither time nor space can separate us. There's an understanding between me and Max that will be the same all through this life, even if we was never to see each other again. It'll last this life out and into the next; she gives me sunshine and I do what I can for her. She used to think we was a long way apart, but one day last year we sat on the wall down there," pointing out of the window, "and the dear child's heart gushed out in words that were so beautiful that I couldn't give you any idea of 'em, and we found that we wasn't so far apart, after all. Nature, that's all the God *I* have, and *her* God—that don't seem to me to be like the God I used to hear preached about when I was a boy—teaches us the same thing, even though

we believe different. That's so, ain't it, Max?"

Max looked at him affectionately.

"You must not say that—you really believe just as I do. It is only that you have some foolish ideas,—but they don't make you *do* anything foolish," she added, hastily, as if fearing to give us a false impression; then, looking at the clock, she exclaimed, "Oh! Pauline, Miss Rachel, it is dinner-time, and I must go—you can stay here if you want."

We said we would go with her.

Mr. Duncan came to the steps with us; at the top, resting one hand on her hip and the other on the rail, stood a tall, raw-boned woman, dressed in the inevitable dark calico-gown of New England. She had a coarse, savagely ill-tempered face; her red hair was drawn tightly away from her forehead and twisted in a knot at the back of her head; she stared immovably at us. Max bowed to her, and hurried down the steps.

"I'd like to introduce you to my wife," said Mr. Duncan. "Ellen, these two ladies have come to stay in the house next to Mrs. Brandon's." The woman made no reply, but continued to stare at us. Her silence was so confusing, and something in her expression so repulsive, that after some meaningless words of greeting I went down the steps, followed by Pauline. Max was waiting for us at the foot, and together we walked down the road.

"What a terrible-looking woman," cried Pauline. "Oh! Max, it can't be that she is that man's wife?"

Max nodded her head gravely. We soon drew from her all that she knew about Mr. Duncan's life. He had come to Slowbridge from Maine many years before with his wife. It was currently reported in the neighborhood that her ignorance and violence would have led her to almost any crime, had it not been that her husband's influence held her in check; he treated her, as he did everyone else, with chivalrous unselfishness. "Any other woman," concluded Max, "would have been changed and softened by him long ago, but his life with her is like the life of a man who guards a fierce blood-hound by his voice and eye, and is never allowed to chain him."

We parted with Max at her gate, going on to our own cottage, our thoughts keeping us silent. When we reached the cool, shady parlor, Pauline sank into the depths of a large arm-chair, her draperies falling about her; her cheeks glowed, and she pushed back the hair that clustered in dusky rings on her forehead.

"Rachel," she said, abruptly, "you do not know how insignificant I seem in my own eyes—I shall not dare to complain of anything after this morning."

The next few days were spent in discovering the beauties of Slowbridge; we drove about in a small pony-phaëton, our drives taking us through a rocky, hilly country, wild and picturesque—sometimes through miles of shrub-oak, the narrow road lined on either side with pink-and-white laurel.

Mrs. Brandon was better after the first week, and I was much with her, leaving Pauline to Max's guardianship. I found that Mr. Duncan did all the small repairing and tinkering of the house, and Max was constantly making excuses to run down to his workshop with broken umbrellas, work-boxes, jewellery—anything that needed mending. He steadfastly refused all pay for his work, and Mrs. Brandon demurred against taking so much of his time, but it seemed to be his wish and to please him, and thus it had grown into a habit. Pauline usually went with Max, and came back each time impressed with his original character. She described how one day, on going to his shop, they found him shaving. They hesitated at the door, but he begged them to come in, saying that they would not disturb him—he could shave quite as well if they were there! Then, standing with his shaving-brush in one hand and his razor in the other, he continued to shave, talking of everything in heaven and earth, utterly unconscious of any incongruity.

Once, when he was trying to expound one of his curious theories, he said: "I can't explain what I mean to you now; it's clear in my mind—but I can't say it, I haven't studied it as you have—but I'd like to meet you at sunrise, on the top of a high mountain, when all disturbing influences was far away—then

my intellect could meet yours—there'd be sparks, but there'd be tears too."

"I cannot fathom the mystery of this man's life," Pauline said to me one day. "He has naturally a fine mind, but, instead of cultivating it, he has wasted his life in this obscure place. The people here say he could have been very rich if he had cared to make money, but he seems to have no ambition, except to be kind. I wonder why he married that woman."

Monday came, and in the early part of the afternoon we started for our sail with Mr. Duncan. Just before we left the house Stephen Gair arrived. He had followed Pauline, as I was sure he would. We had not expected him, and when he appeared in our little parlor Pauline greeted him with fine coolness. I was glad to see him, and showed that I was. It was impossible to help liking and respecting him. He was fair and large, with short, crisply curling, light-brown hair, and a mustache of a lighter shade, pale-brown skin, and slightly satirical gray eyes. By the way these eyes rested upon Pauline, I saw that this time it was to be all or nothing with him. "Why should she not care for him?" I asked myself a dozen times that day.

I invited him to join us on our sail, and with Max we went down to the beach, where Mr. Duncan waited in the same tiny boat in which we had first seen him. "Baby" was painted in gold letters on the stern.

"Why did you name her Baby?" asked Pauline.

"Because the little darlin's all the baby I have," he answered.

One at a time, he rowed us out to the Queen, which shone with new paint. She was a miracle of neatness and luxury, from the snowy sail and brass-bound steering wheel, to the small cabin, with its long seats on either side, cushioned with dark-red leather and lighted by square port-holes, each with a red curtain on a brass rod.

Mr. Duncan's workshop was for himself, and was bare and uncomfortable; his sail-boat was for others, and it was characteristic of the man to make it as attractive as possible. We had a stiff breeze for our start, and the invigorating air and crisp, musical rush and swirl of the water against the sides of the boat cleared and refreshed our minds and loosened our tongues. We all talked and laughed like children. Mr. Duncan interested Gair, and Gair pleased Mr. Duncan. Pauline became whimsically merry—she pulled off her hat and gloves, and sat in the sun that she might be burned; the wind blew the little curls first over, then away from, her low forehead. Once or twice Gair tried to draw her into a tête-à-tête, lowering his voice a little, but she did not choose to notice his wish. As the afternoon waned, the wind sank almost to a calm, and with its cessation our merry talk died into silence. Our spirits, bathed in that atmosphere of "golden afternoon," forgot past and future, and dreamed only in that peaceful moment. Pauline, saying she was tired, threw herself on the cushions of the cabin, her pale, dark-eyed beauty shining like a star against their deep red wine-tints.

I sat on the low ledge formed by the roof of the cabin, and Gair left the lower part of the boat and, coming up by me, lay at full length beside me with the ease and grace that strength and perfect proportion give to a man. Through the open skylight we saw Pauline on her cushions, Max curled up on the floor carelessly turning over the leaves of the volume of Tennyson Pauline had brought with her, and Mr. Duncan by the idle wheel. Gair watched Pauline under his hat-brim, making the while a pretence of talking to me. We talked idly, drifting from one thing to another, and finally touched on death.

"It's somethin' I can't understand," said Mr. Duncan, reflectively, "that, born as we are to die, with death always around us, we should think of it as somethin' that we have heard of, that exists, but ain't ever comin' to us. This mornin' I was up on the Hump at sunrise, and I saw a leaf fall off the top branch of one of those trees—it dingle-dangled down, touchin' first this leaf, then that, as it fell, sayin', 'Good-by, brother, good-by, sister, I'm goin', I'm goin';' then it touched the ground, and returned to the earth from whence it came, but the other leaves heeded it not. It was my mornin' lesson."

"Do you care for poetry?" asked Pauline.

"I haven't time for readin'," he answered, "but my mother used to read Pope, and I've read some of that."

Pauline raised herself from her cushions, the light of a sudden purpose dawning in her eyes.

"Give me the Tennyson," she said to Max. She turned the pages dubiously for an instant; then, stopping at "Tithonus," she handed the book to Max, saying, "Read that; it is just the day for poetry."

Max obeyed her slightest whim, and, settling herself more easily, began to read. One of the results of her perfect physical organism was a rich, full voice—she read without any attempt at dramatic power, but slowly and intelligently. The myth is familiar. "Aurora forgot to ask for youth for her lover, and though Tithonus is immortal, he is old."

The grand lines swept on majestically, with the undertone of the ripples, as they broke against the boat.

"The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapors weep their burden to the ground,
Man comes and tills the fields and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only, cruel immortality
Consumes." . . . . . .

From the first word Mr. Duncan listened almost breathlessly, his face changing and glowing at the pictures the lines unfolded. At the words—

"Alas! for this gray shadow, once a man,"

he suddenly covered his eyes with his hand, and the blood slowly mounted to his forehead, flushing the skin under his gray hair. Pauline watched him intently—I felt that the experiment was almost cruel. Why open a vista of unimagined beauty and art to him, only to mark the contrast with his narrow life?

As Max ended he moved his hand from his eyes; they were full of tears.

"Beautiful," he said, with a long inspiration of his breath; "that's poetry that I never even dreamed of, but it made me think of myself, withered as I am, forcin' myself in on you young people."

"You don't force yourself, you have your own place," Max interpolated, impulsively.

He scarcely noticed her, but went on, with passionate bitterness:

"Why am I old? what makes me old? Just because my atoms are wearing out, when my heart and mind are just as young as they ever was, must they in time fade and lose color as my eyes and hair have?"

All his past youth was stirred within him. Pauline was inexorable: "Read 'Locksley Hall,' Max." Familiar as the poem was, it seemed to me that I had never felt its beauty before. Max's young, fresh voice made the sad words sadder yet.

"O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!"

All through the last verses, Mr. Duncan became more engrossed.

"That's grand," he murmured, when there was silence again. "All that first part is beautiful—but it's only the moanin' of a love-sick boy, after all. I've been through all of that. The end's where he finds *himself*, and is a man again—perhaps if he 'ed married that girl he was so fond of he wouldn't a' been so happy as he thought he would. There's some natures can love their ideal better than they ever could anythin' real. Love is a strange thing," he continued, meditatively, looking from Max to Pauline, as if contrasting them; "Max'll love some lucky fellow some day, and make him happy—she'd be willin' to be a helpmeet—You're different," turning to Pauline, "you're different—you've had many impressions, but you've never loved yet. You give a great deal of heaven to others, but you don't get much yourself in return."

"You are right," said Pauline, in a low voice; "what you have said about me is true."

At this moment Gair, who had not ceased to look at Pauline, made an abrupt movement, pushing his hat farther over his eyes.

Max had relapsed into a brown study; then her childish voice broke the silence:

"Mr. Duncan, why did you marry Mrs. Duncan?"

This question came like a flash of lightning in its suddenness. Pauline and Max looked intently at him.

"Well," he said, slowly, "I don't know as I mind tellin' you."

I think he had forgotten the presence of Gair and myself, and was only conscious of the two earnest faces near him.

"When I was a little fellow," he continued, with many breaks and hesitations, twisting one of the brass knobs of the steering-wheel round and round in his hand as he spoke, "my father died, and me and my mother was left alone. We was very poor, and I used to work at anythin' I could find; and I managed to keep our heads above water. We lived in a village on the coast of Maine, near Portland. I worked at boat-building from the time I was ten years old. When I was eighteen, one of the men I worked with died from too hard drinkin' and livin', and as his wife had died before, the same way, and there weren't no one to take care of her, I took his girl home to my mother. She was an unfortunate child, for she had a wild, unreasoning temper; but it weren't altogether her fault, for she was born with the curse of her father's and mother's lives upon her. When she was fifteen or sixteen she got a place in a factory near our village, and after that she got into bad company and things went on from bad to worse. She was always in trouble. No one would stand by her but me; I'd undertook to look after her—Nature hadn't been as generous to her as to some, and I was sorry for her. 'Tweren't long before she was turned out of the factory for quarrellin' with some of the operatives. Then things got so I didn't seem to have no influence over her, and at last she went off with some circus folks which were in the place. For three years after that I couldn't find out nothin' about her, and in those three years, what with boat-buildin' and other things, I got on pretty well—better than I ever hoped for. Then my mother died, and then——"

He stopped abruptly here, and passed his hand across his eyes, his face twitching with emotion—then he went on:

"I guess there ain't any of us doesn't have one time in their lives when they're happy, or think they're goin' to be—no common happiness, but somethin' more. I went through all my love and passion then, and—well—nothin' came of it. I was goin' to be married. I ain't goin' to talk about *her*. I thought the understandin' between us was one of those that was goin' to last all the way through space. One afternoon, not long before I was goin' to be married, I went home after work, and went up to my room. It was dusk, but it was light enough for me to see that there was a woman standin' just inside the door. It was Ellen come back to me. There ain't no use tellin' you all about it. 'Twould do no good. She looked wild and hunted. There was a danger hangin' over her that the shadow of ain't gone yet. I kept her with me. She weren't changed from what she had been, but she hadn't no one to come to, so she'd come to me. Though she was wild and fierce, I wasn't afraid of her doin' nothin' so long as I was with her. It seemed sometimes as if I throwed an influence over her that made her more gentle. The end of it was that I had to give up bein' married, or turn Ellen off. What did those verses say? 'My Amy, shallow-hearted.' Perhaps she was—but—I can't blame her, neither." His eyes rested on Pauline's face. "If she'd had a nature like yours and loved me, she couldn't a-given me up—but she hadn't. I couldn't leave Ellen to herself, and that burden was too heavy for *her* shoulders, so she gave me up. I'll make no odds about the way I felt to Ellen. There weren't no sympathy between us, but she was alone, and I was the only person in the world to stand between her and mortal danger."

The rays of the setting sun shone on his face as he went on, the last words seemingly drawn from him by Pauline's magnetic eyes.

"I had to take her away. 'Tweren't safe to keep her where she was known. Before we went away we was married. It was the only thing I could do. I won't say I've been what folks call *happy*, or that I'm that now. I don't mind makin' sacrifices to make her happy, but it's been hard to live a lie, to be a different man from what I might have been. If I'd got educated more and got up in the world, I couldn't have taken her along with me. It wouldn't have worked. I'd have had to leave her to sink, so I didn't do it. But I don't complain.

Life and Nature has throwed me and her together. '*Whatever is, is right*,' as Pope says. If I don't do everything in my power to make her better and happier, even to the sacrifice of my life, I'm not worth anythin'. What does it matter if I don't have what I want now? There's always plenty to do in this world, and there's the whole of immortality for me to live a different life in, if I need it. Some has their development begun in this life, others must wait till the next."

His face had been troubled, but as he ceased to speak he smiled. The last glow of the sun was on his face, but there was a brighter radiance than that, for we saw that the soul of the man smiled also.

I heard Gair mutter, under his breath, "Upon my word, the man is a hero!" Then a hush came over us. The twilight fell rapidly—we neared our wharf. Mr. Duncan was on his feet, an oar in his hands, keeping the bow of the boat off the stones. Almost silently we landed.

Mr. Duncan shook hands with Pauline as she left the boat, saying, as he held out his rough hand, "My hand may soil yours, but my spirit won't." As Pauline took his hand their eyes met in a look of deep comprehension which swept away all accidents of age, education, and circumstance, and made their souls equal.

Max went home, but Gair stayed to tea with us. Pauline was silent and abstracted, and he watched her anxiously. When tea was over they went out and walked up and down on the grass in the still June darkness until I was tired of waiting for them. The bells of the little church on the hill, ringing for some evening service, broke the murmuring of their voices and then died away into silence again. At last they came in. Pauline went to the open window and stood looking out on the harbor, a graceful shape against the shadowy darkness. Gair crossed the room to me, where I sat at the table with my work. He was very pale, and shaded his eyes with his hand, as if the light of the lamp dazzled him.

"I am off to-morrow, Miss Trent," he said, "and shall not see you again; so I will say good-by now. Thank you for all your kindness."

He held out his hand, and as it touched mine I felt that it was as cold as ice. He went to the window, where Pauline stood motionless.

"Good-by, Miss Leslie."

"Good-by, Mr. Gair."

Their fingers barely touched; I felt that this farewell was only a form, and that the real one had been said before. The next minute we heard his footsteps brushing the grass outside.

Pauline left the window with a sudden, impulsive movement, and went out on the little porch. "Mr. Gair!" I heard her say, breathlessly. He could not have heard her, for the next instant I heard his quick footsteps die away on the road.

She came in, and, running swiftly upstairs, I heard her door shut. I did not see her again that night. "She must care for him," I thought, "but why has she sent him away?"

II.

The next day Max went away. The night of her departure the wind rose, moaning and whistling around the house. I could not sleep, but lay awake through the long hours until the morning dawned. When I looked out of the window it was blowing a gale, the rain falling in torrents. The turmoil out of doors roused all that was venturesome in Pauline's spirit.

"We must go out," she said. "I love a storm like this!" I noticed that she was unusually pale. After breakfast, dressed in our roughest clothes, we went to the edge of the bank, clinging to each other as the wind almost swept us away by its furious blast. It roared so loudly in our ears that we could scarcely hear each other speak. Even sheltered as we were by the curve of the harbor, the waves broke high up on the beach, the spray dashing up and drenching us where we stood. Sky and water were a uniform tint of leaden-gray, the waves flecked with angry foam. None of the fishing-boats had gone out, that morning, but were safely anchored close inshore. Far away on the water beyond the harbor, near the rocks at the foot of the hill, was one tiny sail-boat, pitching wildly on the waves. Pauline went

to the house for a field-glass. With its help we saw that there was only one man in it. There was a certain fascination in watching this solitary atom of humanity. Either he did not know how to manage his boat or his strength was not equal to the fury of the storm, for he seemed to make no headway against the wind.

"He is sailing dangerously near those rocks," said Pauline. "Why doesn't he go farther out?"

"He cannot," I said. "Do you see, the wind drives him back every time he tries to tack?"

A short distance down the beach we saw Davis and Miles, two of the Slowbridge fishermen, standing together. They seemed to be watching the same boat that had engrossed us. By a mutual impulse we went down the bank and joined them. As we came up Miles uttered a sudden exclamation:

"He'll be lost, sure as death. He'll never round the point in this gale, managing the boat the way he does. More fool, to go out on such a day!"

Davis looked uneasily at the boat.

"I'd go out myself, and bring him back with me," he said, "but there's not time enough. Five minutes'll settle it, now, and it would take me most that to get my boat ready. Old sailor as I am, I dunno as I'd get over there at all."

At this moment we heard Mr. Duncan's voice behind us.

"Look here, my men," he called, cheerily; "that fellow out there's in trouble. Bear a hand and help me get the Queen ready. I'm goin' out after him."

As I looked at him I saw that his face was filled with a curious look of happiness, as though he had some pleasure before him.

"'Taint no manner of use," said Davis. "There ain't time enough to help that feller now. A miracle would save him now and nothin' else. I guess the best thing we can do is to pray for him."

Mr. Duncan looked at him, a half-smile lighting his eyes.

"You can stand here if you like and pray all day, and I'm afraid he'd drown," he said, dryly. "I've progressed out of that sort of prayin'—*when I pray, I pray with both hands.* You needn't help me, neither," he resumed, in his usual kindly manner. "The Baby's there to go out to the Queen in, and two of us might swamp the cunnin' little darlin' in this sea. You oughtn't to be out on a day like this," he added, turning to us. "Delicate flowers like you is meant for sunny days; go home with quiet hearts and peaceful minds and I'll get that fellow back safe, if it's a possible thing."

I felt tempted to beg him not to risk his life on so faint a chance of giving any assistance, but the quiet determination in his face kept me silent.

His little boat lay on the beach near us. He pushed her into the water, jumped in, and rowed away; the tiny thing tossing like a shaving on the waves. He reached the Queen, got in, fastened the Baby to the stern, double-reefed the sail, and started, scudding like lightning before the wind. She plunged wildly, and took in water at every wave. I watched breathlessly. At last she neared the other boat, now perfectly unmanageable—the mast was broken, and every instant she was driven nearer the rocks.

"He won't get there," said Miles, "but it's just like him to go on the chance."

Pauline had the glass. Her face was pale with excitement.

"He has reached him!" she said, "and he has thrown him a rope"—she breathed a sigh of relief—"he has it now, and Mr. Duncan is dragging him into the boat! He is safe!"

A minute later we saw the now empty boat dash against the rocks and then disappear in a mass of foaming waves.

"Just in time!" said Davis; he continued, with an air of self-justification, "I must say, now, I didn't think there *was* time to get 'way out there."

Miles said nothing. Taking out a paper of tobacco and a clay pipe, he filled and lit it, and puffed away in silence, preserving an air of indifference. We watched silently as the Queen tacked and headed for the spot where we stood. On she came. I only saw one man's form, standing alone near the tiller. When they were near enough for Pauline to see who this figure was, she suddenly handed me the glass, her face paling and flushing with some deep emotion.

"It is Stephen Gair," she said.

"Where is Mr. Duncan?" We waited as the boat neared the shore. Then we saw Mr. Duncan. He half sat, half lay, in the stern of the boat. His face was very white, his forehead bleeding from a deep gash. Gair helped Mr. Duncan, with some trouble, into the small boat and rowed to the beach. With help from Miles and Davis they landed and came toward us, their clothes dripping. Mr. Duncan was leaning on Gair's arm, walking with difficulty. As they neared us, Mr. Duncan freed himself from Gair's support. The young man left him and went straight to Pauline and held out his hand. She put hers in it, unhesitatingly, but her eyes fell before his and the same transcendent color rose again in her face. I could not help overhearing their words.

"I thought you had gone," she said, confusedly. He still held her hand.

"I thought a few minutes ago I did not care very much for life," he said, "but now——"

I turned to Mr. Duncan. He stood watching Gair and Pauline, unregardful of his bleeding forehead, with the same look of inarticulate pain in his eyes that one sees sometimes in the eyes of a wounded animal. Pauline left Gair and went toward him.

"Thank God! you have come back," she said. "You have hurt your forehead. Here is my handkerchief. You must stop the bleeding." She held out her handkerchief with the look of a pitying Madonna.

Mr. Duncan took it and looked at it reverentially. He held it in his hand without putting it to his forehead.

"The boom hit me the last time I tacked," he said. He looked at her earnestly. "I told you I'd bring him back safe. I didn't know who I was savin' till I got over there, but I'm just as glad 'twas him and no other. He didn't seem as happy about gettin' back here as he might, but I told him he was worth somethin' more than drownin' yet awhile, and I guess he's found it out. He'd better go home and get somethin' dry on, I reckon. I'm goin' up to my shop to tie my head up," he added, smiling. "Go back to the house, you and Miss Trent; 'tain't no day for you."

He turned away as he spoke, and took three unsteady steps; then he fell suddenly, before Gair could reach him.

Gair lifted his head on his knee.

"He was hurt more than I imagined," he said to us. "That boom gave him a pretty sharp blow. He has fainted."

But Mr. Duncan's eyes opened.

"No!" he said, "I'm all right. I was kinder dizzy for a minute—that's all. I'll go home now."

Gair helped him up the bank, with only a last word to Pauline. "I shall see you to-morrow," he said.

We saw them no more that day. Later we learned that Mr. Duncan was not severely hurt. . . .

The next morning was still and sunny. The shining harbor seemed to sleep under the clear, pale blue of the sky. I came down to my late breakfast hoping to find Pauline, but instead there was only a little twisted note on my plate.

"I have breakfasted and have gone for a walk; I shall be back before long."

My bewilderment at this new departure was dispelled by the maid, who told me that Miss Leslie had gone out walking—with the gentleman who had taken tea with us two nights before! While I waited, a telegram was brought to me. I opened it. Pauline's mother was ill and lonely, and wanted her to come home at once.

More than an hour passed, and at last Pauline came home with Gair. He left her at the gate, and when she came to me she had no need to tell me anything. The restlessness of her expression was gone, and in her eyes I read of a new world of deep trust and romance that had been opened to her. After a few words of congratulation, I told her of her mother's telegram.

"I must go home to-day, Rachel," she said.

She left with Gair by the noon-day train, in a maze of bewildered happiness.

"We will stop and say good-by to Mr. Duncan," she said, as we left the house.

Gair hurriedly looked at his watch. There was just time to catch the train.

"I must see him!" she said, impetuously.

"It's impossible!" declared Gair, "unless we wait until to-morrow. We can,

if you wish." He laid his hand on hers and waited for her answer. She wavered for an instant.

"No, I ought to go," she said, "I am needed at home. I am not afraid that Mr. Duncan will think I have forgotten him; but tell him, Rachel, that I never shall."

Two or three days passed. Mrs. Brandon joined Max, and I was alone. Slowbridge had lost its charm for me, and I made preparations to go away. Before my departure I went down to Mr. Duncan's shop to say good-by to him. I found him surrounded by a troop of children. He was fitting a mast and sails to a tiny boat for them. His forehead was scarred from the blow he had received, and he seemed quieter than usual. He came out on the steps to speak to me.

"I can't get accustomed yet to having Max gone," he said. "When you're writing to her, just twist my love up in the curliest part of your letter, and send it to her."

When I told him that Pauline, too, had left Slowbridge, and gave him her message, he listened quietly, but a shadow that was on his face deepened.

"So she's gone! Well, she was a bright vision for me—too bright to last, perhaps. I'm sorry not to see her again. I'm sorry, too, that she won't have another sail in the Queen," he added, simply; "I put up a shelf for her poetry-book, for I didn't like to see a book like that lyin' round on the floor. She is a grand creature, and I'm thankful to Nature for creatin' such a being, and thankful that I could see her. That Gair's a good fellow, I guess. She'll find her fittin's with him, but she'll have a good many struggles always. Death does more for such as her than life does"—he paused—"That *dear* Miss Leslie," he went on, with an indescribable emphasis on the word dear; "so her real life has begun! Well, there's a way of livin' life out to the end, and gettin' the good and the happiness that there is in it, if we can only give up strivin' for everything for ourselves, and instead live for the gropin' humanity around us, helpin' it nearer the Light."

There was a depth of benevolence in his expression as he spoke that swept away the lines wrought by disappointment, and showed the true spirit of the man.

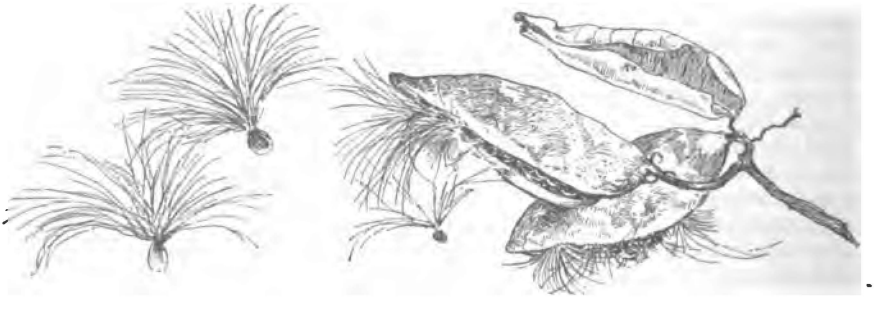
"What do you mean by the light?" I asked.

"I don't rightly know," he answered, slowly; "sometimes I think I'm learnin', but I guess I'm like Miss Leslie. Death is goin' to do more for me than Life."

"Shall I give Miss Leslie any message from you?" I said.

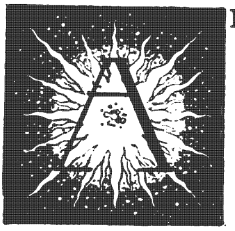
He gave me a strange look, half humorous, half sad, wholly controlled.

"No," he answered. "My heart's gone with her;" he paused for a moment, "and my common-sense too; but I am going to get *that* back."



MODERN EXPLOSIVES.

By Charles E. Munroe.



MONG the more commonly occurring natural phenomena there are probably few with whose action man is more conversant than with that of ordinary combustion; and the fact that it is a source of both heat and light was early recognized and applied to his use and comfort; yet scarcely more than a century has elapsed since the origin and cause of this phenomenon was discovered, and it was found to be but a very simple case of chemical union. It is necessary to have only a combustible substance like the carbon in coal, or the carbon and hydrogen in vegetable matter and oils, and to mix it with oxygen, as it exists in the air, and to heat the bodies up to the temperature at which chemical union begins, to produce combustion; and once started the action will continue as long as the materials are supplied in the proper proportions, and the temperature of ignition is maintained. A marked result of this combustion is the production of invisible, highly heated gases, whose volume, when unconfined, is many times greater than that of the substances from which they are formed; but if confined, these gases exert pressure and do work upon the confining envelope.

It is well known that if the combustible is comminuted so that it presents a larger surface to the air, the speed of combustion is very much accelerated, and it may give rise to so rapid a production of gas that the confining walls are ruptured and the surrounding air is violently disturbed. Still, few would imagine, as they watch the coal quietly glow and consume away in the grate, that there are present all the materials necessary for producing an explosion; yet such is the case, and it has been found that the ignition of coal-dust laden air is a not infrequent source of disastrous explosions in coal mines.

What has occurred with coal may occur with any combustible solid which is finely pulverized and suspended in air, and in this manner the explosions of flour which destroyed several flour mills in Minneapolis in 1878 are accounted for. The explosions of sawdust in the Pullman car shops and at Geldowsky's furniture factory, the explosions of starch in a New York candy factory, of rice in rice mills, and of dust in breweries and spice mills, are among the many examples of the action of a similar cause; but perhaps the most unusual case of this class of explosions was that of finely powdered zinc, which occurred in 1854 at the Bethlehem zinc works.

Since there are many liquids which are combustible, and among them many which are readily volatilized and thus easily mixed with air, they are very often the cause of explosions. Among the more commonly used liquids of this nature are the illuminating oils, alcohols, ethers, turpentine, and the liquid hydrocarbons. The more readily volatile the liquids are and the lower their points of ignition, the more dangerous they become; therefore the lighter petroleum products, such as benzine and naphtha, are especially dangerous, and have been the cause of numerous explosions. The danger attending their use is pretty generally recognized, yet, owing to carelessness or to the occurrence of these substances in unexpected places, they are still the cause of many accidents. Two British men-of-war, the Doterel and the Triumph, have been blown up, owing to the presence on board of a dryer for paints of which benzine formed a part; and the serious explosion in Pawtucket, and the still more disastrous one in Rochester, arose from naphtha's having been permitted to escape into the sewers. The method of conveying volatile inflammable liquids through underground conduits, which has obtained in the lat-

ter city, cannot be too strongly condemned.

Explosions of mixtures of illuminating gas, or of the gas from coal in mines, and air are of too frequent occurrence to require comment, other than that they illustrate still more markedly that explosion results when combustible matter and oxidizing agents are very intimately mixed and ignited. They illustrate also the effect of intimate mixing; for when these bodies are mixed in the best proportions, the speed with which the combustion is propagated becomes so great that the combustion of the whole mass occupies an almost inappreciable period of time. This feature is most marked in the case of the gaseous mixture which is produced when water is decomposed by the electric current. This mixture contains hydrogen, the most combustible and one of the most inflammable substances known, intimately mixed with oxygen in precisely the proportions necessary for the production of the most stable compound of the two. As a consequence the speed of combustion is so rapid that the mixture explodes with such extreme violence as to have received the name of detonating gas.

From these examples it becomes evident that combustion, once started, will go on if we maintain the temperature of the burning body at or above its point of ignition, and supply it with sufficient oxygen; and it appears as a natural consequence that, under these circumstances, combustion may be maintained out of contact with the air. Fortunately, there are a large number of substances, among them the nitrates and the chlorates, which contain considerable amounts of oxygen, and which give it up with comparative readiness when heated. To produce an explosive mixture it is only necessary to mix a combustible with one of these salts in such proportions as will produce the most complete combustion. It is in this way that gunpowder is prepared; and the standard powder consists of seventy-five parts of potassium nitrate, fifteen parts of charcoal, and ten parts of sulphur, the latter being added to reduce the point of ignition of the mixture. The somewhat complicated process of manufacture is followed for the purpose of mixing the materials most intimately together and then separating the mass into fragments or grains of such size and form as experience has shown to be most suitable for the use to which the powder is to be put. Thus if a quick-burning powder is required, the grains will be very small and the density very low; while for a slow-burning powder, such as is required for our modern high-power guns, the grains will be large and the density high. The form of the grains affects their rate of combustion, since they burn superficially; and therefore, in the large-grained powders (which are used in quantities as large as 850 pounds for a single charge of a modern gun) this feature becomes a matter of great importance.

When gunpowder is burned the temperature rises to about 4,000° F., and the heated gases which are produced, if unconfined, have a volume several hundred times as great as the original volume of the gunpowder; but if confined in the space originally occupied by the gunpowder, they exert, according to Abel and Nobel, a pressure of about 95,000 pounds on the square inch—the total energy of a pound of powder being a little under 500 foot-tons. The energy manifested by exploding gunpowder has led many persons to imagine that this substance might be economically utilized as a motive power, and engines have been devised for this purpose; but a comparison of its potential energy with that of coal shows that, for equal weights, gunpowder possesses but one-tenth of the energy of coal, and that its potential energy does not equal even that of the carbon which forms one of its own constituents; while, moreover, its oxygen is supplied in a very expensive form. Besides, in its use in modern guns the actual energy realized is only from one-tenth to one-fifth of the theoretical amount.

While this mixture represents the standard gunpowder, there are many other compositions in use, one of the more recent being the brown prismatic powder known as cocoa powder. This differs from standard powder in the proportions of its constituents, and also in containing carbohydrates such as sugar or imperfectly burned charcoal, in place

of the thoroughly burned charcoal usually employed.

Blasting powder, which is the most extensively used of these mixtures, contains sodium nitrate, but this salt absorbs moisture from the atmosphere, and powder made from it soon becomes damp unless carefully protected. However, as the salt is found native in enormous quantities in Peru it is very cheap, and therefore the powder is used in commercial undertakings. Potassium chlorate, a salt which gives up its oxygen more readily and completely than the nitrates, has been proposed by Berthollet as a substitute for them; but powders containing it have been found so sensitive to percussion and friction as to be extremely dangerous to handle, while they were so brusque in their action, when used for propulsion, as to endanger the gun.

The next variation is wrought when the oxidizing agent is chemically united, by the intervention of another element, with the combustible substance. Existing, as these elements do, in the same molecule, they are in more intimate and uniform contact than they can be in a mechanical mixture such as gunpowder, and hence the explosive reaction can go on with greater readiness. An example of such substances is found in the "picrates," which contain carbon and hydrogen united by nitrogen to oxygen.

The so-called "picric acid" was discovered by Hausmann in 1788, and may be made by the action of concentrated nitric acid on "carbolic acid." The "picric acid" thus formed is a brilliant yellow crystalline solid, which is quite insoluble in water, possesses an intensely bitter taste, and imparts a bright yellow color to animal tissues. Through its reactions with various metallic salts we obtain a great variety of brilliantly colored, highly crystalline compounds, known as "picrates," which are explosive—the most violent explosive among them being the "potassium picrate." As, however, the oxygen present in these compounds is not sufficient in quantity for the complete combustion of the carbon and hydrogen present, the "picrates" must be mixed with oxidizing agents in order to obtain the greatest effect from their explosion, and the nitrates or chlorates have been used for this purpose. Mixtures so made, under the name of Designolle's or Brugère's powder, have been used in guns as a substitute for gunpowder, but they were much too violent and only served to emphasize, what has repeatedly been demonstrated, that gunpowder is as powerful an explosive as can, at present, be advantageously employed for a propelling agent in guns, and that our efforts should be spent in developing this agent rather than in seeking for a substitute.

Nevertheless, substitutes are constantly being proposed, and certain of them, such as Schultze's powder, sawdust powder, and the like, which contain a species of gun-cotton made from wood, mixed with other combustible substances and nitrates, have found a limited use for sporting purposes because they generate but little smoke, impart but a slight recoil, produce but a mild report, and leave little or no residuum to foul the piece. These are all decided advantages for a sporting powder, and in many cases would be desirable in a military powder; but, unfortunately, these powders sometimes develop such abnormal pressures as to burst the gun, and this is a condition which is more likely to obtain in great guns than in fowling-pieces or muskets; and in muskets, which are fired so rapidly during an engagement as to become quite warm, than in fowling-pieces, which are discharged so infrequently that the barrel remains cool.

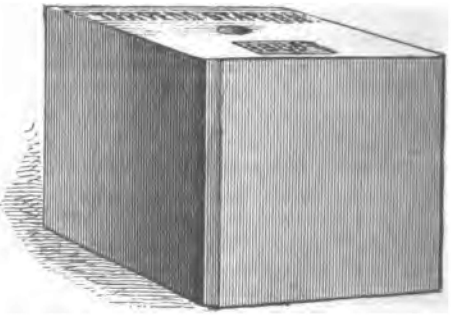
Of course the inventors of new powders claim that their product is free from all the defects, and possesses all the good features, of the powders in use, together with others which are still more desirable. There is, however, probably none for which such remarkable properties have been claimed as are claimed for one recently heralded from Russia, under the various names of Silotvaar, Sleetover, or Lectover. It is claimed for this powder that, while it "possesses a penetrative force ten times superior to that of ordinary cannon powder, its explosion produces neither fumes nor smoke, and is not attended with any detonation;" and that "another great superiority which it possesses over all the known explosives of the dynamite class is that when fired

its force does not strike downward, but entirely in a forward direction, so that it can be used for all the purposes of cannon and musket charges to which ordinary gunpowder is now applied, without any damage whatever to the weapon from which it is discharged. It is stated, in fact, that ball cartridges loaded with it have been fired out of card-board barrels, as a test, without the least injury to the latter."

In spite of the fact that this powder appears to act in direct violation of the well-established third law of motion, its claims have received such credence that one of the English reviews has published an article to show how much more imminent the Russian invasion of India has become, now that the Russians possess this peculiar explosive which may be fired from paper guns.

Inspection of the claims for this powder shows that the statement that its force strikes entirely in a forward direction is joined with the implication that explosives of the dynamite class strike downward. It is a popular belief that the effect of exploding gunpowder is exerted upward, while that of the modern high explosives is downward, but nothing could be farther from the truth. The error arises from observations having been made only on masses of explosives fired when freely exposed upon the ground, or upon some support. Then the only visible effect usually produced by the high explosive was that exhibited by the support, but could the spectator, at the moment of explosion, have seen the atmosphere which surrounded the exploding mass, he would have observed it to be powerfully disturbed in all directions about the centre of explosion. If the explosive had been submerged under water, it would have been found that the water enveloping the mass was also agitated in all directions about the centre of explosion; but the effect would be most marked directly above the centre, for here a portion of the water would be detached and projected upward as a fountain. If the explosive could be confined in the centre of a homogeneous sphere and exploded from the centre, the fragments would undoubtedly be scattered in all directions. It is not to be inferred from this that direction cannot be given to the action of the explosive, for it can be done—since the force developed tends to act, and the gases produced tend to flow, just as other forces act and gases flow, in the direction of least resistance; but the operation of the law of action and reaction must still prevail.

Picric acid is but one of a large class of chemical substances styled nitrosubstitution compounds, the most common and best known among them being the nitrobenzenes and nitronaphthalenes. They are produced, as the name indicates, by the introduction of nitrogen



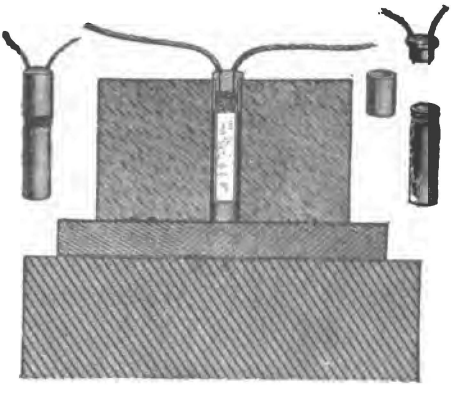
Block of Compressed Gun-cotton, as Made at the Torpedo Station.

oxide into the benzene or naphthalene molecule, by substituting it for certain of the original atoms. As the benzene and naphthalene molecules are composed wholly of carbon and hydrogen atoms, the substitution introduces oxygen, which can burn the carbon and hydrogen when, by the action of heat or a shock, they are liberated from the compound molecule; and hence these compounds possess certain advantages for use in explosive mixtures. One of the most promising of these mixtures is the new Swedish explosive Bellite, which is made by fusing together ammonium nitrate and dinitrobenzene and mixing them, while melted, with saltpetre. It is claimed, on excellent authority, that this explosive has proved of great value both for military and mining uses. However, the most successful application of these compounds to the production of explosives has been made by Dr. Sprengel. He pointed out, in 1873, that by their use with oxidizing agents, one of them being solid and the other

liquid, or both being liquid, explosives could be rapidly produced which were very powerful when detonated—while they were at the same time extremely safe to store, transport, and handle, since the inexplosive constituents could be kept separate until the explosive was desired for use.

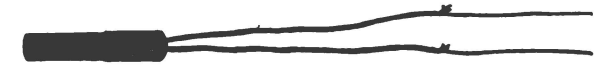
Two explosives of the Sprengel class have attracted attention. One, Helhofite, is used as a charge for the Gruson armor-piercing projectile; the other, rack-a-rock, was used in the blasting of Flood Rock. Helhofite may be made by dissolving dinitrobenzene in concentrated nitric acid. Rack-a-rock is produced by saturating potassium chlorate with mononitrobenzene. Of course, the composition of these bodies is given in general terms.

We have thus far shown that an explosive is a substance which contains within itself the materials for its own combustion, and that explosion results from this combustion; but the nitrogen chloride, iodide, and bromide, and the gold and silver nitrides, are solid and liquid bodies which, while they contain neither combustible nor oxidizing elements, are most violently explosive. The explanation for this is that the atoms in



Method of Detonating Gun-cotton on Iron Plates. The iron plate rests on a heavy block of iron.

these molecules are in a state of unstable equilibrium, and that only a slight force is necessary to cause the destruction of the structure and to immediately liberate the gaseous elements which exist in these compounds. The confirmation of this hypothesis is found in the fact that while in the decomposition



Detonator Used in the United States Navy. Contains thirty-five grains of fulminate of mercury.

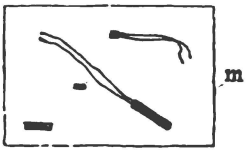
of the majority of chemical substances heat is absorbed, in the decomposition of these substances heat is liberated. Bodies such as these are called endothermous. The extreme violence of their explosions is probably due to the fact that, if the decomposition is once begun in any portion it extends with extreme rapidity throughout the mass, and hence the entire potential energy of the mass becomes almost instantaneously transformed into kinetic.

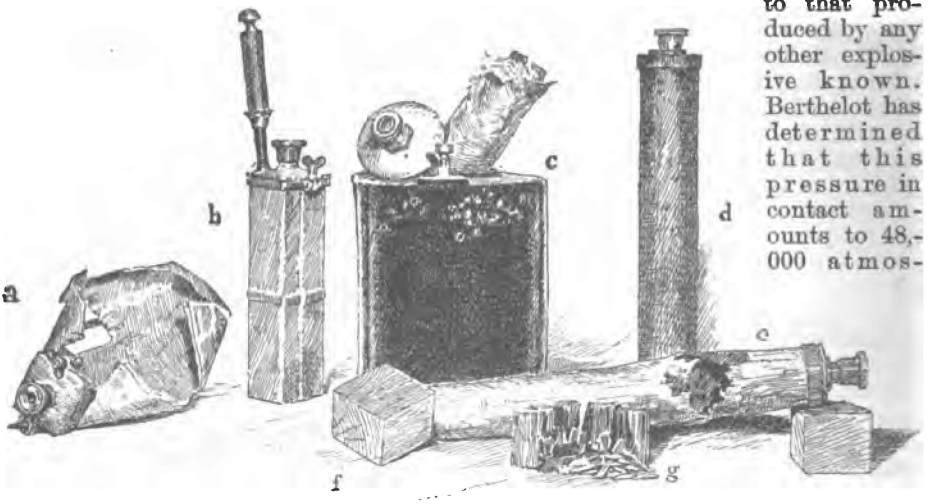
The modern high explosives are bodies which contain within their molecules the elements necessary for ordinary combustion, while at the same time they are more or less endothermous; and the best example, and perhaps the most important, of these is the mercury fulminate. This substance was discovered by Howard in 1800, and was made by dissolving mercury in strong nitric acid and pouring the solution into alcohol. A turbulent action was immediately set up, dense white fumes, followed by red, were evolved, and a gray to white crystalline powder was deposited. When dry this powder was found to be violently explosive; slight friction or percussion, a heated body, or a drop of strong acid being sufficient to bring about the explosion. Its discovery aroused the liveliest interest, and it was immediately tested by firing in a musket, but, though it imparted very little velocity to the projectile, and produced only a slight recoil and report, it burst the barrel of the piece completely open; and hence it was relegated to the position of a chemical curiosity until recalled for use as a priming for percussion caps.

Its adaptation to modern uses began in 1863, when Nobel discovered that by the explosion of a few grains of this substance nitroglycerine might be detonated, and was extended in 1868, when Mr. E. O. Brown discovered that not

only could dry gun-cotton be detonated by this means, but that if a small initial mass of dry gun-cotton was detonated in contact with a mass of wet gun-cotton, the latter would also be detonated, even though it were completely saturated with water.

For use in this way the dry fulminate is enclosed in small copper cases, called blasting caps or detonators,





Effects Produced by the Explosion of a Service Detonator containing thirty-five Grains of Fulminate of Mercury.

m, Detonator complete, and separated into its parts; c, service torpedo case of stout iron in which a detonator has been fired; b, exercise torpedo case of stout tin plate, for blocks; a, ditto, in which a detonator has been fired; d, exercise torpedo case, of tin plate, for disks; e, ditto, in which a detonator has been fired; f, block of maple; g, ditto, in which a detonator has been fired.

which contain from five to thirty-five grains of the material, and these caps are inserted in the midst of, and in direct contact with, the explosive charge. To fire the caps a gunpowder fuse is fastened firmly in the mouth of the cap and lighted, or, as is more frequently the case, they are fired by an electric current. For this purpose the two wires from the firing battery are led through a plug in the mouth of the cap. A wire, called the bridge, which is about $\frac{8}{1000}$ of an inch in diameter and made of an alloy of platinum and iridium, is stretched between the terminals of the leading wires within the case, and the space between the bridge and the fulminate is filled with pulverulent dry gun-cotton. When the electric circuit is closed the current meets with such resistance in its passage through the bridge, that the latter is heated up to incandescence and ignites the gun-cotton, which then explodes the fulminate [p. 567].

Although as a projecting agent mercury fulminate is inferior to gunpowder, yet it exerts, when exploded in contact with a body, an instantaneous pressure which is incomparably superior to that produced by any other explosive known. Berthelot has determined that this pressure in contact amounts to 48,000 atmospheres. As a consequence its explosion produces a violent rending and bruising of the bodies in contact. This is clearly shown in the above illustration where the stout tin and iron torpedo cases and the block of wood have been ruptured by the explosion within them of but thirty-five grains of the fulminate enclosed in such a detonator case as is shown in the background. The peculiar bruising effect is markedly shown on the ends of the fragments of wood which were immediately about the hole in which the detonator was inserted, and which look as if they had been pounded with a sledge-hammer. It can readily be understood from this how a man could commit suicide, as Lingg, the anarchist, is said to have done, by exploding a cap con-

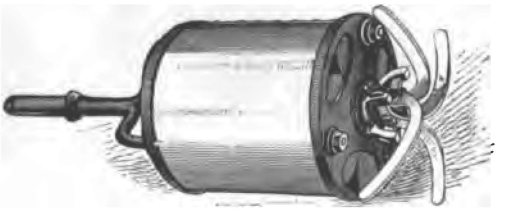
Blowing Up of the Schooner Joseph Henry, at the Torpedo Station. August 28, 1884.

(From a photograph by Dr. H. M. Howe, furnished by John Carbutt, Esq.)

taining fifteen grains of fulminate in his mouth.

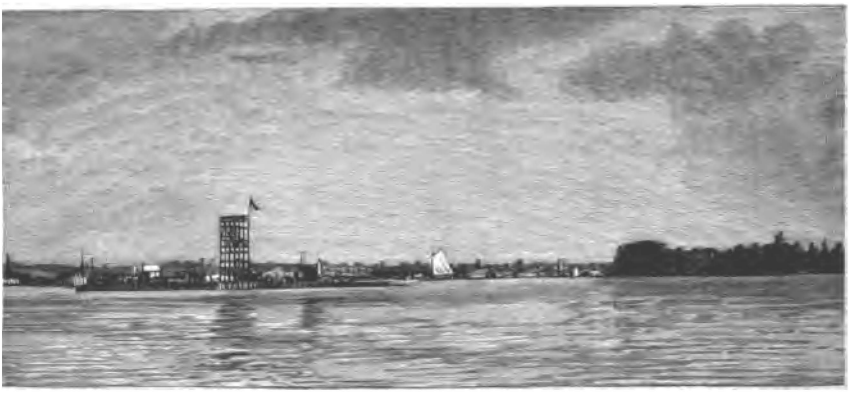
From a military point of view, gun-cotton, which was first proposed by Schönbein as a substitute for gunpowder, ranks next in importance to mercury fulminate. As early as 1832 Braconnot had shown that readily combustible substances could be produced by the action of concentrated nitric acid on starch, ligneous fibre, and analogous substances, and his discovery was subsequently confirmed by the experiments of Pelouze and Dumas; but the products they obtained were quite inconstant in composition and very unstable. The gun-cotton proposed for use as a military explosive was made by immersing dry cotton in a mixture of three parts of concentrated sulphuric and one part of concentrated nitric acid for twenty-four hours, when it was removed and squeezed to press out the acid, and finally washed with water. On drying it was found that while the cotton was unchanged, so far as the eye could perceive, and was but slightly harsher to the touch, yet it had become converted into a substance which burned with extreme rapidity, even out of contact with the air, and which, if burned when confined, produced a powerful explosion. Experiments in its use were immediately begun in England, France, Germany, and in this country, but they were soon abandoned, as the material was found to explode at times without apparent cause, while its explosion in use was so violent as to endanger the piece. Notwithstanding this, Baron von Lenk, of Austria, took up the study of this material in 1853, and his efforts to perfect the methods of manufacture, and to moderate the violence of the gun charges, were attended with such apparent success that a special battery of 12-pounders was constructed for use with it, and the position of the explosive seemed assured, until 1865, when his magazines blew up spontaneously and the article was interdicted by the government.

While the Austrian experiments were going on, Abel, the chemist to the War Department of Great Britain, was also engaged in the study of the properties of this substance, and the same year in which Austria proscribed the article, he announced the invention of the process by which its manufacture has since been



Contact Gun-cotton Torpedo Used in Blowing Up the Joseph Henry.

successfully carried on. He found, as Von Lenk had, that the instability of the gun-cotton was not inherent, but was due to incomplete purification, and that it was of the utmost importance to remove from it the last traces of the



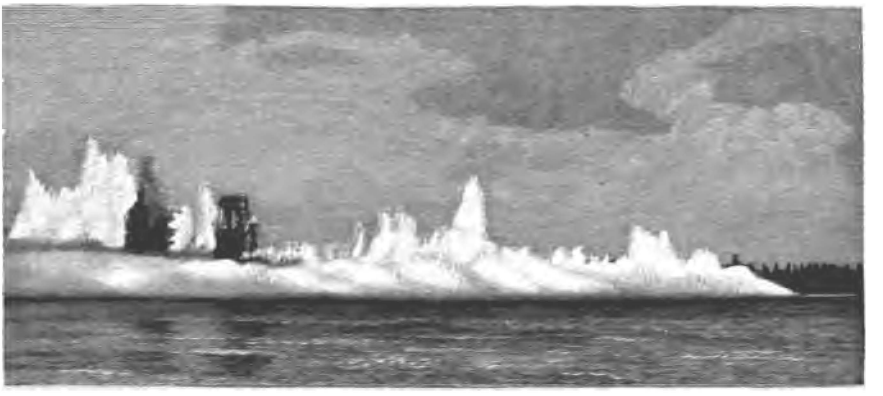
Destruction of Flood Rock.
(Photograph from firing station (1,100 feet from tower) taken just before the explosion, by Lt. J. L. Lusk, U.S.A.)

acids; but as the cotton was in the form of long capillary tubes, it was very retentive and did not give up the acid completely, even after prolonged washing with water. The feature peculiar to his process is the conversion of the gun-cotton into pulp precisely similar to the pulp produced from rags in the process of making paper, and he uses for the purpose precisely the same means as are employed in that process. Through the action of the pulper the tubes are cut into very short lengths, so that the washing is very readily and thoroughly effected, and it then is only necessary to mould the pulp into such forms as are desired for use. This is done by pressing the wet pulp in a hydraulic press—a pressure as high as 6,000 pounds to the square inch being commonly employed.

The gun-cotton manufactured by the United States Government is made in this way, and is issued either in the form of cylindrical disks, 3½ inches in diameter and 2 inches high, or prismatic blocks of nearly the same dimensions, each of them being pierced with a hole through the centre (for the detonator), and having stamped on one end the letters U. S. N., or the words Torpedo Station, and figures indicating the year of manufacture [p. 566]. In this form gun-cotton constitutes the best military explosive known, for, while its explosive force vastly exceeds that of gunpowder and approaches that of nitroglycerine, it is the safest and most stable explosive we possess, since it can be stored and transported wet; and while in this state, though it may be detonated as described above, it cannot be exploded in any

The Same. (Photograph taken 0.2 second after the explosion. Time of exposure 0.034 second.)

other way. As much as two thousand pounds of wet compressed gun-cotton have been placed in a fierce bonfire, where it has gradually dried, layer by layer, and been consumed without exploding. Besides, gun-cotton is the only military explosive which can be detonated with certainty when frozen. In calling it a military explosive I mean,



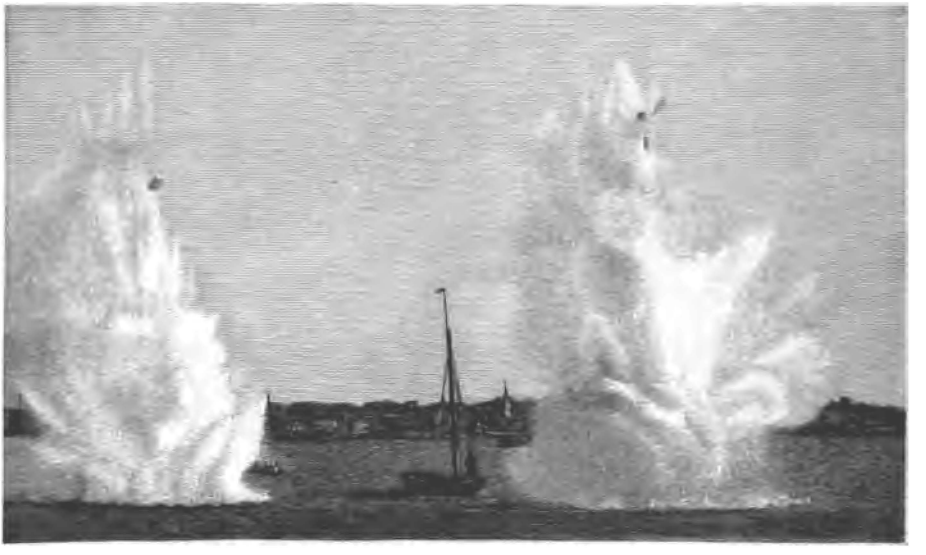
The Same. (Photograph taken 0.6 second after the explosion. Time of exposure 0.05 second.)

of course, for use in torpedoes and for military mining, and not as a substitute for gunpowder in guns; but it may be, and has been, successfully used as a charge for shells fired from gunpowder guns both in this country and abroad. Shells containing as much as 110 pounds of gun-cotton have been repeatedly fired in Germany.

There has, fortunately, been little opportunity for testing the destructive effect of the high explosives by actual use in war, but many experiments have been made in blowing up condemned vessels, which have given some notion of the effect of these substances. One of these was made at Newport, August 28, 1884, when the schooner Joseph Henry, a condemned vessel like the Silliman, belonging to the Treasury Department, was blown up by a torpedo. This torpedo was of the kind known as a contact torpedo, the curved arms, which protrude from the end, being movable, and so fixed that if touched by an object they will be pressed down so as to complete the electric circuit and fire the torpedo. This torpedo contained 33 pounds of gun-cotton, there being four dry disks

The Same. (Photograph taken about two seconds after the explosion. Time of exposure 0.02 second. Height of tallest jet 160 feet.)

in the central can, the remainder being wet. The Joseph Henry, which was about 80 feet long, 20 feet beam, and 7 feet draught, was anchored in the harbor, and the torpedo was attached to the end of a spar rigged out on the bow of a steam launch, the latter being electrically controlled from the shore. The launch started from the shore, and immediately on touching the schooner the torpedo exploded and blew so large a hole in the vessel that she sank at once [p. 569].



Comparison of Explosives by Firing Under Water and Measuring the Resulting Columns of Water.
(From a photograph made at the Torpedo Station by Mr. Angstrom.)

The relative force of explosives has been several times mentioned in this article, and it is necessary to say here that there has not yet been devised any means for determining this factor with accuracy, owing to the diverse characteristics which distinguish the various substances, and notably the rate at which they explode. Thus, for instance, while the velocity of combustion in gunpowder is from 1 to 5 feet per second, the velocity of detonation in gun-cotton is from 15,000 to 18,000 feet per second. Nevertheless, it is possible to determine approximately the value of explosives for the work to be done by comparing them under the same conditions, as, for instance, when equal weights are fired under equal submergence in the same depth of water. Then by measuring the diameter and height of the displaced water we arrive at a rough estimate of their comparative value. The record is generally taken by photography. The manner of making this test is shown where two torpedoes, one charged with gun-cotton in disks and the other in blocks, are being fired under water.

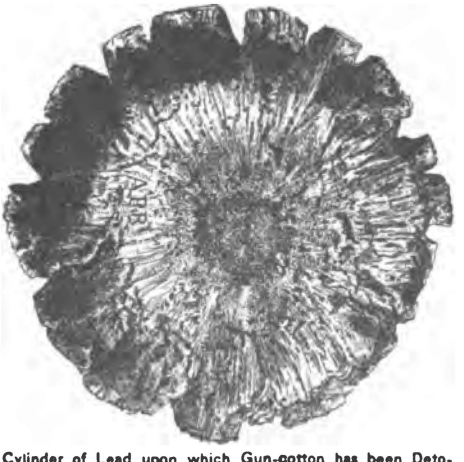
Another method is by firing the explosives upon cylinders of lead and measuring the compression produced. For this purpose the lead cylinder is placed on a rigid support, an iron anvil is placed on the lead, and the explosive is placed upon the anvil. When explosion takes place, part of the energy is spent upon the anvil and the rest is expended in compressing the lead. If, however, the anvil is not heavy enough, the lead undergoes such deformation that some very curious forms are produced. In some of these the lines of flow of the metal are distinctly marked [p. 573].

General H. L. Abbot, of the United States Engineer Corps, used still another method in his work. He constructed an iron frame 50 feet long, 10 feet wide, and 10 feet deep, in the centre of which the explosive charge was rigidly fixed, while some thirty-eight pressure gauges were

attached to the frame and its buoys, at known distances from the charge. The whole was then immersed in water, the charge was fired, the frame was recovered, and the pressures registered by the gauges were read. By this means General Abbot obtained the following measures of the intensity of action of explosives fired under water, taking dynamite No. 1 as the standard for comparison.

Dynamite No. 1	100
Gun-cotton	87
Nitroglycerine	81
Rack-a-rock	86
Explosive gelatine	117

When gun-cotton or other high explosives are freely exposed upon an iron anvil and detonated, as described in the second method of testing, the explosive leaves a deep and permanent impression upon the surface of the metal with which it was in contact, the extent of the impression being of course dependent on the intensity and amount of the explosive used. That it should do so does not seem surprising when it is recalled that Berthelot found that gun-cotton,



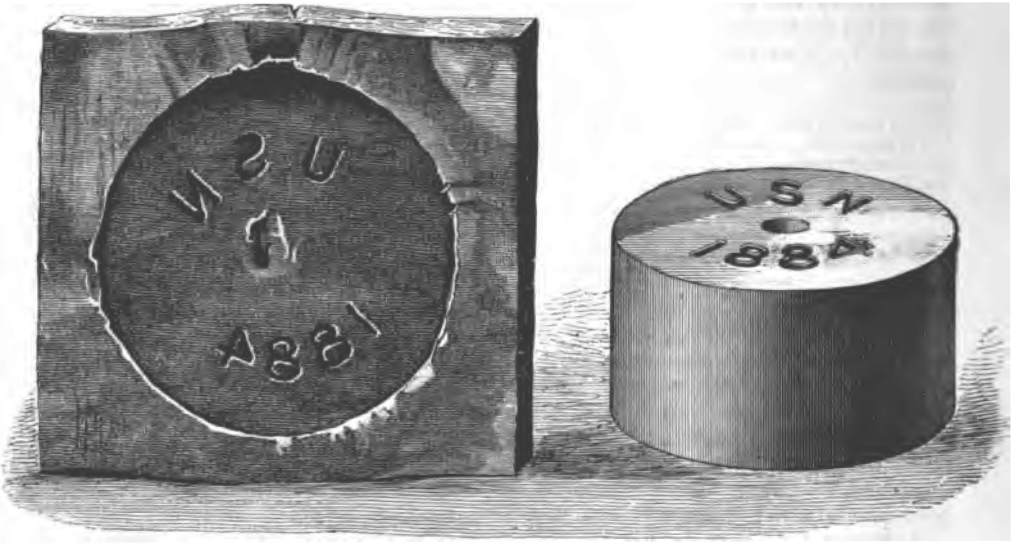
Cylinder of Lead upon which Gun-cotton has been Detonated, and Showing Lines of Flow of the Metal. Obverse.

having a density of 1.1, developed, when in contact, a local pressure of 24,000 atmospheres, or 160 tons on the square inch, and if it is remembered, too, that this enormous pressure is realized in an exceedingly brief period of time. What is surprising is to find that the impression produced by the exploding mass is an almost exact copy of that face of the explosive which was in contact with the metal. This is best observed with gun-cotton, for, from the nature of the material, it can be shaped according to fancy, and such figures and designs as one wishes can be stamped upon its surface. Thus if a disk of gun-cotton, on the face of which the letters "U. S. N." and the date "1884" are indented, be detonated, it will be found that the letters and figures will be reproduced in the iron and, most singular of all these phenomena, they will be indented in the iron just as they were in the gun-cotton.

Reverse.

We have offered as an hypothesis to explain this phenomenon, that, where spaces exist between the gun-cotton and the iron, portions of the undetonated gun-cotton, or of the products of the explosion, are projected through this space just as shot are from a gun, and that the indentations are produced by the impact of these moving particles. We have devised many experiments to test this theory, and all have tended to confirm it. Among others we have bored deeper and deeper holes in the gun-cotton, until we have completely perforated it, and the indentations made in the iron plates have increased with the depth of the hole in the gun-cotton disk, until, when the hole was bored completely through the gun-cotton, we succeeded in completely perforating the iron plate. Owing to this property of

gun-cotton, we can produce some beautiful effects by interposing leaves, pieces of wire gauze, and the like between the gun-cotton disk and the iron plate. On firing, a permanent impression of the object, showing the minutest details of its structure, will be found stamped upon the iron plate, while the object itself has completely disappeared.



Disk of Gun-cotton and Iron Plate upon which a Disk has been Detonated.
(The letters and figures stamped in the disk are reproduced in precisely the same relation on the iron plate.)

The most prominent rival of gun-cotton for military uses, and the best explosive for industrial purposes, is nitroglycerine and the mixtures of which it forms a part. This substance was discovered by Sobrero in 1847, while carrying out a series of experiments, under Pelouze, to determine whether or not gun-cotton was a definite chemical compound. Although it is asserted that Professor Jacobi manufactured nitroglycerine for the Russian government during the Crimean war, and that its reputed presence deterred the English from entering the harbor of Cronstadt, its commercial production was first undertaken by Alfred Nobel, in Sweden, about 1860, and it is under his leadership that the present extensive and important industry has been developed, though the perfection of the product is largely due to the researches of the American chemists Mowbray and Hill.

Iron Plate on which an Unlettered Disk of Gun-cotton has been Detonated. Fig. 1.*

Fig. 2.†

The manufacture of nitroglycerine resembles that of gun-cotton in that it results from the mixing of glycerine with nitric and sulphuric acids, the materials used being the purest and strongest that can be made. During the process considerable heat is developed by the reactions which take place, and hence the mixture is rapidly agitated, so as to pro-

* In this case a wire-sieve was placed between the disk and the plate, and is seen stamped on the iron.

† In this case a leaf from an apple-tree was placed between the disk and the plate, and is seen stamped on the iron.

mote the rapidity of mixing and to reduce the temperature, while at the same time the vessel in which the operation is conducted is surrounded by a current of cool water. The nitric acid only reacts with the glycerine, but as water is a product of this reaction, sulphuric acid, which readily combines with water, is added to absorb the water produced and maintain the nitric acid at its proper strength throughout the process. The reaction takes place in a very short time, and, when completed, the mixture is poured into a large volume of water, where the acid is dissolved and the nearly insoluble nitroglycerine settles to the bottom, and by repeated washings is obtained in a pure state.

Effect of Holes Bored in the Gun-cotton Disks as shown by the Iron Plates on which They were Detonated. Fig. 1.*

As thus obtained nitroglycerine is an oily, odorless, transparent, nearly colorless liquid, having a specific gravity of 1.6. It has a sweet, pungent, aromatic taste, and produces a violent headache if placed on the tongue, or if air charged with it is inhaled, or even if allowed to touch the skin at any point; but those who handle it constantly soon lose their susceptibility to its action. When taken internally it is a violent poison, though it is administered in small doses in cases of angina pectoris. It is nearly insoluble in water, and freezes at a temperature of from 39° to 40° F. When ignited it burns like oil, and if confined it explodes, but when in quantity it is inflamed only with difficulty. If a small portion of it is placed on an iron plate and slowly heated, it may be completely volatilized, but if the plate is rapidly heated up to 356° F., it explodes with violence. If a drop is placed on an iron anvil and struck with an iron hammer, it explodes with a most violent report. It can only be exploded with certainty by the use of a detonator. Notwithstanding this, accidental explosions of nitroglycerine or of mixtures containing it are frequently reported, and these generally occur while thawing the frozen explosive. It is a singular fact that these explosives are especially sensitive at the time of thawing, and this is so well known that all of the manufacturers supply a set of directions by which the operation can be conducted with entire safety; hence accidents from this cause are due solely to gross neglect of well-known precautions.

Fig. 2.†

Fig. 3.‡

Fig. 4.§

While nitroglycerine is an admirable explosive for certain uses, its liquid form makes it difficult to store and transport, and permits it to find its way into unexpected places, where it constitutes a source of danger. Considerations such as these led Nobel, about 1867, to invent dynamite. The name is now applied to a great variety of nitroglycerine mixtures, but they all consist of a porous solid absorbent which sucks up the liquid nitroglycerine by capillarity and holds it in its pores or interstices. Dynamite No. 1 consists of 25 per cent. of infusorial silica

* Four holes were bored in the disk, viz.: ⅛, ¼, ⅜, and ½ inch in depth, all ¼ inch in diameter.

† A conical hole was bored in the disk 2 inches in diameter at the base and 1 inch high.

‡ Four holes bored in disk, viz.: ⅛ inch diameter, ⅛ inch depth; ¼ inch diameter, ¼ inch depth; ⅜ inch diameter, ⅜ inch depth; ½ inch diameter, ½ inch depth.

§ A cylindrical hole, 2 inches in diameter, was bored completely through the gun-cotton disk.

(also known as tripoli, electro-silicon, and kieselguhr) and 75 per cent. nitroglycerine. Atlas powder consists of wood pulp, nitre, and nitroglycerine. Judson powder consists of a crude kind of gunpowder and nitroglycerine. Not only are different solids used in different dynamites, but the different grades of the same dynamite may contain all the way from 5 to 75 per cent. of nitroglycerine; hence it is impossible to give a brief description of dynamite which would be applicable to all.

The most important nitroglycerine mixture is explosive gelatine, also invented by Nobel. This is made by heating nitroglycerine on a water bath and adding to it from 7 to 10 per cent. of soluble gun-cotton. The latter dissolves completely and, on cooling, the mass acquires a honey yellow color and the consistency of jujube paste. From General Abbot's report it is learned that this is a most powerful explosive, but unfortunately it frequently decomposes when kept in store.

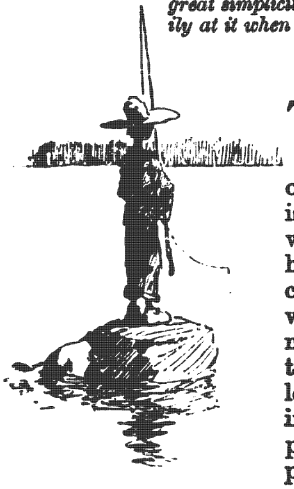
In the course of this paper the use of explosives for military purposes has been frequently mentioned. The fact is that by far the largest consumption is for industrial uses. They are used in agriculture for felling trees, grubbing stumps, blasting rocks, and shaking the soil to fit it for vegetation or to destroy the phylloxera. They are used in the petroleum industry to "shoot" the wells, so as to remove the paraffine which prevents the flow of oil. They are used in driving piles and in driving water out of quicksands in which foundations are to be laid. They are used in breaking ice and destroying wrecks and rocks which obstruct navigation. But their most important and extensive use is in quarrying, mining, and engineering operations. So extensively are they used in mining that, according to Eissler, at Smartsville, San Juan, More's Flat, Bloomfield, and elsewhere in California, it is an almost daily occurrence for blasts containing twenty, thirty, and even fifty thousand pounds of explosives to be used in a single charge; and the system of large blasts has even become common in hard rock excavations, such as quarries and railroad cuttings.

The largest single charges ever fired were employed in the blowing up of Hallet's Reef and Flood Rock [pp. 570–1]. In the latter, which occurred October 10, 1885, the charge consisted of 240,399 pounds of rack-a-rock and 48,537 pounds of dynamite No. 1, yet so nicely was this enormous charge calculated for the work it was to do, that beyond breaking down the rock, tossing up an enormous body of water to a height (estimated for the tallest jet) of 160 feet, and generating an earth-wave which was observed as far East as Cambridge, Mass., it produced no visible effect.

SALMON ANGLING ON THE RESTIGOUCHE.

Dr. Paley was ardently attached to this amusement: so much so, that when the Bishop of Durham inquired of him when one of his most important works would be finished, he said, with great simplicity and good humour, 'My Lord, I shall work steadily at it when the fly-fishing season is over.'

—SALMONIA, SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.



THE love of angling, like the other virtues, is its own reward. But it has also some collateral advantages, and not the least of these is that it leads a man into the very pleasantest places of this pleasant world.

The first salmon that ever I caught is associated in my mind with the scenery of the Lewis, the northernmost of those enchanted islands that stretch along the west coast of Scotland. We had gone up there not with the main purpose of fishing, but because all three of us (and the other two, mark you, were undoubtedly eminent divines), had fallen properly in love with William Black's "Princess of Thule," and desired to see the home of that wholesome and delicious heroine. The kindness of a hospitable Scot put a salmon-river at our disposal,—a hasty little stream, with brown water, curling and brawling through Sheila's beloved moorland. The first day that I went out to fish, a long, red-bearded gillie stood by my side and showed me "ta besst way ta casst, whatefer:" but in spite of his instructions my fly fell awkwardly upon the pool. As fortune would have it, however, there was one fish there whose ignorance of the proprieties of angling was greater than my own. He rose, hooked himself, and then suddenly it seemed as if the line had been made fast to a flash of chain lightning. He darted up the stream and down the stream, leading me in breathless chase. He circumnavigated the pool in all directions, and by various methods, partly aquatic and partly aërial. At length, after a moment of profound meditation, he rushed straight across the river, and flung himself out of water, landing at least four feet up on the opposite bank. It was an instant of agony and wonder. My heart sank like a kite when the string is broken, for it seemed certain that the fish must get away. But instead of that he lay quiet for a moment, and then rolled gently back into the water with the fly still fast in his mouth. Three minutes later he was stretched out in the grass on the right side of the river, shining to my eyes more brightly than silver. And then it was that I remembered that one of Sheila's salmon had played exactly the same trick and with the same ending. If you doubt it, read the third chapter of the "Princess." A wonderful man, that William Black, so truthful and so ingenious!

All this was ten years ago; and 'tis a far cry from the treeless moors of the Lewis, to the dark wooded hills of the Restigouche. But a little leap on paper will carry one across the interval of miles and years, and land us at once, in a bright morning of July, at the village of Metapedia, on the border between New Brunswick and Quebec. It is a disconsolate hamlet, scattered along the track of the Intercolonial Railway: twenty houses, three shops, and a discouraged church perched upon a little hillock as if to brave out its evident decay with a bare face. The one comfortable and prosperous feature in the countenance of Metapedia is the house of the Restigouche Salmon Club—an old-fashioned mansion, with broad, white piazza, look-

ing over rich meadow-lands. Here it was that I found my friend Favonius, president of solemn societies, pillar of church and state, ingenuously arrayed in gray knickerbockers, a flannel shirt, and a soft hat, waiting to take me with him on his horse-yacht for a voyage up the river. "Come on," he said, after a hearty greeting, "the boat is ready, the summer is passing." And in almost as short a time as it needs to tell about it, the portmanteau and the long rod-case were carried down the bank and we were embarked for the cruise.

Have you ever seen a horse-yacht? Sometimes it is called a scow; but that sounds vulgar. Sometimes it is called a house-boat; but that is too English. What does it profit a man to have a whole dictionary full of language at his service, unless he can invent a new and suggestive name for his friend's pleasure-craft? The foundation of the horse-yacht—if a thing that sometimes floats can be called fundamental—is a flat-bottomed boat, some fifty feet long and ten feet wide, with a draft of about eight inches. The deck is open for fifteen feet aft of the place where the bowsprit ought to be; behind that it is completely covered by a house, cabin, cottage, or whatever you choose to call it, with straight sides and a peaked roof of a very early Gothic pattern. Looking in at the door you see first of all two cots, one on either side of the passage; then an open space with a dining-table, a stove, and some chairs; beyond that a pantry with shelves, and a great chest for provisions. A door at the back opens into the kitchen, and from that another door opens into a sleeping-room for the boatmen. A huge wooden rudder curves over the stern of the boat, and the helmsman stands upon the roof. Two canoes are floating behind, holding back, at the end of their long tow-ropes, as if reluctant to follow so clumsy a leader. This is an accurate and duly attested description of the horse-yacht. If necessary it could be sworn to before a notary public. But I am perfectly sure that a man might read this through without skipping a word, and if he had never seen the creature with his own eyes, he would have no idea how absurd it looks and how comfortable it is.

"An accurate and duly attested description of the horse-yacht."

While we were stowing away our trunks and bags under the cots, and making an equitable division of the hooks upon the walls, the motive power of the yacht stood patiently upon the shore, stamping a hoof, now and then, or shaking a shaggy head in mild protest against the flies. Three more pessimistic-looking horses I never saw. They were harnessed abreast, and fastened by a prodigious tow-rope to a short post in the middle of the forward deck. Their driver was a truculent, brigandish, bearded old fellow in long boots, a blue flannel shirt, and a black sombrero. He sat upon the middle horse, and some wild instinct of color had made him tie a big red handkerchief around his shoulder like a sash, so that the eye of the beholder took delight in him. He posed like a bold, bad robber-chief. But in point of fact I believe he was the mildest and most inoffensive of men. We never heard him say anything except at a distance, to his horses, and we did not inquire what that was.

Well, as I have said, we were haggling courteously over those hooks in the cabin, when the boat gave a lurch. The bow swung out into the stream. There was a scrambling and clattering of iron horse-shoes on the rough shingle of the bank; and when we looked out of doors our house was moving up the river with the boat under it.

The Restigouche is a noble stream, stately and swift and strong. It rises among the dense forests in the northern part of New Brunswick—a moist upland region of never-failing springs and innumerable lakes—and pours a vast current of clear, cold water one hundred and fifty miles northward and eastward through the hills into the head of the Bay of Chaleurs. There are no falls in its course, but rapids everywhere. It is steadfast, but not impetuous, quick but not turbulent, resolute and eager in its desire to get to the sea, like the life of a man who has a high purpose,

"Too great for haste, too strong for rivalry."

The wonder is where all the water comes from. But the river is fed by more than six thousand square miles of territory. From both sides the little brooks come dashing in with their supply. At intervals a larger stream, reaching away back among the mountains like a hand with many fingers to gather

"The filtered tribute of the rough woodland,"

delivers its generous offering to the main current. And this also is like a human life, which receives its wealth and power from hidden sources in other lives, and is fed abundantly from the past in order that it may feed the future.

"Their driver was a truculent, brigandish, bearded old fellow."

The names of the chief tributaries of the Restigouche are curious. There is the headstrong Metapedia, and the crooked Upsalquitch, and the Patapedia, and the Quatawamkedgwick. Those are words at which the tongue balks at first, but you soon grow used to them and learn to take anything of five syllables with a rush, as a hunter takes a five-barred gate, trusting to fortune that you will come down with the accent in the right place.

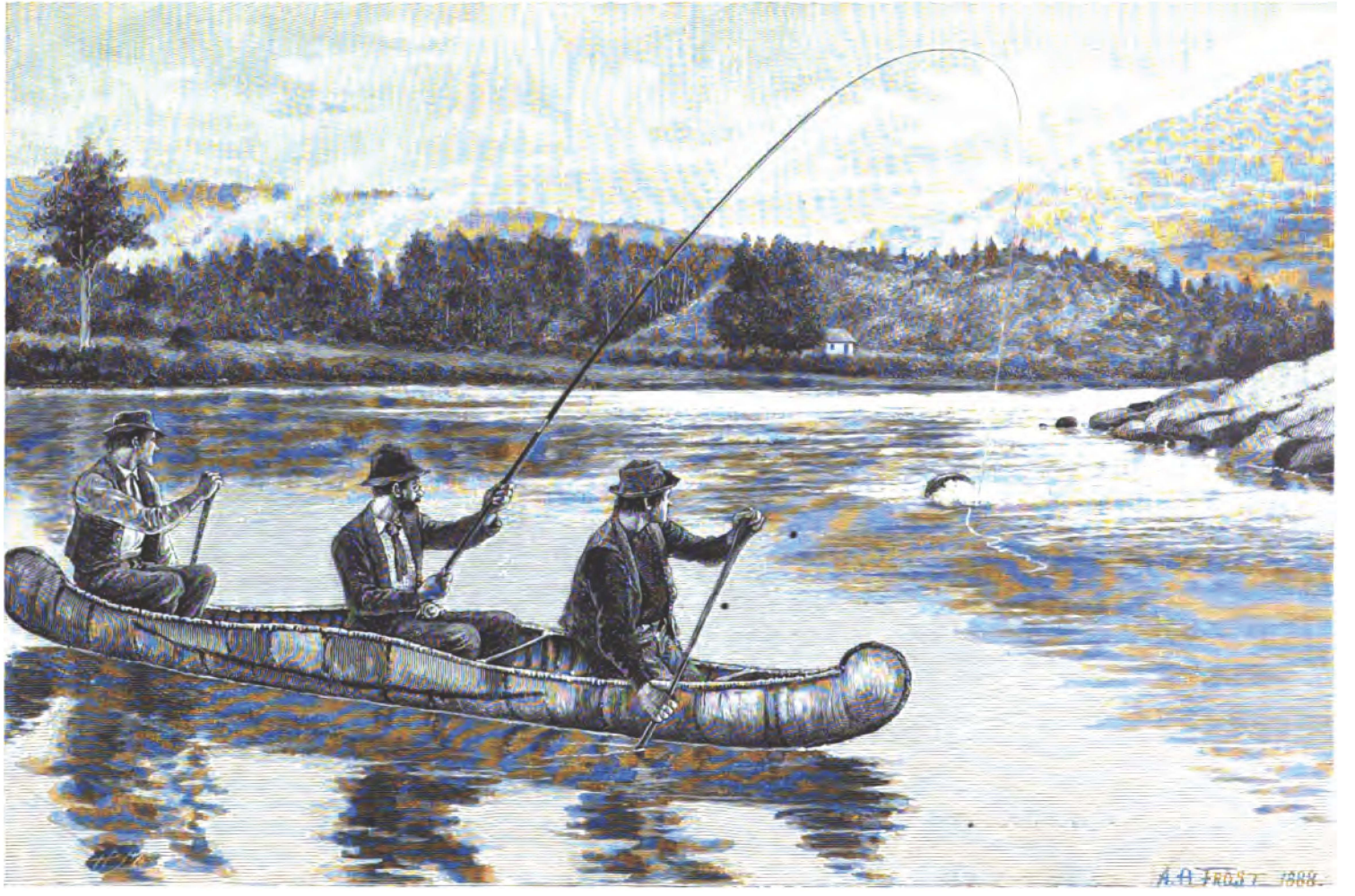
For six or seven miles above Metapedia the river has a breadth of about two hundred yards, and the valley slopes back rather gently to the mountains on either side. Here there is a good deal of cultivated land, and scattered farmhouses appear. The soil is excellent. But the climate is unfriendly. Late frosts prolong the winter, and early frosts curtail the summer. The only safe crops are grass, oats, and potatoes. And for half the year all the cattle must be housed and fed to keep them alive. This lends a melancholy aspect to agriculture, and I must confess that most of the farmers look as if they had never seen better days. With few exceptions they are what a New Englander would call "slack-twisted and shiftless." Their barns are pervious to the weather, and their fences fail to connect. Sleds and ploughs rust together beside the house, and chickens scratch up the front-door yard. In truth, the people have been somewhat demoralized by the conflicting claims of different occupations; hunting in the fall, lumbering in the winter and spring, and working for the American sportsmen in the brief angling season, are so much more attractive and offer so much larger returns of ready money, that the tedious toil of farming is neglected. But, for all that, in the bright days of midsummer, those green fields sloping down to the water, and pastures high up among the trees on the hillsides, look pleasant enough from a distance, and give an air of placid comfort to the landscape.

At the mouth of the Upsalquitch we

passed the first of the fishing-lodges. Originally the Restigouche Salmon Club leased the whole river from the Canadian Government, but since the establishment of riparian rights a few years ago, a number of gentlemen have bought land commanding good pools, and put up little cottages of a less classical style than Sir Charles Cotton's lodge on the banks of the River Dove, but better suited to this wilder scenery, and probably more convenient to live in. The prevailing pattern is a very simple one: it consists of a broad piazza with a small house in the middle of it. The house bears about the same proportion to the piazza that the crown of a Gainsborough hat does to the brim. And the cost of the edifice is to the cost of the land as the first price of a share in the Panama Canal is to the subsequent assessments. All the best points have been sold, and real estate on the Restigouche has been bid up to an absurd figure. In fact the river is over-populated and probably over-fished. But we could hardly find it in our hearts to regret this, for it made the upward trip a very sociable one. At every lodge that was open, Favonius (who knows everybody) had a friend, and we must slip ashore in a canoe to leave the mail and refresh the inner man.

What a hospitable brotherhood is that of true anglers! There seems to be something in the craft which inclines the heart to kindness and good-fellowship. Few of them have I seen who were not pleasant to meet and ready to do a good turn to a fellow-fisherman with the gift of a killing fly or the loan of a rod. Not their own particular and well-proved favorite, of course, for that is a treasure which no decent man would borrow; but with that exception the best in their store is at the service of an accredited brother. One of the Restigouche proprietors I remember, whose name bespoke him a descendant of Caledonia's patron saint. He was fishing in front of his own door-yard when we came up, with our splashing horses, through the pool; but nothing would do but he must up anchor and have us away with him into the house to taste his good cheer. And there were his daughters with their books and needlework, and the photographs which they had taken pinned up on the wooden walls, among Japanese fans and bits of bright-colored stuff in which the soul of woman delights, and, in a passive, silent way, the soul of man also. Then, after we had discussed the year's fishing, and the mysteries of the camera, and the deep question of what makes some negatives too thin and others too thick, we must go out to see the big salmon which one of the ladies had caught a few days before, and the large trout swimming about in their cold spring. It seemed to me, as we went on our way, that there could hardly be a more wholesome and pleasant summer-life for well-bred young women than this, or two amusements more innocent and sensible than photography and fly-fishing.

It must be confessed that the horse-yacht as a vehicle of travel is not remarkable in point of speed. Three miles an hour is not a very rapid rate of motion. But then, if you are not in a hurry, why should you care to make haste? The wild desire to be forever racing against old Father Time is one of the kill-joys of modern life. The ancient traveller is sure to beat you in the long run, and as long as you are trying to rival him he will make your life a burden. But if you will only acknowledge his superiority and profess that you do not approve of racing after all, he will settle down quietly beside you and jog along like the most companionable of creatures. That is a pleasant pilgrimage in which the journey itself is part of the destination. As soon as one learns to regard the horse-yacht as a sort of moving home, it appears admirable. There is no dust or smoke, no rumble of wheels, or shriek of whistles. You are gliding along steadily through an ever-green world; skirting the silent hills; passing from one side of the river to the other as the horses have to swim the current to find a good foothold on the bank. You are on the water, but not at its mercy, for your craft is not disturbed by the heaving of rude waves, and the serene inhabitants do not say "I am sick." There is room enough to move about without falling overboard. You may sleep, or read, or write in your cottage, or sit



"The tough wood will stand the strain. The fish must be moved."

upon the floating piazza in an armchair and smoke the pipe of peace, while the cool breeze blows in your face and the musical waves go singing down to the sea.

There was one feature about the boat, which commended itself very strongly to my mind. It was possible to stand upon the forward deck and do a little trout-fishing in motion. By watching your chance, when the corner of a good pool was within easy reach, you could send out a hasty line and cajole a sea-trout from his hiding-place. It is true that the tow-ropes and the post made the back-cast a little awkward; and the wind sometimes blew the fly up on the roof of the cabin; but then, with patience and a short line the thing could be done. I remember a pair of good trout that rose together just as we were going through a boiling rapid; and it tried the metal of my six-ounce Imbrie rod to bring those fish to the net against the current and the motion of the boat.

When nightfall approached we let go the anchor (to wit, a rope tied to a large stone on the shore), ate our dinner "with gladness and singleness of heart" like the early Christians, and slept the sleep of the just, lulled by the murmuring of the waters, and defended from the insidious attacks of the mosquito by the breeze blowing down the river and the impregnable curtains over the beds. At daybreak, long before Favonius and I had finished our dreams, we were under way again; and when the trampling of the horses on some rocky shore wakened us, we could see the steep hills gliding past the windows and hear the rapids dashing against the side of the boat, and it seemed as if we were still dreaming.

At Cross Point, where the river makes a long loop around a narrow mountain, thin as a saw and crowned on its jagged edge by a rude wooden cross, we stopped for an hour to try the fishing. It was here that I hooked two mysterious creatures, each of which took the fly when it was below the surface, pulled for a few moments in a sullen way and then apparently melted into nothingness. It will always be a source of regret to me that the nature of these animals must remain unknown. While they were on the line it was the general opinion that they were heavy trout; but no sooner had they escaped unseen, than I became firmly convinced, in accordance with a psychological law which is well known to fishermen, that they were both enormous salmon. No one can alter that conviction, because no one can logically refute it. Our best blessings, like our largest fish, always depart before we have time to measure them.

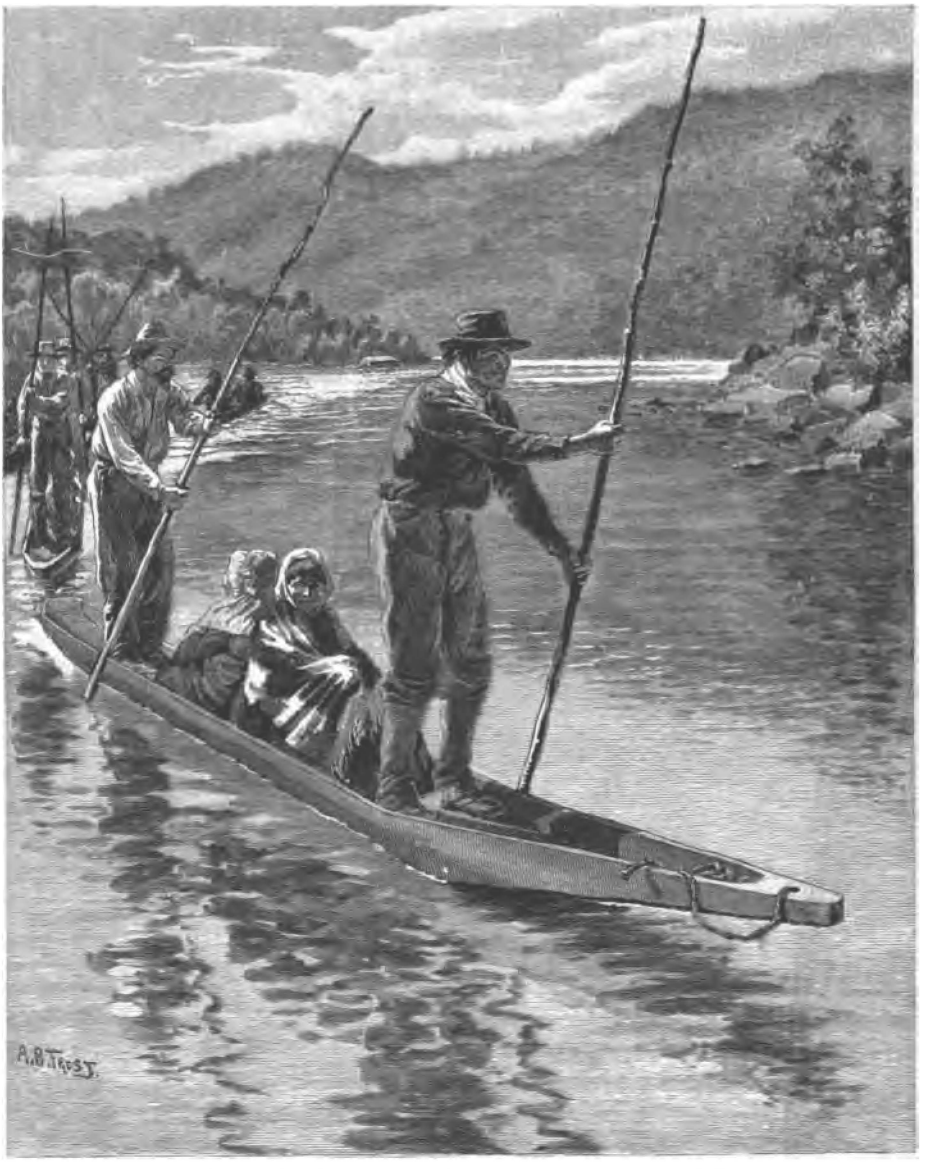
The Slide Pool is in the wildest and most picturesque part of the river, about thirty-five miles above Metapedia. The stream, flowing swiftly down a stretch of rapids between forest-clad hills, runs straight toward the base of an eminence so precipitous that the trees can hardly find a foothold upon it, and seem to be climbing up in haste on either side of the long slide which leads to the summit. The current, barred by the wall of rock, takes a great sweep to the right, dashing up at first in angry waves, then falling away in oily curves and eddies, until at last it sleeps in a black deep, apparently almost motionless at the foot of the hill. It was here, on the upper edge of the stream, opposite to the slide, that we brought our floating camp to anchor for some days; and here, if you please, I will try to establish some visible connection between this paper and its title by describing the capture of a Restigouche salmon in the flesh, or perhaps one ought to say, in the fish.

Let us take a "specimen day." It is early morning, or to be more precise, about eight of the clock, and the white fog is just beginning to curl and drift away from the surface of the river. Sooner than this it would be idle to go out. The preternaturally early bird in his greedy haste may catch the worm; but the fly is never taken until the fog has lifted; and in this the scientific angler sees, with gratitude, a remarkable adaptation of the laws of nature to the necessities of man. The canoes are waiting at the front door. We step into them and push off, Favonius going up the stream a couple of miles to the mouth of the Patapedia, and I down, a little shorter distance, to the famous Indian House Pool. The slim boat glides easily on the current, with a

"A quick, sure stroke of the steel! a great splash! and the salmon is lifted high and dry upon the shore."

smooth buoyant motion, quickened by the strokes of the paddles in the bow and the stern. We pass around two curves in the river and find ourselves at the head of the pool. Here the man in the stern drops the anchor, just on the edge of the bar where the rapid breaks over into the deeper water. The long rod is lifted; the fly unhooked from the reel; a few feet of line pulled through the rings, and the fishing begins.

First cast,—to the right, straight across the stream, about twenty feet: the current carries the fly down with a semi-circular sweep until it comes in line with the bow of the canoe. Second cast,—to the left, straight across the stream, with the same motion: the semi-circle is completed, and the fly hangs quivering for a few seconds at the lowest point of the arc. Three or four feet of line are drawn from the reel. Third



"It seemed a picturesque way of travelling, although none too safe."

cast, to the right; fourth cast, to the left. Then a little more line. And so, with widening half-circles, the water is covered, gradually and very carefully, until at length the angler has as much line out as his two-handed rod can lift and swing. Then the first "drop" is finished; the man in the stern quietly pulls up the anchor and lets the boat drift down a few yards; the same process is repeated on the second drop; and so on, until the end of the run is reached and the fly has passed over all the good water. This seems like a very regular and somewhat mechanical proceeding as one describes it, but in the performance it is rendered intensely interesting by the knowledge that, at any moment, it is liable to be interrupted by an agreeable surprise. One can never tell just when or how a

salmon will rise, or just what he will do when he has risen.

This morning the interruption comes early. At the first cast of the second drop, before the fly has fairly lit, a great flash of silver darts from the waves close by the boat. Usually a salmon takes the fly rather slowly, carrying it under water before he seizes it in his mouth. But this one is in no mood for deliberation. He has hooked himself with a rush, and the line goes whirring madly from the reel as he races down the pool. Keep the point of the rod low; he must have his own way now. Up with the anchor quickly, and send the canoe after him, bowman and sternman paddling with swift strokes. He has reached the deepest water; he stops to think what has happened to him; we have passed around and below him; and now with the current to help us we can begin to reel in. Lift the point of the rod, with a strong, steady pull. Put the force of both arms into it. The tough wood will stand the strain. The fish must be moved; he must come to the boat if he is ever to be landed. He gives a little and yields slowly to the pressure. Then suddenly he gives too much, and runs straight toward us. Reel in now as swiftly as possible, or else he will get a slack on the line and escape. Now he stops, shakes his head from side to side, and darts away again across the pool, leaping high out of water. Drop the point of the rod quickly, for if he falls on the leader he will surely break it. Another leap, and another! Truly he is "a merry one," as Sir Humphry Davy says, and it will go hard with us to hold him. But those great leaps have exhausted his strength, and now he follows the line more easily. The men push the boat back to the shallow side of the pool until it touches lightly on the shore. The fish comes slowly in, fighting a little and making a few short runs; he is tired and turns slightly on his side; but even yet he is a heavy weight on the line, and it seems a wonder that so slight a thing as the leader can guide and draw him. Now he is close to the boat. The bowman steps out on a rock with his gaff. Steadily now and slowly, lift the rod, bending it backward. A quick, sure stroke of the steel! a great splash! and the salmon is lifted high and dry upon the shore. How he flounces about on the stones. Give him the *coup de grace* at once, for his own sake as well as for ours. And now look at him, as he lies there on the green leaves. Broad back; small head tapering to a point; clean, shining sides with a few black spots on them; it is a fish fresh-run from the sea, in perfect condition, and that is the reason why he has given such good sport.

We must try for another before we go back. Again fortune favors us, and at eleven o'clock we pole up the river to the camp with two good salmon in the canoe. Hardly have we laid them away in the ice-box, when Favonius comes dropping down from Patapedia with three fish, one of them a twenty-four pounder. And so the morning's work is done.

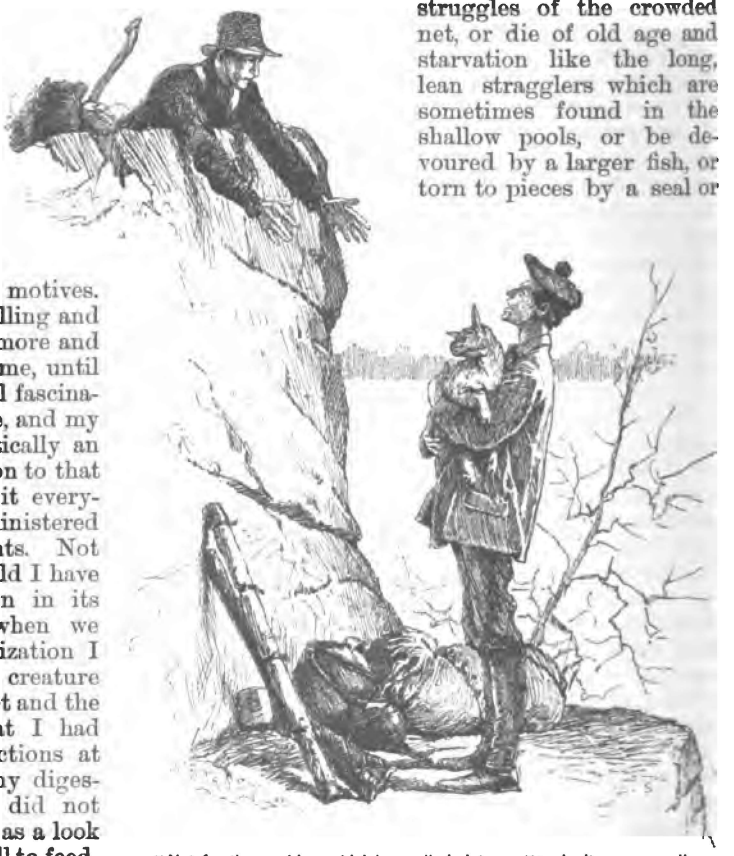
In the evening, after dinner, it was our custom to sit out on the deck, watching the moonlight as it fell softly over the black hills and changed the river into a pale flood of rolling gold. The fragrant wreaths of smoke floated lazily away on the faint breeze of night. There was no sound save the rushing of the water and the crackling of the campfire on the shore. We talked of many things in the heavens above, and the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth; touching lightly here and there as the spirit of vagrant converse led us. Favonius is one of those who believe with the old Roman

"Dulce est desipere in loco."

He has the good sense, also, to talk about himself occasionally and tell his own experience. The man who will not do that must always be a dull companion. Modest egoism is the salt of conversation: you do not want too much of it; but without any everything tastes flat. I remember well the evening when he told me the story of the pet lamb of the wilderness.

"I was ill that summer," said he, "and the doctor had ordered me to go into the woods, but on no account to go without plenty of fresh meat, which was essential to my recovery. So we set out

into the wild country north of Georgian Bay, taking a live lamb with us in order to be sure that the doctor's prescription might be faithfully followed. It was a gentle and confiding little beast, curling itself up at my feet in the canoe, and following me about on shore like a dog. I gathered grass every day to feed it, and carried it in my arms over the rough portages. It ate out of my hand and rubbed its woolly head against my leggings. To my dismay I found that I was beginning to love it for its own sake and without any ulterior motives. The thought of killing and eating it became more and more painful to me, until at length the fatal fascination was complete, and my trip became practically an exercise of devotion to that lamb. I carried it everywhere and ministered fondly to its wants. Not for the world would I have alluded to mutton in its presence. And when we returned to civilization I parted from the creature with sincere regret and the consciousness that I had humored my affections at the expense of my digestion. The lamb did not give me so much as a look of farewell, but fell to feeding on the grass beside the farm-house with an air of placid triumph."



"Not for the world would I have alluded to mutton in its presence."

After hearing this touching tale I was glad that no great intimacy had sprung up between Favonius and the chickens which we carried in a coop on the forecastle head, for there is no telling what inroads his tender-heartedness might have made upon our larder. But perhaps a chicken would not have given such an opening for misplaced affection as a lamb. There is a great difference in animals in this respect. I certainly never heard of any one falling in love with a salmon in such a way as to regard it as a fond companion. And this may be one reason why no sensible person who has tried fishing has ever been able to see any cruelty in it. For suppose the fish is not caught by an angler, what is his alternative fate? He will either perish miserably in the struggles of the crowded net, or die of old age and starvation like the long, lean stragglers which are sometimes found in the shallow pools, or be devoured by a larger fish, or torn to pieces by a seal or an otter. Compare with any of these miserable deaths the fate of a salmon who is hooked in a clear stream and after a glorious fight receives the happy dispatch in the moment when he touches the shore. Why, it is a sort of euthanasia. And since the fish was made to be man's food, the angler who brings him to the table of destiny in the cleanest, quickest, kindest way is, in fact, his benefactor.

There were some days, however, when

our benevolent intentions toward the salmon were frustrated; mornings when they refused to rise, and evenings when they escaped even the skilful endeavors of Favonius. In vain did he try every fly, in his book, from the smallest "Silver Doctor" to the largest "Golden Eagle." The "Black Dose" would not move them; the "Durham Ranger" covered the pool in vain. On days like this, if a stray fish rose it was hard to land him, for he was usually but slightly hooked. I remember one of these shy creatures which led me a pretty dance at the mouth of Patapedia. He came to the fly just at dusk, rising very softly and quietly, as if he did not really care for it but only wanted to see what it was like. He went down at once into deep water, and began the most dangerous and exasperating of all salmon-tactics, moving around in slow circles and shaking his head from side to side, with sullen pertinacity. This is called "jigging," and unless it can be stopped, the result is apt to be melancholy. I could not stop it. That salmon was determined to jig. He knew more than I did. The canoe followed him down the pool. He jigged away past all three of the inlets of the Patapedia, and at last in the still, deep water below, after we had labored with him for half an hour, and brought him near enough to see that he was immense, he calmly opened his mouth and the fly came back to me void. That was a sad evening, in which all the consolations of philosophy were needed.

Sunday was a very peaceful day in our camp. In the Dominion of Canada the question "to fish or not to fish" on the first day of the week is not left to the frailty of the individual conscience. The law on the subject is quite explicit, and says that between six o'clock on Saturday evening and six o'clock on Monday morning all nets shall be taken up and no one shall wet a line. The Restigouche Salmon Club has its guardians stationed all along the river, and they are quite as inflexible in seeing that their employers keep this law as the famous sentinel was in refusing to let Napoleon pass without the countersign. But I do not think that any of these keen sportsmen regard it as a hardship; they are quite willing that the fish should have "an off day" in every week, and only grumble because some of the net-owners down at the mouth of the river have brought political influence to bear in their favor and obtained exemption from the rule. For our part, we were nothing loath to hang up our rods, and make the day different from other days. In the morning we had a service in the cabin of the boat, gathering a little congregation of guardians and boatmen and people from a solitary farm-house up the river. They came in *pirogues*—long, narrow boats hollowed from the trunk of a tree; and as they pushed off on their homeward journey, the black-eyed, brown-faced girls sitting back to back in the middle of the boat, and the men standing up and bending to their poles, it seemed a picturesque way of travelling, although none too safe.

In the afternoon we sat on deck and looked at the water. What a charm there is in watching a swift stream! The eye never wearies of following its curls and eddies, the shadow of the waves dancing over the stones, the strange, crinkling lines of sunlight in the shallows. There is a sort of fascination in it, lulling and soothing the mind into a quietude which is even pleasanter than sleep, and making it almost possible to do that of which we so often speak, but which we never quite accomplish—"think about nothing." Out on the edge of the pool, we could see five or six huge salmon, moving slowly from side to side, or lying motionless like gray shadows. There was nothing to break the silence except the thin, clear whistle of the "sweet-wea-thèr," and as the sun began to sink, the silver, bell-like notes of the "lost Kennedy" warbling to himself far back in the woods. These are almost the only bird-songs that one ever hears on the river, unless you count the metallic "chr-r-r-r" of the thievish king-fisher as a song. Every now and then one of the salmon in the pool would lazily roll out of water, or spring high into the air and fall back with a heavy splash. What is it that makes salmon leap? Is it pain or pleasure? Do they do it to escape the attack of another fish, or to shake off a parasite that clings to them, or to

practise jumping so that they can ascend the falls when they reach them, or simply and solely out of exuberant gladness and joy of living? Any one of these reasons would be enough to account for it on week-days; but on Sunday I am quite sure they do it for the trial of the fisherman's faith.

But how should I tell all the little incidents which made that inland voyage so delightful? Favonius was the ideal host, for on water as well as on land, he knows how to provide for the liberty as well as for the wants of his guests. He understands also the fine art of conversation, which consists of silence as well as speech. And when it comes to angling, Izaak Walton himself could not have been a more profitable teacher by precept or example. Indeed, it is a curious thought, and one full of sadness to a well-constituted mind, that on the Restigouche "I. W." would have been somewhat at sea, for the beloved father of all fishermen passed through this world without ever catching a salmon.

At last the days of idleness were ended. We could not

> "Fold our tents like the Arabs,
> And as silently steal away;"

but we took down the long rods, put away the heavy reels, made the canoes fast to the side of the house, embarked the three horses on the front deck, and then dropped down with the current, swinging along through the rapids, and drifting slowly through the still places, now grounding on a hidden rock, and now sweeping around a sharp curve, until at length we saw the roofs of Metapedia and the ugly bridge of the railway spanning the river. There we left our floating-house, uncouth and motionless, like some strange water-monster, stranded on the shore. And as we climbed the bank we looked back and wondered whether Noah was sorry when he said good-by to his ark.

OF LOVE AND DEATH.

By Maybury Fleming.

What tho' the green leaf grow?
'Twill last a month and day;
In all sweet flowers that blow
Lurks Death his slave Decay.

But if my lady smile
There is no Death at all;
The world is fair the while—
What tho' the red leaf fall?

THE CENTRE OF THE REPUBLIC.

By James Baldwin.

SECOND PAPER.

VII.

NO other single influence has conduced more largely to the development of the States which we are considering than the attention paid, both at the beginning and of late years, to the cause of popular education. Scarcely, indeed, were the ridge-poles securely fastened upon the roof of his cabin, before the pioneer from beyond the Alleghanies began to consider the means of providing for the education of his children. The desire uppermost in his mind, after he had secured a home and a reasonable assurance that food and clothing would not fail, was that his posterity might be blessed by the possession of a broader and more liberal culture than had ever been within his own reach. Hence, prominent in the early State Constitutions we find passages like the following: "Knowledge and learning generally diffused through a community being essential to the preservation of a free government, and spreading the opportunities and advantages of education through the various parts of the country being highly conducive to this end, it shall be the duty of the General Assembly to provide by law for the improvement of such lands as are, or hereafter may be, granted by the United States to this State for the use of schools, and to apply any funds which may be raised from such lands, or from any other quarter, to the accomplishment of the grand object for which they are or may be intended."

What lands were those thus referred to as having been granted to the State by the United States? As early as the 20th of May, 1785, Congress had passed an act providing for the disposal of certain portions of the public lands. By one of the most important provisions of that act it was ordered that one square mile of land in every township should be devoted to the maintenance of free schools and to the general diffusion of knowledge throughout the community. Thus, one thirty-sixth part of all the lands within the Northwest Territory, amounting in the aggregate to more than four million acres, was dedicated to the cause of popular education. This is the first instance in the history of the world of so generous a provision for the maintenance of schools, long before the schools were needed. This magnificent endowment became the nucleus of a school-fund for each State—a fund which, under careful management and by additions from various sources, has grown to be a very important factor in the economy of the commonwealth. In 1876 the school-fund of Indiana, the smallest of the five States as regards area, amounted to nearly nine million dollars—a sum greater by two million dollars than the fund at that time possessed by any other State in the Union. And yet, such was the reputation of the Hoosier State for illiteracy, that at the Centennial Exposition, when some of the school-work of Indiana children was placed on exhibition, there were many educated people who seriously inquired of the State agent whether there really were any good schools in that benighted land! In 1884 the combined school-funds of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin amounted to twenty-seven million two hundred and seventy-four thousand dollars—more than two-thirds as much as that of all the other States of the Union taken together.

Yet, notwithstanding the early and wise provisions made for the advancement of popular education and the diffusion of knowledge, there were for many years no public free schools. It

was a long time before the school lands could be profitably sold and the funds accruing from their sale rightly utilized. In one or more of the States the law provided that no disposal of these lands should be made prior to the year 1820; and it was not until even thirty or forty years later that all were finally made productive. During a period, therefore, of more than half a century they were of but little actual value to the public-school system, and stood only as so many secured promises of a future endowment. It must not be supposed, however, that in the meantime there were no schools, or that the people were entirely indifferent about the education of their children. The truth of the matter was far otherwise, although it must be confessed that in many localities the diffusion of knowledge was attended with difficulties, and did not receive the encouragement which was its due.

If the State had not sufficient funds to support a system of free schools, it had at least, in some instances, the power to provide for the building of school-houses in which instruction could be given to such as were willing and able to pay for it. But how was this possible when there was no money in the treasury and the poverty of the people was such as to preclude the idea of raising it by direct taxation? In some of the States this problem was solved by making every voting citizen a builder. It was directed by law that in each school district a school-house should be erected, large enough to accommodate all the children of school age residing within its limits. It was further ordered that in the construction of that building every male inhabitant over twenty-one years of age should labor one day in each week until its completion; or, if he preferred, he might pay, "in lieu of such labor, any plank, nails, or glass" that might be needed. In case he neglected to work and refused to pay the equivalent, he was to be fined "thirty-seven and one-half cents for every day he so failed."

These primitive school-houses were, of course, very rude affairs, built of round logs, and with as little expenditure of time and money as the law would allow. It was required that they should be eight feet high from floor to joists, and that they should be provided with such furniture as was absolutely necessary for use in the schools. The floors were of roughly hewn puncheons; a great fireplace and chimney, built of sticks and clay, often extended entirely across one end of the room; the seats were long slabs with legs driven into them; there were no desks, but a narrow shelf against one of the walls afforded the larger pupils an opportunity to write; and blackboards were inventions not yet introduced into the Western country. Close to the place where the master sat, there were usually two long pegs driven into the wall for the purpose of supporting a choice assortment of hickory switches; for the rod was then regarded as the most effective and convenient means of securing obedience. Those were the days of the "Hoosier Schoolmaster," happily known no more in either Indiana or her sister States.

For years and years, the cause of education moved but slowly. Poverty and the daily struggle with adverse circumstances; the constant demand for more laborers; the necessity and difficulty of first providing sufficient food and clothing—these were the causes which tended to breed a lack of interest in book-knowledge. It was not so much disinclination as utter inability that prevented a more hearty support of educational measures. The schools, as I have already remarked, were not free schools. But in some localities, as in Michigan, a fund was raised by direct taxation, and provisions were made whereby the children of the very poor should receive instruction without cost; by thus placing education within the reach of all, it was hoped that the public would eventually "be benefited by genius and talent which would otherwise have died in obscurity." All who were able to pay for the tuition of their children were obliged to do so. The school terms were of brief duration—brief because of the many necessities and restrictions of frontier life; usually there was a winter term of two or three months, and occasionally a short summer term for the benefit of the very small children. The boy or young man who was able to at-

tend school for a few weeks during three or four consecutive years was regarded as being fortunate; great things were to be expected of one who had enjoyed such rare opportunities. The pioneer schoolmaster was not a professional teacher; on the contrary, he was usually a man of small attainments who taught simply as a temporary convenience, and during a time in which he could be doing nothing else. He was frequently chosen not so much for his scholarship as for his physical strength and his ability to manage the big boys. And the school was no paradise of delights. "How scarcely endurable was the confinement!" writes one who was a pupil in those schools half a century ago. "We had to sit on backless benches all those long days, and we wished—anxiously wished—that recess or noon or night would come. Hours seemed like ages. May no generation be so punished again!"

The branches which were taught were, of course, only the most elementary and essential. To be able to read intelligibly in the New Testament, to spell words of four syllables in Webster's Spelling Book, and to cipher to the "Double Rule of Three," was proof of a very high grade of scholarship. Geography was for a long time a branch of instruction unknown to the schools; and as the day of newspapers and railroads had not yet arrived, the ignorance which prevailed regarding the outside world was little short of astounding. It must be remembered that this was during the period which might well be termed the Dark Ages of the West—the period intervening between the earliest pioneer days of struggle and hopeful enterprise, and the later régime of railroads and free schools and substantial progress. It was during this transitional period that the illiteracy and rudeness of the people of this section became proverbial, and that the names Buckeye, Hoosier, and Sucker began to be applied derisively to the natives, respectively, of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.

Yet the cause of education was by no means dead. While the free-school system thus languished in a chrysalis state, and the great plans projected by our early legislators were still void of fruition, there were, nevertheless, many strong currents of influence at work for the promotion of general intelligence and the redemption of the fair name of the West. The idea of free schools was not generally regarded with favor. But few men were so poor as to be willing to partake of the State's charities even in the matter of the education of their children. There were many who looked upon any system of public schools with suspicion, fearing lest, in the absence of definite religious instruction, the minds of the pupils should be contaminated with a spirit of godlessness and unbelief. From these and other causes, the various Churches had very early taken in hand the matter of education and carried it forward with zeal and great success. Among the French in Michigan, the Catholics had maintained parochial schools from a very early period. In 1804, Father Richard, a zealous missionary, and afterward Territorial Delegate to Congress, established at Detroit a school for girls, and also a Latin school for young men. Four years later there were six schools in Michigan under his direction and patronage. In these schools, industrial training was made an important feature; for the girls were instructed in sewing, knitting, spinning, and weaving—a knowledge of such things being regarded as of more value than mere book-learning. "Father Richard thought that his schools ought to receive public assistance, and he applied to the Legislature for the grant of a lottery franchise; but though the evils of lotteries were not so well understood then as now, his application failed of effect, and his schools continued feeble and of low grade."*

The pioneer preachers of the Protestant Churches, convinced that illiteracy was incompatible with piety and virtue, were equally zealous in promoting the cause of education among their people. In the organization and maintenance of sectarian schools none were more active or more faithful than the Methodists and the Quakers. The former established schools and academies in almost every community, and the education of their children as an imperative Christian duty was urged upon the membership

* Cooley: Michigan.

of the Church. For more than a third of a century these schools continued to do a noble work, being gradually and finally merged into the public schools or broadened and elevated to the rank of colleges and universities.

The Quakers, whose settlements were chiefly in Indiana and Western Ohio and Southeastern Michigan, were for a long time very averse to the education of their youth by "persons not in membership with Friends." Hence, wherever their number was sufficient to make it possible, they established and supported, by voluntary contributions, a system of "Monthly Meeting Schools" over which the Society exercised a judicious control, and in which a more careful and more thorough system of instruction prevailed than was then possible in the average district school. In their "Quarterly Meeting Schools," some of which are still in successful operation, a high grade of secondary instruction was given, and a large number of enthusiastic young men and young women were fitted for the profession of teaching—a profession in which many of them afterward became distinguished. Next to the Catholics, the Quakers were also among the first to attempt the education of the Indians; and although their labors in this direction have been attended with many discouragements, they have not yet abandoned the work.

The other Protestant Churches were by no means idle. Wherever there was a sufficient number of any sect to justify the necessary expenditure, there a denominational school or academy was established. The rivalry thus existing, and the general interest thus awakened in the cause of common-school education led to many earnest movements toward the establishment of colleges and universities. The result was a large number of institutions bearing imposing titles, yet too often possessed of nothing else save that Western type of faith which not infrequently places trust in impracticable schemes. As might have been expected, many of these institutions were short-lived, and even their pretentious names have long ago perished from remembrance. Others, more tenacious of life, and perhaps more deserving of it, struggled successfully against the obstacles and sore besetments which surrounded them, and, being backed by earnest Christian men and philanthropists, emerged from the trial victorious. Of these older colleges, organized during the days of the pioneers or shortly afterward, at least thirty still survive to honor their country and to fulfil the design of their organization. Yet the Churches, not satisfied to concentrate their endeavors and their means upon a few institutions, which might thus be amply endowed, have continued to multiply their enterprises and divide their resources, until there are now in the five States nearly eighty colleges and universities under denominational control. The influence of these institutions cannot well be estimated; but its vastness may be in part comprehended when we learn that more than ten thousand young men and young women are to-day receiving instruction in their halls.

In the meanwhile, however, the States themselves were also active in making endowments and providing for non-sectarian colleges, to be supported in part, if not altogether, from the funds in the public treasury. The Continental Congress had by the same Ordinance whereby lands were granted to the public schools ordered that "not more than two complete townships shall be given perpetually for the purposes of an university, to be laid off by the purchaser or purchasers, as near the centre as may be, so that the same shall be of good land, to be applied to the intended object by the Legislature of the State." In accordance with this provision, Ohio University was established at Athens in 1809, and the first movement toward giving due prominence to State universities was inaugurated. In Michigan, as early as 1816—twenty years before the admission of that State into the Union—the plan of a great university was formulated. This plan was the result of the joint labors of Father Richard, the Catholic priest already mentioned, and the Rev. John Monteith, a zealous but liberal Presbyterian clergyman. It resulted in the adoption by the Territorial Legislature of "An act to establish the Catholepistemiad, or University of Michigania." This act was revised in 1821, and the name of the institution

was changed to the University of Michigan. The other States, although somewhat more tardy in their action, did not fail to follow a similar course: Indiana University was founded at Bloomington in 1828; Illinois College was founded at Jacksonville in 1830; and the University of Wisconsin at Madison in 1849. Other State institutions and some private non-sectarian colleges have been established at a later period, swelling the entire number of colleges and universities in this section to ninety—nearly one-fourth the entire number in the United States. The State universities are, as a rule, liberally patronized and supported, and take rank among the best educational institutions in America. For example, the University of Michigan has at the present time an enrolment of more than fifteen hundred students, and offers advantages for study and instruction scarcely equalled, and certainly not excelled, by any of the older universities of the Eastern States.

It must, of course, be acknowledged that among the ninety colleges and universities in this section of the Union there is to be found more or less of that which is crude and superficial, and in some instances a grade of instruction but little superior to that afforded in a well conducted high school. Yet, whatever may be said in derision of these "fresh-water" colleges, they have been instruments of incalculable good in forwarding the intellectual development of the West. Aside from the fact that a large number of the most influential men of the nation have been directly benefited by their instruction, they have from their organization been centres of influence whence have emanated rays of intelligence enlightening entire communities and through them exerting no small influence upon the moral and social character of the people at large. Moreover, many of the Western colleges were from the beginning the advocates of new methods and the exponents of new ideas in education. Their very freedom from conservatism —the outgrowth of Western contempt for ancient ruts—created and set in motion a leaven of thought and discussion which overflowed sectional boundaries and infected the more slowly plodding institutions of older States with new doctrines, and infused into them a new life. For example, at Oberlin College in Ohio, founded in 1833, the theory of the coeducation of the sexes was for the first time in the world's history practically demonstrated, and proved to be not only practicable but in many instances advantageous. It is unnecessary to comment upon the fact that, within little more than half a century, the experiment there inaugurated so successfully has overturned some of the cherished ideas of older institutions, and has in a measure revolutionized the educational systems of the world.

It was in a Western college that the election of studies in the higher classes, and the multiplication of courses to meet the diverse wants and capabilities of different students, first found encouragement. It was there that the fact was first recognized and given due consideration that the same course of study would not prepare young men for all the occupations of life, and that the time spent in acquiring a knowledge of certain branches was, in many instances, lost time and would better have been devoted to studies of a more practical value.

It was in the West that the position of the State university as the head of a system of public instruction was first practically recognized. The dependence of the colleges upon the public high schools, and of the high schools upon the elementary schools, was emphasized and made more plainly apparent by a systematic gradation of studies whereby the work of one department merged naturally and easily into that of the next higher. Long before the East had begun to recognize the importance of manual training, there were Manual Labor Institutes and schemes for education in handicraft in operation in the West. These radical deviations from the old order of things were, of course, in many instances, mere crude experiments, imperfect and unsatisfactory in their immediate effects, but bearing rich fruits in the after-time. In studying the history of the people of this section, and in considering the indebtedness of the entire country to Western influences, the importance of these movements in

the field of higher education should not be underrated.

But, as has been already observed, while the energies of both Church and State were thus directed to the establishment of colleges and universities, the system of common schools, so liberally provided for in the beginning, was permitted to languish undeveloped. This neglect was due partly to a misconception of the true scope and objects of the free schools, partly to sectarian prejudice and narrowness, and partly to the ill-management of the officers to whom the control of the public funds had been intrusted. Moreover, that the colleges and other higher schools of learning should receive the first earnest attention and patronage of Church and State, was but following the common order of development. Strange though it may seem, educational institutions do not, at first, grow from below upward, but in the contrary manner. In every country the earliest public efforts for the advancement of education have been expended in the foundation of colleges and universities; then, at a later period, as the necessity of a more general diffusion of knowledge becomes recognized, the common schools are perfected, as the necessary basis of a complete system. In this respect, as well as in many others, the West has compressed within the limits of half a century the experiences and phenomena which in older countries extended through many ages and were the results of a slow and tedious process of alternate growth and repression.

The public-school system in the West, when once the long dormant germ was fully matured, was a plant of rapid, though substantial, growth. But little more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the awakening began and the true value and importance of the free school became generally recognized. In nothing else has there ever been a more wonderful or more noble progress. The log school-houses have vanished, to give place to handsome, often elegant, frame, brick, and stone edifices. Instead of the rudeness and discomfort which characterized the district school of the earlier day, every necessary convenience is at hand to give pleasure to the pupil and lend assistance to the teacher. The pride of every village is its school building and its efficient public school, in which every child may receive, free of cost, the best instruction that is anywhere afforded. There are to-day in the five States more than fifty thousand school-houses in which schools are maintained from three to ten months every year. The value of these buildings, with the grounds, is considerably over eighty millions of dollars, which is more than one-half that of all other public school property in the Union. Nearly three millions of children annually receive instruction in the public schools; while more than eighty-five thousand teachers, a large number of whom have been trained especially for their work, are employed as instructors. The total amount expended each year for the support of these schools somewhat exceeds thirty-two millions of dollars, or more than eight dollars for each child of school age within the States.

As to the character of the instruction given, it is sufficient to say that it is nowhere excelled. Not New England with her school system two centuries old, nor New York with her wealth and splendid advantages, can exhibit better methods of teaching, or better results, than can be found in the towns and cities of any of the five States under discussion. Quite recently, also, the country district schools have made wonderful advancement, and in some localities rival in thoroughness the more favored graded schools of the towns. The public high schools have long ago, by the very excellent quality of the instruction given in them, supplanted in most cases the private and sectarian academies, and rendered the support of such institutions unnecessary. In some of the States they are the authorized preparatory schools for the universities and other State institutions. The high school at Ann Arbor, Mich., "annually," it is said, "for the ten years preceding 1884, graduated an average number of pupils, with full preparation to enter upon a regular university course, greater, it is believed, than is fitted for college in any other public school in the country."

In no other section of the United States is so much attention paid to the

professional training and education of teachers. Institutes for instruction in the most advanced methods of education are held annually in every county, and these are attended by all the teachers. In some of the States, township institutes are also required by law; and attendance upon them is made obligatory. Besides these—and indeed of far greater importance and value—there are numerous Normal and Training Schools, some controlled by the State, some by town or city corporations, and some by private individuals, which have been established for the thorough, systematic, and philosophic teaching of teachers. In Indiana alone there are twelve institutions of this kind, in which more than seven thousand five hundred men and women annually receive instruction and professional training. The teachers are also banded together in innumerable associations and reading circles—township, county, and State—for purposes of mutual aid and improvement. One result of all this activity is that the teachers of these States are always to be found in the van of progress. No new theory of education, no improved method of instruction, no valuable text-book on any of the common school branches, no foundation principles of pedagogics, that they are not acquainted with and able to apply or discuss. It cannot be denied that they are prone to the riding of hobbies, and that their enthusiasm sometimes carries them beyond the bounds of wise discretion, yet as a rule they constitute an element of progress in the State and community whose presence cannot be ignored and the value of whose labors cannot be overestimated. Their influence upon educational methods and movements throughout the country can be best illustrated by noting what the West has done in a general way toward revolutionizing or improving the system of public-school instruction.

It was in the West that the idea of graded schools was first completely formulated and made practically successful. It was in the West that the superintendency of schools—county and city—was first generally recognized as essential to the success of the system. It was in the West that the earliest and some of the ablest expounders of the "new education," in this country, attempted the practical application of their theories. While yet the country was but half settled and the public-school system little more than a promise, a former pupil of Pestalozzi introduced the methods of that reformer into the private schools of the lower Wabash Valley. Long before a "new departure" had been discovered in the schools of Quincy, and heralded to the world as the beginning of a great reformation, the self-same methods, there so highly eulogized, were being practically demonstrated in scores of cities and towns in the West. And it is to the progressive spirit of the West, which permeates and vivifies every department of public or private enterprise, that almost all other reforms and improvements during the past quarter of a century have been in some measure due.

VIII.

Progress in literature and in the cultivation of literary tastes and habits is not to be expected in a newly settled country. The men who hew down forests or subdue the stubborn sod of the prairies have little time and few opportunities for improving their minds by reading or study. Their energies must be directed toward supplying the pressing needs of the hour; and matters which seem to have but little immediate practical value must of necessity be postponed or ignored. A general prosperity in material affairs, and the leisure which that prosperity makes possible must be secured before any considerable attainments in literature, science, or art can be hoped for.

There was little in the environments of the early settlers in the Ohio Valley to encourage a taste for the cultivation of letters—there was very much to discourage and repress. The pioneer's library was usually limited to the Bible, a few religious tracts, and a medical almanac. He who had, in addition to these, a copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress," or some stray volume of poems, was indeed a fortunate man, with little else in the way of books to be desired.

As has been in all primitive communities, there was a tendency toward the cultivation of poetry. Old ballads, bits of rhyme, stray pieces of doggerel, when they could be had, were carefully preserved, or copied and passed from hand to hand. Verses of a mournful or semi-religious cast were especially cherished by the hard-working farmers' wives; and young girls on Sundays, or during their brief respites from labor on week-days sometimes amused themselves by expressing their favorite thoughts in the shape of rude rhymes. Some of these verses were occasionally deemed worthy of special preservation, and were long kept as mementos and keepsakes by the families or friends of the writers. At a later period an occasional volume of poetry found its way to the printer, and thence, bound in boards or cheap leather, to a limited but appreciative circle of readers. The poems of Mary Louisa Chitwood, of Indiana, which possessed not a little genuine merit, were read and admired in many Hoosier homes; and the anti-slavery verses of the young Quakeress, Elizabeth Margaret Chandler, which breathed the true spirit of poetry as well as of philanthropy, may be regarded as Michigan's first contribution to the world of letters. It can hardly be doubted that there were "mute, inglorious Miltons" hidden forever from the world's ken in the great Western clearings. In every neighborhood there were seers of visions and dreamers of dreams who with more favorable surroundings might have been poets or philosophers or leaders of men.

As a matter of course, no book was read more than the Bible; for the pioneers were pre-eminently religious. Their preachers were controversialists of the original stamp, never so happy as when demolishing the arguments of an opponent, or proving the falsity of every dogma not in harmony with their own teachings. Their popularity depended both upon their pugnacity and upon their ability to preach long sermons. A sermon requiring three hours for its delivery was proof positive not only of great scholarship, but of unimpeachable piety; and such was the faith and resignation of the hearers that they would permit no criticisms upon this part of the preacher's methods. Rival sects had little charity for one another. Each defended its own favorite practices and attacked those of others from every available rallying point; and the press was early made the vehicle for the refutation of heresies or the confusion of an opponent. It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that scraps of controversial literature obtained circulation and were highly prized by those whose sentiments they echoed. Indeed, there were men who felt themselves moved to write religious books; and the period of expectation which followed the first years of privation and trial gave rise to a feeble native literature of a peculiar theological cast. To this literature belong such works as "The Voice of One Crying in the Wilderness," * and numerous pamphlets and tracts, single copies and fragments of which are still preserved as heirlooms and curiosities. These primitive volumes are of no intrinsic value; yet, should we compare them with much that was written in New England during its theological period, we should find in them nothing which need cause their authors serious disquietude.

Twenty years later, when the country had fairly entered upon its present career of progress, and when the privations of pioneer times had been almost forgotten, there sprung into existence a more vigorous class of controversial writings. But few peoples have ever attained to a high state of enlightenment without first having passed through some such stage of religious disputation or of controversial literature. It seems to be an experience peculiar and necessary to young commonwealths, as certain diseases are peculiar to growing children. Rival preachers met at a country schoolhouse, or at a village church, and held long disputations upon some question of faith or some matter of difference in church practice. Their arguments, which one must suspect were often intolerably dull to the hearers, being written down and separately edited, were afterward printed for circulation among

* The Voice of One Crying in the Wilderness—being an Essay to extend the Reformation. By Francis Whitefield Emmons, Emmaus, Ia. (Indiana). Printed at Noblesville, 1837. Copyright given to the Public.

their respective friends and adherents. Some dozens of volumes, having a very limited circulation, but still occasionally seen upon the shelves of certain ministers of the Gospel, were thus brought into existence. To the same period belong, also, a number of theological works bearing enigmatical titles similar to the following:

Collectanea: a Collection and Exposition of Things Relating to the Two Adams. A Christadelphian Work.

The Conflict of Ages Ended; a Succedaneum to Beecher's Conflict of Ages.

Within the decade immediately preceding the war a surprising number of works like the above were written and published in the West. A few were honored by production from a city press, but the most were printed in country towns, and their existence was as brief as it was obscure. Such writings merit mention, not because of any literary merit, but as illustrating the phases of intellectual and moral growth through which the people of the West —much in the same way as those of older countries—have successively passed.

But the early literature of this section was not exclusively theological. The Hon. Isaac Blackford, Judge of the Supreme Court of Indiana, compiled and published eight volumes of Reports, so carefully written, so comprehensive, and so practical, that they are now regarded by jurists the world over, not only as valuable works of reference, but as the most trustworthy authority on many matters of doubt or dispute. This was perhaps the only work of really permanent value produced during the period of settlement. A few local histories, and some stories of Western adventure, complete the list.

When, at length, railroads came, and the telegraph, and a net-work of iron began to be spread all over the country, a new direction was given to the thoughts and aspirations of the people. Hitherto, communication with other States had been difficult, and little was known of what was transpiring in distant parts of the world. The mails had been by no means frequent in their visits, nor were they very heavily laden with the news of the day. A boy on horseback, riding over the road once a week with a small package of letters in a mail-bag, had been the limit of the mail-service at most of the post-offices. During the earlier days the rates of postage had been very high—being regulated according to the distance—and the expense of letter-carriage was always paid by the receiver, not by the sender; hence there was not much correspondence between the settlers and their friends in the older States. But now, when the mails arrived daily and communication with the most distant points was a matter of only a few days, the life of the people was, in a manner, changed. The influence of the cities and larger towns began to be felt. The weekly newspaper became a welcome visitor in many homes. An increasing curiosity was aroused concerning the doings of the rest of the world; books of travel and adventure were eagerly sought and as eagerly read and discussed; the itinerant book-agent with his stock of literary wares became a well-known and not always an unwelcome caller at the doors of the farm-houses. The period of the "renaissance" had indeed come to the Western people.

The popular demand for reading matter and for the means of acquiring general information rapidly increased, and developed into a craving not more for knowledge than for the mere pleasurable excitement of becoming acquainted with books. The public schools, as we have already noted, had but lately begun to assume their proper place and functions; and their influence but heightened the general awakening. As a consequence, in some of the States hundreds of small public libraries were established. The formation of township libraries as a part of the grand system of popular education placed books of the very best class within the reach of every person who wished to read. Most of these libraries have long ago disappeared—the prey of petty thievery and final neglect—but the good which they accomplished, just at the time when their aid was most needed, can never be overestimated. Many a young man who afterward attained success and perhaps achieved distinction in some of the higher walks of life was awakened to nobler aspirations and endeavors

through the reading of books thus made accessible to him.

In Indiana, during this same period of literary awakening, if we may apply that term, nearly two hundred libraries, known as Workingmen's Libraries, were founded in different parts of the State. The funds for the purchase of these libraries were provided by one William Maclure, a wealthy Scotch philanthropist, who bequeathed what was then considered a very large fortune for their support. It was Maclure who had endeavored to establish manual labor schools in the West, forty years before the subject of hand-training had become a matter for inquiry and discussion in educational circles; and through his influence the methods of Pestalozzi had been made known also in this country a quarter of a century previous to their general acceptance by the more progressive teachers.

Through the influences and aids which have been enumerated, the people of the West became a reading people, and the diffusion of knowledge among the masses remained no longer an unsolved problem. The great political questions which about this time began to press forward for solution increased the general desire for knowledge. Newspapers representing every phase of political opinion found their way into the remotest country places, and if they did nothing more, they stirred up thought; and when the crisis of war came, the people of the West were as a body able to act intelligently, and ready to act promptly. The war seemed not in the least to check the progress of intellectual growth, but rather to hasten it, by presenting new subjects for thought and by opening up wider fields for action. The men of these States, coming into contact with citizens of other sections, were able to measure their own strength by comparing it with that of others; they discovered by practical experiment what was the probable extent of the attainments within their reach, and their faith in the West grew stronger than ever before. With the return of peace, grand projects were set on foot and carried to successful realization. The idea of popular education received new encouragement; the public schools and colleges, as we have already shown, at once advanced to the front, and took rank among the most efficient in the world; and the taste for good reading, already awakened, was fostered and directed to the attainment of important results.

There are now being published in this section more than three thousand newspapers and other periodicals, the aggregate circulation of which, per issue, is over seven million copies. In addition to these indigenous publications, the periodicals devoted to literature, art, and religion, the more famous political organs, and the great magazines of New York and Boston, find liberal patronage —so liberal, in fact, that we may safely place the aggregate circulation of all classes of periodicals at nearly fourteen million copies per issue, or one copy for every man, woman, and child in the five States. But, that the reading of a large proportion of the people is not confined to matter of an ephemeral kind, we have ample proof. There are now in this section more than twelve hundred public libraries, containing over three hundred volumes each, to say nothing of perhaps a triple number of smaller but valuable collections. Besides these, there are innumerable large private libraries, and libraries belonging to clubs and associations. All these cannot fail to exercise an important influence in favor of mind and heart culture, and the advancement of liberal and enlightened ideas.

In the cities and larger towns, societies for literary culture and enjoyment have for many years been maintained by persons of leisure and the younger class of professional men. Perhaps none of these are more famous or have done more valuable work than the Detroit Young Men's Society, which at different times enrolled among its members some of the ablest and most famous statesmen and jurists of this country. Within a more recent period, the organization of literary clubs and reading circles has extended, not only into the towns, but into the smaller villages and numbers of country communities remote from any of the great educational centres. The character of the work accomplished by these associations varies, of

course, with the tastes, capabilities, and desires of their members; but, as a rule, they eschew that which is simply frivolous or superficial, and devote their energies to the study of subjects requiring thought and patient investigation. I have before me the programmes for the current year of a large number of associations of this kind. I take them up hastily and at random. The first is that of a Woman's Reading Club in a small town in the midst of a rich agricultural region; and the subject to which its members devote the entire year's study is United States history, with a series of readings and discussions on matters relating to the science of government. The next is the programme of a certain Afternoon Club—also a society of ladies—and indicates subjects for the consideration of its members which are of a more ambitious cast, such as "Socrates and the Socratic Method," "Bacon's Philosophy," "Goethe," "Dante," "Swedenborg." The third—still another woman's club—contains a plan for a year's work on the history of Anglo-Saxon England, including the reading of "King Lear," "Cymbeline," and Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." The fourth comes also from a country town remote from any college, and is the programme of the Spencer Class, a society of gentlemen and ladies who have devoted one evening of each fortnight to the study of the "Data of Ethics" and Schlegel's "Philosophy of History." Then follow the cards of numerous Shakespeare Clubs, some located in the cities, but more in country places, and all seeming to be deeply interested in the pursuit of knowledge concerning the bard of Avon and his works. Next I find the circulars of certain Browning Clubs and Browning Societies, some of which have devoted months and years to the enjoyable reading and study of their favorite author, and are still continuing the work with ever-increasing ardor. These are simply illustrations of the kind of study and the character of the reading which is being done in this year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight all over that country which but a short time ago was an uncultivated wilderness. Nor is this all. There are numerous professional associations whose members are pursuing certain prescribed courses of reading for the purpose of intellectual improvement and culture. Prominent among these latter are the Teachers' Reading Circles, organized under the auspices of State educational associations, and controlled by them through the agency of committees and boards of local managers. At the present time these circles have an aggregate membership of more than fifteen thousand persons, and these are engaged in the systematic study of such works as Green's "History of the English People," Taine's "English Literature," or Sully's "Psychology." Examinations are held at stated times, and certificates or diplomas are awarded to such as complete the prescribed course of reading in a manner satisfactory to the board of managers.

While these movements have been going on in the direction of mental improvement and literary culture, the West has produced not a few original thinkers and writers of its own, and has done much toward the upbuilding of our national literature. There are numbers of individuals who, either being natives of the West or writing under the influence of long residence there, have made valuable and permanent contributions to the literature of America. In the department of prose fiction, the number of Western writers is by no means small, and includes some of the most celebrated novelists of to-day. Of poets and versifiers, the name is legion; nor is their work altogether confined to productions of an ephemeral character; genuine poems of a sterling character, including two recent translations of Virgil, attest the character of Western taste in poetry. Of historians, at least a dozen might be named, the authors of works of every shade of scholarship from a history of American literature to a discussion of the claims of Columbus as the true discoverer of America. Of writers on philosophy and ethical subjects, a brilliant array of names might be presented. Of contributors to the literature of education, no other section of the Union can boast so many and so able. Of scientists, many of the most notable in America are or have been residents of these States, and have accomplished a

large part of their work while there. In the field of literary criticism, there is an increasing number of able writers. The mere mention of the names of men and women in the West who have enriched our national literature by their contributions would exceed the limits of this paper. Enough has been said to show that the trend of thought, even in rural communities, is in the direction of enlightenment, refinement, and mental culture. Should the present rate of progress continue for another quarter of a century, who can say whether the East or the West shall occupy the first position as regards intellectual attainments, the triumphs of literature, and the graces of social life?

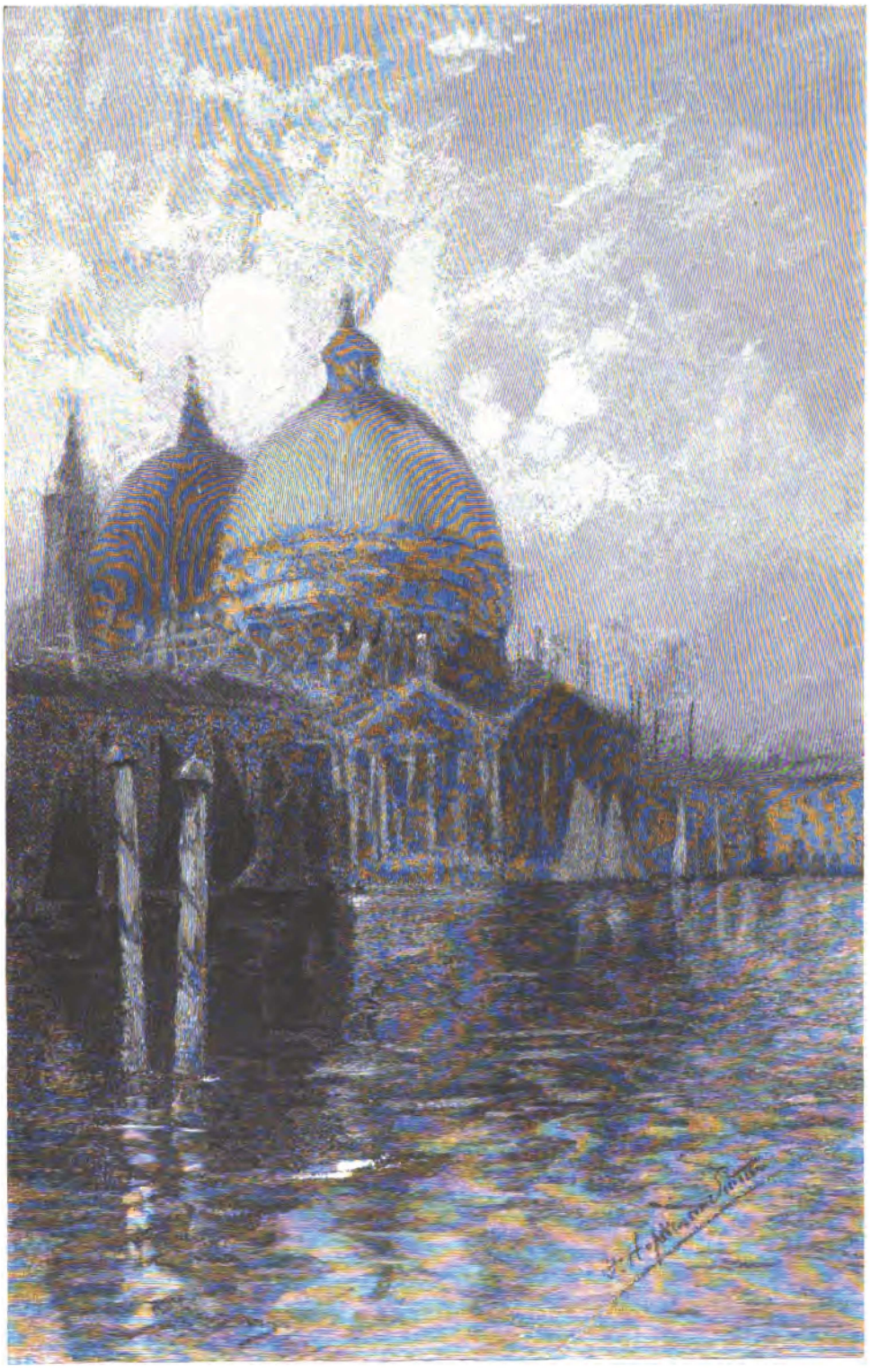
IX.

Several years ago, the Hon. William H. Seward, in a speech before a Western audience, ventured the prediction that "power would not much longer linger on the narrow strip between the Atlantic and the slopes of the Alleghanies, but that the commanding field would soon be in the upper Mississippi Valley, where men and institutions would speak and communicate their will to the nation and the world." The centennial anniversary of the passage of the Ordinance respecting the Northwestern Territory witnesses the fulfilment of that prediction. That section of our country which one hundred years ago was regarded as barely worth the attention of our national legislators, has become the most important element in the superstructure of our government. In respect not only of position, but of wealth, of natural fertility, of political influence, of intellectual strength, of literary promise, it may well assume the right to be regarded as the Centre of the Republic.

MORNING IN VENICE.

By Bessie Gray.

'Gainst the dusk-gold of morn's candescent sky
  Strike dome and campanile, sharp and clear,
  Jangling sweet bells on the still city's ear.
Strange scents of musk and myrtle hover nigh;
The frail pomegranate-blossoms, hanging high
  Above the dark canal, drop straight and sheer,
  Drift on, a crimson fleet, then disappear.
High-heap'd with sun-kiss'd fruits, the boats go by
With cadenc'd oar to the gay market-place,
  Where purple, bloomy grapes, for very stress
    Of swollen sweetness, burst and spill their wine;
    Where bronzèd melons lie, in shade and shine,
  And the Sea City's definite impress
Glows in swart splendor from each dusky face.



Morning in Venice.

THE DECORATION OF VASES.

By William P. P. Longfellow.

THE whole subject of decoration is made difficult for us and its practice confused by a loose habit in the use of the words decorate and decoration. In strictness, to decorate is to add beauty to something by adding to it ornament, or perhaps color, and implies something to be decorated. It is an inconvenience to have no better name than trinket, knick-knack, gewgaw, for a thing that exists for its prettiness alone; and so we stretch the more reputable word to cover such things. So, also, people speak of decorating a slab of wood or stone by painting or carving something on it, when the slab, if it exists only for the sake of what is on it, is no more decorated by this than the painter's canvas is decorated by his picture. Let us use the word now in its true sense, by which decoration exists for the sake of the thing to which it is applied. The distinction concerns us, for neglect of it has led decorators into serious faults. It is easy, in the desire to do something called decorative, to think only of the charm of what we are doing, without regard to the thing to which we are doing it. This is a besetting sin of amateur decorators, and we have to acknowledge that many clever professional artists, painters, and sculptors, who have lately been tempted into decorative work, must, in this aspect, be regarded as amateurs. There is an army of their followers who are not professional, but have a certain artistic interest and capacity. These do work which often pleases by its native feeling, but necessarily lacks the command of color and effect which the skilful painter can give, while both together are apt to disappoint by poverty in decorative material and ignorance of decorative law.

It is easy to be misled by forgetting that pictorial and decorative qualities are distinct — not irreconcilable, but never to be confounded. A picture exists for itself and is supreme. A decoration, existing for the sake of the thing to which it is applied, is subordinate. You may paint a picture on a towel, but it does not decorate the towel; it simply turns it into a canvas, and makes a very poor towel of it. The result is not artistic, but incongruous. The like distinction holds between independent sculpture and ornamental carving. In both arts, it is true, the two kinds, the

Fig. 1.—From Audsley's Keramic Art of Japan.

independent and ornamental, run into each other. It is as hard to draw the line between them as between the animal kingdom and the vegetable; but the distinction is just as real, though the classes touch at their boundary and interlace. Mural painting, for instance, is both pictorial and decorative. It cannot be treated like easel painting, for the pictorial qualities must be restrained to make room for the decorative—it must be so painted as to be becoming to the flat wall and look like part of it, whereas the easel picture is made to give distance, and is isolated from the wall by a strong frame. How far in any kind of work the pictorial element may prevail, and how far the decorative, is to be determined by that sense of harmony and fitness which is the artistic conscience, and like the moral conscience needs the enlightenment of discipline. The beauty of a fine vase should be respected by its decorator, who should not by his painting or carving contradict or override it, but enhance it. The Seltzer jug which the young lady amateur elects to decorate, and which has no beauty, is properly to be looked at, not as a decorated object, but as a picture-frame, in which aspect we must regard it as far from satisfactory.

Fig. 2.—From Audsley.

Briefly, then, in applying sculpture or painting to any object, the pictorial or sculpturesque elements and the decorative should be proportioned to the independent importance of the object. If the object has beauty, the office of decoration is to bring out that beauty, not to divert attention from it. If it has beauty of shape, the decoration is to be of a kind to ally itself to that and emphasize its excellence; its greatest offence is to seem hostile and unsympathetic to it. It has been the fashion lately to use natural forms for decoration, especially plants and flowers. It is a wholesome thing to draw and paint plants, if it is done with faithfulness. They are good for ornament if they are used in a way that suits them and the thing to which they are applied, but this is not to be accomplished by simply throwing them at it. A painter once said to me: "After all, there is no way in which you can arrange a handful of flowers so well as by simply dropping them on the table, and letting them lie as they fall." This is true enough, if you are looking merely for natural ease of arrangement, and want to make a picture of the flowers for their own sake, taking your chance of an

unlucky juxtaposition. But this is not decoration, nor do flowers applied in this manner become the object that wears them. The form that is chosen for ornamental use must give up something of its freedom, must be seen to regard, as

Fig. 3.—From Audsley.

it were, the looks of the thing that it ornaments. It is like a woman's dress. The finest gown does not look well unless it fits the wearer, and, what is more important, the wearer does not look well in it. We all know persons whose clothes look, in the common phrase, as if they were pitchforked on to them, and this is just the fashion in which a great deal of decoration is applied. The real aim being pictorial, the decorations are put on wherever there is room for them, and the result has the dowdiness of an elaborately ill-dressed woman. Natural forms are the most troublesome in this respect: they have a stubbornness which makes them refuse to adapt themselves readily to the figure of anything else. The surfaces of almost all decorated objects, and especially those of vases, are so curved and modelled that they distort by foreshortening whatever is laid upon them. There are portions of their surface where this distortion is excessive, and breaks of continuity which dislocate and ruin any natural form that crosses them. One might think that these conditions would hardly need insisting on, yet they are constantly violated.

There is, however, a whole arsenal of forms which men have invented for these uses, and which therefore are suited to them. The supply is inexhaustible: new ones can be added as fast as decorators have the skill to invent them. A circle or a cusp, a rosette or an anthemion is not injured by foreshortening, or by bending over the shoulder of a vase. Whereas a leafy spray, still more a human or animal figure, loses all its charm by distortion, these simpler forms are only varied into new and harmonious shapes. Their serried arrangement gives a series of closely related forms which offer a new charm, like skilful variations on a melodic theme. Such material, therefore, makes a better decorative design than finer natural forms. A flat

Fig. 4.—From Lau's Die Griechischen Vasen.

plaque may be painted with pretty much any kind of subject, being not a decorated object, but a picture, and to be judged as a picture. Most vases have portions of comparatively flat surface where decorative restraints are not severely felt, and where natural forms,

Fig. 5.—From a Vase in the Munich Collection.

carefully chosen and applied, may be used with more or less of the freedom of pictorial treatment. Other parts of their surface, sharply modulated or narrowly limited, require a strictly decorative handling, and from these such forms must be banished. Some—many Chinese and Japanese vases, for instance—with simple shapes and little or no articulation, lay but little constraint on the decorator, at the same time that they give small scope for his decorative skill. Others, like Greek vases, with carefully articulated forms and sharply defined divisions of surface, hold him severely to his task, while they stimulate the best exercise of his power.

Carefully decorated antique vases will prove that these distinctions have been felt by their painters (compare Figs. 7,

9, 14, and 20), and a little consideration will show that the tendency of decorators nowadays is to ignore them. Enthusiasm

Fig. 6.—From Audsley.

for the Oriental arts, especially for the Japanese; admiration of their color, sympathy with their freedom, have, I think, especially misled us Americans, who have no tradition to steady us. It is dangerously easy to confuse the application of a foreign art, as where we divert the decorative forms and methods of a Persian rug to a dinner-plate or a stained window: to emulate its excellences is not so easy. We can catch the negative qualities of the Japanese artists—their disregard of symmetry, their nonchalance, neglect of the qualities of abstract form, insensitiveness to proportion—but we cannot sit down at our tables and emulate offhand their superb draughtsmanship, their wonderful skill in rendering the essential and eliminating the non-essential, their exquisite naturalism, charm of color, union of elegance and ease. Moreover, we have taken our lessons mostly from the lower stratum. We are flooded with cheap and hasty productions from Kioto, Tokio, and other cities where the Western commercial spirit is replacing the native artistic conscience. The pottery, of which we get enormous quantities, has, for the most part, no shape to speak of; and though it is painted with a survival of skill which is far beyond what we can command for like work, there is the least possible relation between the ornament and the object to which it is applied.

But if we look back at the earlier and more careful work of Japanese potters, we shall find that they were as careful of the laws of real decoration as the Greeks themselves. They never cared so much for pure form as the Greeks, and in this, therefore, they have never succeeded so well. Fondness for naturalism and for picturesqueness of treatment has always been more or less their characteristic, and here is the most conspicuous of the differences between

Fig. 7.—The Vase of Sosibios.

Greek art and Japanese. But it is interesting to note that in the kind of art which we are considering, the system of design has been very much the same, and the order of changes much alike in spite of great divergence of character. In both the development ranges from an early period of formalism to a late one of freedom,—with the Japanese to one of great license. In both, at the finest period, neither freedom nor formality has been absolute master. I

think we may safely say that the culminating point of every naturally developed art, following a time of severe formality, has been a time of restraint, marked by an even balance between orderliness and freedom, and that the smothering of order in freedom is always a sign of decadence. American art, it is true, is at present in an access of extreme freedom, and yet we hope that it is on its way to-

Fig. 8.—From Racinet's Ornament Polychrome.

ward its culmination, not falling away from it. But our art, which has its beginning necessarily in eclecticism, and not in spontaneous invention or primal tradition, cannot be said to follow the line of natural development. The natural steps may be reversed in its career; the conditions of its nurture are abnormal, and we watch its growth with the same solicitude with which we follow the development of a foundling, deprived of nature's sustenance and brought up on the bottle.

If we examine two of the four illustrations of Japanese vases here given (Figs. 2 and 3), and compare them with the Greek examples, we shall see that the distribution and application of the decoration are essentially the same. I think we can see that the Japanese cared a little more in proportion for his adornment *per se*, and the Greek a little more for his vase, or that the Japanese thought more of its pictorial aspect and less of its shape than the Greek. Nevertheless, the one was as careful as the other to limit his pictorial adornment to the broader surface, where the representations would be least distorted. Obviously the principal decoration was entitled to the principal place, but this is not all. It will be seen that the margins, the junction of members, the positions where curvature is abrupt and the applied ornament liable to great foreshortening, are covered with forms of a very different kind, which do not suffer, but rather gain, by their disposition (Figs. 2 and 3).

Fig. 9.—From a Vase in the Museo Archeologico, Florence.

While the broader surface of the body of the vase is in each case covered with a free representation of natural forms, the articulations of the rim and foot,

or the base line, where in Fig. 3 there is no foot—even the union of the body and neck, though this is not articulated—are scrupulously defined by conventional ornament so chosen that it adapts itself to the swell or contraction of the outline. The springing lines about the base, the drooping fringe upon the neck, mark the upright tendency of the vase: the radiation given to these lines by foreshortening enhances the effect of the modelling; the perspective crowding of the ornamental forms against the outline, right and left, gives a charming variety to their arrangement, and displays the shape of the vase by accenting its roundness. The strong band about the throat of the Satsuma vase (Fig. 2) is needed to bear out its inordinate neck. It has also, I suspect, a *raison d'être* in the survival of a band which in other vases of the same ware marks the attachment of two rings in place of handles, these being themselves, as I again suspect, survivals of the rings attached to bronze vases for a similar purpose. We may notice also the care which is taken in the Satsuma vase to introduce a transition from the severity of the conventional ornament to the freedom of the picture by interposing the cusped line at the bottom, and the more marked band of like character at the junction of the neck.

Fig. 10.—From Moses.

Fig. 6 shows a jar of a more archaic type, on which there are no natural forms, but only conventional ornaments carefully adjusted to its lines. The effect of the whole is curiously Egyptian in color, treatment, and detail. Fig. 1 gives the opposite extreme of looseness in treatment. It is a modern counterfeit Satsuma jar; and very well represents the phase of Japanese art to which we are most accustomed. The painting is excellent in its kind, and the kind is that which is most often taken for a model. The forms have no relation whatever to the vase, except that they are laid upon it. If they could be stripped off they might be just as appropriately laid upon any other piece of a whole dinner-set. The jar, to be sure,

Fig. 11.—From Englefield.

has no form to speak of, and so is not subject to much injury from the contempt with which its shape was treated. For clear judgment we need to distinguish between the picturesque quality of the painting and the feebleness of the decoration. We may ascribe to the painting, imperfectly shown here, the excellences of Japanese draughtsmanship—freedom, directness, sureness, and picturesqueness of drawing, and charm of color. Considered as a decoration, as a clothing for the vase, it is effeminate and insipid. The two together do not make a design. But for the single effort at adjustment shown in making the picture re-enter into itself as it comes round the jar, it might as well be snipped out of a sheet of printed gelatine and glued to it. We buy such things and look at them with satisfaction, pleased with their skill and picturesqueness, and sinking their decorative shortcoming, as we forgive the peacock's voice for the splendor of his plumage. But when we are considering what true decoration is, or are looking for models to imitate, we owe ourselves an account of the shortcomings.

Even the Oriental nations to whom we should be least inclined to look for severity of example have the same lesson for us. For instance, if a Persian artist has to design a stuff amenable

Fig. 13.—From Lau.

to the scissors, he may allow himself the full license of all-over ornament (Fig. 8,[2]). But if he has in hand a plate, with its firmly circumscribed outline, its rim and its hollowed centre, this is the way in which he adapts his ornament to it (Fig. 8,[1]).

Let us now look at the decoration of Greek vases. The principles I have been discussing are applied even in the very old, so-called archaic style. Indeed, when men first began to paint their pottery their single aim was to set it off to the best advantage, and they

Fig. 12.—From Lau.

learned to decorate well before they learned to draw well. In Figs. 16 and 17 we see the base already set off by a radiating ornament like the corolla of a flower, which asserts the swelling form and upward spring of that part of the vase. The likeness to the Japanese vases we have examined cannot be overlooked. This ornament varies in detail, and is most persistent, by virtue of its special appropriateness, enduring from the earliest period till the latest, when the spread of the black glaze obliterated all painted ornament. It is apparently derived from Egypt, and may be seen springing about the bottom of the shaft of the lotus columns, in a form which curiously resembles the lower ornament on the Japanese bottle (Fig. 3). In the late carved vases it is usually replaced by a reeding or fluting (Figs. 7, 18, and 19), which still follows and illustrates the meridian lines of the body as they spring from the foot, and gives buoyancy to the form.

The most important articulation or

division is the junction of the neck, and to this, accordingly, the decorator gives

Fig. 14.—From Lau.

special care. Just as it has been the instinct of women in all ages to clasp their necks and wrists with necklaces and bracelets, and to put girdles about their waists, so the decorator seized upon the articulations of his amphora or his lekythus as the natural resting-place of his ornament. The shoulder, where the body of the vase is gathered in and the great change of form occurs, is again the place where the meridian lines become of value. Accordingly there is a common disposition to surround it with a band of radiating ornament which spreads downward over the shoulder, and marks these lines as they have been marked at the base (Figs. 9 and 19). Naturally this drooping ornament is not given the same elastic spring as that at the base. Here again there is an analogy to the natural tendency of women to lay about their necks a spreading collar of lace, or a necklace of beadwork or pendants, which falls over the bust and shoulders. The shoulder ornaments of many amphoræ so resemble the forms of antique necklaces and collarets as to suggest that the painter copied upon his vase the same ornament with which he adorned his mistress, and with something of the same affection. Fig. 20, repeated from a previous article, is a charming example of this collar decoration.

Fig. 16.—From Lau.

We should not fail to notice also the further office of these two radiating bands, in leading the eye, one upward and the other downward, to the middle surface of the vase, so turning attention

Fig. 15.—From Lau.

to the central picture, which is presumably the most important part of the artist's work, and concentrating the interest of the whole in the dominating part. It is an excellent quality in a border to be so designed as to turn attention to the thing which it encloses, and this is a reason why borders with radiating lines are very becoming, when there is a central decoration or picture to be set off, while running borders are most telling when they surround an unoccupied centre. But there is often a distinct banded ornament running in a cincture about the shoulder of the vase, as if to bind it firmly together. This may mark, especially in later vases, the level at

which the handles are set on, as in Figs. 7, 12, and 13. Such bands are often used in other positions, whenever the design seems to need strengthening or support, and is almost universal, till a very late period, as a base or standing ground for the figures which form the central picture. In this last position the fret was used to typify the solid ground, and implies a landscape view (Figs. 5 and 12), while the scroll, or wave ornament, as is well known, was the accepted type of the sea, and accompanied a sea picture, or a scene in which the divinities of the sea were present. But apparently this typical usage was not established till a somewhat late period, and often gave way to purely decorative considerations.

Fig. 17.—From Lau.

The neck itself was naturally set apart for a special ornament. This is apt to be a dense band of anthemion symmetrical about a central line, the elements of which point alike upward and downward (Figs. 11 and 21). It has given German critics an opportunity to argue that this double direction of the ornament is to indicate the double function of the neck in the inpouring and outpouring of liquids. The explanation commends itself to the spirit of philosophy; but the artistic mind does not work in this way nowadays, and I doubt if it ever did. It is safer to explain the form by the purely artistic consideration that it connects the members above and below.

Fig. 19.—From Moses.

In later vases we often find the neck ornamented with close cinctures of laurel, ivy, or other wreaths (Figs. 20, 23), or with free palmetto ornament (Fig. 23), or with a group of figures (Figs. 13, 14). In the late Apulian wide-mouthed amphoræ, or high craters, it became the fashion to apply a panel-ornament of rich and complicated scroll work (Fig. 35). We may stop to notice how awkwardly, in Figs. 4 and 13, the panel with its acute angles emphasizes what is the fault in the shape of the vases, the sharp bulge in the curvature at the widest point, an effect which would be modified, but not lost, in a perspective view. The disposition, which showed itself during the transition from red vases to black, to present the picture on the body in a squarish panel with a red ground while most of the vase was black, was a natural step in development, but perhaps not the happiest. Yet there was endless variety and an opportunity for much vigor and richness of effect, when once the parti-colored division was accepted, in disposing and proportioning the masses of light and dark; and many of the vases decorated in this way are among the most elegant as well as the richest in effect that have survived to us. Fig. 14 is a good example, though our drawing is unhappily incomplete.

Fig. 18.—From Moses.

Fig. 20.—From Moses.

From a very early period it was the habit to distinguish the foot, rims, and handles by covering them with the black varnish in which the ornaments were painted, and this covering was contin-

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Fig. 14.—From Lau.

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ued in most cases, unbroken, down to the latest examples. It was the most nat-

Fig. 21.—From Lau.

ural treatment for parts which by their position required to be the strongest, for every one feels how much stronger the dark parts of any structure seem to the eye than the paler parts. This habit has been ascribed to an early desire to imitate the aspect of metal work, and to suggest the strengthening of the clay by reinforcing the blackened members with bronze. However this may be, the natural desire to make these slenderer parts look strong, and the artistic impulse to emphasize the limiting members of the design are justification enough for the method. In some vases, where the rim, the handles, even the foot, are left bare, or covered with light ornament, as we see in Fig. 22, it is with some sacrifice of decision in the effect of the design. It is only the elaborate florid vases that seem to give reasonable temptation, by the lavish scale of their orna-

Fig. 23.—From Moses.

ment, to carry it out to these members. We see this in Fig. 5, where the pervading richness is carried out to the architectural decoration of the rim. But even here the foot is kept plain—it is indeed so small that if it were not left as a solid mass it would count for nothing—and still the charm of the outline and the sumptuousness of the effect do not prevent us from wishing that there were some contrast of plain surface at the top. The forms of the handles and

Fig. 22.—From Lau.

the rim do show here, by the way, as the handles do in many vases, the influence of what Germans call *Metallotechnik:* they might have been more elegant if they had been of purely plastic design, but at least they lend themselves well to the general contour of the vase.

The attaching of the handles was always a critical matter. We have seen in the previous article * that the beauty of contour was much influenced by it: in the decoration pains was taken to make their adaptation as close as possible. To this end a special ornament was used to unite the handle to the body, either springing from it or radiating about the junction. It was commonly a group of palmettos and buds grouped on winding stems (Figs. 15, 24, 25), sometimes a single anthemion planted like a seal (Fig. 26) just

* See "The Greek Vase," in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for April, 1888.

at the bottom of the handle. The same purpose led the designers of the carved vases occasionally to shape the handles into a vine-stem whose branching twigs clung to the bowl and encircled it as in the Warwick vase (Fig. 27). But this conceit over-reached itself; for the handles, neatly fitted to the vase though they are, simulating a foreign growth and a different substance, look always ready to pull away from their enforced union. As to the serpent handles, the less we say for them the better.

Fig. 24.—From Lau.

If we turn to vases of the simplest form, the shallow cup or patera for instance (Fig. 10), we shall find the conditions less complex, but carefully regarded. The decoration here is extremely well done. The limit of the design and the outline of the bowl are firmly defined by a border. In a purely decorative design the centre would naturally be marked either by a central ornament or by the radiation of the ornament about it, but in pictorial treatment this is impracticable. Nor, properly speaking, is there any up and down in a circular disk, such as we have here, to justify covering it with a figure composition, which shows properly in only one aspect. But an excuse is found in the position of the handles, otherwise useless, which are planted directly on the rim, as our drawing indicates. They fix a horizontal axis, a horizon as it were for the picture; and that, I suspect, was the real motive for transferring them to that position, which is not specially becoming to the shape of the bowl. The figure composition itself is remarkably compact—adjusted to its space with wonderful skill. No more of the ground is shown than is necessary for due relief to the figures. They indeed slightly transgress the border here and there, a liberty which does not displease when the lines of the figures are as obedient to their limit as these, but rather emphasizes by its freedom the power of the composition. When, however, this is done for the sake of doing it, as we constantly see it nowadays, it becomes a stale and wearisome trick. This density of composition, a peculiar gift of the Greeks, and as noteworthy in their ornament (Figs. 28, 30), is one of the chief characteristics of their unrivalled power of design. It gives vigor and richness, like close harmony in music, and is really as difficult to manage. But the very closeness makes it imperative that the design should be firmly circumscribed. If the outer wreath of laurel leaves were suppressed, the composition would seem ready to fly asunder. A radiating border, such as the shape of the dish invites, would not be tense enough to hold the design together, nor would a loosely knit running border; but the wreath here used is firm enough for its office. Its analogous use will be seen in several other vases among our illustrations.

Fig. 25.—From Lau.

Fig. 26.—From Lau.

If we examine Greek pottery in historical sequence, we see the surface gradually overspread, in the course of centuries, with a covering of black glaze or varnish. It would be courting disaster, in view of the precarious condition of chronology, to offer fixed dates. It is enough for us here that the artistic

development, from its first systematically formed style to its final decline, may be roughly included within five centuries from the seventh to the second

Fig. 27.—The Warwick, from Moses.

B.C. The first style, which has endured the various names of Corinthian, Doric, Egyptian, Phœnician, and from the Germans of *Asiatisirend*, or Asiaticized, is represented by the Dodwell vase in our last number and Figs. 16, 17, 29 in this. The black coating has made its appearance on the foot, rim, and handles; the decoration in the same tint, enhanced with red or violet, and sometimes white, consists mostly of animals, Asiatic in type and arrangement, set about the whole vase in horizontal bands, the spaces between them filled up with rosettes and flowers, one of the signs of a period when Greece had not yet escaped the domination of foreign ideas. Presently a more artful distribution was hit upon. Broad black bands began to appear, dividing the surface into two or three contrasting zones. A pictorial group of human figures supplanted the processions of animals and occupied the wide middle surface. Finely designed conventional ornament bordered the pictures and marked the divisions, in girdles of enrichment, or grouped about the handles (Figs. 15, 21, 22). The black coating prevailed, and the pictures were soon confined to panels left in the color of the clay. This

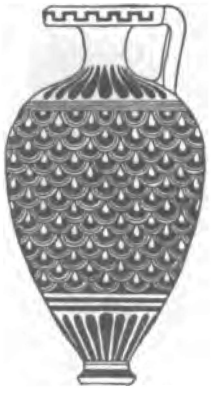


Fig. 29.—From Lau.

was the period of what are called black-figured vases. The figures were still drawn in black with archaic awkwardness, but the ornament was developed with exceeding richness and beauty (Figs. 21, 32, 34).

Then there came over the painting a change as great as the change from a photographic negative to a positive. When the painter acquired knowledge and freedom in drawing the figure it was natural that black silhouettes crossed by a few scratched lines should cease to satisfy him. What the great painters were doing all this time we do not know; but the vase-painter, though he drew his outline with freedom and precision, seems never, through this period, to have accepted spaces enclosed by an outline for his faces, limbs, or draperies, as we do. He would not see

Fig. 28.—From Lau.

things in outline only, but as masses of color.* So when he would distinguish the faces and limbs of his women by greater fineness from the black silhouettes of the men, he did not leave them in the color of the clay, but filled them in with white; he would color the hair and beards of old men white or red, while the faces were black. The change was made by drawing the figures in outline first; and then, apparently because he could not forget his silhouette, or from mere pleasure in the opposition of masses of tint, the painter filled in the ground solidly about them with the black glaze. This was an absolute metamorphosis. Instead of black silhouettes on a ground of red clay, the paintings became at once pictures in red on a black ground, and the artist was free to add to his figures and objects as much detail as he chose to give. He himself seemed also to be transformed. His drawing, stiff and archaic before, be-

* A marked exception to this habit appears later in the Attic white lekythi (Fig. 31), in which a white ground is laid for the whole picture, and figures are sketched upon it, often in mere outline, as we sketch them nowadays.

came free, natural, and graceful, his attitudes varied and picturesque, his composition skilful. The draughtsmanship of the red-figured vases of this period, called by the English the Fine Period, is remarkable; considering the technical exigencies of the work, the best of it is astonishing.

Fig. 30.—From Lau.

The vase was by this time turned from a red one to a black one: the glazed coating had taken possession of it. At first a band or two of red was reserved, to be covered with lines of black ornament (Figs. 9, 13, 14), but these soon disappeared, and all the ornament was enclosed like the figures. This was laborious, and the purely ornamental part of the work, probably abandoned to an inferior hand, soon deteriorated. The quantity of ornament diminished, the figure composition was simplified, till we find only a black vase with one or two freely treated figures in red on the sides, and at last the glaze overspread the whole, pictures and decorations disappeared, and there was an end of vase-painting.

Before the final eclipse there was a revival in what are called the florid vases, especially characteristic of the colonies in Magna Græcia. They were very large, sometimes four or five feet high, covered with an elaborate composition, or juxtaposition, of figures, and sumptuous in red, yellow, orange, and white on their black ground. The profile of the great craters or amphoræ of this period (Fig. 5) is often very fine; their decoration is overcharged and has lost many of the characteristics which give what we call style to the best Greek work; but, in all their exuberance, clearness and propriety in the distribution of the ornament and its due relation to the vase were never lost sight of.

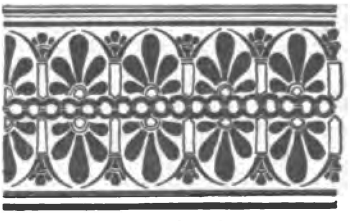


Fig. 32.—From Lau.

Behind all theories of decoration the decorator's treatment of his pottery depends really on how much he cares for it. The jar as it comes from the kiln has nothing to commend it but its form. If that is poor and uninteresting, he will not labor hard to display it. If it has beauty that he cares nothing for, he will still take no pains to set it off. The Greek artist loved his vase: he showed his admiration by his treatment of it. He fitted a dainty garment to it, and hung a fair collar about its neck. Our contemporary decorator looks on a vase with the tenderness which a bill-sticker feels for the fence on which he posts a play-bill. Forms delicately modelled and articulated are rather an impediment than an incitement to him. He prefers the flattest surfaces and the plainest shapes, as the bill-sticker takes more pleasure in a wide spread of tight boarding than in the finest architectural façade.

Fig. 31.—From Lau.

There is no reason to denounce him with severity. His work is often very

clever and pleasing, as clever as if it were decorative: it is only misplaced. Being out of place it suffers, and the

Fig. 33.

object to which it is applied suffers also. It should be confined to plaques, panels, and other positions or objects for which such treatment is suited. Forgetting this, he looks about for any object which gives him a convenient and conspicuous lodgement, and settles on the vase as a fly lights on a plaster cast. Here, for instance, is a design (Fig. 33) made for publication, and offered as a model. It is called a decoration for a jar; but the artist had no particular jar in mind. It might as well be a design for a tidy or a splasher. The lines which he has laid about it have no value, and it does not fit anything. It is not a decorative design, but only a drawing of a bunch of pansies, cut off square at the bottom because it must stop. This sort of design has made its way everywhere. We may see in our finest churches, even in the august series in Memorial Hall at Harvard College, windows resplendent with exquisite color, which yet, when we study them, seem to be designed by the yard and clipped to fit their frames. You cannot design a decoration for a vase in general. Such things are like the cuts which cheap newspapers keep on hand, and label as portraits of whatever notorious person comes uppermost. They fit nothing and are used for everything. Behind the shortcomings of the so-called decorator lies his indifference to the thing to be decorated, and the root of this indifference is, I am convinced, a lack of sensibility to the qualities of form.

And so we are brought back to the thoughts with which we started at the beginning of these papers—the importance of the study of pure form. The art of this century has made in some respects a marked advance beyond that of the last. The study of landscape, which is its special prerogative, while it has helped to nurse our preference for the picturesque over the formal and severe, has wonderfully enlarged the palette of our painters, and so of our decorators. We of this day need not be too shamefaced to claim what belongs to us. The enthusiasm for color of the present generation, reacting from the pallor of the generation before, is without a parallel since the Renaissance. We may dare to say, I think, that the history of the Occident, so far as we know it, does not show so great a mastery of color as that of the best modern artists, except in the great Venetian colorists—and in the Dutch painters, who learned their color by much the same schooling as we —to which we may add that the range of to-day is much wider than that of

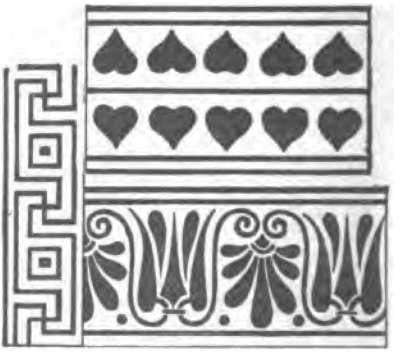


Fig. 34.—From Lau.

either of these. Americans have their share in this attainment. In certain kinds of decorative work the best men here have done things of which, so far as color goes, there is reason to be proud, and even some things which we have a right to believe have not been equalled

elsewhere. Also, the sense for color of the army of amateur decorators has gained wonderfully within a few years. But this improvement in color of our painted decoration, of our stained glass, of the work of our Societies of Decorative Art, makes their shortcoming in other respects the more conspicuous. There is a tinge of the barbaric in it. It wakes the kind of admiring dissatisfaction with which one always sees art that supplements conspicuous beauties with conspicuous defects. When we go below the best of it, and look at the things which fill the common shops and attract cheap buyers, we are disheartened, and long to barter the gaudy ugliness of our day for the quiet ugliness of our fathers'. Of course the present condition of things will not last. As color becomes popular it also becomes vulgar in any people which has not a hereditary instinct for it. Since every excess begets reaction, the anxiety of the artist who loves art in its completeness, who delights both in color and form, must be lest the present excess should beget a reaction beyond bounds in the other direction. Already there are symptoms of the change. Rich as we are in the United States, it is not likely that we shall give over decorating: the danger is that in the weariness of satiety we shall revolt from color, throw away one incomplete art for another as incomplete, and exchange an art of color without form for an art of form without color. No artistic earnestness can in these days stem the full tide of fashion when once it sets in. The way to preserve the good qualities which we have been for some time past sedulously developing, and to bring them to bear thoroughly good fruit, is to engraft upon them the missing qualities of form before it is too late.

Fig. 35.—Florid Ornament. From Lau.

ARRAIGNMENT.

By Helen Gray Cone.

"Nor ye who have stoned, not ye who have smitten us," cry
The sad, great souls, as they go out hence into dark,
"Not ye we accuse, though for you was our passion borne;
And ye we reproach not, who silently passed us by.
We forgive blind eyes and the ears that would not hark,
The careless and causeless hate and the shallow scorn.

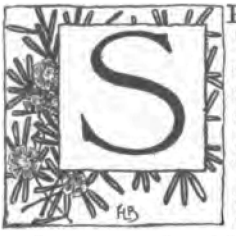
"But ye, who have seemed to know us, have seen and heard;
Who have set us at feasts, and have crowned with the costly rose;
Who have spread us the purple of praises beneath our feet;
Yet guessed not the word that we spake was a living word,
Applauding the sound,—we account you as worse than foes!
We sobbed you our message; ye said, 'It is song, and sweet!'"

FIRST HARVESTS.

By F. J. Stimson.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CULTIVATOR OF THISTLES.



PRING had come. Theatres were fuller, the opera not so full; dancing parties were less frequent, and there began to be talk of races and of country parties; it was no longer a rule without exception that the men wore dress suits who were dining at Delmonico's. Besides this, there were also the green buds, and the crocuses, and the twitter of the birds in Central Park.

Arthur Holyoke looked like the spring, as he sauntered down the steps of his lodgings with a light stick and betook himself, swinging it, to that temple of a modern Janus, the railway station. Ah, you may talk to me of rialtos and bridges of sighs, of moonlit pavilions and of temples, court-rooms, and shrines; but the great stage of humanity, of catastrophes, partings, and dénouements—is it not now the railway station? Here the jaded head of a family, tired of struggling, beheads himself by abandoning his middle-aged wife and her six children; here Jack, fresh from college, goes down to that country party where he shall meet Jill, and proposes to her, the very next night but one, on the piazza above the tennis-ground. Here mamma comes home, or papa goes away; or we leave for India, or Grinnell Land, or school. This is the portal to pleasant long vacations, and to dreary working days; here Edwin and Angelina begin their new life, and murderers escape; and old men come home.

Arthur had gained decision, alertness in his manner; he wore a spring suit of a most beautiful delicate color; if he had luggage, it was all disposed of, and he looked like a poet hovering above earthly cares. In the one hand he held an *Evening Post*, in the other a cigarette; and as he took his seat in the parlor-car he opened the one and lit the other in a manner that betokened his content with himself, and, consequently, with the world. For he was going on a week's visit to La Lisière, the country-seat of the Levison-Gowers, at Catfish-on-the-Hudson.

Arthur looked about to see if any of his fellow-guests were on the train; but there was no one who looked like a likely member of so select a party as all of Mrs. Levison-Gower's were known to be. One man alone seemed possible—a broad-shouldered fellow of middle age, whose suit of rather larger check and somewhat sturdier way of carrying it bespoke him English. The other members of the party were a maiden with a gold ornament at her neck and a pot-hatted and paunchy personage with a black coat and tie—both quite impossible. Arthur gave them up and buried himself in his newspaper.

At Catfish he alighted, and standing with his luggage, on the outer platform, looked about him inquiringly. A groom, who was standing by a pretty little dog-cart with a nervous horse, touched his hat. Arthur walked up to him. "Can you tell me how to get to Mrs. Levison-Gower's?"

"Mr. Holyoke?" said the groom, touching his hat again. "This is to be your horse, sir," and placing the reins in Arthur's hands, he lifted the leather trunk and overcoats in behind. Arthur got in front and the horse started at a jump, the groom catching on as they turned. "Beg pardon, sir—first turn to the left, sir," said he, as Arthur held in the horse and hesitated at the first dividing place of roads. Thus directed, they soon came to a high stone gate, clad with ivy, each post surmounted by a stone griffin which Arthur recognized as belonging to the Leveson-Gower arms. (The American family, said Mrs. Gower, spelt it with an i.) Through this they passed and by a lodge with a couple of

children at the door, who courtesied as he drove by; and then through quite a winding mile of well-kept park and green coppiced valley. At last they reached the house; in front of it was a level lawn and terrace bounded by a stone balustrade, and beneath this lay the blue Hudson and the shimmering mountains beyond.

Arthur was given a small room, in the third story; but it had a view of the river and a comfortable dressing-room; from the window of which he caught a view of a most glorious sky as the sun went down behind the purple mountains. This passed the time very pleasantly; for it took him only a few minutes to dress, and he had a certain delicacy about appearing below, while it was yet sunlight, in his dress suit. The scene even suggested a short poem to him, the gradual fading of one mountain-crest after another as the sun left them all in turn; something about the sun of love illuminating and then leaving purple and ashen-gray the successive ages of man. But the clangor of a gong interrupted his first stanza; and he went down-stairs.

Here, too, they were admiring the beauties of nature. Several of the guests were assembled on the lawn-terrace before mentioned, and talking in subdued tones about the scenery; among them two or three lovely women, flaunting their fair heads in evening dress and laces. Arthur recognized Miss Farnum, and Mrs. Malgam, and who was that lovely creature in the corner with Charlie Townley? A most radiant and perfect blonde, whose yellow hair was luminous in the twilight. He would ask his hostess. She was standing in the corner of the terrace, leaning over the stone balustrade and looking into the still depths of the forest beneath; a man was beside her. She turned as Arthur approached, and held out her hand frankly to him.

"So glad to see you, Mr. Holyoke," said she. "Mr. Wemyss I think you know."

Arthur did know Mr. Wemyss; and admitted as much to that indifferent gentleman. "A beautiful place you have here, Mrs. Gower," was all he could think to say.

"Perfect," added Wemyss. "Look at that mountain—not the first one, but the second, half lost in the gloom, beyond the bay of bright water—I have rarely seen a mountain placed with more exquisite taste."

"You are very kind," replied Mrs. Gower with a slight smile. "I think I may say, with Porthos, that my mountains are very fine—'mon air est très-beau,' you know."

"Tell me, Mrs. Gower," said Arthur, "who is the lady talking with the man I do not know; the dark man, with broad shoulders?"

"Don't you know him? That is Lionel Derwent, the great English traveller—writer—soldier—socialist—what shall I say? And she is Mrs. Wilton Hay. You must indeed know her, for you are to take her in to dinner. Shall I introduce you?"

Mrs. Hay was one of those apparent and obvious beauties of whom all young men are rather afraid. How could his poor attentions content so experienced a shrine? Still, it was in a state of rather pleasurable panic that he went up to her, was presented, and made his due obeisance. Mrs. Hay did not snub him; her mission was to fascinate; and from this and other points about her, Arthur divined that she was English. English beauties are less coy than ours, and more eager to please; all professional manners must be equable. And even Mrs. Flossie Gower's photographs were not sold on Broadway; though perhaps she sighed for that distinction.

"I am told I am to have the pleasure of taking you in to dinner," said Arthur. Mrs. Hay had dazzled him a little, and he could think of nothing better to say.

"What a pity you had to be told!" laughed she. "It would be so much nicer if one could choose partners, you know. It's almost as bad as marriage, isn't it? All the spontaneity of the companionship is destroyed; and you haven't any escape—at least, until after dinner." Now, this was a clever device of the siren by which she bound Arthur to her band of adorers for the whole evening. He was nothing loath.

"Marriage!" he answered vaguely. He started to tell her she would rob the grave of its terrors, let alone matrimony;

but it seemed rather sudden. So he laughed; and swore to himself as he felt that he had laughed sillily. Was he such a country-boy as to be afraid of this woman because she was handsome and he saw it?

Dinner was announced; so he offered her his arm and said nothing until they were seated. Then they both looked around; and it was the occasion for those whispered confidences about the general *coup d'œil* and the appearance of their fellow-creatures which form so quickly the little bonds of mutual likes and dislikes.

And, truly, it is a fine and a suggestive sight—a dinner party—custom cannot stale, to the thoughtful guest, its infinite variety; however age may wither it. For are not here collected, in one carefully arranged bouquet, the single flowers of our vast society? The newest varieties, the brightest tints and rarest hybrids. Here are twelve of the few who have wealth to bloom and give fragrance, leisure to cultivate, develop, and adorn; they are fretted with no cares until the morrow; their duty but pleasure, to be happy their one endeavor, to please and to be pleased. I am afraid to say how many folk have labored that this hour should be a pleasant one to these; shall we say, a thousand? The table is snowy and sparkling; about it sit these six men, whose chief virtue seems conformity, those six women, whose merit seems display. They do not eat, they dine; a daily sacrament of taste and studied human life. So, far above the cares of earth, feast leisurely the careless gods—do they not?

Who are our gods and goddesses? Well, first, there is Mrs. Levison-Gower; she is in gray silk and silver, *pétillante* with *esprit* (how does it happen that she always makes one go to the French for epithets?). On the right, a certain Lord Birmingham, who looks bored; next him, majestic Kitty Farnum. Then John Haviland; then Mrs. Malgam; then Caryl Wemyss at the end, looking irritable. (Mr. Gower was away.) On his right, Mrs. Wilton Hay (black velvet is her dress, without lace or collar, from which her blond neck bursts, like a hothouse bud)—then Arthur; next him, little Pussie Duval and a stranger; beyond him, Miss Marion Lenoir, a dinner beauty, and Lionel Derwent, on his hostess's left, and scowling at Lord Birmingham. Five—yes, six beautiful women; half a dozen picked men. A veritable round table, with women's rights, in this castle by the storied river. "Tell me, who is that next you—a fine-looking man?" said Mrs. Hay.

"I believe his name is Van Kull," said Arthur, indifferently.

"Oh, indeed?" said she, with interest; and honored our old acquaintance with her eyeglass. "I heard he was such a favorite with the Prince." And as we have not seen Kill Van Kull for some years, a hint as to his past would not be amiss. Only, you mustn't refer to his recent past, beyond the last two months. The fact is, Van Kull had a way of disappearing, under complicated circumstances; but as he always returned alone, after a few months, society pardoned it. Particularly when he came back with a man, a lord, or fresh from a visit at Sandringham—New York tries hard to be virtuous; but what can it do when an offence is condoned by London?

"I tell you, you should read your Bibles," broke in a voice, very penetrating, though deep and ringing, like a heavy bell. The sentiment seemed *mal à propos;* but the voice was Lionel Derwent's, and it continued speaking without the slightest tremor of consciousness that it was producing a sensation. "You are none of you Christians—not one." Derwent was addressing Mrs. Gower; but, in the sudden silence, his remark seemed addressed to the entire company. The remark did not seem to offend anybody, coming from so handsome a man with so sweet a voice; but there was quite a little chorus of shocked dissent.

"Do you suppose," said Derwent, gravely, "that the Christian church, when it reorganized society, meant—this sort of thing?" And with a sweeping glance, that was as definite as a wave of the hand, but not so discourteous, Derwent indicated the table and its brilliant occupants. No one seemed quite ready to defend herself, as there manifested; as for the men, they sat all withdrawn from the fray, with the feeling that, as they made no religious pre-

tences, it did not concern them. Perhaps Miss Lenoir's reply served the purpose as well as any other.

"But surely, Mr. Derwent, we are all church members," said she, simply.

"The church itself is not Christian," said he, as simply. "I doubt if it ever has been, since it got established in Rome, it or its Eastern and Western successors. The fact is, the only two high religions of the world have both rested on the abnegation of self: the Buddhist, by quietism and annihilation; the Christian, by action and sacrifice. But the Jews and Mahometans founded their ethics upon the development of self, upon visible rewards, slaves and flocks and herds, personal aggrandizement; and these things they obtained by wars of conquest, by the church militant, as rewards of the holy zeal that made converts by physical victory. Then Christ came; and it was his only work to remove this idea, to change this life, not as a king of a victorious people, but as a vessel of divine spirit. But this one work and faith of Christ, this only thing that made his teachings new, regenerative of the world, is just alone what all our churches, Protestant and Catholic, unite in evading, in dodging, in interpreting away. The one thing they will not follow Christ in is his unselfishness."

"But we cannot all be saints and martyrs," said Mrs. Gower.

"If we were all Christians, there would be no martyrs," said Derwent.

"I think," said Wemyss, softly, as if he were studying the painting of a fan, "I think that Mr. Derwent is historically right. Such was undoubtedly the pure doctrine, the face of the pale Christ as it first appeared, palsying the hand of art and civilization, unnerving the arm of war, bleaching life of all color and flower, whelming the sunlight of Greece in the pale artificial cloister, quenching the light of the world in an unsane, self-wrought asceticism.

'When for chant of Greeks the wail of Galileans
Made one whole world moan with hymns of wrath and wrong.'

We may know the gods are but a beautiful fancy; but it would almost prove a devil's existence, that humanity had hardly found itself at peace with itself in a fair and fertile earth, fanned by sea-winds and warmed by summer suns, when some devil's instinct made it fashion for itself a cruel fetich, oppress its brief mortal hours with nightmares of immortal torture, curse itself with grotesque dreams of Calvaries and hells." And Mr. Wemyss snuffed at the rose-bud in his hand, as a Catholic might sprinkle holy-water.

"But, my good sir," answered Derwent, and his voice rang with the disdain of the athlete for the æsthete, "Christ has not taken from you the flowers of the field nor the breezes of the sea, although his curse be on your factories and mints, your poison-stills and money-mills, your halls and courts and prisons. He has given you the soul of a man for the life of a dog. Any pig may possess, an ape can dress itself in trinkets; but only souls can dream, think, do, be free. Assert your souls in freedom, not weight them down with things. Think you that beauty, glory, love, and light come from possessing tangible objects?"

Caryl Wemyss made no reply; but raised a glass of Yquem to his lips and sipped it slowly. The rest were not in it at all, as Van Kull good-naturedly whispered to Pussie Duval. In his simple way, Kill Van Kull suspected that he would some day be damned; but he took it in good part. John Haviland made answer. "You, too, think Christianity is communism?" said he.

"Not necessarily that," said Lionel Derwent; "and much more than that. The New Testament makes no direct attack on property but as the root of other evils. Property would be harmless, if it did not foster the self-idolatry; this is the true curse. Even that poor cynic, La Rochefoucauld, saw that *amour-propre* was the principle on which our social fabric rests. The truth is, that the moment you have counters, everybody makes getting counters all the game. Now, the true game is emulation of the soul, or, even, of the body; of the real self, not the factitious one. Let us have healthy bodies, brave men, heroes, and poets; beautiful women, kind hearts,

noble souls; not dukedoms and visiting-lists, landed-estates and money-appraisals. If diamonds are intrinsically beautiful, wear them, paste or real; but do not wear them because they are things difficult for the country curates' daughters to get. But flowers are prettier, after all. And even then, it is the beauty, not the trinket, we are right to seek. God made a woman's neck; the devil made the diamonds upon it."

"It is a far cry from the New Testament to women's fashions," said Mrs. Wilton Hay, maliciously. Mrs. Hay was a hunting woman and followed the hounds; and her neck had frequently been praised in the society newspapers. But Derwent took the reminder in good part.

"True," said he, simply; "and I say our churches do not dare to preach the words of Christ, but awkwardly fashion them into parables and symbolisms; in effect, they say, 'Christ said it, but did not mean it.' The Roman church, too, enriches itself; but this is nearer Christ, for she gives a part away. But our dissenting churches encourage their director-deacons, and produce-exchange elders, in taking what they can unto themselves, and even whitewash their methods for ever so slight a share of the plunder. But when Christ made that remark about a rich man, a camel, and the eye of a needle, he meant a needle's eye, and not a paddock-gate. And when he said, 'Sell that thou hast, and give to the poor,' he meant now and here, not in some future state of civilization, nor yet by charitable devise. And when he said, 'take no thought for the morrow—for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also—and your father knoweth you have need of these things,' he had in mind both the future course of stocks, and the necessity of brownstone fronts and widows' life-assurance. But our churches imply to us, 'Christ was a good man; but he was no political economist. He did not foresee these things. Life has grown a more complex art than he could comprehend.'"

Mrs. Gower had shown signs of rapidly increasing distress throughout this harangue; and now she gave the signal for the women to depart. "It is so interesting!" whispered Mrs. Malgam, as she swept in front of Derwent. "Do tell me more about it after dinner." Derwent bowed; and the six men resumed their seats; Van Kull and Birmingham talking horse; Arthur and Wemyss near Haviland and Derwent.

"I do not object to your conclusions, Mr. Derwent," began Wemyss, languidly, "but to your remedy. Christianity is so far from being this, that it is the cause of that decadence we both see. And what more natural than that Christianity, having destroyed civilization, should perish, like another Rienzi, in the conflagration itself has kindled?"

"And I," said Haviland, impatiently, "object not to the remedy, but to your conclusion. That, I take it, is communism. Now, communism is no part of Christianity."

"Neither," said Derwent, "is property. Christ, from his principle of non-resistance, admitted property in others; but his own disciples were to do without it. There have been two great religions—religions in the true sense religion, transcendental faiths, looking from this world to the next—and each was followed by a so-called religion which was really not religion, but looked to this world alone. Both the two religions aimed at the annihilation of the individual; the Buddhist by passive abnegation, the Christian by active emulation in the doing of good to others. The one is the negation of self; the other is its apotheosis. Therefore, Christianity has naught to do with property, which is the accentuation of self, by aggrandizement, by appendages. Christ recognized persons, not personages. Christianity came with a commercial civilization, and as an antidote to it. It was the Jewish religion which asserted a divine recognition of property; which set up an earthly kingdom, which had to do with flocks and herds and landed estates. And, later, Islam came, with wars and conquests. So the Jews never recognized the Messiah; they looked not beyond into the next world."

"And as a compensation," interposed Wemyss, "they seem likely to obtain all that there is of this. But we are told that finally the Jews, too, shall become Christians—which lends a terror

even to the millennium." There was a general laugh; of which Derwent seemed to be unconscious.

"So the gospels," Derwent added, "recognize no property save in the soul. This is what we are adjured to preserve, though we lose the whole world beside. A man's truth and love, his sense of goodness and beauty, his courage and his pity, are his alone. Even his body is only his secondarily, and temporarily; his broad acres, his trees and rivers, are no part of him at all."

"But it remains property—even if you sell it all and give it to the poor," said Haviland.

"Not if they give it over again to whomsoever has immediate need," answered Derwent. "In this broad world there is room for all; and there are fruits in plenty, ample food, and raiment always ready. Let each one take what he needs, and have no fear of getting no more when these are gone. Why, the labor of all men for some few minutes a day will suffice to bring them all things they can need and use. Property is unnecessary. But they are like rude children at a public feast: each one fearing that he shall not get enough, they trample one another forward, and the foremost few lay hands upon it all."

"No one of us who thinks," said Haviland, "would object to communism if it were practicable. But I must have an overcoat, or a roof, or a horse; is anyone coming along who prefers my coat, my roof, to his, or to none, to take it? And, in the second place, men are not unselfish enough to work, even those few minutes a day, that all humanity may live."

"They are, if they have souls," said Derwent. "And if not, we are beasts; and let us perish like them. And as for the first objection, it is a trivial one, soon forgotten in practice. There will naturally grow up an unwritten respect for one's personal belongings; so far as it is necessary that there should be. If a man needs a coat so much as to filch mine, it is better he should have it. Free men will no more stoop to take a neighbor's coat, or roof, or hat, than a prince will steal a pocket-handkerchief. And as to great values like statues, paintings, libraries, they are for all the world, and not to be monopolized by a vulgar money-maker. He truly owns a picture who enjoys it; not he who buys it. The pleasure in these, by divine law, is not selfish, not individual; only when a man loses himself in the contemplation of a beautiful picture does he really enjoy it, really make it his; it is of as little moment who has the title to the canvas and frame, as it is who owns the wide prairies and the mountains that the poet roams over. So there need be no vulgar property in these things; and they are all that is worth enjoying. As to exotics, and waste land, and dozens of houses, and yachts, and palaces, and game-preserves—these are social crimes."

"Exactly," said Wemyss, with a well-bred sneer in his inflection. "You wish, like all the rest, to abolish civilization. All communists hate excellence; because they do not themselves excel. They say, since we cannot all be princes, let us all be savages."

"What they say, Mr. Wemyss," cried Derwent, fiercely, "is this: Instead of the vulgar democracy of crass possession, let us have the noble aristocracy of merit, mind and soul. Let no man excel by owning the souls and bodies, the waking and the sleeping, the getting up and the lying down of his fellow-men. And this whether it be done directly, by chattel slavery, or more secretly and dangerously, by corporate control, monopoly of land, monopoly of that fateful thing that men call capital. Money is the devil's counters; a treasure accursed, thrice cursed when welded into the ring of power, like that fabled Rhine-gold, which only he may win who for it lays aside all love, both human and divine. Let men enjoy the light of the earth, the noble teachings of art and letters, the health of the body and the freedom of the soul; but these without the virus of self-appropriation. It is this that makes barbarism; it is not civilization. Look at your Yankee money-grubbers; they give, and greedily, ten thousand dollars for a common painting, which they may ostentatiously make their own; they would hesitate to give a dollar for Dante's Divine Comedy, if he wrote to-day, because—of course,

they do not care for it—and they cannot lock it up as theirs and bar it from their fellow-men. And even if, as you insinuate, the future were to be what you call barbarism, the morning chase of the free savage after the wild creature on whom he feeds is more ennobling than the grimy greed of a stunted humanity for these counters that are worthless in themselves. I have seen Australia and Hawaii, and I have seen Sheffield and East London; and I say, better a thousand-fold the heathen savagery than such Christian civilization as are these."

"I have hitherto failed to observe, among socialists or knights of labor, or their wives," said Wemyss, dryly, "any newer or other impulse than a rising desire for these same counters that you scoff at, or the gin and brass jewellery that they may purchase with them."

"Aye," cried Lionel Derwent, "you have seen little yet but a blind, instinctive striving for the drugs and poisons you have fed them on; for the treasure you have kept, and welded to the ring of tyranny that kept them down. So, when you lift a stone from the ground, or hurl the roof from some long-lived-in Bastile of humanity, the sudden sunlight streams in, and the prisoners, poor insects that they are, crushed by a thousand years of oppression, blinded, dazzled by the light of heaven, grope vainly and mechanically for the things of earth they have been wonted to, and which want and custom and your own example have taught them, too, to prize. No, they are not better than you are, yet; not until their souls have come to life that you so long have robbed them of. But give us light and love, and the word of Christ, and we will see. But, as I said in the beginning, your priests have tortured even this to suit their ends."

"Well, Mr. Derwent, I wish you success in your mission. Civilization has got to go, one way or another; and I don't know that it matters much which. I confess that your way strikes me as rather a novel one. Most of your radical friends, however, if what you say be their true aim, show a singular predilection for atheism, free-love, and omitting their daily baths." With which climax and a slight yawn, Wemyss walked over and joined the group in the other corner.

John Haviland had for a long time been silent; but now he spoke. "I am afraid, Mr. Derwent," said he, "that I so far agree with Mr. Wemyss as to feel that three essentials of civilization are so bound up together that with leaving either one we may lose the rest—I mean, my right to my property, my right to my wife, and my right to personal liberty. The same radicalism which, on the one hand, sets up a tyranny of majority government to tell me what I shall think, what I shall eat, what I shall spend, is that which, on the other hand, tends to the age of reason and the regulation of property out of existence, and women's rights to lose themselves as women, and absolute liberty of divorce. Property and marriage and personal liberty—they go together. There is no argument for freedom but the inner light of the mind; none for monogamy but that it seems farther from the beasts; none for property but that man creates it for himself. And the age of reason, which denies a divine sanction, will yet require a divine sanction for all that it does not destroy."

"Man does not create the air, nor the ocean, nor the surface of the earth," said Derwent.

"No; and man does not hold the surface of the earth for himself, but for all humanity. Is it not better that you should make a garden of a hundred acres, than that it should lie a common waste? You hold it, not for yourself, but in general trust; sooner or later, if you fail to make the land bear fruit for all of us, it will be taken from you. If you are not a good steward for the people, you will, sooner or later, fail. Christ said, 'Sell that thou hast, and give to the poor;' but is it not doing the same thing to keep what I have, and use it for the poor?"

Derwent paused a moment; and before he could reply, Wemyss came back.

"Shall we join the ladies?" said he.

All the gentlemen got up, some hastily finishing their coffee, others taking a last whiff of their cigars.

"He paid twenty thousand," said Van Kull, hurriedly, to Birmingham. "He bought him for the Duval stables."

CHAPTER XVII.

A DAY'S PLEASURE.

ARTHUR awoke the next morning with a confused consciousness of splendors and regret; a mood which seemed superinduced by some forgotten dream. His first perceptions, however, were of the glory of the morning and the budding, bursting season. The shade had been drawn up by a servant; and from his bed he saw through the open window mile after mile of the country-side, and beyond it the broad, gay river, wearing, like a new gown, the blue of early summer. What nests of men might be in sight were lost in the white glow of blossoms; but the birds made their presence vocal, singing in the close boughs unseen.

No man with a trace of sap left in him could lie inert at such a time; and Arthur rang the bell and asked the servant when they might have breakfast.

"There is no bell, sir," said he; "the ladies mostly breakfasts by eleven, and the gentlemen when they like. Have you found your things, sir?"

As everything of Arthur's had been laid out and brushed in most attractive order, he had; and he dressed and sought the breakfast-room. Here was no one but Mrs. Malgam, who, attired in a diaphanous material of many folds and pale tea-rose ribbons, was standing at the window like a thing bereft. But as Arthur came in, her face mantled with smiles that could have hardly "been much sweeter for the blush between." "Oh, Mr. Holyoke, I am so glad you've come," said she. "It *is* so poky, breakfasting alone."

Mrs. Malgam sat down to make the tea; and Arthur sat down beside her. "What pretty hands she has," thought Arthur; "I never noticed them before." And just as he thought this, her blue eyes fixed his, looking suddenly up from the tea. "One lump or two?" said she. "One," said Arthur, gravely.

A word should be given to Baby Malgam, as many thought her likely to be Flossie Gower's rival; that is, at some day, for as yet our heroine still distanced her. It is true, Flossie was a nobody, by birth; but so was Mrs. Malgam; but her first husband had been Mr. Ten Eyck. Flossie was rich, but so at this time was Mrs. Malgam; Flossie was no longer young, nor very pretty, while Baby's cheeks still glowed and her eyes glistened and her white teeth shone with youth and health and happiness that comes from pleasure and lack of care. Baby had been very, very poor; and now she had three houses and four horses and forty ball-dresses and a young and fashionable and careless husband and an opera-box, and the grace and *cachet* of her own to properly adorn all these things—a grace which had been almost a trial to her when, already conscious of it, she had feared it was to be never used, but born like a blossom of the fields, to die there, and not in a china vase. But now she had her china vase, and was happy, and fast forgetting the fields, and him who had wandered with her in them. And it was very cosey and charming for Arthur, to be sitting with her so prettily at breakfast.

"Is nobody else up?" said he. But he did not say it in regret; and Caryl Wemyss would not have said it at all, as Arthur thought with a pang just afterward. Mrs. Malgam smiled a little, but she said:

"Mr. Derwent has been up and disappeared long since. Mr. Haviland has gone to the city. Flossie never appears until luncheon. About the rest, I don't know."

"What are we to do to-day?" said he, by way of conversation.

"Anything we like—that is Mrs. Gower's rule. I fancy she and Mr. Wemyss will take a drive;" and she laughed a little again. "Mr. Van Kull and Mrs. Hay thought of riding. That is, Mr. Van Kull spoke of it to Mrs. Hay; and Mrs. Hay proposed it to Lord Birmingham. But I fancy his lordship will ride with Kitty Farnum." And again did pretty Mrs. Malgam laugh a little.

"Are there horses for all of us?" said Arthur.

"Oh, yes. Mrs. Gower has a way of providing for us, you see."

"In that case," said Arthur, "will not you ride with me?"

Mrs. Malgam would and did; and a lovely drive they had of it in the fresh May morning, over the range of hills

back in the high country behind the Hudson. Mrs. Malgam's conversation was most charming, and instructive, too, to a young man; it is unfortunate that so much of its merit consisted in the manner and personality of its owner as to be quite incapable of transcription. They talked of the day; of the place; of Mrs. Gower, of Mrs. Gower's friends; of love; a good deal of himself; a little of herself; of the time for luncheon; and of the immediate future. This last topic was called up by Mrs. Malgam's asking whether Arthur was invited to the coaching party; and it turned out that Mrs. Gower had in immediate contemplation a drive in a coach-and-four from Catfish-on-the-Hudson up to Lenox. Lucie Gower was coming up from town to drive them; and Mrs. Malgam, though she had not yet received her invitation, was in hopeful expectation of one. It must be confessed that the prospect was enviable; and Arthur most ardently joined in the wish, so kindly expressed by the pretty woman who was his companion, that he might be one of the party.

Civilization has cruelly made up for making our luncheon regular and certain by depriving us often of any desire for it; but one of the brightest attractions of the upper circle of humanity, in which our hero now moved, is perhaps its return to this primitive condition. It is a pity that fresh air and idleness, cleanliness and exercise, do not necessarily bring with them health for the soul; but they bring health for this world, which is already something. Arthur and the pretty woman returned at two, impelled chiefly by a desire for food; and found others of the company, similarly inspired, already sitting at the table. Wemyss alone, whose dyspepsia seemed to be the last relic of his inherited puritan conscience, was not hungry.

"I do not know what we can do for you lovely Jills this afternoon," said Flossie. "Three of our Jacks have disappeared. Mr. Haviland and Charlie Townley are in town, and Mr. Derwent has gone to the Mills village. Pussie, where's your young man? Your acknowledged one, I mean—Jimmy De Witt?"

Miss Duval blushed and smiled. "Mr. De Witt is in town, I suppose. His address is the Columbian Club."

"Yes, dear," said Flossie, laughing. "Well, I've written to him. Then there's Sidney Sewall coming to dinner," Flossie went on, as if she were counting her chickens. Sewall was the famous editor of one of the great papers of the day.

"He's awfully clever, and improving and all that," continued the critical Mrs. Malgam; "but he's no good in the country. What's become of Mr. Derwent, did you say?"

"He's passing the day at the Mills down in the town, studying the condition of the laboring classes, I suppose. He's always doing that kind of thing."

"Much more likely he's found a pretty face there," said Van Kull. "Those cranks are all humbugs."

Miss Farnum looked at Van Kull while he spoke, and then looked about as if for someone to answer. Her eye fell upon Marion Lenoir. And Miss Lenoir was magnetized to speak.

"Oh, how can you say so, Mr. Van Kull?" she cried. "When he talks so earnestly, and fixes his eyes upon you so, they bore you through and through. I could fall in love with a man like that, I am sure."

Miss Farnum rose and walked to the window. "Yes, and he bores me through and through," Van Kull had retorted; but there was a general noise of rising and sliding back chairs, and no one noticed his little joke. Jokes were rare with this big fellow; a fact to which he owed much of his popularity.

Arthur stood at first with Miss Farnum for a minute; but she seemed unresponsive, and he was soon swept out in the wake of Mrs. Wilton Hay. The broad terrace was bathed in the pleasant May sunlight; but over the end opposite the house was a broad awning, slanted down to the stone balustrade. The great river lay still; far to the south, where the light blue vanished in the gleaming, was a solitary sail.

The air was full of the singing of birds and the fragrance of spring blossoms; it was like a scene from Boccaccio, thought Arthur, the stone terrace and the flowers, and the distant view. Caryl Wemyss seemed to have like

thoughts. "If life were only this, how simple it would be!" said he. But even this speech was too analytical for the company in its present mood.

"It only rests with us to make it so," he added, as if expecting an answer.

"I don't see what you mean," said Mrs. Hay. And she did not. Wemyss smiled bitterly, or smiled as if he meant it so. Flossie laughed. Lord Birmingham came up and leaned over Mrs. Hay's chair; then Van Kull came up on the other side, and Arthur had to go over to Miss Farnum, who was standing alone, looking over the parapet into the deep gorge in the forest, that led down toward the river. Mrs. Malgam and the other two girls were laughing together, standing at the other end of the terrace. Miss Farnum seemed to Arthur more *blasée* than any girl he knew.

"Why does your friend Mr. Haviland come here so much?" asked she, suddenly. Now, Arthur could certainly give no answer to this.

"It is a delightful house to visit," said he. "Did you have a pleasant ride this morning?"

"I hate Englishmen and foreigners," said she, inconsequently; and just then Birmingham came up. "Lovely day, Miss Farnum," said he. "Ah, would you not like a bit of a walk? The park, down there, looks most inviting."

"I don't know," said she, listlessly. "What are the others going to do?"

"They're playing tennis, I dare say, or something like," said he. "I got off, you know."

Miss Farnum turned toward the house; and just then the others joined them. "You play, Mr. Holyoke, I know," said Marion Lenoir, "and Mr. Van Kull is such a dab at it." Van Kull looked anything but a dab at it, but rather an oddly sophisticated lamb being led to the slaughter; but then Miss Lenoir was, as she expressed it, "a tennis girl." And certainly she looked it, when Arthur met her on the lawn, her lithe young figure robed in a blue and white tennis dress, her black hair shining in a tight coil.

"Fie, what would Jimmy say?" said Mrs. Gower to Miss Duval as they passed her. "Jimmy may say what he pleases," said that young woman, with a shrug of her shoulders.

They had played several sets, and Miss Lenoir so well that she and Arthur had won most of them, when there was a ripple of excitement among the two married women, who had been sitting on a shady bench watching the game. Mrs. Gower had disappeared; Mr. Wemyss had sauntered up from time to time, to say a word and disappear again. "I do believe it's the men come back!" cried Mrs. Hay, as a carriage stopped at the door of the house.

The game came to an end; and Arthur walked back with his partner to the terrace. Charlie Townley was there, and a middle-aged man who was Mr. Sewall, as Miss Lenoir told him; and a stout man with a red face, who bore a little clumsily his introduction to Mrs. Hay, and then turned with a "Well, old fellow—what do you know?" to Kill Van Kull. It was our old friend S. Howland Starbuck. He had changed more than Van Kull, and seemed ten years older, with a bloated look in his face. Van Kull, as he stood there in his light scarlet tennis-jacket and white flannels, was still a model of manly strength, with features pale and clear-cut, and a look of race about him. Probably he had led a far worse life than simple Buck Starbuck, as his friends still called him; but his beauty was deathless, like a fallen angel's. "So good of you all to take pity on us lone women," said Flossie Gower, as she approached with Mr. Wemyss. "Mr. Sewall, thanks for leaving the administration so long unwatched. How are you, Si? Tell us what to do, Mr. Townley. Shall we take a sail?"

"A sail would be delightful, I think," said Sewall, affably. "Mrs. Hay, I hope you got safely home the other night? Lord Birmingham, I am very glad to meet you; I had the pleasure of knowing your father, the late Earl."

"Come, young women!" cried Flossie, "run and get your things on. I've ordered the launch to be ready at five."

Arthur was much impressed at the prospect of going on a pleasure-jaunt with so great a man as Sidney Sewall. He was one of those who really seem to shape the fortunes of the country; his newspaper was a political power through-

out the land, and he made and unmade candidates at will. People of wealth and fashion were getting familiar to our hero; but the companionship of men of power was a social summit he had never yet climbed. Flossie Gower liked to get such men about her, as a child plays with chess-men.

There was a break to take them to the river; but most of the company preferred to walk. Mrs. Gower led the way with Mr. Sewall, and Arthur was close behind with Marion Lenoir. He was struck with the elaborate air of pleasure-seeking that Mr. Sewall assumed; he made himself a perfect squire of dames, for the nonce, and his talk was of other people and their misdoings. As they turned from the lower footpath-gate of Mrs. Gower's place into the main road, they met Derwent, striding homeward in his knickerbockers; and Flossie introduced him to Mr. Sewall. Then they all went on and soon came to the river, where the Gowers' pretty little steam-yacht lay at a private wharf. Derwent was full of his day at the Mills; and began talking of it to the great editor. "They are nearly all French Canadians," said he, "not Americans at all; and their wages are quite as low—except the few skilled workmen and foremen, as at Manchester."

"They were even lower last year," said Sewall, "at the time of the worst depression. The mill has really no reason for being, except the tariff; and, of course, in the bad years the laborers are ten times worse off than if there were no tariff at all. But it attracts Canadian cheap labor; and our ignorant workmen think they are being protected all the same."

"Surely, you would not abolish the tariff and wipe out the mill entirely?" said Wemyss, who had taken a seat close by. Sewall shrugged his shoulders. He was the editor of a great protectionist newspaper. "There is no use riding against a herd of cattle," said he. "If you want to lead them, you must ride their way." Arthur opened his eyes at this, for Sewall's paper declared itself the great representative of the laboring classes; but he soon found that "cattle" was a milder term than the popular editor usually applied to his constituency. "The secret of statesmanship," he went on, "in representative government, is to do nothing yourself until driven to it by the rabble, and in the meantime make capital out of the other fellow's mistakes."

"Ay," said Derwent; "but it is not the people, but the selfish middle class that rules as yet. Anarchy, even tyranny, may be the mother of men, of high thought and noble deeds; but the lights of the Manchester school are matter and greed, dry bones and death."

Sewall looked at him quizzically. "Oh, dear," said he, good-naturedly, "here's another terrible fellow who believes something!"

"But," hazarded Arthur, with a blush, "will not representatives do something, and think something, when we make our politics something more than a game for party stakes?"

"Young man," said Sewall, impressively, "this country cannot be governed without parties and organizations. And if the organizers are not paid for their trouble, they won't organize. I've never known a man with a principle that was worth his salt in politics yet; how can you expect parties to have them? This great country of ours is on the make, just now; and it doesn't trouble itself about much else." And Mr. Sewall suddenly dropped his professional tone and, turning to Mrs. Gower, resumed his air of an *homme du monde*. "Lovely country, after all, is it not, Mrs. Gower? Look at that purple twilight stealing in under the western mountains; I've just got a Daubigny with exactly that feeling in it. Only Frenchmen can paint in the half lights, the minor tones, after all."

Mrs. Gower still patronized art, though she successively had given over most of her special protections for the patronage of human life in general; but Sewall was an amateur, and was famed for his galleries, his cellars, and his orchids. Derwent looked at him from the corners of his eyes, but kept silent; meantime Kill Van Kull, Si Starbuck, and Marion Lenoir, sitting forward, had brought out their banjos and struck up a Southern melody, very soft and sweet. "What a pity we have no folk-songs," said Wemyss. "Great art is, after all,

impossible without the nursery songs and tales of many generations, without the legends and delusions of the people."

"I am glad to find you need the people for something," said Derwent, dryly.

"But they have self-educated it away," said Wemyss. "They have driven beauty out of the world with the three Rs; and now are about to cut one another's throats for its mere goods and raw materials."

"True," said Derwent. "But is it they that have done it? or we that have taught them?"

"Speaking of the people," laughed Flossie, "there they are." And she pointed to an excursion-boat coming up the river; it was filled with a holiday party—clerks, upper mechanics, small tradesmen, and their womankind. The latter were resplendently dressed in new bonnets and bright shawls; the husbands looked dingy and jaded. Wemyss took out his opera-glass and scanned the decks for a minute or more, then laid it down wearily as if exhausted. "I have no doubt they are most of them virtuous," said he. "But they all wear glass diamonds in their ears."

"Nay," said Sewall, without cynicism, but as if merely stating an obvious fact. "There are the people." And he pointed to a huge three-decked barge, coming slowly down stream before two tugs. It was covered with long streamers; the largest bearing, in flaring white letters, "The P. J. McGarragle Association;" and on smaller ones, "6th Ward." All the decks were black with people; and all the people were waltzing to the loud rhythm of several brass bands. A few dozen of the younger men on the lower deck yelled at the little launch as it went by; they were tipsily singing an obscene song. "Mr. McGarragle has just been elected to Congress; and he is giving a free picnic to all his supporters in his district."

"You were one of his supporters, Mr. Sewall, I believe?" said Derwent, calmly. "But you are both wrong. These are the American people, if I understand them right." And he pointed to the night boat. The upper decks were crowded with men, intent on their newspapers, regardless of all else—businessmen returning to Chicago or the great lakes. And in the bow and main deck were groups of emigrants bound for the prairies; ploughs, sewing-machines, and bales of Eastern goods. The great steamer swept by them with a certain majesty; and the little yacht lay for some seconds, rolling and tossing in its wake.

It was after seven o'clock when they got back from the sail; and all the ladies hurried into the break, lest they should lose that calm leisure before dinner which a perfect toilet demands. Mr. Sewall and Lord Birmingham and Caryl Wemyss were further specially honored with seats therein; the others walked, Townley with Van Kull and Starbuck, Arthur with Lionel Derwent. "What a different man is Sewall from what one would suppose," said Arthur.

"Sidney Sewall is the most guilty criminal in America," said Derwent, vehemently. Arthur started a little at so superlative a characterization; which Derwent went on to explain. "There is a man with all the birthright of light; with the inherited instinct of truth, the training of character, the charm of breeding; with power of intellect and cultivation of the finest that your country gives; and if there is a malignant lie to be disseminated, a class hatred to be stirred up, a cruel delusion to be spread, a poisonous virus of any subtler sort ready to be instilled into the body public and politic—there stands Sidney Sewall, of all men, ready and willing to do the devil's work. And he does it with the genius of a Lucifer; and all to get his personal luxury, and his orchids and his wines, and a little power, and revenge for personal spites. Mephistopheles himself was not so quick at seeing the evil side of any human error, the wrong that may be wrought from any chance event. And yet it does not even pay; or pay any more than if he chose the good and served it with half that intellect of his that now seeks to sap his country's soul!"

Poor Arthur had not thought to reap such a whirlwind with his little conversational seed, and stood aghast.

"And he doesn't really care for money either; he knows its worthlessness, deep

down, as well as I do. And he hasn't even, or says he hasn't, the devil's motive of ambition to make a reason for his wrong. And he's married a rich woman, like any common adventurer. I tell you I have spent years in this country of yours; and the people have a heart, and a soul, and in their clumsy way they blunder ahead upon the right. But Sewall! He has no heart, nor soul, but only stomach and cerebral matter, like a jelly-fish. In his intellectual Frankenstein way, he was once a communist; just as he might be to-morrow a dynamiter or a prohibitionist. But if to-morrow there comes to the polls a well-meaning, honest man, and against him a very figurehead of that greed and cynical materialism which bids fair to blast your country in its bud, this man will hasten to bid the people to choose Barabbas, that Cain and Abel's strife may be on earth once more."

By this time they were walking up the avenue to the house, and on the terrace they met their hostess, already dressed and waiting for them. "Ah, you philosophers!" said she. "You must make haste. By the way, you know I count upon you, Mr. Holyoke, for our coaching party! Mr. Derwent has already promised." Arthur was, of course, delighted.

"I am so glad——" he began.

"There, there," said she, "you must run and dress or you will be late to dinner. And Mr. Sewall is very particular about his dinners, I know."

After Derwent's outburst, Arthur went in to his dinner with some trepidation; but Derwent had too often dined and lodged with Arab chieftains, or other persons who had designs upon his life the next morning, to show his personal feelings in his demeanor. Arthur took in Miss Duval; and she asked him if he had been invited on the coaching party. She was going, and Mrs. Hay, and Kitty Farnum. Mrs. Malgam had not been asked, after all. "She is perfectly furious," said Pussie; "and wanted to go home to-night." And Arthur himself felt a slight pang at the absence of his fair companion, such a mitigated pang as one must feel at the exclusion of others from a paradise open to one's self.

"What men are going?" he asked.

"Oh, Lord Birmingham, and Mr. Wemyss, and Mr. Van Kull—and—and Mr. ——"

"Derwent," said Arthur. "I know."

"Mr. Derwent? dear me," said Miss Duval. "I wonder what he's going for!"

"But where's Mr. Gower?" asked Arthur.

"I don't know," said she. "He can't come, I believe. Kill Van Kull is going to drive."

"You can't fancy what terrible things Mr. Derwent has been telling us, Mr. Sewall. We quite needed you last night. He has been saying we are none of us Christians." It was Mrs. Malgam who spoke.

"We are not," said Sewall. "Christianity is a very fine thing; but, like many another, quite too fine for this world. If people could practise it, there would be no need of it; it would be heaven here and now, and a divine revelation quite superfluous."

"And are you really going to drive, Mr. Van Kull?" said Mrs. Hay. "You are such a dangerous man, I shall not trust myself with you—on the box seat." And she cast down her eyes, while Van Kull gave her one of the dark glances that made his pale face so famous.

"Would you confess as much in your paper, Mr. Sewall?" said Derwent, in answer to his speech.

"Certainly not," said the great editor. "You know the natural failing of the middle classes is hypocrisy; and we still have a large constituency with them. They like to think they are Christians, while they make their money; just as they like to have full reports of divorce cases, and call it news."

"Hypocrisy, in the end, is of all vices the one least suffered by gods and men," said Derwent.

"Quite so; and sooner or later the people will arise and wipe out the middle class in this country, and leave nothing between them and us," said Sewall, placidly. "That is why I am anxious to have my paper appeal more and more to the masses."

"But when that day comes, we—that is, the people—will destroy you, too," said Derwent.

Sewall looked again at Derwent, with

his expression of polite curiosity, as at a misplaced mummy. "Our grandchildren, you mean," said he. "I haven't any."

"All thinking men are agreed as to the coming *déchéance*," put in Wemyss. "They only differ as to the feelings with which they regard it."

"Well," said Sewall, in a tone of finality, "we can get a good time out of this world as it is; those to come may amuse themselves as they like. What do you think, Mrs. Gower?"

"I think you are all pessimists," said she. "Surely we live in a most enlightened age; consider the progress that has been made in a few years! Why, in my grandfather's old house they hadn't even carpets. Now the very poorest can have everything."

"Everybody has a chance to make money now," said Baby Malgam. "Just think how many self-made men you meet in society!"

"You wouldn't have us go back to those days, surely," said Flossie. "Just think how narrow people were! And everybody thought almost everybody else was going to be damned. But we are growing more liberal every day."

"Ay," grunted Derwent. "We are above the revelation of Christ; but our clever women talk glibly of theosophy, and go into fashionable crazes over imported Buddhist priests."

"What *is* theosophy, Mr. Derwent?" said Marion Lenoir. "Something to do with spirit-rapping, isn't it?—or palmistry?"

"I am sure," said Mrs. Malgam, "I was always brought up to go to church; but since I've been married, Jack doesn't care for it."

"The only advantage should be, that the general smash gives us at least a chance at personal liberty. But most of these fads start in my place; and in Boston the masses are more philistine than almost anywhere," said Caryl Wemyss.

"There is some strength in Philistinism," said Sewall, curtly. "What I can't stand is the critical crowd, the cousins of the nephews of the friends of Emerson, who now talk sagely of the fine art of their boarding-house literature of the tea-table realism school—what Poe called the Frog-pond weakly school. They are too delicate to take life straight, at most they can only stomach a criticism of a critique of humanity, as we give babies peptonized preparations of refined oatmeal. Their last fad is pure government. Pure government!" repeated Sewall, with a snort of disgust.

"It is the literature of the decadence, of course," said Wemyss; "an emasculated type, product of short-haired women and long-haired men, gynanders and androgynes. I have often myself thought of writing another novel—if only for the sake of putting a great, horrid man into it. But gentlemen should all the more have courage to reassert their essence. It is an age, after all, when one may lead a full life. There is a fine passage somewhere in Zola, where the lips of two lovers are unsealed at the approach of death. So we, on the eve of the destruction of society, are free to live our lives elementally; enforced to idleness, like patricians in the fall of Rome."

"Mr. Wemyss, do you know my definition of a Boston man?" cried Sewall, who had an evident struggle to repress himself during this long speech.

"No," said Wemyss, respectfully sipping a glass of Yquem.

"An Essay at Life," said Sewall, hurling the words at Wemyss like a missile.

There was a certain pause and then Derwent was heard softly quoting Dante's "gran rifiuto."

"So there is nothing for us, you both think, but to make 'the grand refusal,'" said he, sadly. "To take no office in our human life, but wait for death; amusing ourselves as best we may."

After which, Lord Birmingham was heard saying to Miss Farnum, "I should so like to show you Noakes Park."

"No," said Sewall, taking up the thread of the conversation again, "what's the use of breaking lances on windmills? The simple fact is, that everybody wants about a hundred times his individual proportion of the world's labor; and some few fellows have got to have it, and the other ninety-nine be deprived of that little which they have. Therefore the more toys we give the rabble to play with the better. When they find them out, they'll break the toys and our heads with them."

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Malgam, "I don't see what there is so very terrible. I like real lace shawls; but my Irish servants prefer red and green ones. And what would be the use of taking a scrub-woman to the opera? She wouldn't understand it."

"It's astonishing how soon those same scrub-women catch on," said Charlie Townley, who sat next. "I see two or three at the opera every night."

Derwent muttered something about the lust of the eyes and the pride of life; and Mrs. Gower said there was one in the box next her. "She has red arms and diamonds as big as a hotel-clerk's," said she, with a fine scorn. "But of course there must always be such people trying to get in."

"Kehew entered her; but she was scratched for the Derby," said Van Kull to Si Starbuck, who was on the other side of Mrs. Wilton Hay. "De Mora told me she was safe for the Grand Prix."

"Kehew? why, that's the very man who has entered his wife, too—at the opera," laughed Flossie.

"He's a great friend of the Duc de Mora," said Si Starbuck to his sister. "I don't see what there is bad about the old woman, and the daughter's capital fun."

"Kehew's a wonderful man," added Townley. "He turned up from some road-hotel just out of Chicago, and the next thing we knew he put through that Wabash deal."

"What a name," sighed Wemyss—"Kehew! how it expresses the sharp, lean-faced Yankee of the day, who doses his dyspepsia with whiskey-cocktails, and bores you through with his dull, soulless eyes! 'Brainy,' the newspapers call them, I think."

"But they are making the country, and they make the government," said Sewall. "It's all very well to talk about the greatest good of the greatest number; but government is going to be run in the interest of the successful man, and not for general philanthropy."

"Ah!" said Lionel Derwent, sadly. "You have done a good deal, in your country. You have done away with rank, and chivalry and the feudal system, established churches and bishops, priests and deacons—except, perhaps, the Pope of Rome. You are independent of authority and experience, and enforced respect—Aristotle's 'Ethics,' and Plato's 'Republic,' to say nothing of Montesquieu and de Tocqueville, have become 'chestnuts,' as your phrase is. 'You have eschewed a titled aristocracy and abolished primogeniture; you elect all your officers, from judges up to President; your laws run in the name of the people, instead of in the name of a prince; your State knows no religion and your judges wear no wigs!'—and for King Log you bow to King Stork; your God Baal is money, and you have lost individual liberty into the bargain."

Mr. Sewall chuckled to himself a little, but said nothing, like an Augur with a sense of humor; the collective individual liberties of the land made power, and power was his. It was left to Mrs. Malgam to respond.

"I am sure," said she, "I think money is very nice; and those who don't want it needn't get it."

"Money," said Wemyss, "gives us the very individual liberty Mr. Derwent wants."

"Money," said Flossie Gower, "is certainly necessary to get married on; else married people would have to be together all the time."

"Oh," said Marion Lenoir, "I think love in a cottage would be just charming. Do you know I saw such a lovely household last winter in Florida——"

But here Mrs. Gower gave the signal; and the men were left to their own reflections. Derwent rose abruptly, took a cigar, and walked out the open window to the terrace above the river. Wemyss and Arthur followed; and the other four were left about the dining-table.

Derwent was puffing his cigar violently, and did not speak to them; but after a minute or two he took the path leading down into the valley and disappeared in the wood. Wemyss and Arthur sat down in one corner of the terrace and lit their cigars comfortably.

"Derwent," said Mr. Wemyss, "is one of those fanatics who do more harm, from their position and education, than any leader of the proletariat. But all women rave about him; for women are all hero-worshippers."

"Mrs. Gower has asked him to go on the coaching-party," said Arthur, secretly flattered at being thought by Wemyss worthy of hearing that gentleman's opinion. He made no reply to this, but frowned obviously. Pretty soon the others came out and joined them, and they had cognac and coffee; the ladies, too, were out on the terrace, at its other end, attracted by the beauty of the night; and gradually the two groups came together and intermingled. But it was the man's hour; and they made bold to keep their cigars, even when, as soon happened, each one joined his fair one and took to walking with her. Wemyss walked with Mrs. Gower, Birmingham with Miss Farnum, Van Kull with Mrs. Hay, Charlie Townley with Miss Duval, and Mrs. Malgam with Si Starbuck.

Arthur found himself with Miss Lenoir. She was a pretty girl, with fine black hair and gray eyes, and an ivory-like complexion; and her dress was the perfection of style and enlightened civilization. It was the most glorious night; a night made for the imaginative and idle, for those who have read the world's literature and looked at paintings, and whose women are fair ladies, bravely dressed. The great pathway of the river lay open to the dark sky, walled by ebon mountain-masses; to the east the azure shaded into blue, where the stars were sown less freely, tremulous, luminous with the rising moon. The moon's light was pleasant, too, on the figure of the pretty girl beside him; and the others, as they passed and repassed, seemed like the gay ladies of Boccaccio's garden, and looked, each pair, as if they had been lovers.

Down in the factory village, too, the night was fine; perhaps a few old men, smoking, enjoyed it, dumbly, as such people do. For these do not comment, in diaries or print, upon such things, nor analyze the moods they bring. But most of the women who were stirring made only a convenience of the moonlight, lighting the uncertain hazards of the dirty street; and the young men, smoking and drinking, were quite unconscious of it, for tobacco and whiskey had more direct action upon their consciousness, besides having a money cost, which the beauty of the night had not. But here, too, were some few young men wandering afield with young women, and perhaps upon these the moonlight had its unconscious effect. Up at Mrs. Gower's the love-making, though not inartistically done, was rather like a play; here it was more earnest. Yet, as it seemed to Lionel Derwent, there was not so much difference between these two places, laying aside mere dress and manner, as there should have been.

But to Arthur, the softness and good taste and beauty of framing seemed inspiration fit for any poet. If the evening was not one of true happiness, it was an excellent worldly counterfeit. After Miss Lenoir went in, he stayed out alone, watching the river. The other guests, successively, sought the drawing-room; and soon he heard Mrs. Hay's voice, singing a simple Scotch ballad, and singing it very well. Now, any cultivated foreman's daughter, in the factory village, would have sung in bad Italian, and not sung well.

As Arthur stood leaning over the balustrade in the terrace, he heard low voices; and looking down, he recognized, in the moonlight, Mr. Caryl Wemyss and his hostess. Their talk seemed to have come to an end; for as she rose, he seized her white hand and imprinted (as the dime novels say), with studied grace, a kiss upon it.

COMRADESHIP.

By James Herbert Morse.

Yes, he is gone, and did I say
  I loved not toil, but chose content?
His steps have hardly died away
    Ere I repent;—

Forego the sylvan neighborhood,
  The whispering boughs, the brawling stream,
And I forego the easeful mood,
    The tempting dream:

'Tis more to me—his human thought
  That glows with purpose for the Kind,
The eager eye that blanches not
    Yet is not blind;

And I will bid my soul rejoice,
  Though on a desert's burning sand,
If I may hear my brother's voice,
    And touch his hand.

Though oft I feel a breath of soul—
  A human mood, in Nature's plan,
And half divine a sentient whole,
    It is not Man.

Unanswered the enquiring eye;
  And tender love, in bliss or pain,
Its childish hands to earth and sky
    Thrusts out in vain.

A still and unresponsive thing,
  When deeply questioned by the heart
Dear Earth will smile, dear Earth will sing—
    'Tis all her art.

Nay, search the song! The instrument
  In all its shapely parts is there,
But where the soul the music lent?
    The Master—where?

I will not company with tools;
  I cannot *love* insensate song.
The Master gone—the spirit cools,
    It loves not long.

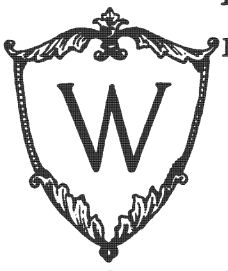
The principle within that feels,
  The secret soul that makes us fond,
Disowns dumb Nature, and appeals
    To Soul beyond.

O Man, my brother and co-heir
  In what we cannot rightly guess,
Behold, I come, thy joys to share—
    Thy pains, no less.

GENTLEMEN.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

I.



HAT do we mean today by that common phrase, a gentleman? By the lights of history, from *gens, gentilis*, it should mean a man of family, "one of a kent house," one of notable descent: thus embodying an ancient stupid belief and implying a modern scientific theory. The ancient and stupid belief came to the ground, with a prodigious dust and the collapse of several polities, in the latter half of the last century. There followed upon this an interregnum, during which it was believed that all men were born "free and equal," and that it really did not matter who your father was. Man has always been nobly irrational, bandaging his eyes against the facts of life, feeding himself on the wind of ambitious falsehood, counting his stock to be the children of the gods; and yet perhaps he never showed in a more touching light than when he embraced this boyish theory. Freedom we now know for a thing incompatible with corporate life and a blessing probably peculiar to the solitary robber; we know besides that every advance in richness of existence, whether moral or material, is paid for by a loss of liberty; that liberty is man's coin in which he pays his way; that luxury and knowledge and virtue, and love and the family affections, are all so many fresh fetters on the naked and solitary freeman. And the ancient stupid belief having come to the ground and the dust of its fall subsided, behold the modern scientific theory beginning to rise very nearly on the old foundation; and individuals no longer (as was fondly imagined) springing into life from God knows where, incalculable, untrammelled, abstract, equal to one another—but issuing modestly from a race; with virtues and vices, fortitudes and frailties, ready made; the slaves of their inheritance of blood; eternally unequal. So that we in the present, and yet more our scientific descendants in the future, must use, when we desire to praise a character, the old expression, gentleman, in nearly the old sense: one of a happy strain of blood, one fortunate in descent from brave and self-respecting ancestors, whether clowns or counts.

And yet plainly this is of but little help. The intricacy of descent defies prediction; so that even the heir of a hundred sovereigns may be born a brute or a vulgarian. We may be told that a picture is an heirloom; that does not tell us what the picture represents. All qualities are inherited, and all characters; but which are the qualities that belong to the gentleman? what is the character that earns and deserves that honorable style?

II.

THE current ideas vary with every class, and need scarce be combated, need scarce be mentioned save for the love of fun. In one class, and not long ago, he was regarded as a gentleman who kept a gig. He is a gentleman in one house who does not eat peas with his knife; in another, who is not to be discountenanced by any created form of butler. In my own case I have learned to move among pompous menials without much terror, never without much respect. In the narrow sense, and so long as they publicly tread the boards of their profession, it would be difficult to find more finished gentlemen; and it would often be a matter of grave thought with me, sitting in my club, to compare the bearing of the servants with that of those on whom they waited. There could be no question which were the better gentlemen. And yet I was hurried into no democratic theories; for I saw the members' part was the more difficult to play, I saw that to serve was

a more graceful attitude than to be served, I knew besides that much of the servants' gentility was *ad hoc* and would be laid aside with their livery jackets; and to put the matter in a nutshell, that some of the members would have made very civil footmen and many of the servants intolerable members. For all that, one of the prettiest gentlemen I ever knew was a servant. A gentleman he happened to be, even in the old stupid sense, only on the wrong side of the blanket; and a man besides of much experience, having served in the Guards' Club, and been valet to old Cooke of the *Saturday Review*, and visited the States with Madame Sinico (I think it was) and Portugal with Madame Some-one-else, so that he had studied, at least from the chair-backs, many phases of society. It chanced he was waiter in a hotel where I was staying with my mother; it was midwinter and we were the only guests; all afternoons, he and I passed together on a perfect equality in the smoking-room; and at mealtime, he waited on my mother and me as a servant. Now here was a trial of manners from which few would have come forth successful. To take refuge in a frozen bearing would have been the timid, the inelegant, resource of almost all. My friend was much more bold; he joined in the talk, he ventured to be jocular, he pushed familiarity to the nice margin, and yet still preserved the indefinable and proper distance of the English servant, and yet never embarrassed, never even alarmed, the comrade with whom he had just been smoking a pipe. It was a masterpiece of social dexterity—on artificial lines no doubt, and dealing with difficulties that should never have existed, that exist much less in France, and that will exist nowhere long—but a masterpiece for all that, and one that I observed with despairing admiration, as I have watched Sargent paint.

I say these difficulties should never have existed; for the whole relation of master and servant is to-day corrupt and vulgar. At home in England it is the master who is degraded; here in the States, by a triumph of inverted tact, the servant often so contrives that he degrades himself. He must be above his place; and it is the mark of a gentleman to be at home. He thinks perpetually of his own dignity; it is the proof of a gentleman to be jealous of the dignity of others. He is ashamed of his trade, which is the essence of vulgarity. He is paid to do certain services, yet he does them so gruffly that any man of spirit would resent them if they were gratuitous favors; and this (if he will reflect upon it tenderly) is so far from the genteel as to be not even coarsely honest. Yet we must not blame the man for these mistakes; the vulgarity is in the air. There is a tone in popular literature much to be deplored; deprecating service, like a disgrace; honoring those who are ashamed of it; honoring even (I speak not without book) such as prefer to live by the charity of poor neighbors instead of blacking the shoes of the rich. Blacking shoes is counted (in these works) a thing specially disgraceful. To the philosophic mind, it will seem a less exceptionable trade than to deal in stocks, and one in which it is more easy to be honest than to write books. Why, then, should it be marked out for reprobation by the popular authors? It is taken, I think, for a type; inoffensive in itself, it stands for many disagreeable household duties; disagreeable to fulfil, I had nearly said shameful to impose; and with the dulness of their tribe, the popular authors transfer the shame to the wrong party. Truly, in this matter there seems a lack of gentility somewhere; a lack of refinement, of reserve, of common modesty; a strain of the spirit of those ladies in the past, who did not hesitate to bathe before a footman. And one thing at least is easy to prophesy, not many years will have gone by before those shall be held the most "elegant" gentleman, and those the most "refined" ladies, who wait (in a dozen particulars) upon themselves. But the shame is for the masters only. The servant stands quite clear. He has one of the easiest parts to play upon the face of earth; he must be far misled, if he so grossly fails in it.

III.

It is a fairly common accomplishment to behave with decency in one char-

acter and among those to whom we are accustomed and with whom we have been brought up. The trial of gentility lies in some such problem as that of my waiter's, in foreign travel, or in some sudden and sharp change of class. I once sailed on the emigrant side from the Clyde to New York; among my fellow-passengers I passed generally as a mason, for the excellent reason that there was a mason on board *who happened to know;* and this fortunate event enabled me to mix with these working people on a footing of equality. I thus saw them at their best, using their own civility; while I, on the other hand, stood naked to their criticism. The workmen were at home, I was abroad, I was the shoe-black in the drawing-room, the Huron at Versailles; and I used to have hot and cold fits, lest perchance I made a beast of myself in this new environment. I had no allowances to hope for; I could not plead that I was "only a gentleman after all," for I was known to be a mason; and I must stand and fall by my transplanted manners on their own intrinsic decency. It chanced there was a Welsh blacksmith on board, who was not only well-mannered himself and a judge of manners, but a fellow besides of an original mind. He had early diagnosed me for a masquerader and a person out of place; and as we had grown intimate upon the voyage, I carried him my troubles. How did I behave? Was I, upon this crucial test, at all a gentleman? I might have asked eight hundred thousand blacksmiths (if Wales or the world contain so many) and they would have held my question for a mockery; but Jones was a man of genuine perception, thought a long time before he answered, looking at me comically and reviewing (I could see) the events of the voyage, and then told me that "on the whole" I did "pretty well." Mr. Jones was a humane man and very much my friend, and he could get no further than "on the whole" and "pretty well." I was chagrined at the moment for myself; on a larger basis of experience, I am now only concerned for my class. My coöquals would have done but little better, and many of them worse. Indeed, I have never seen a sight more pitiable than that of the current gentleman unbending; unless it were the current lady! It is these stiff-necked condescensions, it is that graceless assumption, that make the diabolic element in times of riot. A man may be willing to starve in silence like a hero; it is a rare man indeed who can accept the unspoken slights of the unworthy, and not be embittered. There was a visit paid to the steerage quarters on this same voyage, by a young gentleman and two young ladies; and as I was by that time pretty well accustomed to the workman's standard, I had a chance to see my own class from below. God help them, poor creatures! As they ambled back to their saloon, they left behind, in the minds of my companions, and in my mind also, an image and an influence that might well have set them weeping, could they have guessed its nature. I spoke a few lines past of a shoe-black in a drawing-room; it is what I never saw; but I did see that young gentleman and these young ladies on the forward deck, and the picture remains with me, and the offence they managed to convey is not forgotten.

IV.

And yet for all this ambiguity, for all these imperfect examples, we know clearly what we mean by the word. When we meet a gentleman of another class, though all contrariety of habits, the essentials of the matter stand confessed: I never had a doubt of Jones. More than that, we recognize the type in books; the actors of history, the characters of fiction, bear the mark upon their brow; at a word, by a bare act, we discern and segregate the mass, this one a gentleman, the others not. To take but the last hundred years, Scott, Gordon, Wellington in his cold way, Grant in his plain way, Shelley for all his follies, these were clearly gentlemen; Napoleon, Byron, Lockhart, these were as surely cads, and the two first cads of a rare water.

Let us take an anecdote of Grant and one of Wellington. On the day of the capitulation, Lee wore his presentation sword; it was the first thing Grant observed, and from that moment he had

but one thought: how to avoid taking it. A man, who should perhaps have had the nature of an angel, but assuredly not the special virtues of the gentleman, might have received the sword, and no more words about it: he would have done well in a plain way. One who wished to be a gentleman, and knew not how, might have received and returned it: he would have done infamously ill, he would have proved himself a cad; taking the stage for himself, leaving to his adversary confusion of countenance and the ungraceful posture of the man condemned to offer thanks. Grant, without a word said, added to the terms this article: "All officers to retain their side-arms;" and the problem was solved and Lee kept his sword, and Grant went down to posterity, not perhaps a fine gentleman, but a great one. And now for Wellington. The tale is on a lower plane, is elegant rather than noble; yet it is a tale of a gentleman too, and raises besides a pleasant and instructive question. Wellington and Marshal Marmont were adversaries (it will not have been forgotten) in one of the prettiest recorded acts of military fencing, the campaign of Salamanca: it was a brilliant business on both sides, just what Count Tolstoï ought to study before he writes again upon the inutility of generals; indeed, it was so very brilliant on the Marshal's part that on the last day, in one of those extremes of cleverness that come so near stupidity, he fairly overreached himself, was taken "in flagrant delict," was beaten like a sack, and had his own arm shot off as a reminder not to be so clever the next time. It appears he was incurable; a more distinguished example of the same precipitate, ingenious blundering will be present to the minds of all—his treachery in 1814; and even the tale I am now telling shows, on a lilliputian scale, the man's besetting weakness. Years after Salamanca, the two generals met, and the Marshal (willing to be agreeable) asked the Duke his opinion of the battle. With that promptitude, wit, and willingness to spare pain which make so large a part of the armory of the gentleman, Wellington had his answer ready, impossible to surpass on its own ground: "I early perceived your excellency had been wounded." And you see what a pleasant position he had created for the Marshal, who had no more to do than just to bow and smile and take the stage at his leisure. But here we come to our problem. The Duke's answer (whether true or false) created a pleasant position for the Marshal. But what sort of position had the Marshal's question created for the Duke? and had not Marmont the manœuvrer once more manœuvred himself into a false position? I conceive so. It is the man who has gained the victory, not the man who has suffered the defeat, who finds his ground embarrassing. The vanquished has an easy part, it is easy for him to make a handsome reference; but how hard for the victor to make a handsome reply! An unanswerable compliment is the social bludgeon; and Marmont (with the most graceful intentions in the world) had propounded one of the most desperate. Wellington escaped from his embarrassment by a happy and courtly inspiration. Grant, I imagine, since he had a genius for silence, would have found some means to hold his peace. Lincoln, with his half-tact and unhappy readiness, might have placed an appropriate anecdote and raised a laugh; not an unkindly laugh, for he was a kindly man; but under the circumstances the best-natured laugh would have been death to Marmont. Shelley (if we can conceive him to have gained a battle at all) would have blushed and stammered, feeling the Marshal's false position like some grossness of his own; and when the blush had communicated itself to the cheeks of his unlucky questioner, some stupid, generous word (such as I cannot invent for him) would have found its way to his lips and set them both at ease. Byron? well, he would have managed to do wrong; I have too little sympathy for that unmatched vulgarian to create his part. Napoleon? that would have depended: had he been angry, he would have left all competitors behind in cruel coarseness: had he been in a good humor, it might have been the other way. For this man, the very model of a cad, was so well served with truths by the clear insight of his mind, and with words by his great though shallow gift of literature, that he has

left behind him one of the most gentlemanly utterances on record: "*Madame, respectez le fardeau.*" And he could do the right thing too, as well as say it; and any character in history might envy him that moment when he gave his sword, the sword of the world-subduer, to his old, loyal enemy, Macdonald. A strange thing to consider two generations of a Skye family, and two generations of the same virtue, fidelity to the defeated: the father braving the rains of the Hebrides with the tattered beggar-lad that was his rightful sovereign; the son, in that princely house of Fontainebleau, himself a marshal of the Empire, receiving from the gratitude of one whom he had never feared and who had never loved him, the tool and symbol of the world's most splendid domination. I am glad, since I deal with the name of gentlemen, to touch for one moment on its nobler sense, embodied, on the historic scale and with epic circumstance, in the lives of these Macdonalds. Nor is there any man but must be conscious of a thrill of gratitude to Napoleon, for his worthy recognition of the worthiest virtue. Yes, that was done *like* a gentleman; and yet in our hearts we must think that it was done by a performer. For to feel precisely what it is to be a gentleman and what it is to be a cad, we have but to study Napoleon's attitude after Trafalgar, and compare it with that beautiful letter of Louis the Fourteenth's in which he acknowledges the news of Blenheim. We hear much about the Sun-king nowadays, and Michelet is very sad reading about his government, and Thackeray was very droll about his wig; but when we read this letter from the vainest king in Europe smarting under the deadliest reverse, we know that at least he was a gentleman. In the battle, Tallard had lost his son, Louis the primacy of Europe; it is only with the son the letter deals. Poor Louis! if his wig had been twice as great, and his sins twice as numerous, here is a letter to throw wide the gates of Heaven for his entrance. I wonder what would Louis have said to Marshal Marmont? Something infinitely condescending; for he was too much of a king to be quite a gentleman. And Marcus Aurelius, how would he have met the question? With some reference to the gods no doubt, uttered not quite without a twang; for the good emperor and great gentleman of Rome was of the methodists of his day and race.

And now to make the point at which I have been aiming. The perfectly straightforward person who should have said to Marmont, "I was uncommonly glad to get you beaten," would have done the next best to Wellington who had the inspiration of graceful speech; just as the perfectly straightforward person who should have taken Lee's sword and kept it, would have done the next best to Grant who had the inspiration of the truly graceful act. Lee would have given up his sword and preserved his dignity; Marmont might have laughed, his pride need not have suffered. Not to try to spare people's feelings is so much kinder than to try in a wrong way; and not to try to be a gentleman at all is so much more gentlemanly than to try and fail! So that this gift, or grace, or virtue, resides not so much in conduct as in knowledge; not so much in refraining from the wrong, as in knowing the precisely right. A quality of exquisite aptitude marks out the gentlemanly act; without an element of wit, we can be only gentlemen by negatives.

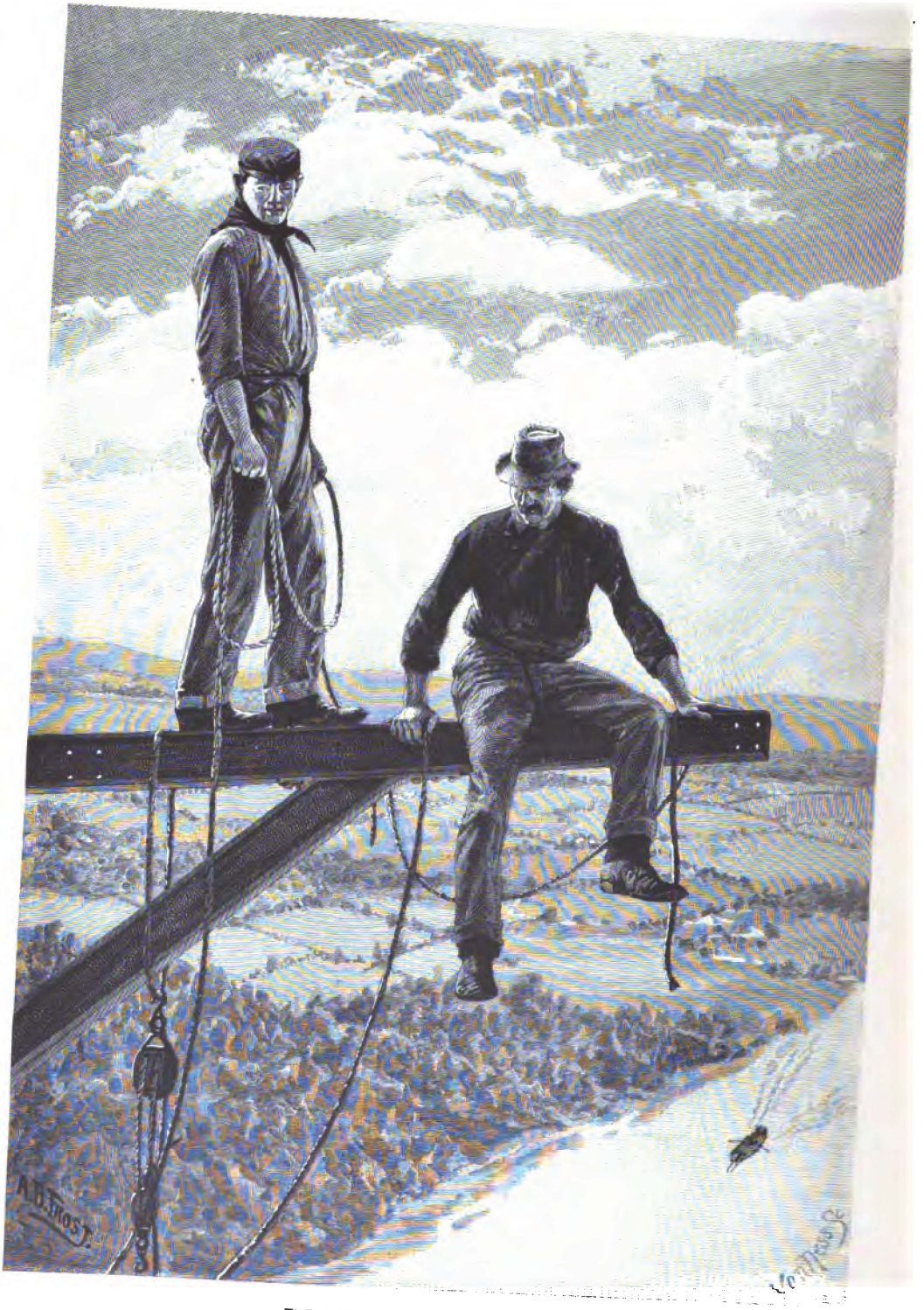
V.

More and more, as our knowledge widens, we have to reply to those who ask for a definition: "I can't give you that, but I will tell you a story." We cannot say what a thing will be, nor what it ought to be; but we can say what it has been, and how it came to be what it is: History instead of Definition. It is this which (if we continue teachable) will make short work of all political theories; it is on this we must fall back to explain our word, gentleman.

The life of our fathers was highly ceremonial; a man's steps were counted; his acts, his gestures were prescribed; marriage, sale, adoption, and not only legal contracts, but the simplest necessary movements, must be all conven-

tionally ordered and performed to rule. Life was a rehearsed piece; and only those who had been drilled in the rehearsals could appear with decency in the performance. A gentile man, one of a dominant race, hereditary priest, hereditary leader, was, by the circumstances of his birth and education, versed in this symbolic etiquette. Whatever circumstance arose, he would be prepared to utter the sacramental word, to perform the ceremonial act. For every exigence of family or tribal life, peace or war, marriage or sacrifice, fortune or mishap, he stood easily waiting, like the well-graced actor for his cue. The clan that he guided would be safe from shame, it would be ensured from loss; for the man's attitude would be always becoming, his bargains legal, and his sacrifices pleasing to the gods. It is from this gentile man, the priest, the chief, the expert in legal forms and attitudes, the bulwark and the ornament of his tribe, that our name of gentleman descends. So much of the sense still clings to it, it still points the man who, in every circumstance of life, knows what to do and how to do it gracefully; so much of its sense it has lost, for this grace and knowledge are no longer of value in practical affairs; so much of a new sense it has taken on, for as well as the nicest fitness, it now implies a punctual loyalty of word and act. And note the word loyalty; here is a parallel advance from the proficiency of the gentile man to the honor of the gentleman, and from the sense of legality to that of loyalty. With the decay of the ceremonial element in life, the gentleman has lost some of his prestige, I had nearly said some of his importance; and yet his part is the more difficult to play. It is hard to preserve the figures of a dance when many of our partners dance at random. It is easy to be a gentleman in a very stiff society, where much of our action is prescribed; it is hard indeed in a very free society where (as it seems) almost any word or act must come by inspiration. The rehearsed piece is at an end; we are now floundering through an impromptu charade. Far more of ceremonial remains (to be sure) traditional in the terms of our association, far more hereditary in the texture of brains, than is dreamed by the superficial; it is our fortress against many perils, the cement of states, the meeting ground of classes. But much of life comes up for the first time, unrehearsed, and must be acted on upon the instant. Knowledge there can here be none; the man must invent an attitude, he must be inspired with speech; and the most perfect gentleman is he who, in these irregular cases, acts and speaks with most aplomb and fitness. His tact simulates knowledge; to see him so easy and secure and graceful, you would think he had been through it all before; you would think he was the gentile man of old, repeating for the thousandth time, upon some public business, the sacramental words and ceremonial gestures of his race.

Lastly, the club footman, so long as he is in his livery jacket, appears the perfect gentleman and visibly outshines the members; and the same man, in the public house, among his equals, becomes perhaps plain and dull, perhaps even brutal. He has learned the one part of service perfectly; there he has knowledge, he shines in the prepared performance; outside of that he must rely on tact, and sometimes flounders sadly in the unrehearsed charade. The gentleman, again, may be put to open shame as he changes from one country, or from one rank of society to another. The footman was a gentleman only *ad hoc;* the other (at the most) *ad hæc;* and when he has got beyond his knowledge, he begins to flounder in the charade. Even so the gentile man was only gentile among those of his own gens and their subordinates and neighbors; in a distant city, he too was peregrine and inexpert, and must become the client of another, or find his bargains insecure and be excluded from the service of the gods.

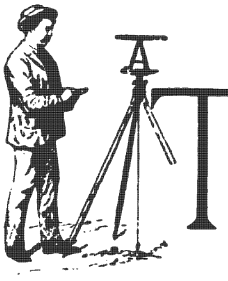


THE LAST SPAN—READY TO JOIN.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. JUNE, 1888. No. 6.

THE BUILDING OF A RAILWAY.



By Thomas Curtis Clarke.

THE world of to-day differs from that of Napoleon Bonaparte more than his world differed from that of Julius Cæsar; and this change has chiefly been made by railways.

Railways have been known since the days of the Romans. Their tracks were made of two lines of cut stones. Iron rails took their place about one hundred and fifty years ago, when the use of that metal became extended. These roads were called tram-roads, and were used to carry coal from the mines to the places of shipment. They were few in number and attracted little attention.

The modern railway was created by the Stephensons in 1830, when they built the locomotive "Rocket." The development of the railway since is due to the development of the locomotive. Civil engineering has done much, but mechanical engineering has done more.

The invention of the steam engine, by James Watt, in 1773, attracted the attention of advanced thinkers to a possible steam locomotive. Erasmus Darwin, in a poem published in 1781, made this remarkable prediction:

> "Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam! afar
> Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car."

The first locomotive of which we have any certain record was invented, and put in operation on a model circular railway in London, in 1804, by Richard Trevithick, an erratic genius, who invented many things but perfected few. His locomotive could not make steam, and therefore could neither go fast nor draw a heavy load. This was the fault of all its successors, until the competitive trial of locomotives on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, in 1829. The Stephensons, father and son, had invented the steam blast, which, by constantly blowing the fire, enabled the "Rocket," with its tubular boiler, to make steam enough to draw ten passenger cars, at the rate of 35 miles an hour.

Then was born the modern giant, and so recent is the date of his birth that one of the unsuccessful competitors at that memorable trial, Captain John Ericsson, is still living and actively working in New York. Another engineer, Horatio Allen, who drove the first locomotive on the first trip ever made in the United States, in 1831, still lives, a hale and hearty old man, near New York.

The earlier locomotives of this country, modelled after the "Rocket," weighed five or six tons and could draw, on a level, about 40 tons. After the American improvements, which we shall describe, were made, our engines weighed 25 tons, and could draw, on a level, some sixty loaded freight cars, weighing 1,200 tons. This was a wonderful advance, but now we have the "Consolidation" locomotive, weighing 50 tons, and able to draw, on a level, a little over 2400 tons.

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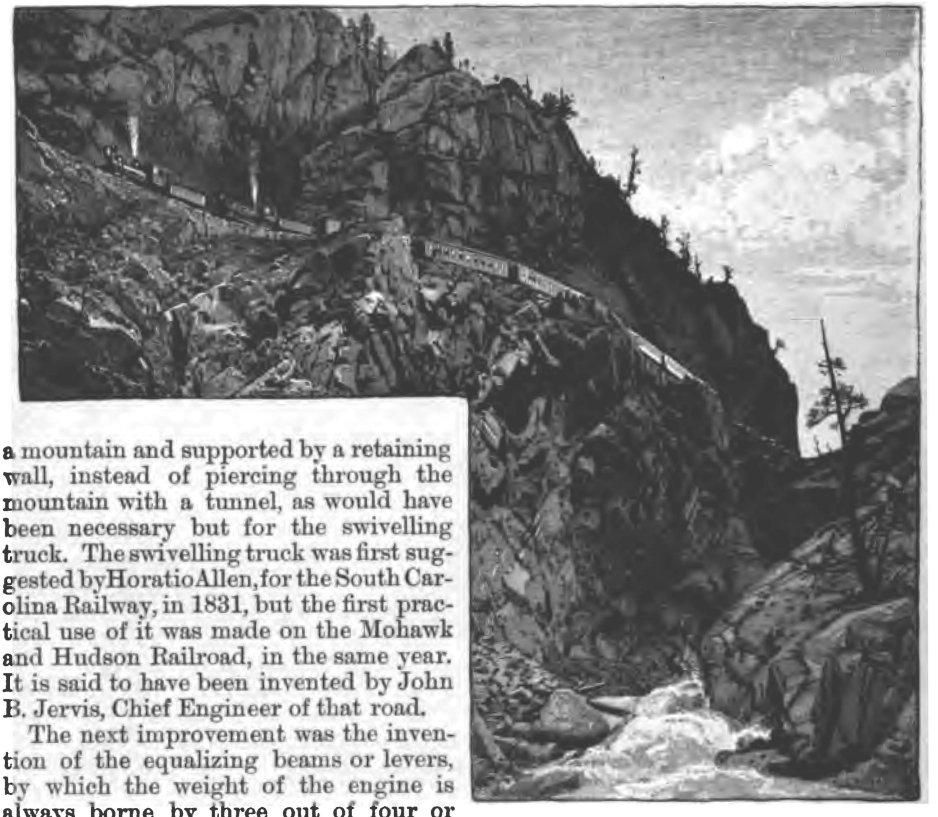


Mountain Railroad.

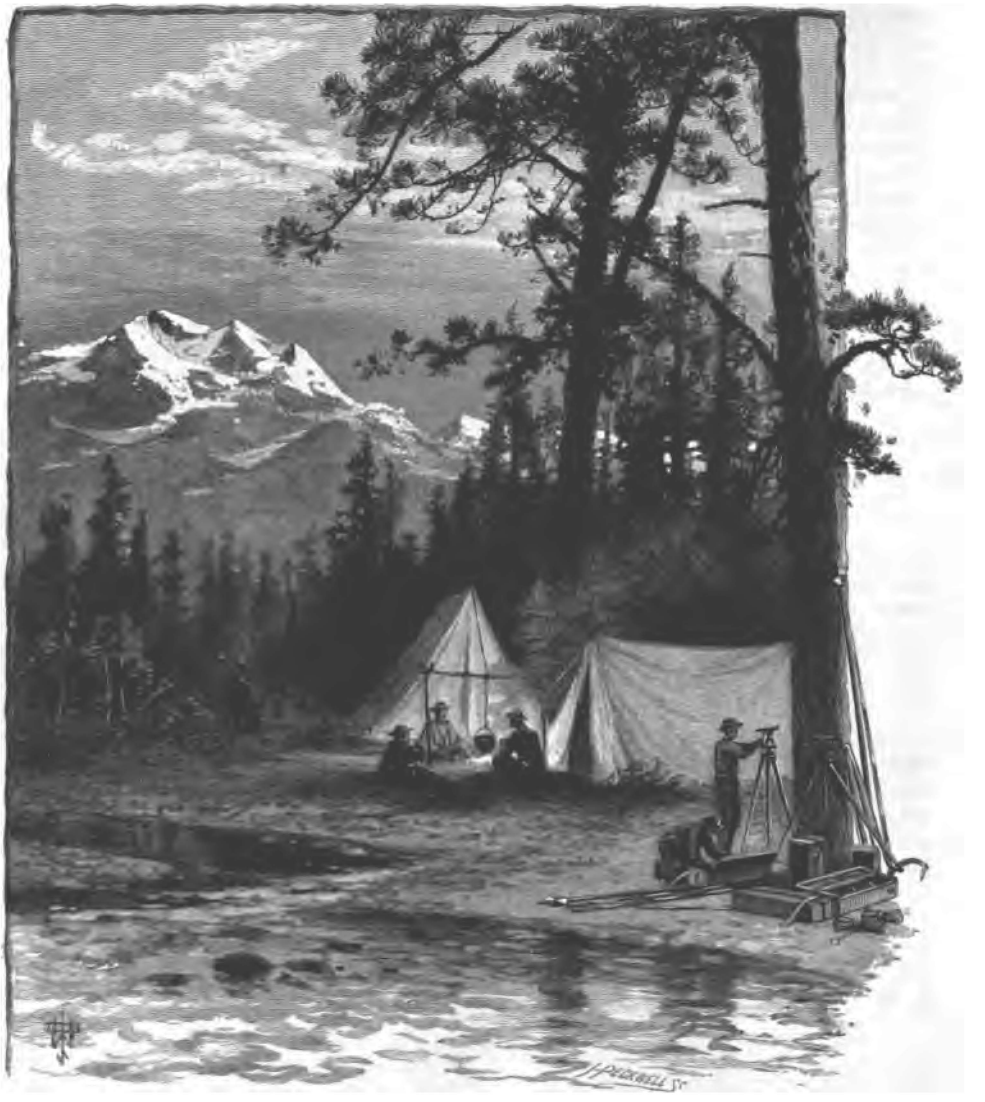
a mountain and supported by a retaining wall, instead of piercing through the mountain with a tunnel, as would have been necessary but for the swivelling truck. The swivelling truck was first suggested by Horatio Allen, for the South Carolina Railway, in 1831, but the first practical use of it was made on the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad, in the same year. It is said to have been invented by John B. Jervis, Chief Engineer of that road.

The next improvement was the invention of the equalizing beams or levers, by which the weight of the engine is always borne by three out of four or more driving-wheels. They act like a three-legged stool, which can always be set level on any irregular spot. The original imported English locomotives could not be kept on the rails of rough tracks. The same experience obtained in Canada when the Grand Trunk Railway was opened, in 1854–55. The locomotives of English pattern constantly ran off the track; those of American pattern hardly ever did so. Finally, all their locomotives were changed by having swivelling trucks put under their forward ends, and no more trouble occurred. The equalizing levers were first used by Rogers, in 1844.

These two improvements, which are absolutely essential to the success of railways in new countries, and have been adopted in Canada, Australia, Mexico, and South America, to the exclusion of English patterns, are also of great value on the smoothest and best possible tracks. The flexibility of the American machine increases its adhesion and enables it to draw greater loads than its English rival. The same flexibility equalizes its pressure on the track, prevents shocks and blows, and enables it to keep out of the hospital and run more miles in a year than an English locomotive.*

Equally valuable improvements were made in cars, both for passengers and freight. Instead of the four-wheeled English car, which on a rough track dances along on three wheels, we owe to Ross Winans, of Baltimore, the application of a pair of four-wheeled swivelling trucks, one under each end of the car, thus enabling it to accommodate itself to the inequalities of a rough track

* The statistics of ten leading English and ten leading American lines, given by Dorsey, show the following results: 1. The cost per year of the rations, wages, fuel of an American locomotive is $5,590; of an English locomotive, $3,080. 2. Average yearly number of train miles run by American locomotive, 23,928; English locomotive, 17,539. 3. Yearly earnings: American locomotive, $14,860; English locomotive, $10,940, although the English freight charges are much greater than those of the United States.



Engineers' Camp

and to follow its locomotive around the sharpest curves. There are, on our main lines, curves of less than 300 feet radius, while, on the Manhattan Elevated, the largest passenger traffic in the world is conducted around curves of less than 100 feet radius. There are few curves of less than 1,000 feet radius on European railways.

The climbing capabilities of a locomotive upon smooth rails were not known until, in 1852, Mr. B. H. Latrobe, chief engineer of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, tried a temporary zigzag gradient of 10 per cent.—that is 10 feet rise in 100 feet long, or 528 feet per mile—over a hill about two miles long, through which the Kingwood tunnel was being excavated. A locomotive weighing 28 tons on its drivers took one car weighing 15 tons over this line in safety. It was worked for passenger traffic for six months. This daring feat has never been equalled. Trains go over 4 per

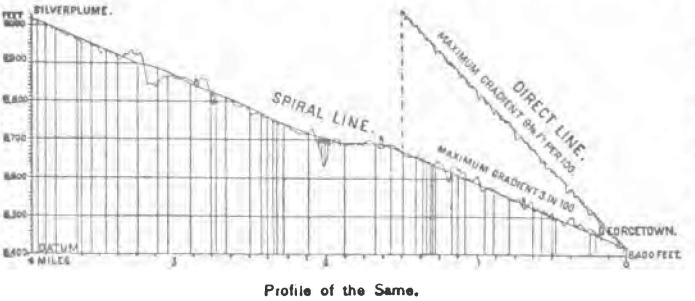
cent. gradients on the Colorado system, and there is one short line, used to bring ore to the Pueblo furnaces, which is worked by locomotives over a 7 per cent. grade. These are believed to be the steepest grades worked by ordinary locomotives on smooth rails.

Another American invention is the switch-back. By this plan the length of line required to ease the gradient is obtained by running backward and forward in a zigzag course, instead of going straight up the mountain. As a full stop has to be made at the end of every piece of line, there is no danger of the train running away from its brakes. This device was first used among the hills of Pennsylvania over forty years ago to lower coal cars down into the Nesquehoning Valley. It was afterwards used on the Callao, Lima, and Oroya Railroad in Peru, by American engineers, with extraordinary daring and skill. It is now employed to carry the temporary tracks of the Cascade Division of the Northern Pacific Railroad over the "Stampede" Pass, with grades of 297 feet per mile, while a tunnel 9,850 feet long is being driven through the mountains.

Plan of Big Loop.

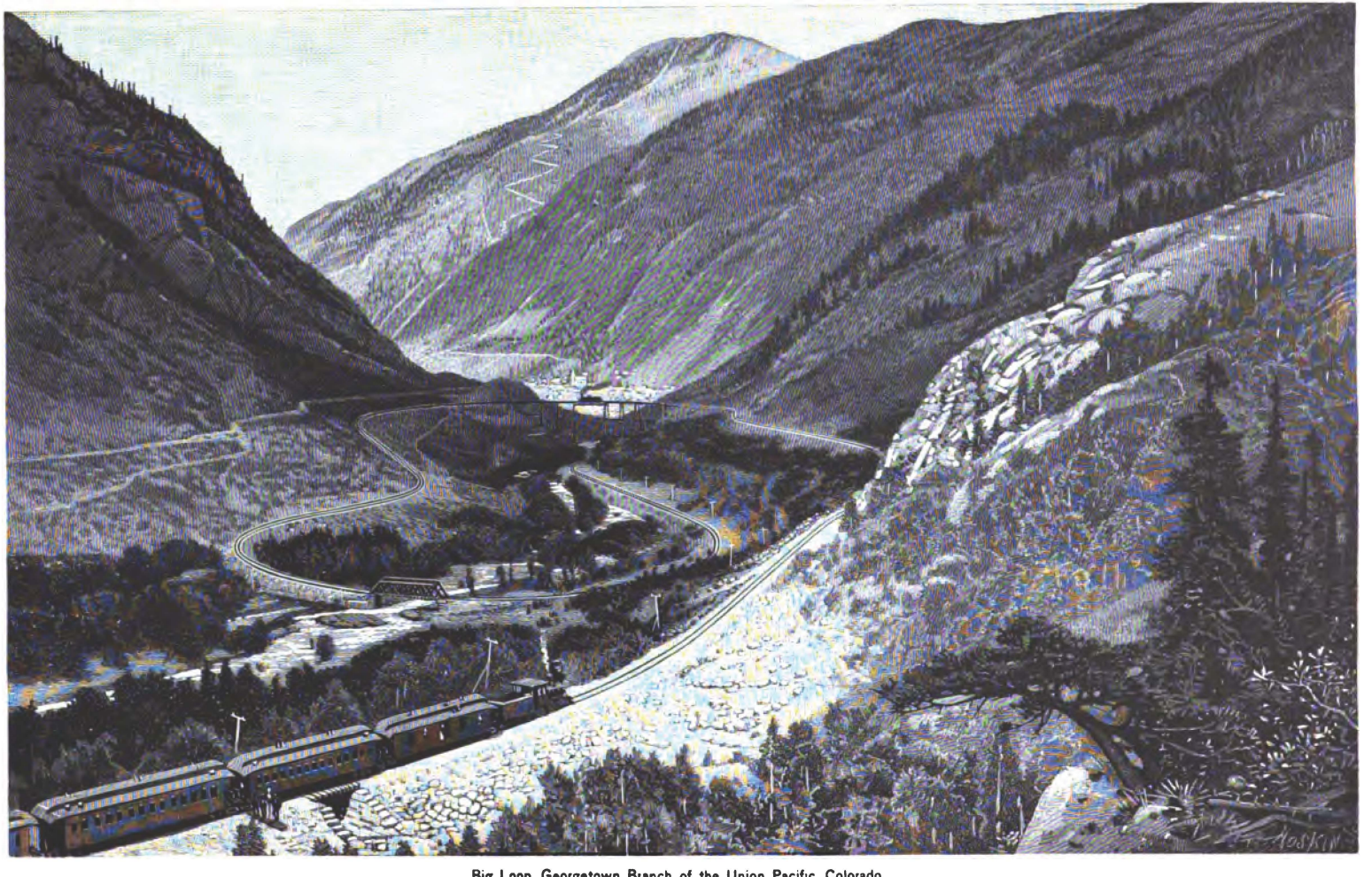
With the improvement of brakes and more reliable means of stopping trains upon steep grades, came a farther development of the above device, which was first applied on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad in Colorado, and has since been applied on a grand scale on the Saint Gothard road, the Black Forest railways of Germany, and the Semmering line in the Tyrol. This device is to connect the two lines of the zigzag by a curve at the point where they come together, so that the train, instead of going alternately backward and forward, now runs continuously on. It becomes possible for the line to return above itself in spiral form, sometimes crossing over the lower level by a tunnel, and sometimes by a bridge. A notable instance of this kind of location is seen on the Tehachapi Pass of the Southern Pacific, where the line ascends 2,674 feet in 25 miles, with eleven tunnels, and a spiral 3,800 feet long.

The "Big Loop," as it is called, on the Georgetown branch of the Union Pacific, in Colorado, between Georgetown and a mining camp called Silver Plume, has been chosen to illustrate this point. The direct distance up the valley is $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles and the elevation 600 feet, requiring a gradient of 480 feet per mile. But by curving the line around in a spiral, the length of the line is increased to 4 miles and the gradient reduced to 150 feet per mile. Zigzags were used first for foot paths, then for common roads, lastly for railways. Their natural sequence, spirals, was a railway device entirely, and confirms the saying of one of our engineers: "Where a mule can go, I can make a locomotive go." This may be called the poetry of engineering, as it requires both imagination to conceive and skill to execute.



Profile of the Same.

There is one thing more which distinguishes the American railway from its English parent, and that is the almost



Big Loop, Georgetown Branch of the Union Pacific, Colorado.

uniform practice of getting the road open for traffic in the cheapest manner and in the least possible time, and then completing it and enlarging its capacity out of its surplus earnings, and from the credit which these earnings give it.

The Pennsylvania Railroad between Philadelphia and Harrisburg is a notable example

Rock Drill.

of this. Within the past few years it has been rebuilt on a grand scale, and in many places re-located, and miles of sharp curves and heavy gradients, originally put in to save expense, have been taken out. This system has been followed everywhere, except on a few branch lines, and upon one monumental example of failure—the West Shore Railroad, of New York. The projectors of that line attempted in three years to build a double-track railroad up to the standard of the Pennsylvania road, which had been forty years in reaching its present excellence. Their money gave out, and they came to grief.

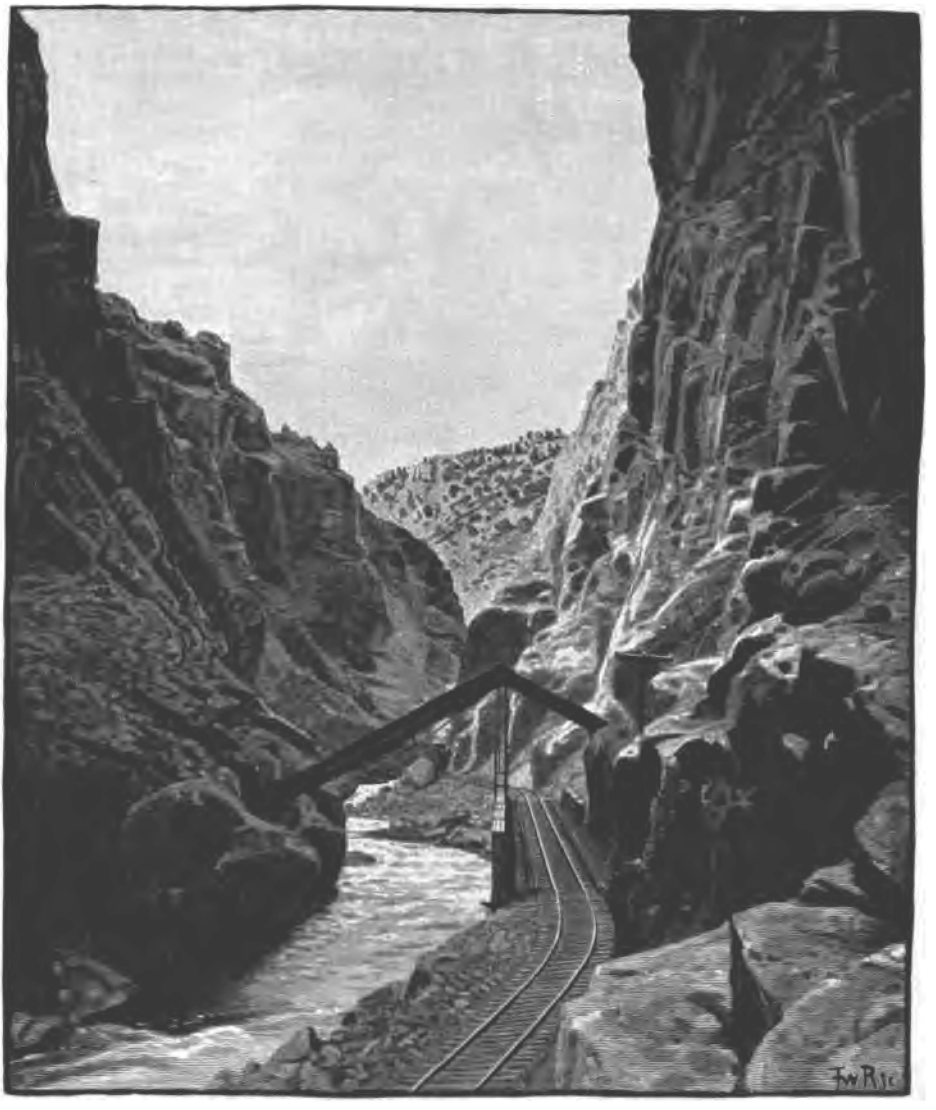
II.

We have thus briefly reviewed the development of our railways to show what they are, and how they came to be what they are, before describing the processes of building, in order that the reasons may be clearly understood why we do certain things, and why we fail to do other things which we ought to do.

In the building of a railway the first thing is to make the surveys and locate the position of the intended road upon the ground, and to make maps and sections of it, so that the land may be bought and the estimates of cost be ascertained. The engineer's first duty is to make a survey by eye without the aid of instruments. This is called the "reconnoissance." By this he lays down the general position of the line, and where he wants it to go if possible. Great skill, the result of long experience, or equally great ignorance may be shown here. After the general position of the line, or some part of it, has been laid down upon the pocket map, the engineer sends his party into the field to make the preliminary survey with instruments.

In an old-settled country the party may live in farm-houses and taverns, and be carried to their daily work by teams. But a surveying party will make better progress, be healthier and happier, if they live in their own home, even if that home be a travelling camp of a few tents. With a competent commissary the camp can be well supplied with provisions, and be pitched near enough to the probable end of the day's work to save the tired men a long walk. When they get to camp and, after a wash in the nearest creek, find a smoking-hot supper ready—even though it consist of fried pork and potatoes, corn bread and black coffee—their troubles are all forgotten, and they feel a true satisfaction which the flesh-pots of Delmonico's cannot give. One greater pleasure remains—to fill the old pipe, and recline by the camp fire for a jolly smoke.

A full surveying party consists of the front flag-man, with his corps of axe-men to cut away trees and bushes; the tran-

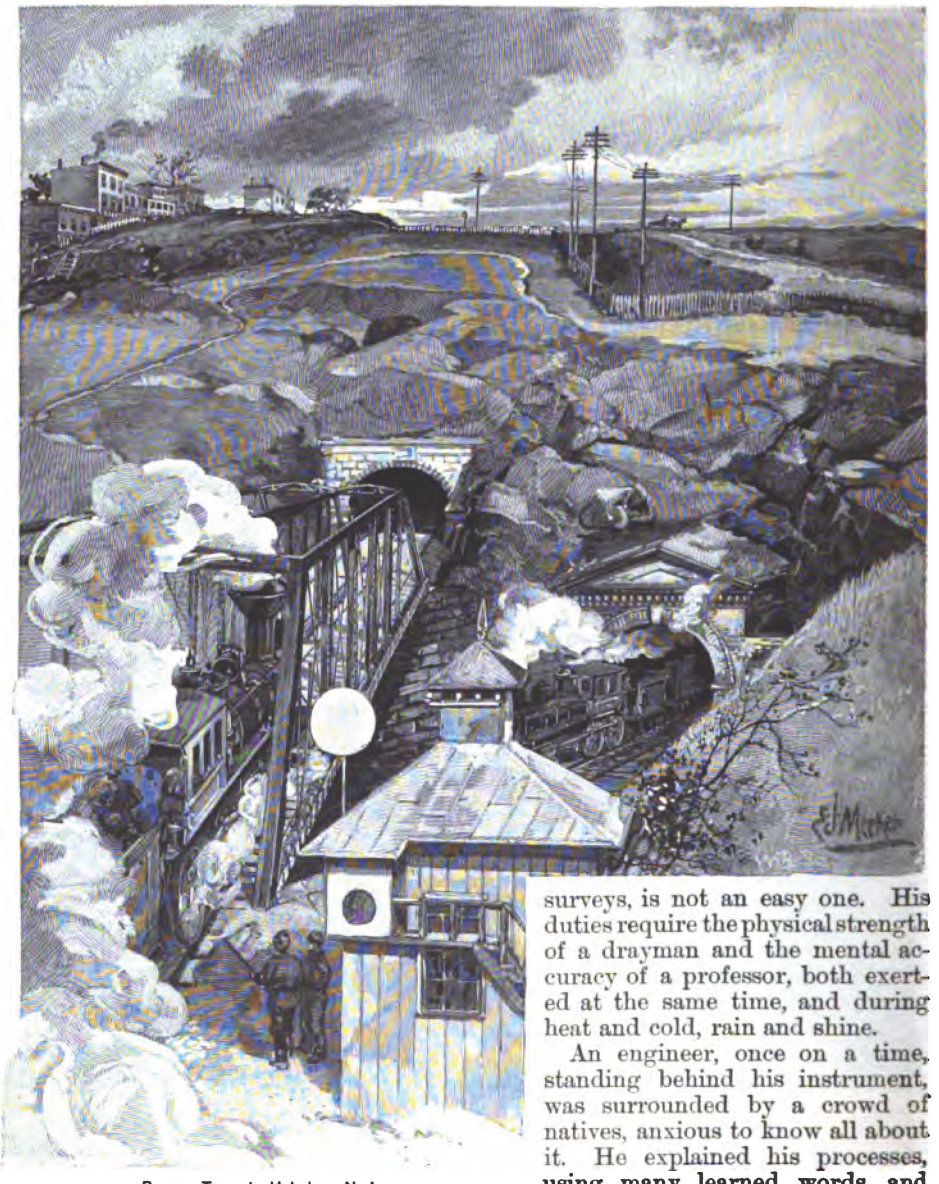


Royal Gorge Hanging Bridge, Denver and Rio Grande, Colorado.

sit-man, who records the distances and angles of the line, assisted by his chain-men and flag-men; and lastly the leveller, who takes and records the levels, with his rod-men and axe-men. The chief of the party exercises a general supervision over all, and is sometimes assisted by a topographer, who sketches in his book the contours of the hills and direction and size of the water courses.

One tent contains the cook, the commissary, and the provisions; another tent or two the working party, and another the superior engineers, with their drawing instruments and boards. In a properly regulated party the map and profile of the day's work should be plotted before going to bed, so as to see if all is right. If it turns out that the line can be improved and easier grades got, or other changes made, now is the time to do it.

After the preliminary lines have been run, the engineer-in-chief takes up the different maps and lays down a new line, sometimes coinciding with that



Bergen Tunnels, Hoboken, N. J.

surveyed, and sometimes quite different. The parties then go back into the field and stake out this new line, called the "approximate location," upon which the curves are all run in. In difficult country the line may be run over even a third or fourth time; or in an easy country, the "preliminary" surveys may be all that is wanted.

The life of an engineer, while making surveys, is not an easy one. His duties require the physical strength of a drayman and the mental accuracy of a professor, both exerted at the same time, and during heat and cold, rain and shine.

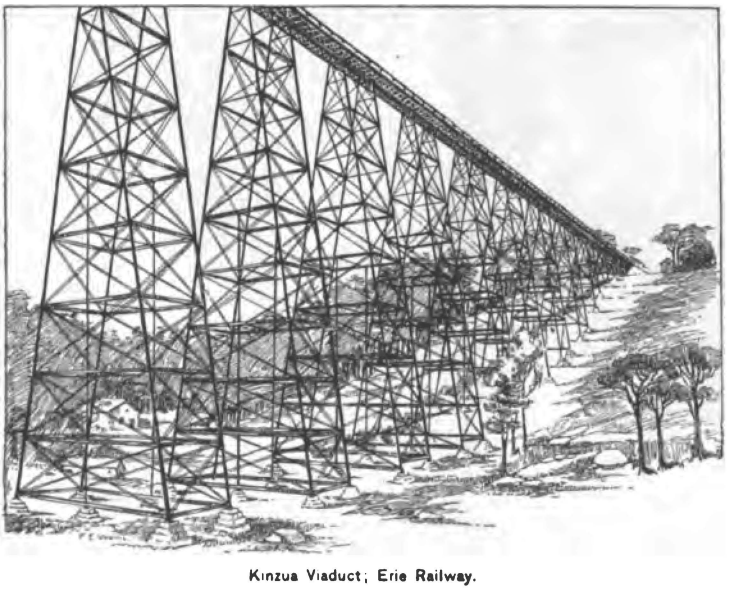
An engineer, once on a time, standing behind his instrument, was surrounded by a crowd of natives, anxious to know all about it. He explained his processes, using many learned words, and flattered himself that he had made a deep impression upon his hearers. At last, one old woman spoke up, with an expression of great contempt on her face, "Wall! If I knowed as much as you do, I'd quit ingineerin' and keep a grocery!"

A large part of the financial difficulties of our railways results from not taking time enough to properly locate the line. It must be remembered that a

cheaply constructed line can be rebuilt, but with a badly located line nothing can be done except to abandon it entirely.

It is well therefore to consider carefully what is the true problem of location. It is so to place and build a line of railway that it shall get the greatest amount of business out of the country through which it passes, and at the same time be able to do that business at the least cost, including both expenses of operating and the fixed charges on the capital invested. The mere statement of this problem shows that it is not an easy one. Its solution is different in a new and unsettled country from that in an old-settled region. In the new country, the shortest, cheapest, and straightest line possible, consistent with the easiest gradients that the topography of the land will allow, is the best.

Old Burr Bridge.



Kinzua Viaduct, Erie Railway.

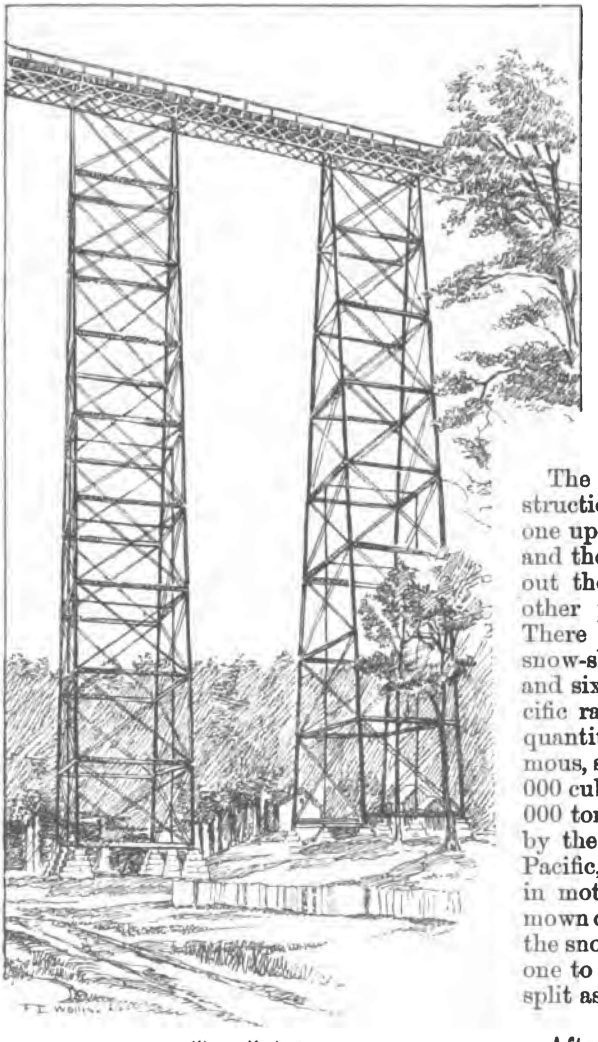
The towns will spring up after the road is built, and will be built on its line, and generally at the places where stations have been fixed.

In a mountainous country, like Colorado, the problem is how to reach the important mining camps, regardless of the crookedness and increased length given to the line. The Denver and Rio Grande has been compared to an octopus. This is really a compliment to its engineers. It sucks nutriment from every place where nutriment is to be found. To do this it has been forced to climb mountains, where it was thought locomotives could never climb.* In one place, called the Royal Gorge, the difficulties of blasting a roadbed into the side of the mountain were so great that it was thought expedient to carry the track upon a bridge, and this bridge was hung from two rafters, braced against the sides of the gorge (see p. 651). In surveying some parts of the lines the engineers were

* An article by Mr. John Bogart, State Engineer of New York, describing in detail a number of wonderful engineering feats in railway construction, will appear later in this series.

suspended by ropes from the top of the mountains and made their measurements swinging in mid-air.

The problem of location is different in an old-settled country, where the position of the towns as trade-centres has been fixed by natural laws that cannot be overruled. In this case the best thing the engineer can do is to get the easiest gradient possible consistent with the topography of the country, and let the curves take care of themselves; always to strike the important towns, even if the line is made more crooked and longer thereby; to so place the line in these towns as to accommodate the public, and still be able to buy plenty of land; also to locate for under or over, rather than grade crossings.



Kinzua Viaduct.

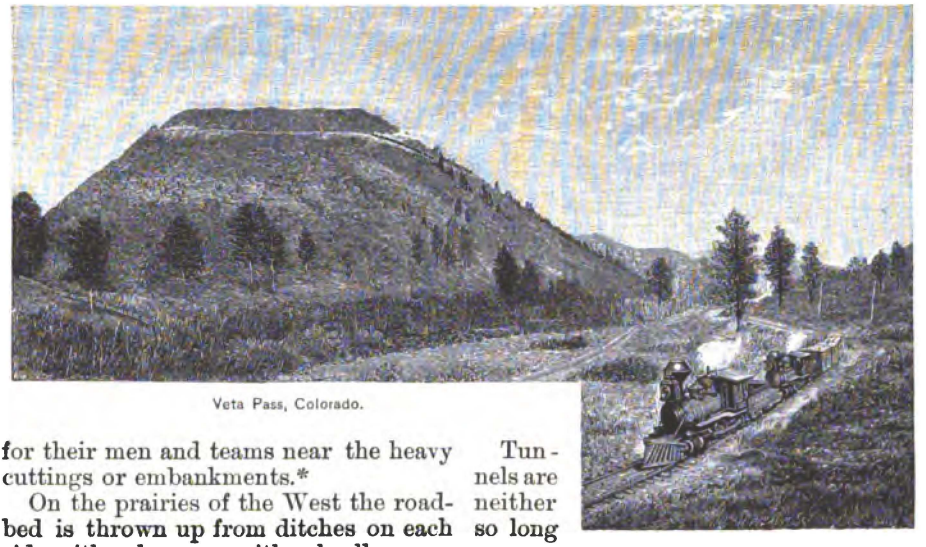
Now that the Westinghouse system of power-brakes on freight trains does away with the necessity of allowing head-room for brakesmen on the tops of the cars, two roads can cross each other with a vertical distance apart of but 13 or 14 feet, instead of 20 feet, and there is now no excuse for not adopting crossings at separate levels. In all countries, old and new, mountainous and level, the rule should be to keep the level of track well above the surface of the ground, in order to insure good drainage and freedom from snow-drifts.

The question of avoidance of obstruction by snow is a very serious one upon the Rocky Mountain lines, and they could not be worked without the device of snow-sheds—another purely American invention. There are said to be forty miles of snow-sheds on the Canadian Pacific and sixty miles on the Central Pacific railway. [Pp. 656–657.] The quantity of snow falling is enormous, sometimes amounting to 250,000 cubic yards, weighing over 100,000 tons, in one slide. It is stated by the engineers of the Canadian Pacific, that the force of the air set in motion by these avalanches has mown down large trees, not struck by the snow itself. Their trunks, from one to two feet in diameter, remain, split as if struck by lightning.

After the railway line has been finally located, the next duty of the engineers is to prepare the work for letting. Land-plans are made, from which the right of way is secured. From the sections, the quantities are taken out. Plans of bridges and culverts are made; and a careful specification of all the works on the line is drawn up.

The works are then let, either to one

large contractor or to several smaller ones, and the work of construction begins. The duties of the engineers are to stake out the work for the contractors, make monthly returns of its progress, and see that it is well done and according to the specifications and contract. The line is divided into sections, and an engineer, with his assistants, is placed in charge of each. Where the works are heavy, the contractors build shanties for their men and teams near the heavy cuttings or embankments.*



Veta Pass, Colorado.

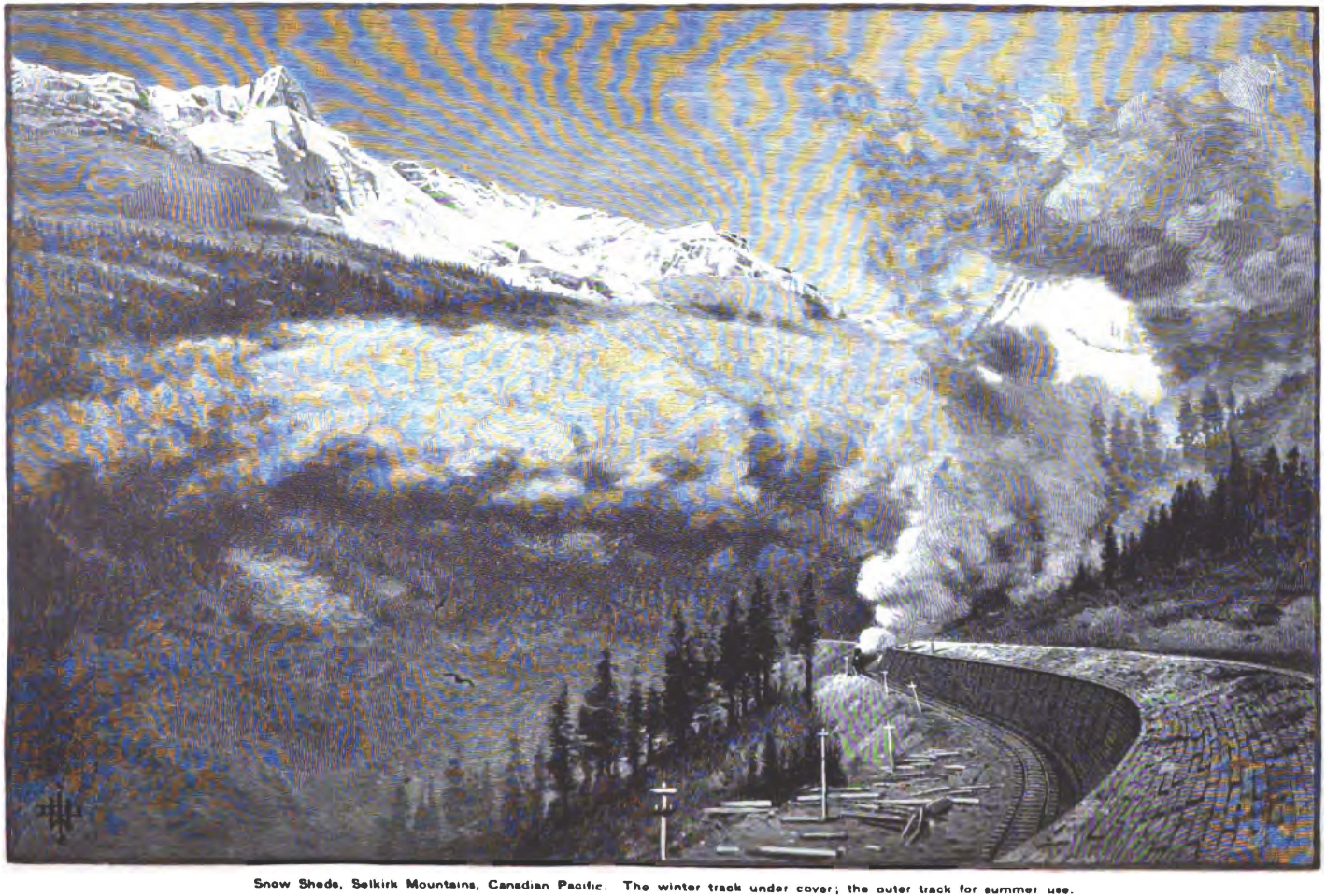
On the prairies of the West the roadbed is thrown up from ditches on each side, either by men with wheelbarrows and carts, or by means of a ditching machine, which can move 3,000 yards of earth daily. In this case the track follows immediately after the embankment, and the men live in cars fitted up as boarding-shanties and moved forward as fast as required. If the country contains suitable stone, the culverts and bridge abutments are built by gangs of masons and stone-cutters, who move from point to point. But the general practice is to put in temporary trestle-work of timber resting upon piles, which trestle-work is renewed in the shape of stone culverts covered by embankments, or iron bridges resting on stone abutments and built after the road is running.

The pile-driver plays a very important part therefore in the construction of our railroads, and has been brought to great perfection. It is worked by a small boiler and engine, and gives its blows with great rapidity. It drags the piles up to leaders and lifts them into place by steam power, so that it is worked by a small gang of men. Finally, it is as portable as a pedler's cart, and as soon as it has finished one job it is taken to pieces, packed upon wagons, and moved on to the next job.

Tunnels are neither so long nor so frequent upon American railways as upon those of Europe. The longest are from two to two and a half miles long, except one, the Hoosac, about four miles. Sometimes they are unavoidable. The ridge called Bergen Hill, west of Hoboken, N. J., is a case in point. This is pierced by the tunnels of the West Shore, of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, and of the Erie, the last two of which, as shown on page 652, are placed at different levels to enable one road to pass over the other.

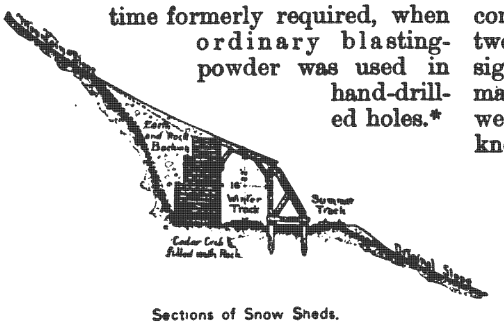
It is by our system of using sharp curves that we avoid tunnels. It may be said, in general terms, that American engineers have shown more skill in avoiding the necessity of tunnels than could possibly be shown in constructing them. When we are obliged to use tunnels, or to make deep cuttings in rocks, our labors are greatly assisted by the use of power-drills worked by com-

* It is the custom to take out heavy cuttings by means of the machine called a steam shovel, which will dig as many yards in a day as 500 men. [P. 658.]



Snow Sheds, Selkirk Mountains, Canadian Pacific. The winter track under cover; the outer track for summer use.

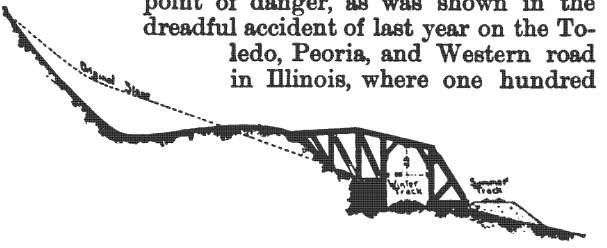
pressed air and by the use of high explosives, such as dynamite, giant powder, rend-rock, etc. Rocks can now be removed in less than half the time formerly required, when ordinary blasting-powder was used in hand-drilled holes.*



Sections of Snow Sheds.

III.

From data furnished by Mr. D. J. Whittemore, chief engineer of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul system (which had a total length of 5,688 miles on Jan. 1, 1888), the length of open bridges on these lines was $115\frac{9}{10}\frac{1}{0}$ miles, and of culverts covered over with embankment $39\frac{2}{10}$ miles. "Everything," says Mr. Whittemore, "not covered with earth, except cattle guards, be the span 10 or 400 feet, is called a bridge. Everything covered with earth is called a culvert.—Wherever we are far removed from suitable quarries, we build a wooden culvert in preference to a pile bridge, if we can get six inches of filling over it. These culverts are built of roughly squared logs, and are large enough to draw an iron pipe through them of sufficient diameter to take care of the water. We do this because we believe that we lessen the liability to accident, and that the culvert can be maintained after decay has begun, much longer than a piled bridge with stringers to carry the track. Had we good quarries along our line, stone would be cheaper. Many thousands of dollars have been spent by this company in building masonry that after twenty to twenty-five years shows such signs of disintegration that we confine masonry work now only to stone that we can procure from certain quarries known to be good."



Mr. Whittemore is an engineer of great experience, skill, and judgment, and there is food for much reflection in these words of his. First—that it is better to use temporary wooden structures, to be afterward renewed in good stone, rather than to build of the stone of the locality, unless first-class. Second—that a structure covered with earth is much safer than an open bridge; which, if short and apparently insignificant, may be, through neglect, a most serious point of danger, as was shown in the dreadful accident of last year on the Toledo, Peoria, and Western road in Illinois, where one hundred and fifty persons were killed and wounded, and by the equally avoidable accident on the Florida and Savannah line, in March, 1888. Had these little trestles been changed to culverts covered with earth, many valuable lives would not have been lost.

It is a safe estimate that there are 208,749 bridges of all kinds, amounting in length to 3,213 miles, in the United States.*

* The writer has obtained many of the statistics used in this article from A. M. Wellington's "Economic Theory of Railway Location," a perfect mine of valuable information upon all such matters.

* The amount of permanent wood and iron truss bridges, and of temporary wooden trestles on the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul is as follows:

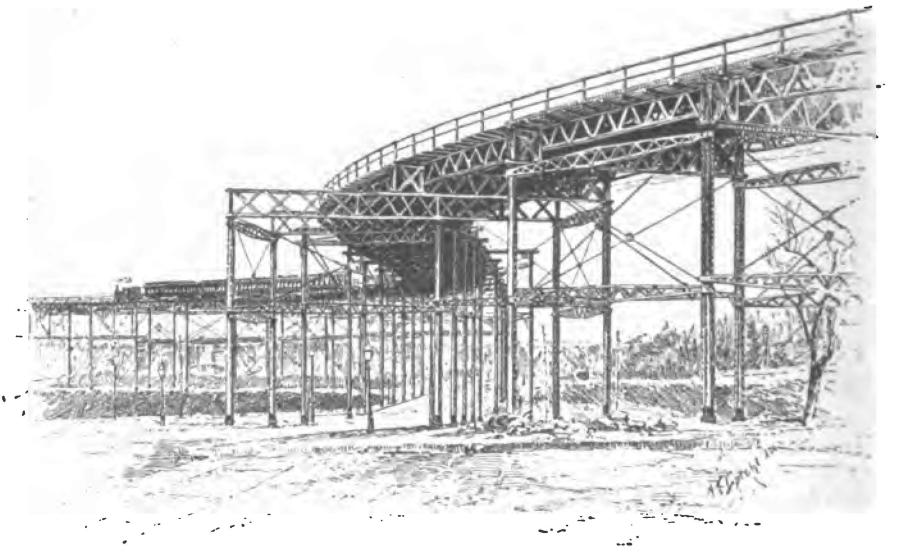
Truss bridges,	700 spans,	average 93 feet,	$12\frac{4}{5}$ miles.
Trestle "	7,196 "	" 77 "	$103\frac{1}{10}$ "
Total,	7,896		$115\frac{9}{10}$ "

The approximate total number of bridges in the United States is:

Iron and wood truss bridges,	61,562 spans,	1,086 miles.
Wooden trestles,	147,187	2,127 "
Total,	208,749	3,213 "

Probably three-fourths of the truss bridges are now of

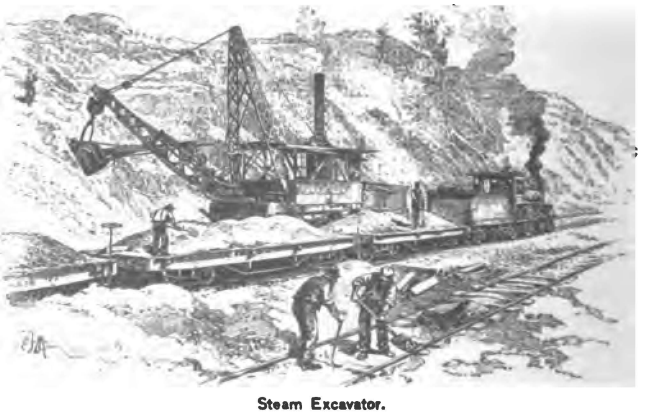
The wooden bridge and the wooden trestle are purely American products, although they were invented by Leonardo da Vinci in the sixteenth century. From the above statistics it will be seen how much our American railways owe to them, for without them over 150,000 miles could never have been built.



Manhattan Elevated Railway, New York.

The art of building wooden truss-bridges was developed by Burr & Wernwag, two Pennsylvania carpenters, some of whose works are still in use after eighty years of faithful duty (p. 653). A bridge built by Wernwag across the Delaware in 1803 was used as a highway bridge for forty-five years, was then strengthened and used as a railway bridge for twenty-seven years more, and was finally superseded by the present iron bridge in 1875.

These old bridge-builders were very particular about the quality of their timber, and never put any into a bridge less than two years old. But when we began to build railways, everything was done in a hurry, and nobody could wait for seasoned timber. This led to the invention of the Howe truss, by the engineer of that name, which had the advantage of being adjustable with screws and nuts, so that the shrinkage could be taken up, and which had its parts connected in such a way that they were able to bear the heavy concen-



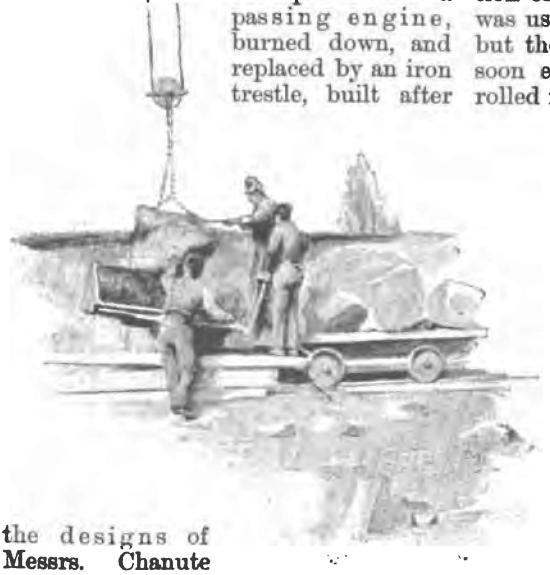
Steam Excavator.

iron or steel, and may be considered perfectly safe so long as the trains remain upon the rails and do not strike the side trusses. The wooden trestles are a constant source of danger from decay or burning or from derailed trains, and should be replaced by permanent structures as fast as time and money will allow.

trated weights of locomotives without crushing. This bridge was used on all railways, new and old, from 1840 to about 1870. Had it been free from liability to decay and burn up, we should probably not be building iron and steel bridges now, except for long spans of over 200 feet; and as the table on page 657 shows, the largest number of our spans are less than 100 feet long.

The Howe truss forms an excellent bridge, and is still used in the West on new roads, with the intention of substituting iron trusses after the roads are opened.

Besides the vast number of small wooden trestle-bridges, there were some of great size, such as the great trestle over the gorge of the Genesee River on the Erie road, 230 feet high, and about 1,600 feet long, built by Silas Seymour, C.E., which shows what can be done with ordinary square sticks of timber, when judiciously put together. This bridge met with the fate of all wooden bridges: it was set on fire by the sparks from a passing engine, burned down, and replaced by an iron trestle, built after the designs of Messrs. Chanute and Morison, in forty days after losing the old one.



After 1870, the weights both of locomotives and other rolling stock began to be increased very rapidly. This, together with the development of the manufacture of iron, and especially the invention of rolled beams and of eye-bars, gave a great impetus to the construction of iron bridges. At first cast iron was used for the compression members, but the development of the rolling-mill soon enabled us to make all parts of rolled iron sections at no greater cost, and rolled iron, being a less uncertain material, has replaced cast iron entirely. Iron bridges came in direct competition with the less costly Howe truss, and during the first decade of their construction every attempt was made to build them with as few pounds of iron as would meet the strains.

S. Whipple, C. E., published a book in 1847 which was the first attempt ever made to solve the mathematical questions upon which the due proportioning of iron truss-bridges depends. This work bore fruit, and a race of bridge designers sprang up. The first iron bridges were modelled after their wooden predecessors, with high trusses and short panels.

Riveted connections were avoided, and every part was so designed that it might be quickly and easily erected upon staging or false works, placed in the river. This was very necessary, for our rivers are subject to sudden freshets, and if we had adopted the English system of riveting together all the connections, the long time required before the bridge became self-sustaining would have been a serious element of danger.

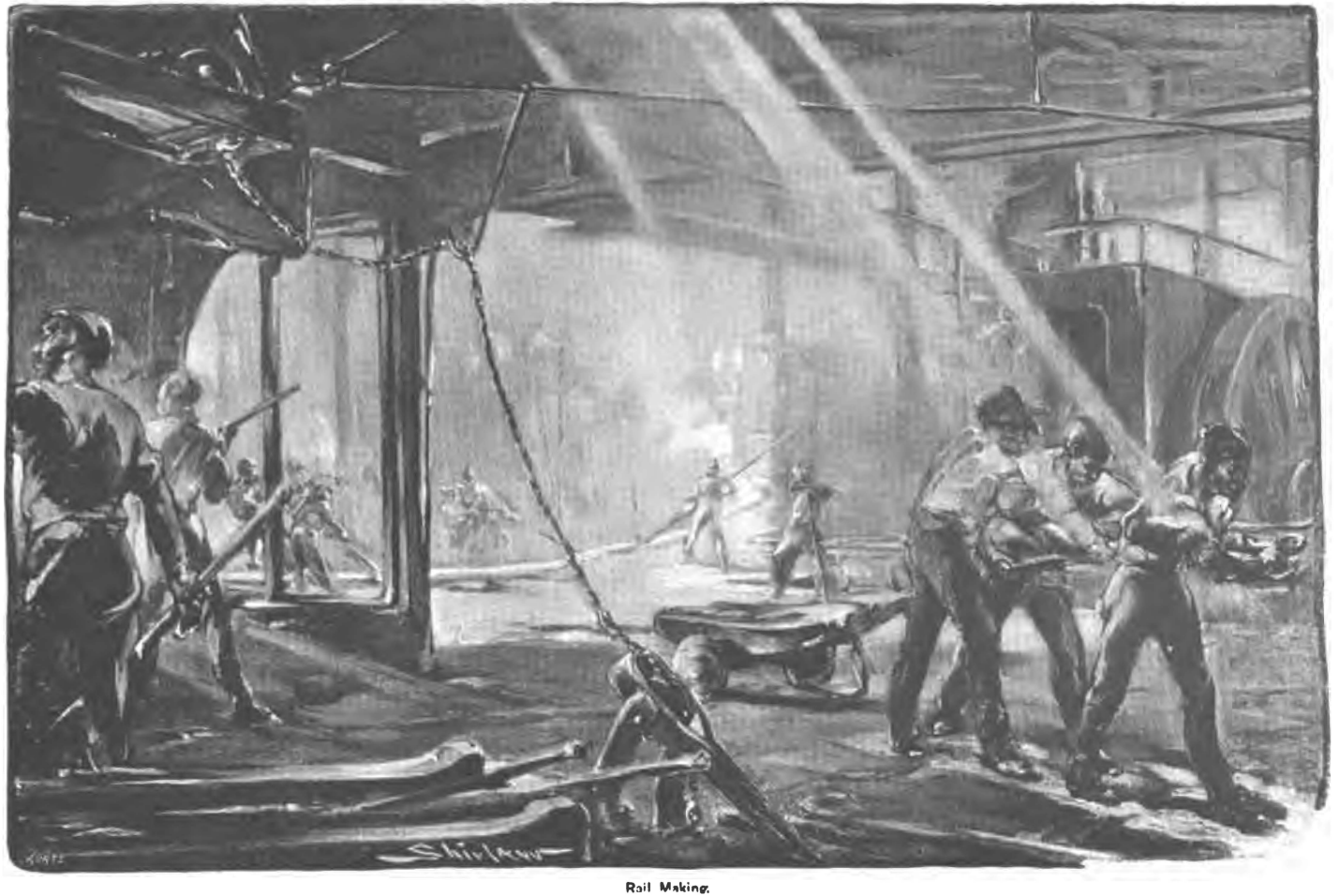
Track Laying.

Following the practice of wooden bridge building, iron bridges were contracted for by the foot, and not by the pound as is now the custom. To this accidental circumstance is greatly due the development of the American iron bridge. The engineer representing the railway company fixed the lengths of spans, and other general dimensions, and also the loads to be carried and the maximum strains to be allowed. The contracting engineer was left perfectly free to design his bridge, and he strained every nerve to find the form of truss and the arrangement of its parts that should give the required strength with the least number of pounds weight per foot, so that he could beat his competitors. When the different plans were handed in, an expert examined them and rejected those whose parts were too small to meet the strains. Of those found to be correctly proportioned, the lowest bid took the work.

By the rule of the survival of the fittest all badly designed forms of trusses disappeared and only two remained: one the original truss designed by Mr. Whipple, and the other, the well-known triangular, or "Warren" girder, so called after its English inventor.

Beginning a Tunnel.

It speaks well for the skill and honesty of American bridge engineers that many of their old bridges are still in use, designed for loads of 2,500 pounds per lineal foot, and now daily carrying loads of 4,000 pounds and over per foot. Sometimes the floor has been replaced by a stronger one, but the trusses still remain and do good service. The writer may be permitted to point to the bridge over the Mississippi River at Quincy, Ill., built in 1869, as an example. Most bridge-accidents can be traced to derailed trains striking the trusses and knocking them down. Engineers (both those specially connected with bridge works, and those in charge of railways) know much better now



Rail Making.

what is wanted, and the managers of railways are willing to pay for the best article. The introduction of mild steel is a great step in advance. This material has an ultimate strength, in the finished piece, of 63,000 to 65,000 pounds per square inch, or forty per cent. more than iron, and it is tough enough to be tied in a knot, or punched into the shape of a bowl, while cold. With this material it is as easy to construct spans of 500 feet as it was spans of 250 feet in iron.

Bridges are now designed to carry much heavier loads than formerly. The best practice adopts riveted connections except at the junction of the chord-bars and the main diagonals, where pins and eyes are still very properly used. Plate girders below the track are preferred up to 60 or 70 feet long, then riveted lattice up to 125 feet. The wind strains also are now provided for with a considerable excess of material, amounting in very long spans to nearly as much as the strains due to gravity. Observing the rule that no bridge can be stronger than its weakest part, a vast deal of care and skill has been applied in perfecting the connections of the parts of a truss, and many valuable experiments have been made which have greatly enlarged our knowledge of this difficult subject. The introduction of riveting by the power of steam or compressed air is another very great improvement.

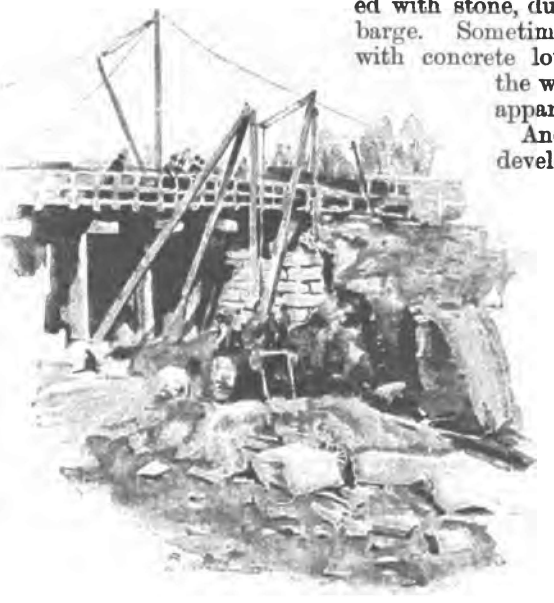
Spiking the Track.

Valleys and ravines are now crossed by viaducts of iron and steel, of which the Kinzua viaduct, shown on pages 653–4, is an example. A branch line from the Erie, connecting that system with valuable coal fields, strikes the valley of the Kinzua, a small creek, about 15 miles southwest of Bradford, Pa. At the point suitable for crossing, this ravine is about half a mile wide and over 300 feet deep. At first it was proposed to run down and cross the creek at a low level by some of the devices heretofore illustrated in this article. But finally the engineering firm of Clarke, Reeves & Co. agreed to build the viaduct, here shown, for a much less sum than any other method of crossing would have cost. This viaduct was built in four months. It is 305 feet high and about 2,400 feet long. The skeleton piers were first erected by means of their own posts, and afterward the girders were placed by means of a travelling scaffold on the top, projecting over about 80 feet. No staging of any kind was used, nor even ladders, as the men climbed up the diagonal rods of the piers, as a cat will run up a tree.

The Manhattan Elevated Railway, about 34 miles long, is nothing but a long viaduct, and is as strong and durable as iron viaducts on railways usually are, while from the slower speed of its trains it is much safer.

It may not be out of place for the writer to state here what, in his belief,

is the next series of steps to be taken to ensure safety in travelling over our bridges: Replace, wherever possible, all temporary trestles by wood or stone culverts covered with earth. Where this cannot be done, build strong iron or steel bridges and viaducts with as short spans as possible and having no trusses above the track where it can possibly be helped. Cover these and all new bridges with a solid deck of rolled-steel corrugated plates coated with asphalt to prevent rusting. Place on this broken stone ballast, and bed the ties in it as in the ordinary form of road-bed.



By this means the usual shock felt in passing from the elastic embankment to the comparatively solid bridge will be done away. Has a crack formed in a wheel or axle, this shock generally develops it into a break, the car or engine is derailed, and if it strikes the truss the bridge is wrecked. The cost of this proposed safety floor is insignificant, compared with the safety resulting from it.

The improvements in the processes of putting in the foundations of bridges have been as great as those above water. All have shortened greatly the time necessary, and have made the results more certain. The American system may briefly be described as an abandonment of the old engineering device of coffer-dams, by which the bed of the river is enclosed by a water-tight fence and the water pumped out. For this we substitute driving piles and sawing them off under water; or sinking cribs down to a hard bottom through the water. In both cases we sink the masonry, built in a great water-tight box (called a caisson) with a thick bottom of solid timber, until it finally rests on the heads of the piles sawn to a level, or on the top of a crib which is filled with stone, dumped out of a barge. Sometimes it is filled with concrete lowered through the water by special apparatus.

Another process, developed within the last twenty years, is to sink cribs through soft or unreliable material to a harder stratum by compressed air. This is an improvement on the old diving bell. The air, forced into the bell-shaped cavity, expels the water and allows the men to work and remove the material, which is taken up by a device called an air-lock. The crib slowly sinks, carrying the masonry on its top.

By this means the foundations of the Brooklyn bridge and of the St. Louis bridge were sunk a little over 100 feet below water. A recent invention is that of a German engineer, Herr Poetsch, who freezes the sand by inserting tubes filled with a freezing mixture, and then excavates it as if it were solid rock.

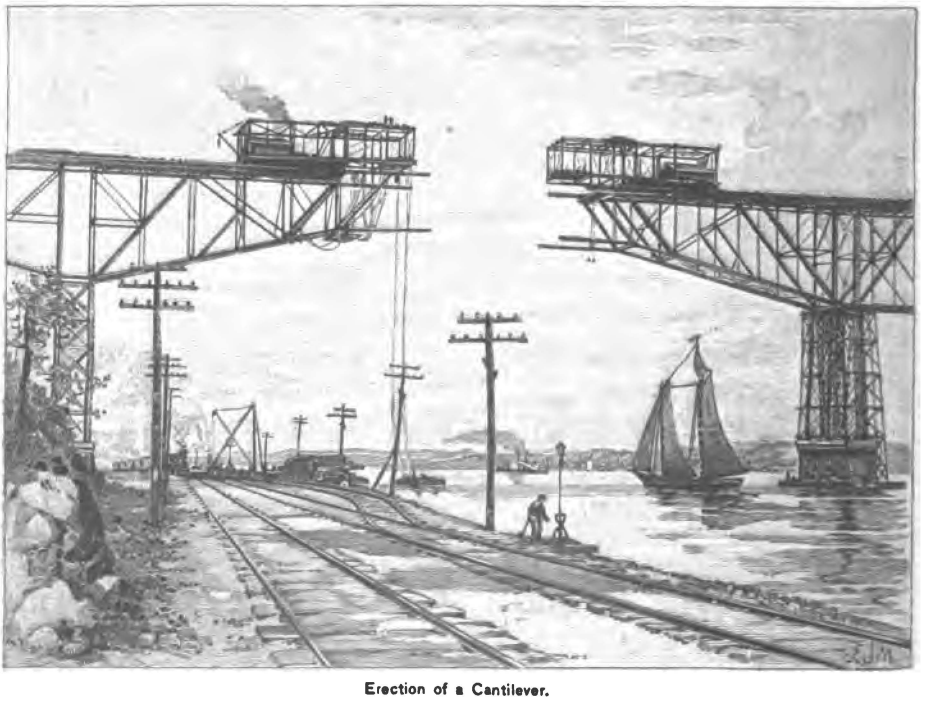
The process of sinking open cribs through the water by weighting them and dredging out the material has been followed at the new bridge now building over the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, where the cribs are sunk 130 feet below water, and at the bridge building over the Hawkesbury River, in Australia. The Hawkesbury piers are sunk to a depth of 175 feet below water, and are the deepest foundations yet put in. The writer (who derives his knowledge from being one of the designing

and executive engineers of both these bridges) sees no difficulty in putting down foundations by this process of open dredging to even much greater depths. The compressed-air process is limited to about 110 feet in depth.

IV.

THE most notable invention of latter days in bridge construction is that of the cantilever bridge, which is a system devised to dispense with staging, or false works, where from the great depth, or the swift current, of the river, this would be difficult, or, as in the case of the Niagara River, impossible to make. The word cantilever is used in architecture to signify the lower end of a rafter, which projects beyond the wall of a building, and supports the roof above. It is from an Italian word, taken from the Latin *canti-labrum* (used by Vitruvius), meaning *the lip of the rafter*. If two beams were pushed out from the shores of a stream until they met in the centre, and these two beams were long enough to run back from the shores until their weight, aided by a few stones, held them down, we should have a primitive form of the cantilever, but one which in principle would not differ from the actual cantilever bridges. This is another American invention, although it has been developed by British engineers—Messrs. Fowler & Baker—in their huge bridge now building across the Forth, in Scotland, of a size which dwarfs everything hitherto done in this country, the Brooklyn bridge not excepted.

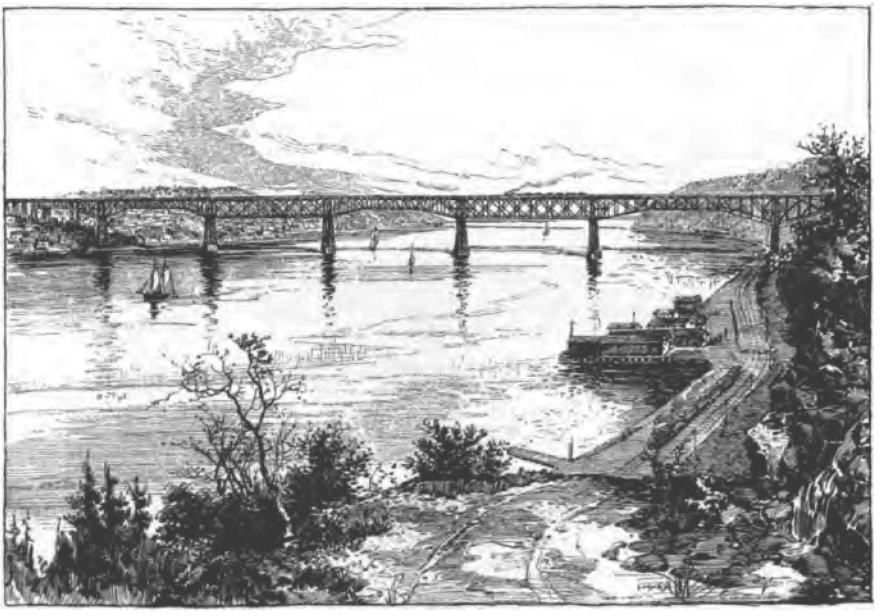
The first design of which we have any record was that of a bridge planned by Thomas Pope, a ship carpenter of New York, who, in 1810, published a book giving his designs for an arched bridge of timber across the North River at Castle Point, of 2,400 feet span. Mr. Pope called this an arch, but his description clearly shows it to have been what we now call a cantilever (pp. 665 and 667). As was the fashion of the day, he indulged in a poetical description:



Erection of a Cantilever.

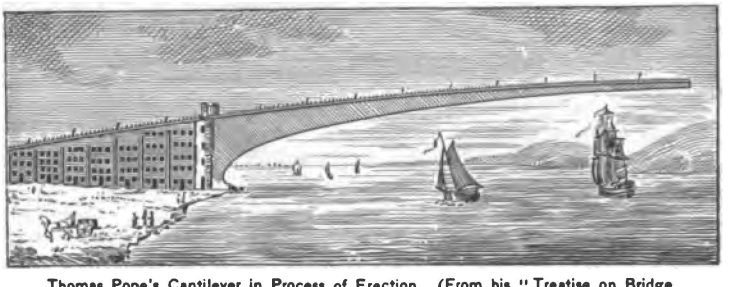
"Like half a Rainbow rising on yon shore,
While its twin partner spans the semi o'er,
And makes a perfect whole that need not part
Till time has furnish'd us a nobler art."

The first railway cantilever bridge in the world was built by the late C. Shaler Smith, C.E., one of our most accomplished bridge engineers. This was a bridge over the deep gorge of the Kentucky River, and was 300 feet high, and had a centre span of 330 feet. The next was a bridge on the Canadian Pacific, in British Columbia, designed by C. C. Schneider, C.E. A very similar bridge is that over the Niagara River, designed by the same engineer in conjunction with Messrs. Field & Hayes, Civil Engineers. This bridge was the first to receive the distinctive name of cantilever.



General View of Poughkeepsie Bridge.

The new bridge at Poughkeepsie will have three of these cantilevers, connected by two fixed spans, as shown in the above illustration. The fixed spans have horizontal lower chords, and really extend beyond each pier and up the inclined portions, to where the bottom chord of the cantilever is horizontal. At these points the junctions between the spans are made, and arranged in such a way, by means of movable links, that expansion and contraction due to changes of temperature can take place. The fixed spans are 525 feet long. Their upper chord, where the tracks are placed, is 212 feet above water. These spans required stagings to build them upon.



Thomas Pope's Cantilever in Process of Erection. (From his "Treatise on Bridge Architecture.")

These stagings were 220 feet above water, and rested on piles, driven through 60 feet of water and 60 feet of mud, making the whole height of the temporary staging 332 feet, or within 30 feet of the

height of Trinity Church steeple, in New York. The time occupied in building one of these stagings and then erecting the steel-work upon it was about four months.

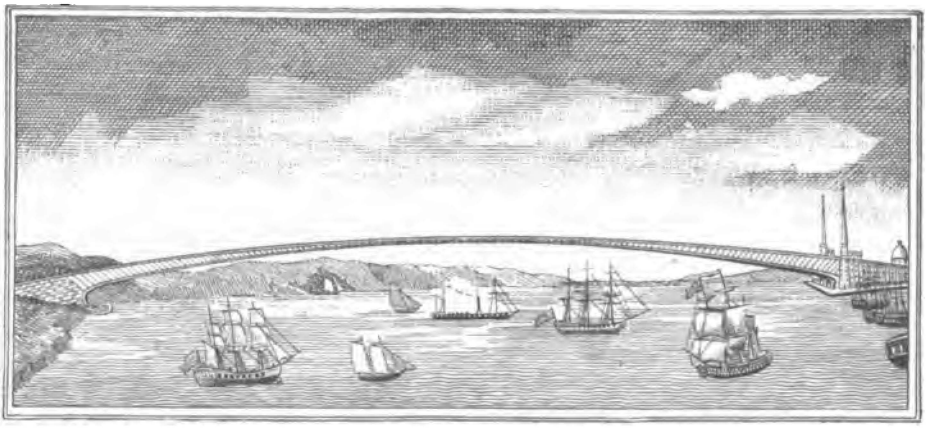
The cantilever spans are erected, as shown in the illustration on page 664, without any stagings at all below, and entirely from the two overhead travelling scaffolds, shown in the engraving. These scaffolds are moved out daily from the place of beginning over the piers, until they meet in the centre. The workmen hoist up the different pieces of steel from a barge in the river below and put it into place, using suspended planks to walk upon. The time saved by this method is so great that one of these spans of 548 feet long is erected in less than four weeks, or one seventh of the time which would have been required if stagings had been used.

At the Forth bridge, all the projecting cantilevers will be built from overhead scaffolds, 360 feet above the water. When spans of this length are used, the rivets become very long—seven inches—and it would be impossible to make a good job by hand riveting. Hence a power-riveter is used in riveting the work upon the staging. A steam-engine raises up a heavy mass of cast iron, called "the accumulator;" the weight of this in descending is transmitted through tubes of water, and its power increased by contracting the area of pressure, until some twenty tons can be applied to the head of each rivet. One rivet per minute can be put in with this tool.

Making an Embankment.

It will be seen that most of the great saving of time in modern construction of bridges and other parts of railways is due to improved machinery. The engineer of to-day is probably not more skilful than his ancestor, who, in periwig and cue, breeches and silk stockings, is represented in old prints supervising a gang of laborers, who slowly lift the ram of a pile-driver by hauling on one end of a rope passed over a pulley-wheel. The modern engineer has that useful servant, steam, and the history of modern engineering is chiefly the history of those inventions by which steam has been able to supersede manual labor—such as pile-drivers, steam-shovels, steam-dredges, and other similar tools.

After the roadbed of a railway is completed and covered with a good coat of gravel or stone ballast, and after all the temporary structures have been re-



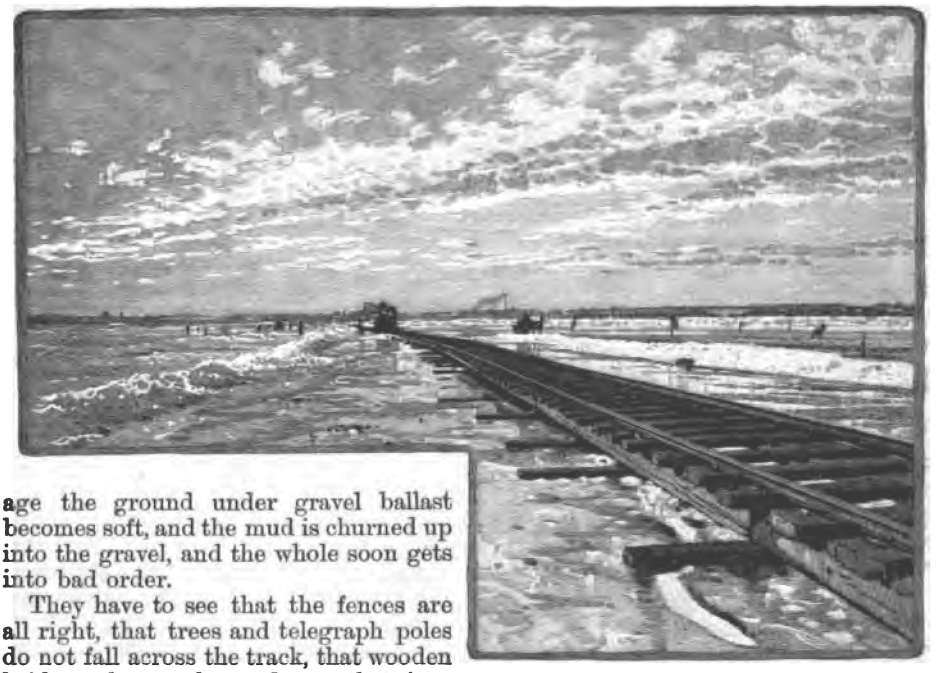
View of T. Pope's Cantilever (1810).

placed by permanent ones, that part of the work may be said to be done, requiring only that the damages of storms should be repaired. But the track of a railway is never done. It is always wearing out and always being replaced.

Some of the early English engineers, not appreciating this, endeavored to lay down solid stone walls coped with stone cut to a smooth surface, on which they laid their rails. They called this "permanent way," as distinguished from the temporary track of rails and cross-ties used by contractors in building the lines. But experience soon showed that the temporary track, if supported by a bed of broken stone, always kept itself drained and was always elastic, and remained in much better order than the more expensive so-called "permanent way." When the increase in the weight of our rolling stock began to take place, dating from about 1870, iron rails were found to be wearing out very fast. Some railway men declared that the railway system had reached its full development. But in this world the supply generally equals the demand. When a thing is very much wanted, it is sure to come, sooner or later. The process of making steel invented by, and named after, Henry Bessemer, of England, and perfected by A. L. Holley, of this country, gave us a steel rail which at the present time costs less than one of iron, and has a life of five or six times as long, even under the heavy loads of to-day. We are now approaching very near the limit of what the rail will carry, while the joints are becoming less able to do their duty. Bad joints mean rough track. Rough track means considerably greater expenditure both for its maintenance and that of all the rolling stock, as the blows and shocks do reciprocal damage, both to the rails and to that which runs on them. Hence all railway managers are now devoting more care and attention to their tracks.

In laying track on a new railway, if it be in an old-settled country where other railroads are near and the highways good, the ties are delivered in piles along the line where wanted, and the haul of the rails is comparatively short. The ties are laid down, spaced and bedded, adzed off to a true bearing, and the rails laid upon them; the workmen being divided into gangs, each doing a different part of the work. After the track is laid, the ballast-trains come along and cover the roadbed with gravel. The track is raised, the gravel tamped well under the ties, and the track is ready for use.

The road is then divided into sections about five miles long. On each section there is a section-boss, with four to six laborers. Their duty is to pass over the track at least twice a day in their hand-car, to examine every joint, and where one is found low or out of line, to bring it back to its true position by tamping gravel under it and moving the track. They have also to see that all ditches are kept clear of water, a most essential point, as without good drain-



An Ice Railway.

age the ground under gravel ballast becomes soft, and the mud is churned up into the gravel, and the whole soon gets into bad order.

They have to see that the fences are all right, that trees and telegraph poles do not fall across the track, that wooden bridges do not burn down, that iron and stone bridges are not undermined by freshets, and always to set up danger signals to warn the trains.

It is admitted, by competent judges, that the track of the Pennsylvania Railroad is the best in this country, and one of the best in the world. It is kept up to its high standard of excellence by a system of competitive examinations.

About the first of November, in each year, after the season's work has been done, a tour of inspection is made over all the lines, on a train of cars expressly prepared, consisting of two or more cars not unlike ordinary box cars with the front end taken out. Each car is pushed in front of an engine, and goes slowly over the line, by daylight only, so that the inspecting party may have a full view of the road.

The Pennsylvania road is divided into Grand Divisions, Superintendents' Divisions, of about 100 miles long, Supervisors' Divisions, of about 30 miles, and Sub-divisions, of 2½ miles.

The examining committee for each Supervisor's Division consists of the supervisors of other divisions. As they pass along, they mark on a card. One sub-committee marks the condition of the alignment and surfacing of the rails; another the condition of the joints and the spacing of the ties; another the ballast, switches, and sidings; another the ditches, road-crossings, station grounds. The marks range from 1 to 10, 0 being very bad, 5 medium, and 10 perfection. When the trip is done these reports are all collected and the average is taken for each division.

As an inducement to the supervisors and the foremen of the Sub-divisions to excel on their division, premiums are given as follows:

$100 to the supervisor having the best yard on his Grand Division.

$100 each to the supervisors having the best Supervisor's Division on each Superintendent's Division of 100 miles.

$75 to the foreman having the best sub-division of 2½ miles on each Grand Division.

$60 to each foreman having the best sub-division on his Superintendent's Division, including yards.

$50 to the foreman having the best sub-division on each Supervisor's Division.

In addition to the above there are two-

premiums of honor given by the general manager, which bring into competition with each other those parts of the main line lying on either side of Philadelphia, viz.:

$100 to the supervisor having the best line and surface between Pittsburg and Jersey City.

$50 to the second best ditto.

If a supervisor or foreman of subdivision receives one of the higher premiums, he is not allowed to be a competitor for any other premiums, except the premiums of honor.

The advantages of these inspections and premiums are these: Every man knows exactly what the standard of excellence is, and strives to have his section reach it. Under the old system, a man never got off of his own section, and had no means of comparison, and like all untravelled persons, became conceited.

The standard of excellence becomes higher and higher every year. Perfect fairness prevails, as the men themselves are the judges. The officers of the road make no marks, but usually look on and see that there is fair play.

This brings the officers and men nearer together, and shows the men how all are working for the common good. An agreeable break is made in the monotony of the men's lives. They have something to look forward to better than a spree.

It is by the adoption of such methods as these that strikes will be prevented in the future. It encourages an *esprit de corps* among the men, and educates them in every way.

This system was first devised and put in operation on the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1879, by Mr. Frank Thomson, General Manager, to whom the credit of it is justly due.

V.

I HAVE thus endeavored to trace the history of the building of a railway; and it must have been seen, from what has been said, that the evolution of the railway and of its rolling stock follows the same laws which govern the rest of the world: adaptation to circumstances decides what is fittest, and that alone survives. The scrap-heap of a great railway tells its own story.

Our railways have now reached a development which is wonderful. The railways of the United States, if placed continuously, would reach more than half way to the moon. Their bridges alone would reach from New York to Liverpool. Notwithstanding the number of accidents that we read of in the daily papers, statistics show that less persons are killed annually on railways than are killed annually by falling out of windows.

Railways have so cheapened the cost of transportation that, while a load of wheat loses all of its value by being hauled one hundred miles on a common road, meat and flour enough to supply one man a year can, according to Mr. Edward Atkinson, be hauled 1,500 miles from the West to the East for one day's wages of that man, if he be a skilled mechanic. If freight charges are diminished in the future as in the past, this can soon be done for one day's wages of a common laborer.

The number of persons employed in constructing, equipping, and operating our railways is about two millions.

The combined armies and navies of the world, while on peace footing, will draw from gainful occupations 3,455,000 men.

Those create wealth—these destroy it. Is it any wonder that America is the richest country in the world?

The rapidity with which it is possible to build railways over the prairies of the West is extraordinary. It is true that the amount of earth necessary to be moved is much less than on the railways of the East. In Iowa and Wisconsin, the amount runs from 20,000 to 25,000 yards per mile, while in Dakota it is only 12,000 to 15,000 yards per mile. After making all due allowance for this, the result is still remarkable.

The Manitoba system was extended last year through Dakota and Montana a distance of 545 miles. A small army of 10,000 men, with about 3,500 teams, commanded by General D. C. Shepard, of St. Paul, a veteran engineer and contractor, did it all between April 2 and October 19, 1887. All materials and subsistence had to be hauled to the front,

from the base of supplies. The army slept in its own tents, shanties, and cars. The grading was cast up from the side ditches, sometimes by carts, and sometimes by the digging machine.

Everything was done with military organization, except that what was left behind was a railway and not earthwork lines of defence. Assuming that this railway, ready for its equipment, cost $15,000 per mile, or $8,175,000, and if it be true, as statisticians tell us, that every dollar expended in building railways in a new country adds ten to the value of land and other property, then this six months' campaign shows a solid increase of the wealth of our country of over eighty millions of dollars. Had it been necessary for our Government to keep an army of observation of the same size on the Canadian frontier, there would have been a dead loss of over eight millions of dollars, and the only result would have been a slight reduction of the Treasury surplus.

It must be remembered that this railway was built after the American system: when the rails were laid, so as to carry trains, it was not much more than half finished; the track had to be ballasted, the temporary wooden structures replaced by stone and iron, and many buildings and miles of sidings were yet to be constructed. But it began to earn money from the very day the last rail was laid, and out of its earnings, and the credit thereby acquired, it will complete itself.

And this is only one instance out of many. The armies of peace are working all over our country, increasing our wealth, and binding all parts into a common whole. We have here the true answer to the Carlyles and the Ruskins who ask: "What is the use of all this? Is a man any better who goes sixty miles an hour than one who went five miles an hour?" "Were we not happier when our fields were covered with their golden harvests, than now, when our wheat is brought to us from Dakota?"

The grand function of the railway is to change the whole basis of civilization from military to industrial. The talent, the energy, the money, which is expended in maintaining the whole of Europe as an armed camp is here expended in building and maintaining railways, with their army of two millions of men. Without the help of railways the rebellion of the Southern States could never have been put down, and two great standing armies would have been necessary. By the railways, aided by telegraphs, it is easy to extend our Federal system over an entire continent, and thus dispense forever with standing armies.

The moral effect of this upon Europe is great, but its physical effect is still greater. American railways have nearly abolished landlordism in Ireland, and they will one day abolish it in England, and over the continent of Europe. So long as Europe was dependent for food upon its own fields, the owner of those fields could fix his own rental. This he can no longer do, owing to the cheapness of transportation from Australia and from the prairies of America, due to the inventions of Watt, the Stephensons, Bessemer, and Holley.

With the wealth of the landlord his political power will pass away. The government of European countries will pass out of the hands of the great landowners, but not into those of the rabble, as is feared. It will pass into the same hands that govern America to-day—the territorial democracy, the owners of small farms, and the manufacturers and merchants. When this comes to pass, attempts will be made to settle international disputes by arbitration instead of war, following the example of the Geneva arbitration between the two greatest industrial nations of the world. Whether our Federal system will ever extend to the rest of the world, no one knows, but we do know that without railways it would be impossible.

When we consider the effects of all these wonderful changes upon the sum of human happiness, we must admit that the engineer should justly take rank with statesmen and soldiers, and that no greater benefactors to the human race can be named than the Stephensons and their American disciples—Allen, Rogers, Jervis, Winans, Latrobe, and Holley.

A LONDON LIFE.

By Henry James.

PART FIRST.

I.

IT was raining, apparently, but she didn't mind — she would put on stout shoes and walk over to Plash. She was restless, and so fidgetty that it was a pain; there were strange voices, that frightened her —they threw out the ugliest intimations —in the empty rooms at home. She would see old Mrs. Berrington, whom she liked because she was so simple, and old Lady Davenant, who was staying with her and who was interesting for reasons with which simplicity had nothing to do. Then she would come back to the children's tea—she liked even better the last half-hour in the schoolroom, with the bread and butter, the candles and the red fire, the little spasms of confidence of Miss Steet, the nursery-governess, and the society of Scratch and Parson (their nicknames would have made you think they were dogs), her small, magnificent nephews, whose flesh was so firm yet so soft, and their eyes so charming when they listened to stories. Plash was the dower-house, and about a mile and a half, through the park, from Mellows. It was not raining, after all, though it had been; there was only a grayness in the air, covering all the strong, rich green, and a pleasant, damp, earthy smell, and the walks were smooth and hard, so that the expedition was not arduous.

The girl had been in England nearly a year, but there were some satisfactions she had not got used to yet, nor ceased to enjoy, and one of these was the accessibility, the convenience, of the country. Within the lodge-gates or without them, it seemed all alike a park—it was all so intensely "property." The very name of Plash, which was quaint and old, had not lost its effect upon her, nor had it become indifferent to her that the place was a dower-house—the little red-walled, ivied asylum to which old Mrs. Berrington had retired when, on his father's death, her son came into the estates. Laura Wing thought very ill of the custom of the expropriation of the widow, in the evening of her days, when honor and abundance should attend her more than ever; but her condemnation of this wrong forgot itself when so many of the consequences looked right—barring a little dampness; which was the fate, sooner or later, of most of her unfavorable judgments of English institutions. Iniquities, in such a country, somehow always made pictures; and there had been dower-houses in the novels, mainly of fashionable life, on which her later childhood was fed. The iniquity didn't, as a general thing, prevent these retreats from being occupied by old ladies with wonderful reminiscences and rare voices, whose reverses had not deprived them of a great deal of becoming hereditary lace. In the park, half-way, suddenly, Laura stopped, with a pain—a moral pang—that almost took away her breath; she looked at the misty glades and the dear old beeches (so familiar they were now, and loved as much as if she owned them); they seemed, in their unlighted December bareness, conscious of all the trouble, and they made her conscious of all the change. A year ago she knew nothing, and now she knew almost everything; and the worst of her knowledge (or at least the worst of the fears she had raised upon it) had come to her in that beautiful place, where everything was so full of peace and purity, of the air of happy submission to immemorial law. The place was the same, but her eyes were different; they had seen such sad, bad things, in so short a time. Yes, the time was short and everything was strange. Laura Wing was too uneasy even to sigh, and as she walked on she

lightened her tread, almost as if she were going on tiptoe.

At Plash the house seemed to shine in the wet air—the tone of the mottled red walls and the limited but perfect lawn to be the work of an artist's brush. Lady Davenant was in the drawing-room, in a low chair, by one of the windows, reading the second volume of a novel. There was the same look of crisp chintz, of fresh flowers wherever flowers could be put, of a wall-paper that was in the bad taste of years before, but had been kept, so that no more money should be spent, and was almost covered over with amateurish drawings and superior engravings, framed in narrow gilt, with large margins. The room had its bright, durable, sociable air—the air that Laura Wing liked in so many English things—that of being meant for daily life, for long periods, for uses of high decency. But more than ever, to-day, was it incongruous that such an habitation, with its chintzes and its British poets, its well-worn carpets and domestic art—the whole aspect so unmeretricious and sincere—should have to do with lives that weren't right. Of course, however, it had to do only indirectly, and the wrong life was not old Mrs. Berrington's, nor yet Lady Davenant's. If Selina and Selina's doings were not an implication of such an interior, any more than it was, for them, an explication, this was because she had come from so far off, was a foreign element altogether. Yet it was there she had found her occasion, all the influences that had altered her so (her sister had a theory that she was metamorphosed, that when she was young she seemed born for innocence): if not at Plash, at least at Mellows, for the two places, after all, had ever so much in common, and there were rooms at the great house that looked remarkably like Mrs. Berrington's parlor.

Lady Davenant always had a headdress of a peculiar style, original and appropriate—a sort of white veil or cape which came, in a point, to the place on her forehead where her smooth hair began to show, and then covered her shoulders. It was always exquisitely fresh, and was partly the reason why she struck the girl rather as a fine portrait than as a living person. And yet she was full of life, old as she was, and had been made finer, sharper and more delicate, by nearly eighty years of it. It was the hand of a master that Laura seemed to see in her face, the witty expression of which shone like a lamp through the ground-glass of her good breeding; nature was always an artist, but not so much of an artist as that. Infinite knowledge the girl attributed to her, and that was why she liked her a little fearfully. Lady Davenant was not, as a general thing, fond of the young or of invalids; but she made an exception, as regards youth, for the little girl from America, the sister of the daughter-in-law of her dearest friend. She took an interest in Laura partly, perhaps, to make up for the tepidity with which she regarded Selina. At all events she had assumed the general responsibility of providing her with a husband. She pretended to care equally little for persons suffering from other forms of misfortune, but she was capable of finding excuses for them when they had been sufficiently to blame. She expected a great deal of attention, always wore gloves in the house, and never had anything in her hand but a book. She neither embroidered nor wrote—only read and talked. She had no special conversation for girls, but generally addressed them in the same manner that she found effective with her contemporaries. Laura Wing regarded this as an honor, but very often she didn't know what the old lady meant, and was ashamed to ask her. Once in a while Lady Davenant was ashamed to tell. Mrs. Berrington had gone to a cottage to see an old woman who was ill—an old woman who had been in her service for years, in the old days. Unlike her friend, she was fond of young people and invalids, but she was less interesting to Laura, except that it was a sort of fascination to wonder how she could have such abysses of placidity. She had long cheeks and kind eyes, and was devoted to birds; somehow she always made Laura think secretly of a tablet of fine white soap—nothing else was so smooth and clean.

"And what's going on *chez vous*—who is there and what are they doing?" Lady Davenant asked, after the first greetings.

"There isn't anyone but me—and the children—and the governess."

"What, no party—no private theatricals? How do you live?"

"Oh, it doesn't take so much to keep me going," said Laura. "I believe there were some people coming on Saturday, but they have been put off, or they can't come. Selina has gone to London."

"And what has she gone to London for?"

"Oh, I don't know—she has so many things to do."

"And where is Mr. Berrington?"

"He has been away somewhere; but I believe he is coming back to-morrow—or next day."

"Or the day after?" said Lady Davenant. "And do they never go away together?" she continued, after a pause.

"Yes, sometimes—but they don't come back together."

"Do you mean they quarrel on the way?"

"I don't know what they do, Lady Davenant—I don't understand," Laura Wing replied, with an unguarded tremor in her voice. "I don't think they are very happy."

"Then they ought to be ashamed of themselves. They have got everything so comfortable — what more do they want?"

"Yes, and the children are such dears!"

"Certainly—charming. And is she a good person, the present governess? Does she look after them properly?"

"Yes—she seems very good—it's a blessing. But I think she's unhappy too."

"Bless us, what a house! Does she want some one to make love to her?"

"No, but she wants Selina to see—to appreciate," said the young girl.

"And doesn't she appreciate—when she leaves them that way, quite to the young woman?"

"Miss Steet thinks she doesn't notice how they come on—she is never there."

"And has she wept and told you so? You know they are always crying, governesses—whatever line you take. You shouldn't draw them out too much—they are always looking for a chance. She ought to be thankful to be let alone. You mustn't be too sympathetic—it's mostly wasted," the old lady went on.

"Oh, I'm not—I assure you I'm not," said Laura Wing. "On the contrary, I see so much about me that I don't sympathize with."

"Well, you mustn't be an impertinent little American either!" her interlocutress exclaimed. Laura sat with her for half an hour, and the conversation took a turn through the affairs of Plash, and through Lady Davenant's own, which were visits in prospect and ideas suggested more or less directly, by them, as well as by the books she had been reading, a heterogeneous pile, on a table near her, all of them new and clean, from a circulating library in London. The old woman had ideas, and Laura liked them, though they often struck her as very sharp and hard, because at Mellows she had no diet of that sort. There had never been an idea in the house, since she came, at least, and there was wonderfully little reading. Lady Davenant still went from country-house to country-house, all winter, as she had done all her life, and when Laura asked her she told her the places, and the people she probably should find at each of them. Such an enumeration was much less interesting to the girl than it would have been a year before; she herself had now seen a great many places and people, and the freshness of her curiosity was gone. But she still cared for Lady Davenant's descriptions and judgments, because they were the thing in her life which (when she met the old woman from time to time) most represented talk—the rare sort of talk that was not mere chaff. That was what she had dreamed of before she came to England, but in Selina's set the dream had not come true. In Selina's set people only harried each other from morning till night with extravagant accusations—it was all a kind of horse-play of false charges. When Lady Davenant was accusatory it was within the limits of perfect verisimilitude.

Laura waited for Mrs. Berrington to come in, but she didn't appear, and the girl gathered her waterproof together with an intention of departure. But she was secretly reluctant, because she had walked over to Plash with a vague hope that some soothing hand would be laid upon her pain. If there was no comfort at the dower-house she didn't know

where to look for it, for there was certainly none at home—not even with Miss Steet and the children. It was not Lady Davenant's leading characteristic that she was comforting, and Laura had not aspired to be coaxed or coddled into forgetfulness; she wanted rather to be taught a certain fortitude—how to live and hold up one's head even while knowing that things were very bad. A brazen indifference—it was not exactly that that she wished to acquire; but were there not some sorts of indifference that were philosophic and noble? Couldn't Lady Davenant teach them, if she should take the trouble? The girl remembered to have heard that there had been, years before, some disagreeable occurrences in *her* family; it was not a race in which the ladies inveterately turned out well. Yet who to-day had the stamp of honor and credit—of a past which was either no one's business or was part and parcel of a fair public record—and carried it so much as a matter of course? She herself had been a good woman, and that was the only thing that told, in the long run. It was Laura's own idea to be a good woman, and that this would make it an advantage for Lady Davenant to show her how not to feel too much. As regards feeling enough, that was a branch in which she had no need to take lessons.

The old woman liked cutting new books, a task she never remitted to her maid, and while her young American visitor sat there she went through the greater part of a volume with the paper-knife. She didn't proceed very fast—there was a kind of patient, awkward fumbling of her aged hands; but as she passed her knife into the last leaf she said, abruptly—"And how is your sister going on? She's very light!" Lady Davenant added, before Laura had time to reply.

"Oh, Lady Davenant!" the girl exclaimed, vaguely, slowly, vexed with herself, as soon as she had spoken, for having uttered the words as a kind of protest, whereas she wished to draw her companion out. To correct this impression she threw back her waterproof.

"Have you ever spoken to her?" the old woman asked.

"Spoken to her?"

"About her behavior. I daresay you haven't—you Americans have such a lot of false delicacy. I daresay Selina wouldn't speak to you, if you were in her place (excuse the supposition!) and yet she is capable—" But Lady Davenant paused, preferring not to say of what young Mrs. Berrington was capable. "It's a bad house for a girl."

"It only gives me a horror," said Laura, pausing in turn.

"A horror of your sister? That's not what one should aim at. You ought to get married—and the sooner the better. My dear child, I have neglected you dreadfully."

"I am much obliged to you, but if you think marriage looks to me happy!" the girl exclaimed, laughing without hilarity.

"Make it happy for some one else, and you will be happy enough yourself. You ought to get out of your situation."

Laura Wing was silent a moment, though this was not a new reflection to her. "Do you mean that I should leave Selina altogether? I feel as if I should abandon her—as if I should be a coward."

"Oh, my dear, it isn't the business of little girls to serve as parachutes to fly-away wives! That's why, if you haven't spoken to her, you needn't take the trouble at this time of day. Let her go—let her go!"

"Let her go?" Laura repeated, staring.

Her companion gave her a sharper glance. "Let her stay, then! Only get out of the house. You can come to me, you know, whenever you like. I don't know another girl I would say that to."

"Oh, Lady Davenant," Laura began again, but she only got as far as this; in a moment she had covered her face with her hands—she had burst into tears.

"Ah, my dear, don't cry, or I shall take back my invitation! It would never do if you were to *larmoyer*. If I have offended you by the way I have spoken of Selina, I think you are too sensitive. We shouldn't feel more for people than they feel for themselves. She has no tears, I'm sure."

"Oh, she has, she has!" cried the girl, sobbing with an odd effect, as she put forth this pretension for her sister.

"Then she's worse than I thought.

I don't mind them so much when they are merry, but I hate them when they are sentimental."

"She's so changed—so changed!" Laura Wing went on.

"Never, never, my dear; *c'est de naissance.*"

"You never knew my mother," returned the girl; "when I think of mother—" The words failed her, while she sobbed.

"I daresay she was very nice," said Lady Davenant, gently. "It would take that to account for you; such women as Selina are always easily enough accounted for. I didn't mean it was inherited—for that sort of thing skips about. I daresay there was some improper ancestress—except that you Americans don't seem to have ancestresses."

Laura gave no sign of having heard these observations; she was occupied in brushing away her tears. "Everything is so changed—you don't know," she remarked in a moment. "Nothing could have been happier—nothing could have been sweeter. And now to be so dependent—so helpless—so poor!"

"Have you nothing at all?" asked Lady Davenant, with simplicity.

"Only enough to pay for my clothes."

"That's a good deal, for a girl. You are uncommonly dressy, you know."

"I'm sorry I seem so. That's just the way I don't want to look."

"You Americans can't help it; you 'wear' your very features, and your eyes look as if they had just been sent home. But I confess you are not so smart as Selina."

"Yes, isn't she splendid?" Laura exclaimed, with a sort of proud inconsequence. "And the worse she is, the better she looks."

"Oh, my child, if the bad women looked as bad as they are! It's only the good ones who can afford that," the old lady murmured.

"It was the last thing I ever thought of—that I should be ashamed," said Laura.

"Oh, keep your shame till you have more to do with it. It's like lending your umbrella—when you have only one."

"If anything were to happen—publicly—I should die, I should die!" the girl exclaimed, passionately, and with a motion that carried her to her feet. This time she settled herself for departure. Lady Davenant's admonition rather frightened than sustained her.

The old woman leaned back in her chair, looking up at her. "It would be very bad, I daresay. But it wouldn't prevent me from taking you in."

Laura Wing returned her look, with eyes slightly distended, musing. "Think of having to come to that!"

Lady Davenant burst out laughing. "Yes, yes, you must come; you are so original!"

"I don't mean that I don't feel your kindness," the girl broke out, blushing. "But to be only protected—always protected: is that a life?"

"Most women are only too thankful, and I am bound to say I think you are *difficile.*" Lady Davenant used a good many French words, in the old-fashioned manner, and with a pronunciation not perfectly pure; when she did so she reminded Laura Wing of Mrs. Gore's novels. "But you shall be better protected than even by me. *Nous verrons cela.* Only you must stop crying—this isn't a crying country."

"No, one must have courage here. It takes courage to marry for such a reason."

"Any reason is good enough that keeps a woman from being an old maid. Besides, you will like him."

"He must like me first," said the girl, with a sad smile.

"There's the American again! It isn't necessary. You are too proud—you expect too much."

"I'm proud for what I am—that's very certain. But I don't expect anything," Laura Wing declared. "That's the only form my pride takes. Please give my love to Mrs. Berrington. I am so sorry—so sorry," she went on, to change the talk from the subject of her marrying. She wanted to marry, but she didn't want to want it, and, above all, to have such an appearance. She lingered in the room, moving about a little; the place was always so pleasant to her that to go away—to return to her own barren home—had the effect of forfeiting a sort of privilege of sanctuary. The afternoon had faded, but the lamps

had been brought in, the smell of flowers was in the air, and the old house of Plash seemed to recognize the hour that suited it best. The quiet old lady in the firelight, encompassed with the symbolic security of chintz and water-color, gave her a sudden vision of how blessed it would be to jump all the middle dangers of life and have arrived at the end, safely, sensibly, with a cap and gloves, and consideration and memories. "And, Lady Davenant, what does *she* think?" she asked, abruptly, stopping short and referring to Mrs. Berrington.

"Think? Bless your soul, she doesn't do that! If she did, the things she says would be unpardonable."

"The things she says?"

"That's what makes them so beautiful—that they are not spoiled by preparation. You could never think of them *for* her!" The girl smiled at this description of the dearest friend of her interlocutress, but she wondered a little what Lady Davenant would say to visitors about *her*, if she should accept a refuge under her roof. Her speech was, after all, a flattering proof of confidence. "She wishes it had been you—I happen to know that," said the old woman.

"It had been me?"

"That Lionel had taken a fancy to."

"I wouldn't have married him," Laura rejoined, after a moment.

"Don't say that, or you will make me think it won't be easy to help you. I shall depend upon you not to refuse anything so good."

"I don't call him good. If he were good his wife would be better."

"Very likely; and if you had married him *he* would be better, and that's more to the purpose. Lionel is as idiotic as a comic song, but you have cleverness for two."

"And you have it for fifty, dear Lady Davenant. Never, never—I shall never marry a man I can't respect!" Laura Wing exclaimed.

She had come a little nearer her old friend and taken her hand; her companion held her a moment, and with the other hand pushed aside one of the flaps of the waterproof. "And what is it your clothing costs you?" asked Lady Davenant, looking at the dress underneath and not giving any heed to this declaration.

"I don't exactly know; it takes almost everything that is sent me from America. But that is dreadfully little—only a few pounds. I am a wonderful manager. Besides," the girl added, "Selina wants me to be dressed."

"And doesn't she pay any of your bills?"

"Why, she gives me everything—food, shelter, carriages."

"Does she never give you money?"

"I wouldn't take it," said the girl. "They need everything they have—their life is tremendously expensive."

"That I'll warrant!" cried the old woman. "It was a most beautiful property, but I don't know what has become of it now. *Ce n'est pas pour vous blesser*, but the hole you Americans *can* make——"

Laura interrupted immediately, holding up her head; Lady Davenant had dropped her hand and she had receded a step. "Selina brought Lionel a very considerable fortune, and every penny of it was paid."

"Yes, I know it was; Mrs. Berrington told me it was most satisfactory. That's not always the case with the fortunes you young ladies are supposed to bring!" the old lady added, smiling.

The girl looked over her head a moment. "Why do your men marry for money?"

"Why indeed, my dear? And before your troubles, what used your father to give you for your personal expenses?"

"He gave us everything we asked—we had no particular allowance."

"And I daresay you asked for everything?" said Lady Davenant.

"No doubt we were very dressy, as you say."

"No wonder he went bankrupt—for he did, didn't he?"

"He had dreadful reverses, but he only sacrificed himself—he protected others."

"Well, I know nothing about these things, and I only ask *pour me renseigner*," Mrs. Berrington's guest went on. "And after their reverses, your father and mother lived, I think, only a short time?"

Laura Wing had covered herself again with her mantle; her eyes were now bent upon the ground, and, standing there

before her companion, with her umbrella and her air of momentary submission and self-control, she might very well have been a young person in reduced circumstances applying for a place. "It was short enough, but it seemed—some parts of it—terribly long and painful. My poor father—my dear father," the girl went on. But her voice trembled and she checked herself.

"I feel as if I were cross-questioning you, which God forbid!" said Lady Davenant. "But there is one thing I should really like to know. Did Lionel and his wife, when you were poor, come freely to your assistance?"

"They sent us money repeatedly—it was *her* money, of course. It was almost all we had."

"And if you have been poor, and know what poverty is, tell me this: has it made you afraid to marry a poor man?"

It seemed to Lady Davenant that, in answer to this, her young friend looked at her strangely; and then the old woman heard her say something that had not quite the heroic ring she expected. "I am afraid of so many things to-day that I don't know where my fears end."

"I have no patience with the high-strung way you take things. But I have to know, you know."

"Oh, don't try to know any more shames—any more horrors!" the girl wailed, with sudden passion, turning away.

Her companion got up, drew her round again and kissed her. "I think you would fidget me," she remarked, as she released her. Then, as if this were too cheerless a leave-taking, she added, in a gayer tone, as Laura had her hand on the door: "Mind what I tell you, my dear; let her go!" It was to this that the girl's lesson in philosophy reduced itself, she reflected, as she walked back to Mellows in the rain, which had now come on through the darkening park.

II.

The children were still at tea, and poor Miss Steet sat between them, consoling herself with strong cups, crunching melancholy morsels of toast and dropping an absent gaze on her little companions as they exchanged small, loud remarks. She always sighed when Laura came in—it was her way of expressing appreciation of the visit—and she was the one person whom the girl frequently saw who seemed to her more unhappy than herself. But Laura envied her—she thought her position had more dignity than that of her employer's dependent sister. Miss Steet had related her life to the children's pretty young aunt, and this personage knew that though it had had painful elements nothing so disagreeable had ever befallen her, or was likely to befall her, as the odious possibility of her sister's making a scandal. She had two sisters (Laura knew all about them), and one of them was married to a clergyman in Staffordshire (a very ugly part), and had seven children and four hundred a year; while the other, the eldest, was enormously stout and filled (it was a good deal of a squeeze) a position as matron in an orphanage at Liverpool. Neither of them seemed destined to go into the English divorce-court, and such a circumstance, on the part of one's near relations, struck Laura as in itself almost sufficient to constitute happiness. Miss Steet didn't live in a state of nervous anxiety—every thing about her was respectable. She made the girl almost angry sometimes, by her drooping, martyr-like air; Laura was near breaking out at her with, "Dear me, what have *you* got to complain of? Don't you earn your living, like an honest girl, and are you obliged to see things going on about you that you hate?"

But she couldn't say things like that to her, because she had promised Selina, who made a great point of this, that she wouldn't be too familiar with her. Selina was not without her ideas of decorum—very far from it indeed; only she erected them in such queer places. She was not familiar with her children's governess; she was not even familiar with the children themselves. That was why, after all, it was impossible to address much of a remonstrance to Miss Steet when she sat as if she were tied to the stake and the fagots were being lighted. If martyrs, in this situation, had tea and cold meat served them, they would strikingly have resembled the provoking young woman in the school-room at Mel-

lows. Laura couldn't have denied that it was natural that she should have liked it better if Mrs. Berrington would *sometimes* just look in and give a sign that she was pleased with her system; but poor Miss Steet only knew by the servants, or by Laura, whether Mrs. Berrington were at home or not; she was for the most part not, and the governess had a way of silently intimating (it was the manner she put her head on one side when she looked at Scratch and Parson —of course *she* called them Geordie and Ferdy) that she was immensely handicapped and even that they were. Perhaps they were, though they certainly showed it little in their appearance and manner, and Laura was at least sure that if Selina had been perpetually dropping in, Miss Steet would have taken that discomfort even more tragically. The sight of this young woman's either real or fancied wrongs did not diminish her conviction that she herself would have found the courage to become a governess. She would have had to teach very young children, for she believed she was too ignorant for higher flights. But Selina would never have consented to that—she would have considered it a disgrace, or even worse, a *pose*. Laura had proposed to her, six months before, that she should dispense with a paid governess, and suffer *her* to take charge of the little boys; in that way she shouldn't feel so completely dependent — she should be doing something in return. "And pray what would happen when you came to dinner? Who would look after them then?" Mrs. Berrington had demanded, with a very shocked air. Laura had replied that perhaps it was not absolutely necessary that she should come to dinner—she could dine early, with the children; and that if her presence in the drawing-room was required the children had their nurse—and what did they have their nurse for? Selina looked at her as if she were deplorably superficial, and told her that they had their nurse to dress them and look after their clothes—did she wish the poor little ducks to go in rags? She had her own ideas of thoroughness, and when Laura remarked that, after all, at that hour the children were in bed, she declared that even when they were asleep she desired the governess to be at hand—that was the way a mother felt who really took an interest. Selina was wonderfully thorough; she said something about the evening hours in the quiet school-room being the proper time for the governess to "get up" the children's lessons for the next day. Laura Wing was conscious of her own ignorance; nevertheless she presumed to believe that she could have taught Geordie and Ferdy the alphabet without anticipatory nocturnal researches. She wondered what her sister supposed Miss Steet taught them —whether she cherished the fond illusion that they were in Latin and algebra.

The governess' evening hours, in the quiet school-room, would have suited Laura well—so at least she believed; by touches of her own she would make the place even prettier than it was already, and in the winter nights, near the bright fire, she would get through a delightful course of reading. There was the question of a new piano (the old one was pretty bad—Miss Steet had a finger!), and perhaps she should have to ask Selina for that—but it would be all. The school-room at Mellows was not a charmless place, and the girl often wished that she might have spent her own early years in so dear a scene. It was a sort of panelled parlor, in a wing, and looked out on the great cushiony lawns and a part of the terrace where the peacocks used most to spread their tails. There were quaint old maps on the wall, and "collections"—birds and shells—under glass cases, and there was a wonderful pictured screen which old Mrs. Berrington had made, when Lionel was young, out of primitive woodcuts illustrative of nursery tales. The place was a setting for rosy childhood, and Laura didn't believe her sister knew how delightful Scratch and Parson looked there. Old Mrs. Berrington had known, in the case of Lionel—it had all been arranged for him. That was the story told by ever so many other things in the house, which betrayed the full perception of a comfortable, liberal, deeply domestic effect, addressed to eternities of possession, characteristic, thirty years before, of the unquestioned and unquestioning old lady whose sofas and "corners" (she had perhaps been the first

person in England to have corners), demonstrated the most of her cleverness.

Laura Wing envied English children, the boys at least, and even her own little nephews, in spite of the cloud that hung over them; but she had already noted the incongruity that appeared today between Lionel Berrington at thirty-five and the influences that had surrounded his younger years. She didn't dislike her brother-in-law, though she didn't admire him, and she pitied him; but she marvelled at the waste involved in some human institutions (the English country gentry, for instance) when she perceived that it had taken so much to produce so little. The sweet old wainscoted parlor, the view of the garden that reminded her of scenes in Shakespeare's comedies, all that was exquisite in the home of his forefathers—what visible reference was there to these fine things in poor Lionel's stable-stamped little composition? When she came in this evening and saw his small sons making competitive noises in their mugs (Miss Steet checked this impropriety on her entrance), she asked herself what *they* would have to show, twenty years later, for the frame that made them just then a picture. Would they be wonderfully ripe and noble, the perfection of human culture? The contrast was before her again, the sense of the same curious duplicity (in the literal meaning of the word), that she had felt at Plash—the way the genius of such an old house was all peace and decorum, and the spirit that prevailed there, outside of the school-room, was contentious and impure. She had often been struck with it before—with that perfection of machinery which can still, at certain times, make English life go on of itself, with a stately rhythm, long after there is corruption within it.

She had half a purpose of asking Miss Steet to dine with her that evening down-stairs, so absurd did it seem to her that two young women who had so much in common (enough, at least, for that) should sit feeding alone at opposite ends of the big, empty house, melancholy on such a night. She wouldn't have cared just now whether Selina did think such a course familiar; she indulged sometimes in a kind of angry humility, placing herself near to those who were laborious and sordid. But when she observed how much cold meat the governess had already consumed she felt that it would be a vain form to propose to her another repast. She sat down with her, and presently, in the fire-light, the two children had placed themselves in position for a story. They were dressed like the mariners of England, and they smelt of the ablutions to which they had been condemned before tea, and the odor of which was but partly overlaid by that of bread and butter. Scratch wanted an old story and Parson a new, and they exchanged, from side to side, a good many powerful arguments. While they were so engaged Miss Steet narrated, at her visitor's invitation, the walk she had taken with them, and remarked that she had been thinking, for a long time, of asking Mrs. Berrington—if she only had an opportunity—whether she should approve of her giving them a few elementary notions of botany. But the opportunity had not come—she had had the idea for a long time past. She was rather fond of the study herself; she had gone into it a little—she seemed to intimate that there had been times when she extracted a needed comfort from it. Laura suggested that botany might be a little dry, for such young children, in winter, from text-books—that the better way would be, perhaps, to wait till the spring, and show them out of doors, in the garden, some of the peculiarities of plants. To this Miss Steet rejoined that her idea had been to teach some of the general facts, slowly—it would take a long time—and then they would be all ready for the spring. She spoke of the spring as if it would not arrive for a terribly long time. She had hoped to lay the question before Mrs. Berrington that week—but was it not already Thursday? Laura said, "Oh, yes, you had better do anything with the children that will keep them profitably occupied;" she came very near saying anything that would occupy the governess herself.

She had rather a dread of new stories—it took the little boys so long to get initiated, and the first steps were so terribly bestrewn with questions. Receptive silence, broken only by an occasional

rectification on the part of the listener, never descended until after the tale had been told a dozen times. The matter was settled for "Riquet with the Tuft," but on this occasion the girl's heart was not much in the entertainment. The children stood on either side of her, leaning against her, and she had an arm round each; their little bodies were thick and strong, and their voices had the quality of silver bells. Their mother had certainly gone too far; but there was, nevertheless, a limit to the tenderness one could feel for the neglected, compromised bairns. It was difficult to take a sentimental view of them—they would never take such a view of themselves. Geordie would grow up to be a master-hand at polo, and care more for that pastime than for anything in life, and Ferdy, perhaps, would develop into "the best shot in England." Laura felt these possibilities stirring within them; they were in the things they said to her, in the things they said to each other. At any rate they would never reflect upon anything in the world. They contradicted each other on a question of ancestral history, to which their attention apparently had been drawn by their nurse, whose people had been tenants for generations. Their grandfather had had the hounds for fifteen years—Ferdy maintained that he had always had them. Geordie ridiculed this idea, like a man of the world; he had had them till he went into volunteering—then he had got up a magnificent regiment, he had spent thousands of pounds on it. Ferdy was of the opinion that this was wasted money—he himself intended to have a real regiment, to be a colonel in the Guards. Geordie looked as if he thought that a superficial ambition and could see beyond it; his own most definite view was that he would have back the hounds. He didn't see why papa didn't have them—unless it was because he wouldn't take the trouble.

"I know—it's because mamma is an American!" Ferdy announced, with confidence.

"And what has that to do with it?" asked Laura.

"Mamma spends so much money—there isn't any for anything!"

This startling speech elicited an alarmed protest from Miss Steet; she blushed and assured Laura that she couldn't imagine where the child could have picked up such an extraordinary idea. "I'll look into it—you may be sure I'll look into it," she said; while Laura told Ferdy that he must never, never, never, under any circumstances, either utter or listen to a word that should be wanting in respect to his mother.

"If anyone should say anything against any of my people, I would give him a good one!" Geordie declared, with his hands in his little blue pockets.

"I'd hit him in the eye!" cried Ferdy, with cheerful inconsequence.

"Perhaps you don't care to come to dinner at half-past seven," the girl said to Miss Steet; "but I should be very glad—I'm all alone."

"Thank you so much. All alone, really?" murmured the governess.

"Why don't you get married? then you wouldn't be alone," Geordie remarked, with ingenuity.

"Children, you are really too dreadful this evening!" Miss Steet exclaimed.

"I shan't get married—I want to have the hounds," proclaimed Geordie, who had apparently been much struck with his brother's explanation.

"I will come down afterward, about half-past eight, if you will allow me," said Miss Steet, looking conscious and responsible.

"Very well—perhaps we can have some music; we will try something together."

"Oh, music—*we* don't go in for music!" said Geordie, with clear superiority; and while he spoke Laura saw Miss Steet get up, suddenly, looking even less alleviated than usual. The door of the room had been pushed open and Lionel Berrington stood there. He had his hat on and a cigar in his mouth and his face was red, which was its common condition. He took off his hat as he came into the room, but he did not stop smoking, and he turned a little redder than before. There were several ways in which his sister-in-law often wished he had been very different, but she had never disliked him for a certain boyish shyness that was in him, which came out in his dealings with almost all wom-

en. The governess of his children made him uncomfortable, and Laura had already noticed that he had the same effect upon Miss Steet. He was fond of his children, but he saw them hardly more frequently than their mother, and they never knew whether he were at home or away. Indeed, his goings and comings were so frequent that Laura herself scarcely knew; it was an accident that on this occasion his absence had been marked for her. Selina had had her reasons for wishing not to go up to town while her husband was still at Mellows, and she cherished the irritating belief that he stayed at home on purpose to watch her—to keep her from going away. It was her theory that she herself was perpetually at home—that few women were more domestic, more glued to the fireside and absorbed in the duties belonging to it; and, unreasonable as she was, she recognized the fact that for her to establish this theory she must make her husband sometimes see her at Mellows. It was not enough for her to maintain that he would see her if he were sometimes there himself. Therefore she disliked to be caught in the crude fact of absence—to go away under his nose; what she preferred was to take the next train after his own, and to return an hour or two before him. She managed this often with great ability, in spite of her not being able to be sure when he *would* return. Of late, however, she had ceased to take so much trouble, and Laura, by no desire of the girl's own, was enough in the confidence of her impatiences and perversities to know that for her to have wished (four days before the moment I write of) to put him on a wrong scent—or to keep him at least off the right one—she must have had something more foolish than usual in her head. This was why the girl had been so nervous, and why the sense of an impending catastrophe, which had lately gathered strength in her mind, was at present almost intolerably pressing; she knew how little Selina could afford to be more foolish than usual.

Lionel startled her by turning up in that unexpected way, though she could not have told herself when it would have been natural to expect him. This attitude, at Mellows, was left to the servants, most of them inscrutable and incommunicative, and erect in a wisdom that was founded upon telegrams—you couldn't speak to the butler but he pulled one out of his pocket. It was a house of telegrams; they crossed each other a dozen times an hour, coming and going, and Selina, in particular, lived in a cloud of them. Laura had but vague ideas as to what they were all about; once in a while, when they fell under her eyes, she either failed to understand them or judged them to be about horses. There were an immense number of horses, in one way and another, in Mrs. Berrington's life. Then she had so many friends, who were always rushing about like herself, and making appointments, and putting them off, and wanting to know if she were going to certain places or whether she would go if they did, or whether she would come up to town and dine and "do a theatre." There were also a good many theatres in the existence of this busy lady. Laura remembered how fond their poor father had been of telegraphing, but it was never about the theatre; at all events she tried to give her sister the benefit, or the excuse, of heredity. Selina had her own opinions, which were superior to this; she once remarked to Laura that it was idiotic for a woman to write—to telegraph was the only way not to get into trouble. If doing so sufficed to keep a lady out of it, Mrs. Berrington's life should have flowed like the rivers of Eden.

III.

Laura, as soon as her brother-in-law had been in the room a moment, had a particular fear; she had seen him twice noticeably under the influence of liquor; she hadn't liked it at all, and now there were some of the same signs. She was afraid the children would discover them, or at any rate Miss Steet, and she felt the importance of not letting him stay in the room. She thought it almost a sign that he should have come there at all—he was so rare an apparition. He looked at her very hard, smiling, as if to say, "No, no, I'm not—not if you think it!" She perceived with relief, in a moment,

that he was not very bad, and liquor disposed him apparently to tenderness, for he indulged in an interminable kissing of Geordie and Ferdy, during which Miss Steet turned away, delicately, looking out of the window. The little boys asked him no questions, to celebrate his return—they only announced that they were going to learn botany, to which he replied—"Are you, really? Why, I never did," and looked askance at the governess, blushing, as if to express the hope that she would let him off from carrying that subject further. To Laura and to Miss Steet he was amiably explanatory, though his explanations were not quite coherent. He had come back an hour before—he was going to spend the night—he had driven over from Churton—he was thinking of taking the last train up to town. Was Laura dining at home? Was anyone coming? He should enjoy a quiet dinner awfully.

"Certainly, I'm alone," said the girl. "I suppose you know Selina is away."

"Oh, yes—I know where Selina is!" And Lionel Berrington looked round, smiling at everyone present, including Scratch and Parson. He stopped, while he continued to smile, and Laura wondered what he was so much pleased at. She preferred not to ask—she was sure it was something that wouldn't give *her* pleasure; but after waiting a moment her brother-in-law went on: "Selina's in Paris, my dear; that's where Selina is!"

"In Paris?" Laura repeated.

"Yes, in Paris, my dear—God bless her! Where else do you suppose? Geordie, my boy, where should *you* think your mummy would naturally be?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Geordie, who had no reply ready that would express, affectingly, the desolation of the nursery. "If I were mummy I'd travel."

"Well, now, that's your mummy's idea—she has gone to travel," said the father. "Were you ever in Paris, Miss Steet?"

Miss Steet gave a nervous laugh and said No, but she had been to Boulogne; while, to her added confusion, Ferdy announced that he knew where Paris was—it was in America. "No, it ain't—it's in Scotland!" cried Geordie, and Laura asked Lionel how he knew, whether his wife had written to him.

"Written to me? when did she ever write to me? No, I saw a fellow in town, this morning, who saw her there—at breakfast, yesterday. He came over last night. That's how I know my wife's in Paris. You can't have better proof than that!"

"I suppose it's a very pleasant season there," the governess murmured, as if from a sense of duty, in a distant discomfortable tone.

"I daresay it's very pleasant indeed—I daresay it's awfully amusing!" laughed Mr. Berrington. "Shouldn't you like to run over with me, for a few days, Laura—just to have a go at the theatres? I don't see why we should always be moping at home. We'll take Miss Steet and the children, and give mummy a pleasant surprise. Now who do you suppose she was with, in Paris—who do you suppose she was seen with?"

Laura had turned pale, she looked at him hard, imploringly, in the eyes; there was a name she was terribly afraid he would mention. "Oh, sir, in that case we had better go and get ready!" Miss Steet quavered, betwixt a laugh and a groan, in a spasm of discretion; and before Laura knew it she had gathered Geordie and Ferdy together and swept them out of the room. The door closed behind her with a very quick softness, and Lionel remained a moment staring at it.

"I say, what does she mean?—ain't that damned impertinent?" he stammered. "What did she think I was going to say? Does she suppose I would say any harm before—before *her?* Dash it, does she suppose I would give away my wife to the servants?" Then he added, "And I wouldn't say any harm before you, Laura. You are too good and too nice, and I like you too much!"

"Won't you come down-stairs? won't you have some tea?" the girl asked, uneasily.

"No, no, I want to stay here—I like this place," he replied, very gently and reasoningly. "It's a deuced nice place—it's an awfully jolly room. It used to be this way—always—when I was a little chap. I was a rough one, my dear; I wasn't a pretty little lamb, like that pair. I think it's because you look after them—that's what makes 'em so sweet. The one in my time—what was her name? I

think it was Jones, or Jenks—I rather think she found me a handful. I used to kick her shins—I was decidedly vicious. And do *you* see it's kept so well, Laura?" he went on, looking round him. "'Pon my soul, it's the prettiest room in the house. What does she want to go to Paris for, when she has got such a charming house? Now can you answer me that, Laura?"

"I suppose she has gone to get some clothes; her dressmaker lives in Paris, you know."

"Dressmaker? Clothes? Why, she has got whole rooms full of them. Hasn't she got whole rooms full of them?"

"Speaking of clothes, I must go and change mine," said Laura. "I have been out in the rain—I have been to Plash—I'm decidedly damp."

"Oh, you have been to Plash? You have seen my mother? I hope she's in very good health." But before the girl could reply to this he went on: "Now, I want you to guess who she's in Paris with. Motcomb saw them together—at that place, what's his name? close to the Madeleine." And as Laura was silent, not wishing at all to guess, he continued—"It's the ruin of any woman, you know; I can't think what she has got in her head." Still Laura said nothing, and as he had hold of her arm, she having turned away, she led him, this time, out of the room. She had a horror of the name, the name that was in her mind and that was apparently on his lips, though his tone was so singular, so contemplative. "My dear girl, she's with Lady Ringrose—what do you say to that?" he exclaimed, as they passed along the corridor to the staircase.

"With Lady Ringrose?"

"They went over on Tuesday—they are knocking about there alone."

"I don't know Lady Ringrose," Laura said, infinitely relieved that the name was not the one she had feared. Lionel leaned on her arm as they went downstairs.

"I rather hope not—I promise you she has never put her foot in this house! If Selina expects to bring her here I should like half an hour's notice; yes, half an hour would do. She might as well be seen with—" And Lionel Berrington checked himself. "She has had at least fifty—" And again he stopped short. "You must pull me up, you know, if I say anything you don't like!"

"I don't understand you—let me alone, please!" the girl broke out, disengaging herself, with an effort, from his arm. She hurried down the rest of the steps and left him there, looking after her, and as she went she heard him give an irrelevant laugh.

IV.

She determined not to go to dinner—she didn't wish, for that day, to meet him again. He would drink more—he would be worse—she didn't know what he might say. Besides, she was too angry—not with him, but with Selina—and in addition to being angry she was sick. She knew who Lady Ringrose was; she knew so many things to-day that, when she was younger—and only a little—she had not expected ever to know. Her eyes had been opened very wide in England, and certainly they had been opened to Lady Ringrose. She had heard what she had done, and perhaps a good deal more, and it was not very different from what she had heard of other women. She knew Selina had been to her house, and had an impression that her ladyship had been to Selina's, in London, though she herself had not seen her there. But she didn't know they were so intimate as that—that Selina would rush over to Paris with her. What they had gone to Paris for was not necessarily criminal—there were a hundred reasons, familiar to ladies who were fond of change, of movement, of the theatres and of new bonnets; but nevertheless it was the fact of this little excursion, quite as much as the companion, that excited Laura's disgust.

She didn't know that the companion was any worse, though Lionel appeared to think so, than twenty other women who were her sister's intimates and whom she herself had seen in London, in Grosvenor Place, and even under the motherly old beeches at Mellows. But she thought it unpleasant and base in Selina to go abroad that way, like a

commercial traveller, capriciously, clandestinely, without giving notice, when she had left her to understand that she was simply spending three or four days in town. It was bad taste and bad form, it was *cabotin*, and had the mark of Selina's complete, irremediable frivolity—the worst accusation (Laura tried to cling to that opinion), that she laid herself open to. Of course frivolity that was never ashamed of itself was like a neglected cold—you could die of it, morally, as well as of anything else. Laura knew this, and it was why she was inexpressibly vexed with her sister. She hoped she should get a letter from Selina the next morning (Mrs. Berrington would show at least that remnant of propriety), which would give her a chance to despatch her an answer that was already writing itself in her brain. It scarcely diminished Laura's eagerness for such an opportunity that she had a vision of Selina's showing her letter, laughing, across the table, at the place near the Madeleine, to Lady Ringrose (who would be painted—Selina herself, to do her justice, wasn't, yet), while the French waiters, in white aprons, contemplated *ces dames*. It was new work for our young lady to judge of these shades—the gradations, the probabilities of immorality, and of the side of the line on which, or rather how far on the wrong side, Lady Ringrose was situated.

A quarter of an hour before dinner Lionel sent word to her room that she was to sit down without him—he had a headache and wouldn't appear. This was an unexpected grace and it simplified the position, for Laura; so that, smoothing her ruffles, she betook herself to the table. Before doing this, however, she went back to the schoolroom and told Miss Steet she must give her her company. She took the governess (the little boys were in bed) downstairs with her and made her sit opposite, thinking she would be a safeguard if Lionel were to change his mind. Miss Steet was more frightened than herself—she was a very shrinking bulwark. The dinner was dull and the conversation rare; the governess ate three olives and looked at the figures on the spoons. Laura had, more than ever, her sense of impending calamity; a draught of misfortune seemed to blow through the house; it chilled her feet under her chair. The letter she had in her head went out like a flame in the wind, and her only thought now was to telegraph to Selina, the first thing in the morning, in quite different words. She scarcely spoke to Miss Steet, and there was very little the governess could say to her; she had already related her history so often. After dinner she carried her companion into the drawing-room, by the arm, and they sat down to the piano together. They played duets, for an hour, mechanically, violently; Laura had no idea what the music was—she only knew that their playing was execrable. In spite of this—"That's a very nice thing, that last," she heard a vague voice say, behind her, at the end; and she became aware that her brother-in-law had joined them again.

Miss Steet was pusillanimous—she retreated on the spot, though Lionel had already forgotten that he was angry at the scandalous way she had carried off the children from the school-room. Laura would have gone, too, if Lionel had not told her that he had something very particular to say to her. That made her want to go more, but she had to listen to him when he expressed the hope that she hadn't taken offence at anything he had said before. He didn't strike her as tipsy now; he had slept it off or got rid of it, and she saw no traces of his headache. He was still conspicuously cheerful, as if he had got some good news and were very much encouraged. She knew the news he had got, and she might have thought, in view of his manner, that it couldn't really have seemed to him so bad as he had pretended to think it. It was not the first time, however, that she had seen him pleased that he had a case against his wife, and she was to learn on this occasion how extreme a satisfaction he could take in his wrongs. She wouldn't sit down again; she only lingered by the fire, pretending to warm her feet, and he walked to and fro in the long room, where the lamplight, to-night, was limited, stepping on certain figures of the carpet, as if his triumph were alloyed with hesitation.

"I never know how to talk to you—

you are so beastly clever," he said. "I can't treat you like a little girl in a pinafore—and yet, of course, you are only a young lady. You're so deuced good—that makes it worse," he went on, stopping in front of her, with his hands in his pockets and the air he himself had of being a good-natured but dissipated boy; with his small stature, his smooth, fat, suffused face, his round, watery, light-colored eyes, and his hair growing in curious infantile rings. He had lost one of his front teeth, and always wore a stiff white scarf, with a pin representing some symbol of the turf or the chase. "I don't see why *she* couldn't have been a little more like you. If I could have had a shot at you first!"

"I don't care for any compliments at my sister's expense," Laura said, with some majesty.

"Oh, I say, Laura, don't put on so many frills, as Selina says. You know what your sister is as well as I do!" They stood looking at each other a moment, and he appeared to see something in her face which led him to add—"You know, at any rate, how little we hit it off."

"I know you don't love each other—it's too dreadful."

"Love each other? she hates me as she'd hate a hump on her back. She'd do me any devilish turn she could. There isn't a feeling of loathing that she doesn't have for me! She'd like to stamp on me and hear me crack, like a black beetle, and she never opens her mouth but she insults me." Lionel Berrington delivered himself of these assertions without violence, without passion, or the sting of a new discovery; there was a kind of familiar gaiety in his trivial little tone, and he had the air of being so sure of what he said that he didn't need to exaggerate in order to prove enough.

"Oh, Lionel!" the girl murmured, turning pale. "Is that the particular thing you wished to say to me?"

"And you can't say it's my fault—you won't pretend to do that, will you?" he went on. "Ain't I quiet, ain't I kind, don't I go steady? Haven't I given her every blessed thing she has ever asked for?"

"You haven't given her an example!" Laura replied, with spirit. "You don't care for anything in the wide world but to amuse yourself, from the beginning of the year to the end. No more does she—and perhaps it's even worse in a woman. You are both as selfish as you can live, with nothing in your head or your heart but your vulgar pleasure, incapable of a concession, incapable of a sacrifice!" She at least spoke with passion; something that had been pent up in her soul broke out, and it gave her relief, almost a momentary joy.

It made Lionel Berrington stare; he colored, but after a moment he shook with laughter. "Don't you call me kind when I stand here and take all that? If I'm so keen for my pleasure, what pleasure do *you* give me? Look at the way I take it, Laura. You ought to do me justice. Haven't I sacrificed my home? and what more can a man do?"

"I don't think you care any more for your home than Selina does. And it's so sacred and so beautiful, God forgive you! You are all blind and senseless and heartless, and I don't know what poison is in your veins. There is a curse on you, and there will be a judgment!" the girl went on, glowing like a young prophetess.

"What do you want me to do? Do you want me to stay at home and read the Bible?" her companion demanded, with an effect of profanity, confronted with her deep seriousness.

"It wouldn't do you any harm, once in a while."

"There will be a judgment on *her*—that's very sure, and I know where it will be delivered," said Lionel Berrington, indulging in a visible approach to a wink. "Have I done the half to her she has done to me? I won't say the half, but the hundredth part? Answer me truly, my dear!"

"I don't know what she has done to you," said Laura, impatiently.

"That's exactly what I want to tell you. But it's difficult. I'll bet you five pounds she's doing it now!"

"You are too unable to make yourself respected," the girl remarked, not shrinking, now, from the enjoyment of an advantage—that of feeling herself superior and taking her opportunity.

Her brother-in-law seemed to feel, for the moment, the prick of this observa-

tion. "What has such a piece of nasty boldness as that to do with respect? She's the first that ever defied me!" exclaimed the young man, whose aspect, somehow, scarcely confirmed this pretension. "You know all about her—don't make believe you don't," he continued in another tone. "You see everything—you're one of the sharp ones. There's no use beating about the bush, Laura—you've lived in this precious house and you're not so green as that comes to. Besides, you're so good yourself that you needn't to give a shriek if one is obliged to say what one means. Why didn't you grow up a little sooner? Then, over there in New York, it would certainly have been you I would have made up to. *You* would have respected me—eh? now don't say you wouldn't." He rambled on, turning about the room again, partly like a person whose sequences were naturally slow, but also a little as if though he knew what he had in mind there were still a scruple attached to it that he was trying to rub off.

"I take it that isn't what I must sit up to listen to, Lionel, is it?" Laura said, wearily.

"Why, you don't want to go to bed at nine o'clock, do you? That's all rot, of course. But I want you to help me."

"To help you—how?"

"I'll tell you—but you must give me my head. I don't know what I said to you before dinner—I had had too many brandy and sodas. Perhaps I was too free; if I was, I beg your pardon. I made the governess bolt—very proper in the superintendent of one's children. Do you suppose they saw anything? I shouldn't care for that. I did take half a dozen or so; I was thirsty, and I was most uncommon pleased."

"You have little enough to please you.'

"Now that's just where you are wrong. I don't know when I've fancied anything so much as what I told you."

"What you told me?"

"About her being in Paris. I hope she'll stay a month!"

"I don't understand you," Laura said.

"Are you very sure, Laura? My dear, it suits my book! Now you know yourself he's not the first."

Laura was silent; his round eyes were fixed on her face, and she saw something she had not seen before—a little shining point which, on Lionel's part, might represent an idea, but which made his expression conscious as well as eager. "He?" she presently asked. "Whom are you speaking of?"

"Why, of Charley Crispin, G——" And Lionel Berrington accompanied this name with a startling imprecation.

"What has he to do——?"

"He has everything to do. Isn't he with her there?"

"How should I know? You said Lady Ringrose."

"Lady Ringrose is a mere blind—and a devilish poor one at that. I'm sorry to have to say it to you, but he's her lover. I mean Selina's. And he isn't the first."

There was another short silence, while they stood opposed, and then Laura asked—and the question was unexpected—"Why do you call him Charley?"

"Doesn't he call me Lion, like all the rest?" said her brother-in-law, staring.

"You're the most extraordinary people! I suppose you have a certain amount of proof, before you say such things to me?"

"Proof, I've oceans of proof! And not only about Crispin, but about Deepmere."

"And pray who is Deepmere?"

"Did you never hear of Lord Deepmere? He has gone to India. That was before you came. I don't say all this for my pleasure, Laura," Mr. Berrington added.

"Don't you, indeed?" asked the girl, with a singular laugh. "I thought you were so glad."

"I'm glad to know it, but I'm not glad to tell it. When I say I'm glad to know it, I mean I'm glad to be fixed at last. Oh, I've got the tip! It's all open country now, and I know just how to go. I've gone into it most extensively; there's nothing you can't find out to-day—if you go to the right place. I've—I've—" He hesitated a moment, then went on: "Well, it's no matter what I've done. I know where I am, and it's a great comfort. She's up a tree, if ever a woman was. Now we'll see who's a beetle and

who's a toad!" Lionel Berrington concluded, gaily, with some incongruity of metaphor.

"It's not true—it's not true—it's not true," Laura said, slowly.

"That's just what she'll say—though that's not the way she'll say it. Oh, if she could get off by your saying it for her!—for you, my dear, would be believed."

"Get off—what do you mean?" the girl demanded, with a coldness she didn't feel, for she was tingling all over with shame and rage.

"Why, what do you suppose I'm talking about? I'm going to haul her up, and to have it out."

"You're going to make a scandal?"

"*Make* it? Bless my soul, it isn't me! And I should think it was made enough. I'm going to appeal to the laws of my country—that's what I'm going to do. She pretends I'm stopped, whatever she does. But that's all gammon—I ain't!"

"I understand—but you won't do anything so horrible," said Laura, very gently.

"Horrible as you please, but less so than going on in this way; I haven't told you the fiftieth part—you will easily understand that I can't. They are not nice things to say to a girl like you—especially about Deepmere, if you didn't know it. But when they happen you've got to look at them, haven't you? That's the way I look at it."

"It's not true—it's not true—it's not true," Laura Wing repeated, in the same way, slowly shaking her head.

"Of course you stand up for your sister—but that's just what I wanted to say to you, that you ought to have some pity for *me*, and some sense of justice. Haven't I always been nice to you? Have you ever had so much as a nasty word from me?"

This appeal touched the girl; she had eaten her brother-in-law's bread for months, she had had the use of all the luxuries with which he was surrounded, and to herself, personally, she had never known him anything but good-natured. She made no direct response, however; she only said—"Be quiet, be quiet, and leave her to me. I will answer for her."

"Answer for her—what do you mean?"

"She shall be better—she shall be reasonable—there shall be no more talk of these horrors. Leave her to me—let me go away with her somewhere."

"Go away with her? I wouldn't let you come within a mile of her, if you were *my* sister!"

"Oh, shame, shame!" cried Laura Wing, turning away from him.

She hurried to the door of the room, but he stopped her before she reached it. He got his back to it, he barred her way, and she had to stand there and hear him. "I haven't said what I wanted—for I told you that I wanted you to help me. I ain't cruel—I ain't insulting—you can't make out that against me; I'm sure you know in your heart that I've swallowed what would sicken most men. Therefore I will say that you ought to be fair. You're too clever not to be; *you* can't pretend to swallow—" He paused a moment and went on, and she saw it was his idea—an idea very simple and bold. He wanted her to side with him—to watch for him—to help him to get his divorce. He didn't say that she owed him as much for the hospitality and protection she had in her poverty enjoyed, but she was sure that was in his heart. "Of course she's your sister, but when one sister's a perfect bad 'un there's no law to force one to jump into the mud to save her. It *is* mud, my dear, and mud up to your neck. You had much better think of her children—you had much better stop in *my* boat."

"Do you ask of me to help you with evidence against her?" the girl murmured. She had stood there passive, waiting, while he talked, covering her face with her hands, which she parted a little, looking at him.

He hesitated a moment. "I ask you not to deny what you have seen—what you feel to be true."

"Then of the abominations of which you say you have proof, you haven't proof."

"Why haven't I proof?"

"If you want *me* to come forward!"

"I shall go into court with a strong case. You may do what you like. But I give you notice, and I expect you not to forget that I have given it. Don't forget—because you'll be asked—that I

have told you to-night where she is, and with whom she is, and what measures I intend to take."

"Be asked—be asked?" the girl repeated.

"Why, of course, you'll be cross-examined."

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried Laura Wing. Her hands were over her face again, and as Lionel Berrington, opening the door, let her pass, she burst into tears. He looked after her, distressed, compunctious, half-ashamed, and he exclaimed to himself—"The bloody brute, the bloody brute!" But the words had reference to his wife.

[To be continued.]

CORYDON.

A PASTORAL.

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

SCENE: *A roadside in Arcady.*

SHEPHERD.

Good sir, have you seen pass this way
A mischief straight from market-day?
You'd know her at a glance, I think;
Her eyes are blue, her lips are pink;
She has a way of looking back
Over her shoulder, and, alack!
Who gets that look one time, good sir,
Has naught to do but follow her.

PILGRIM.

I have not seen this maid, methinks,
Though she that passed had lips like pinks.

SHEPHERD.

Or like two strawberries made one
By some sly trick of dew and sun.

PILGRIM.

A poet!

SHEPHERD.

Nay, a simple swain
That tends his flock on yonder plain,
Naught else, I swear by book and bell.
But she that passed—you marked her well.
Was she not smooth as any be
That dwell herein in Arcady?

PILGRIM.

Her skin was as the satin bark
Of birches.

SHEPHERD.

Was she dark?

PILGRIM.

Quite dark.

SHEPHERD.

Then 'twas not she.

PILGRIM.

Her hair hung down
Like summer twilight falling brown;
And when the breeze swept by, I wist
Her face was in a sombre mist.

SHEPHERD.

No, that is not the maid I seek.
Her hair lies gold against her cheek;
Her yellow tresses take the morn
Like silken tassels of the corn.
And yet—brown locks are far from bad.

PILGRIM.

Now I bethink me, this one had
A figure like the willow-tree
Which, slight and supple, wondrously
Inclines to droop with pensive grace,
And still retains its proper place;
A foot so arched and very small
The marvel was she walked at all;
Her hand—in sooth I lack for words—
Her hand, five slender snow-white birds.
Her voice—though she but said "God-speed"—
Was melody blown through a reed.
And then her eye—my lad, her eye!
Discreet, inviting, candid, shy,
An outward ice, an inward fire,
And lashes to the heart's desire—
Soft fringes blacker than the sloe.

SHEPHERD, *thoughtfully.*

Good sir, which way did *this* one go?

. . . . . .

PILGRIM, *solus.*

So, he is off! The silly youth
Knoweth not Love in sober sooth.
He loves—thus lads at first are blind—
No woman, only Womankind.

THE STORY OF A SAND-PILE.

By G. Stanley Hall.

THE town of B. is a quiet community of a few score families of farmers, some twenty or thirty miles from Boston. Among the few cottagers who spend the summer months there is the Rev. Dr. A., a professor at Cambridge, Mass., and widely known as an author. The family consists of Mrs. A. and two bright, healthy boys, now fourteen and twelve, whom I will here call, respectively, Harry and Jack. Nine summers ago the mother persisted, not without some inconvenience, in having a load of fine clean sand hauled from a distant beach and dumped in the yard for the children to play in. What follows might be called a history of that load of sand, which I will try to sketch in the most literal and unadorned way, as I saw and heard of it, for the sake of its unique educational interest.

The "sand-pile" at once became, as everyone who has read Fröbel or observed childish play would have expected, the one bright focus of attraction, beside which all other boyish interests gradually paled. Wells and tunnels; hills and roads like those in town; islands and capes and bays with imagined water; rough pictures drawn with sticks; scenes half reproduced in the damp, plastic sand and completed in fancy; mines of ore and coal, and quarries of stone, buried to be rediscovered and carted to imaginary markets, and later a more elaborate half-dug and half-stoned species of cave-dwelling or ice-house—beyond such constructions the boys probably did not go for the first summer or two. The first and oldest "house," of which tradition survives, was a board pegged up on edge with another slanted against it, under which toys were taken from the nursery to be sheltered from showers. Next came those made of two bricks and a board. The parents wisely refrained from suggestions, and left the hand and fancy of the boys to educate each other under the tuition of the mysterious play-instinct.

One day a small knot of half-rotten wood was found, a part of which suggested to Harry the eye and head of a horse, and a horse it at once became, though it had nothing to suggest tail or legs. In another artificial horse soon attempted these were represented by roughly whittled projections. Gradually wooden horses, made in spans for firmer standing on uneven ground, held together by a kind of Siamese-twins commissure, to which vehicles could be conveniently attached, were evolved. These horses are perhaps two inches long, with thread tail and mane, pin-head eyes, and a mere bulb, like the Darwinian protuberance on the infolded margin of the human helix, for an ear. For the last two or three years this form has become rigidly conventionalized, and horses are reproduced by the jig-saw as the needs of the community require, with Chinese fidelity to this pattern. Cows and oxen, with the characteristic distinctions in external form strongly accented, were drawn on paper or pasteboard and then cut or sawn into shape in wood. Those first made proved too small compared with later standards of size, and so were called yearlings and calves, and larger "old steers" and "Vermont spotted cattle" were made. Pigs and sheep came later, poultry alone being still unshapely, hens consisting of mere squares of wood of prescribed size.

There is no further record or memory of the stages of development of this community, for such it soon became by the gradual addition of half a dozen other congenial boys from the neighborhood, and I can only describe the buildings, government, tools, money, trade, laws, men, etc., as I found them. Nearly a dozen farms are laid out on one main and several lesser streets, somewhat like those in town, each, perhaps, five or six feet square, with tiny rows of stone for walls and fences, with pasture and mow-lots,

and fields planted with real beans, wheat, oats, and corn, which is topped before it has spindled, and with a vase or box for a flower garden. A prominent feature of these farms is at present the gates, which are admirably mortised and hung, and perhaps represent the high-water mark of skill in wood-work. This unique prominence of a single feature on which attention is concentrated is a typical mark of childish production; as a girl or boy is drawn with buttons, or a hat, or a pocket, or a man with a pipe, or a house with a key-hole, etc., strikingly predominant. The view of this Liliputian settlement from the road is quite picturesque. Houses and barns are perhaps a foot high, and there is a flag-pole, painted and sanded at the base, to prevent the tiny inhabitants from whittling it, with a joint, and cords to raise and lower the flag, and a peg-ladder, the top towering perhaps two feet above the ground. There are pig-pens with quite well-carved troughs, and hen-yards with wire-net fences, and a very undeveloped system of sewerage, suggested by a disastrous shower, and centring in a sunken tomato-can.

Great attention has been bestowed on the barns. On one side are stanchions for cows, with stalls for horses, and others for yoked cattle, and stairs and lofts for hay, and genuine slanting roofs, and doors that clamp and bar inside against horse-thieves. One boy built a cupola and another a windmill, painted in many colors, on his barn, but this fashion did not take. The doors are not large enough for the boys' hands to enter with facility, and so the whole building was made to lift up from its floor on hinges. Hay is cut and dried, and sometimes stored in mows on scaffolds, while poorer hay is stacked out-of-doors about a skewer for a stack-pole. More recently, however, most hay is put up in pressed bales, about one by two inches, for market, or to be kept over for another year. Most other crops that are planted do not come to maturity, and so wheat, beans, corn, oats, etc., are bagged and sold or stored "as if" they had been grown by the seller. In this community, as often in real life in New England, the barn is often far larger, more expensive, and attracts more interest than the house. Only the outsides of the latter are attended to. The youngest boy alone, despite some ridicule for his girlishness, has embellished his house within, and set out moss, and planted flower-beds and vines without. A young lady visitor thoughtlessly introduced a taste for luxury by painting not only shingles on the roof and bricks into the chimney, but lace curtains into the windows of one house. Another boy-proprietor dug and stoned up a well, made a long sweep and hung it with a counterweight in a natural crotch, and made a bucket of a cherry-stone.

The adult population of this community are men and women about two and a half inches tall, whittled out of wood. The women stand on a base made by their broad skirts, and the men stand on ground, or on carts, etc., by means of a pin projecting from the feet, by which they can be stuck up anywhere. One or both arms are sometimes made to move, but otherwise they are very roughly manufactured. They have been kept for years, are named Bill Murphy, Charles Stoughton, Peter Dana, etc., from real men in town, and each have families, etc. Each boy represents one of these families, but more particularly the head of it, whose name he takes, and whom he talks both to and for, nasally, as does the original Bill Murphy, etc. In fact, the personality of the boys is strangely merged in that of these little idols or fetiches. If it is heard that the original Farmer Murphy has done anything disreputable—cheated in a horse-trade, for instance—the other boys reproach or threaten with expulsion the boy who represents the wooden Murphy, greatly to his chagrin. The leg of one wooden man was blown off by a toy cannon accidentally, one Fourth of July, and he was given up as dead, but found after some months, and supplied with a new leg by the carpenter-doctor. The boys get up at night to bring these men in if they get left out accidentally, keeping them in the house if they catch cold by such exposure, take them along in their pockets if they go to the city or on a pleasure-trip, send them in letters and express packages to distant friends, to be returned, in order that they may be said to have been to this or that place. The

best man has travelled most, keeps his farm in best order, has the most joints in his body, keeps dressed in the best coat of paint, and represents the best farmer in town, and is represented by the best boy. The sentiment toward these little figures is more judicial and paternal than that of little girls for dolls. Their smallness seems to add a charm akin to that of largeness in a doll for girls. If a new boy enters the community, or if accident or general consent, or any other cause, requires the production of new men, they are still made roughly after the old patterns, and far below the best skill the boys have now acquired in wood-work. Two years ago, when clothes began to be painted on these figures, those who were created as wage-workers were painted with overalls on. The question at once arose whether these men should be allowed to come into the house with their employers without a change of garments, which involved, of course, a new coat of paint. It was decided that they must live apart by themselves. Thus, the introduction of hired men marked the beginning of a system of castes. The boys' own wishes and thoughts are often, especially if of a kind that involves a little self-consciousness or restraint, expressed by saying half seriously that the little figure wishes to do this, or thinks that, etc. Their supposed relation to one another in the high tide of the play-spirit, dominates the actual relation of the boys to one another, as two little girls who were sisters were overheard saying, "Let's play we are sisters," almost as if the play made that relation more real than the fact.

Prominent among the benefits the "sand-pile" community has brought the boys, is the industrial training it has involved, particularly in wood-work. In this respect preparation for the summer is made to enliven the long Cambridge winters. The evolution of the plough, *e.g.*, is as follows: It began as a rough pointed paddle; then came a pole drawn by the small end with a stiff branch cut long and sharpened, then a rough share, then a metallic point, then two handles, then a knife, etc. Thus, the plough, which fortunately did not get stereotyped early, has passed through a number of stages still to be seen, and is now quite complete in form. In the case of the hoe and ax, wood has supplanted metal because more easily and correctly fashioned. The rake, shovel, pick, harrow, and dray, pitchfork, snow-shovel, ladder, stone-boat, beetle-and-wedge, and gravel-sieve, all show stages of improvement, and sometimes involve some skill in shaping or adapting wire, tin, etc. These tools are all very small, and not for the most part adapted to much real use, and quite disproportionately large as compared with the size of houses and men. Milk cans, pulleys, wheel-barrows, carts, wagons, and harnesses are made with still more skill. Harnesses have real collars, hames, bit, bridle, and string-lines. Wagons have wheels (made of a section of a large curtain-stick or of checker-board men), brakes, end-boards, king-bolts, neaps, and shafts, stakes for hay, a high seat for the driver, etc. They can be made to tip up, and include many varieties—as a milk-cart with money-box, a long timber-truck, market wagon, and others. Could the stages of evolution through which a few of these implements of farm-work have passed be pinned on cards in their order of development and photographed they would quite likely reflect in some respects the progress of mankind in their production. It is in connection with these products mainly that a patent office has been proposed, but up to the close of last season not established.

Carpentry has thus proven the most successful industry, and has of late slowly come to be largely the monopoly of Harry, who probably has most skill and the best tools. One boy made a croquet-set of very miniature proportions. Another established brick-works based on a careful study of those in Cambridge; but the products of his yard, though admirably done, have not come into demand as building material. Another attempted moulding and pottery, including baking, but with rather poor success. A tiny newspaper, some three inches square, devoted entirely to the affairs of the "sand-pile" was started, with seven subscribers, at a dollar per month in their peculiar currency, but the labor of duplicating soon caused its abandonment. At one time candles were manufactured in tiny moulds. Two sailing vessels, the

Argonaut and Neptune, were made and raced till boom and gaff were broken. Tiny pine-trees were set out, and ash fertilizers prepared and used for crops. The farmers near by go to a distant meadow to cut marsh hay at low tide, and are gone overnight. This the boys parodied with a damp spot of mow-land as a marsh, and overnight—represented by the interval of dinner. Cord-wood of several lengths, with an inch representing a foot, and with both cleft and trash varieties, was cut down, piled, and sold. On one occasion the boys were observed creeping about one-eighth of a mile and back, propelling their tiny horses held between their fingers, each span drawing a cart loaded with their wood. The functions of carpenter and doctor are fused in one, the office of the latter being chiefly to mend broken limbs, splints being used, but the *vis reparatrix* of nature being represented by the drying of glue.

Trade centred in the grocery store, of which Jack was one proprietor, the name of the puppet he represented being painted on the sign. A toy watch was hung in the gable to represent the clock over Faneuil Hall Market, and a clay watch-dog was on guard by night. Cans of pickles were put up; partridge and huckle-berries, in small glass bottles; candy was sold by the barrel; tomatoes were represented by red barberries, and water-melons by butternuts. Grass put up in bags for cows and horses was sold by weight on a pair of small scales. Shelves and counters, and a canvas-topped market wagon, were the chief features of this establishment. Its goods were, however, for the most part, in a sense unreal, its business declined until at last its proprietors were obliged to declare themselves bankrupt, and a bill of sale and auction closed its career.

The need of a measure of value and a medium of exchange was felt early in the history of the "sand-pile." A special kind of card-board was procured, and later, as this material was found not to be proof against counterfeiting, a species of felt was used, out of which small ellipsoidal currency was cut with a gouge of peculiar curvature. These coins were of two sizes, representing dollars and half-dollars respectively. At the beginning of the first season ninety dollars and fifty half-dollars were given to each boy, and the gouge and felt, representing mint and bullion, laid away, thus insuring a strictly limited circulation. This currency became so very real that actual silver dollars and half-dollars were said, I know not how correctly, to have been vainly offered for their felt counterparts, the fluctuations in the silver value of which recorded the varying intensity of the play-spirit of the "sand-pile." When the grocer failed he became really a pauper on the community. He was, I think, the youngest boy, and his monetary ventures had gradually relieved him of his entire capital. He was aided in little ways, and meetings were held to discuss the best way of relieving him. One proposition was a general pro-rata subscription; another was a communistic redistribution of the money of the community. These schemes were successfully opposed, however, and it was at last agreed to inflate their first currency by issuing enough money to give each boy an additional sum of ten dollars. While this matter was under discussion, and redistribution was expected by some, prices were affected, and a few sales were made at prices so high as to cause embarrassment later.

Laws were enacted only to meet some pressing necessity. Town meetings were summoned by an elected crier, who shouted "Ding dong, come to town meeting!" These assemblages were at first held on and about the fence or near their hotel, each boy holding his little wooden dummy in his hand and turning up its arm when ayes or noes were called. Later a bell and hall were provided. The officers elected were president, flag-man, whose duty it was to keep the flag-pole in order and the flag flying, a pound-keeper to look after stray animals carelessly left lying about or lost by other boys, a surveyor of roads, whose duties were sometimes considerable after a shower, a janitor for the hall, and a sprinkler and waterer of crops, etc. A scheme of taxation was proposed, but as it was to be based mainly on land, and as the task of measuring the sometimes irregularly laid out farms was considerable, it was

never carried out. A system of fines was also adopted, the enforcement of which led to quarrels, and was stopped by parental interventions. A jail and a grog-shop shared a similar fate. So great was the influence of proceedings in this community upon the general direction of interest and attention that it was feared that an undesirable degree of knowledge of criminality and intemperance would be fostered if these latter institutions were allowed to develop. It was at these meetings that the size of a cord of wood and an acre of land was settled. Judicial as well as legislative functions appertained to these meetings. After a firecracker had blown up a house, a law was passed limiting the proximity to the village at which fireworks should be permissible. A big squirt-gun served as a fire-engine, and trouble was at once imminent as to who should control and use it, till it was enacted that it should be under the control of the boy whose buildings were burning. One boy was tried for beating his horses with a pitchfork, and another for taking down the pound wall and leading out his cattle without paying the fine. Railroads were repeatedly proposed, but never constructed, since the earliest days of the "sand-pile," when they did exist for a short time, for the double reason that they would interfere with teaming, which was on the whole still more interesting, and because every boy would want to be conductor and president of the company.

"Why do you have no church?" the boys were asked. "Because," they replied, "we are not allowed to play in the 'sand-pile' on Sunday, but have to go to church." "And why have you no school?" "Why," said they, exultingly, "it is vacation, and we don't have to go to school."

The geography of the surrounding region is not well developed. The house in which the parents lived is called Cambridge, its piazza is Concord. A gully made by a water-spout is Rowley. Another smaller sand-pile once started near by is West B. A neighbor's house more recent is Vermont. A place where worms are dug for fishing is called Snakeville, and another spot where some Oswego starch-boxes once lay is Oswego. Boston is a neighboring settlement. The topographical imagination of these boys is far less developed than in the case of a group of school-children the writer once knew, who played for years about a marsh half submerged in spots by high tide, and who had named continents, capes, bays, lakes, rivers, islands, promontories, to the number of perhaps several score, from real or fancied resemblance to great features of the world's surface on the map, and who had in a number of cases helped out resemblances by digging, and who carried on a brisk commerce between leading ports for entire summers, and with many details and circumstances of real trade.

The conservatism of Harry and Jack and the boys that gathered about them was shown even in the name "sand-pile," which the whole enterprise still bears. This designation is now entirely inappropriate, for all the sand originally dumped on the spot has been carefully removed and its place filled in with loam. Each spring, when the houses, barns, etc., are brought out and set up, the traditions of the preceding year are carefully observed in laying out the streets. Most boys hold that the monetary relations of the previous year should continue over to the new season, the rich at the close of the last year starting rich this year. This view generally prevails against the theory of an annual year of jubilee, and a release from last year's debts, that the poorer boys uphold. All the boys in town, even those who do not belong to the "sand-pile," are not only greatly interested, but decidedly more proud than envious of it. It seems remarkable that during all the years of its existence no boy has been mean enough to injure or plunder it at night, or angry enough to demolish anything of importance. This latter is of course in part due to the gradual habit of settling matters of dispute that are wont to be brought to an issue with fists and feet by meetings and speechifications. The accumulation of values here as elsewhere begets not only conservatism, but mutual forbearance and consideration. Most destructive in the "sand-pile" are little girls, who quite fail to appre-

ciate it save in spots, as it were, and are therefore as far as possible excluded.

The institution is in general very real to the boys, though in different degrees to different boys, and some parts and some periods of it more so than others. Sometimes they are so in earnest they rise early to play before breakfast. They pour out grain for the cattle, and tip them up on their noses that they may eat, and then must clean up after them. The cattle "promise" the younger boys not to eat the beans, and the wooden figures never talk about the boys behind their backs, for "they told us so," said one. Of all the names in use in the "sand-pile" but one has been invented, all the rest having been copied from real persons about them. They are little troubled by incongruities of size. Some barns cover between one and two acres, and a horse could almost be ground up and put into a bushel measure, etc. Yet in a general way relative sizes are fairly preserved. It is a striking feature, to which I have observed no exception, that the more finished and like reality the objects became the less interest the boys had in them. As the tools, houses, etc., acquired feature after feature of verisimilitude, the sphere of the imagination was restricted as it is with too finished toys, and thus one of the chief charms of play was lost. Often the entire day was spent with almost no intermission in the business of the "sand-pile," and all went very pleasantly when perfect harmony reigned. Most of the play-time of nearly every day of the boys most interested for several summers has been devoted to its very diversified direct and indirect interests.

As boys reach the age of fourteen, more or less, the "sand-pile" gradually loses its charm, and seems childish and unreal. One member of the circle was, I think, fifteen, and had become quite alive to its fictitious nature. Unimaginative boys have proved mischievous and a source of constant annoyance to those who took everything in dead earnest. Thus, it has been realized that to admit aliens indiscriminately, or especially boys who had begun to imagine themselves young gentlemen, was dangerous. Indeed, I fancy that the golden age of this ideal little republic has already passed, and that a period of over-refinement and ennervating luxury is likely, if it has not done so with the close of the last summer, to end its career. It was known that I was to visit it in the fall again and perhaps write a brief sketch of it; it was decked out to be photographed; the young lady with her æsthetic paint-brush had introduced new ideals, for paint decorates bad wood-work; the "sand-pile," being near the roadside, attracted more and more notice. The carpenter took to making miniature saws, saw-horses, squares, screw-drivers, planes, vices, and other tools, copying his own tools for beauty more than for use, and, in short, a gradual self-consciousness supervened, so that the boys came to have in mind the applause of adult spectators as well as their own pure interest. They have long been wont to call themselves, in some relations to their wooden figures, the *giants*—somewhat as their parents in a sense represent, when they have occasion, as is most rare, to interfere, the blind fate that rules Jove himself. I thought I observed that the giants were more high-handed, and prone to intervene in the natural working out of problems and events, as a miracle-working Providence is sometimes said to break in on the order of nature. There seemed to be a slowly decreasing autonomy, heralding the decline of full-blooded boyishness and the far-away dawn of a new and reconstructed adolescent consciousness.

Still, when the inevitable return to Cambridge and school comes at last, the boys, it was said, seem for some time to be left with less eager interest in events, and to be some time in getting up as strong a zest for anything else. It is not that they become indifferent or pessimistic in the least degree, yet possibly life seems a little cheap and servile. They tried to colonize the "sand-pile" here, but Cambridge is too large to oversee and copy, and they were soon lost in trying to light their houses at night from within, and in constructing a system of drainage and sewerage, etc., and gave it up to spend play-time in the less absorbing ways of following and imitating the college ball games, and making houses, horses, and new inventions for next summer's "sand-pile."

On the whole, the "sand-pile" has, in the opinion of the parents, been of about as much yearly educational value to the boys as the eight months of school. Very many problems that puzzle older brains have been met in simpler terms and solved wisely and well. The spirit and habit of active and even prying observation has been greatly quickened. Industrial processes, institutions, and methods of administration and organization have been appropriated and put into practice. The boys have grown more companionable and rational, learned many a lesson of self-control, and developed a spirit of self-help. The parents have been enabled to control indirectly the associations of their boys, and, in a very mixed boy-community, to have them in a measure under observation without in the least restricting their freedom. The habit of loafing and the evils that attend it has been avoided, a strong practical and even industrial bent has been given to their development, and much social morality has been taught in the often complicated *modus vivendi* with others that has been evolved. Finally, this may perhaps be called one illustration of the education according to *nature* we so often hear and speak of. Each element in this vast variety of interests is an organic part of a comprehensive whole, compared with which the concentrative methodic unities of Ziller seem artificial, and, as Bacon said of scholastic methods, very inadequate to subtility of nature. All the power of motive arising from a large surface of interest is here turned on to the smallest part. Had the elements of all the subjects involved in the "sand-pile," industrial, administrative, moral, geographical, mathematical, etc., been taught separately and as mere school exercises, the result would have been worry, waste, and chaos. Here is perfect mental sanity and unity, but with more variety than in the most heterogeneous and soul-disintegrating school-curriculum. The unity of all the diverse interests and activities of the "sand-pile" is, as it always is, ideal. There is nothing so practical in education as the ideal, nor so ideal as the practical. This means not less that brain-work and hand-work should go together than that the general and special must help each other in order to produce the best results. As boys are quickened by the imagination to realize their conceptions of adult life, so men are best stimulated to greatest efforts by striving to realize the highest human ideals, whether those actualized in the lives of the best men, the best pages of history, or the highest legitimate, though yet unrealized, ideals of tradition and the future.

SIR LAUNCELOT.

By L. Frank Tooker.

NEAR Camelot the rivers meet
The lane where once he rode with her:
He rides and sees a dead wind stir
The pallid waters at his feet.

He hears the windless thickets stirred
By some wild creature. O'er the grass
He sees the hawk's gray shadow pass,
Yet knows it not from leaf or bird.

For he has come where fancies reign:
Now though he flees, he soon returns;
Like flames his heart within him burns;
His mind is like a turning vane.

In crypts he vainly tries to pray—
There troop the burdens of gay songs;
In crowded inns he jests of wrongs,
But feels his great heart giving way.

His soul is like a hunted thing
'Twixt hell and heaven. Each kiss that drew
Their lips together thrills anew,
And then becomes a serpent's sting.

HOSPITAL LIFE.

By A. B. Ward.

THE Hospital and the Public meet on the spot where the ambulance picks up some bruised and bleeding piece of mortality and carries him away to be cared for, and healed if possible. The Public is moved in various ways. The man of business stops thinking stocks and real estate long enough to think "poor devil!" His wife shudders and tries to forget what she has seen. The inmates of tenement-houses and of stores half a dozen blocks off rush to get standing-places at the show. There are bids from late-comers for a place "after you're done with it." One man puts up a step-ladder. Strings of little girls, hand-in-hand, thread their way through the crowd, afraid to let go of each other, and saying "Sh-h-h!" at every sound, but thrilling deliciously with their own terrors. Adventuresome boys lie flat and peer among the forest of legs, or squirm up the lamp-posts and hang like monkeys over the heads of the assembly. These are the heralds who shout "Amberlanch! Amberlanch!" as it comes in sight, and announce "It's a *lady*!" or "It's a *man*!" to those less fortunately situated for prospecting.

What does the Invalid? He has heard the warning bell of the ambulance, and he watches, from behind his curtains, in a neighboring avenue, the curious swarm that gather and part, and gather again, like flies. Perhaps a mason has fallen from some dizzy height. Perhaps a careless passenger has been thrown from the platform of a car and run over. Either or any like ill-fated one is but a man lost to the ranks of the whole, and swelling the lists of maimed and halt and diseased in the great unknown Camp—the Hospital. But the Invalid does not pause with this simple reckoning of loss and gain; matter for thought is scarce with him. He recalls disagreeable stories, of the sick in stalls like cattle awaiting the knife, of beardless boys playing at doctor, of sights and sounds unmentionable. The gossip is supplemented as well as suggested by the plunging horse and swaying black car which seem to swoop down upon the victim in a malevolent, predatory fashion.

In reality they are answering an appeal for help. Hardly three minutes ago the telephone sounded at Bellevue or the New York, or where some gracious Saint presides, calling for assistance. Forthwith a bell in the stable aroused the driver, and the horse, too, trembling with the excitement in which he participates. The suspended harness dropped into place. The door flew open and the ambulance rolled out to meet the surgeon, whom another bell had started from his office. The driver gathers up the reins. The surgeon, with his bag, springs on the step. The address is given them and away they go, scattering carriages and pedestrians, claiming the road in the name of mercy.

The Hospital does not always gather recruits from the street, nor yet entirely from attic and cellar, as the Public is led to believe. Some enlist, coming in private carriages to private rooms. But these are the exception. Dives and Lazarus have their several ways of considering their own flesh.

You, my Invalid behind the curtains, are neither Dives nor Lazarus. You cannot summon the kings of Pathology to listen to your groans; neither does it depend upon the charities of your fellow-men if anyone shall hearken to them. When your physician "advises hospital treatment," you feel that you have reached the ultimatum of misery, and you enter the carriage which is to take you to the dreaded bourne, as the Indian Suttee mounted the funeral pile of her defunct husband, because there was

nothing else she could do. How surprised you will be! Even great, gray-walled Bellevue, prison-like in severity of outline and heavy masonry, is gloomy only on the exterior. Within the enclosure, the colony of trim pavilions, the long piazzas running from end to end of the main building, and the wide view of the East River with the Sound boats frequently passing, make up a pleasing picture. It is cheerier yet within the walls. Such a regiment of bright-faced, energetic young women would enliven a dungeon. I used to feel inclined to ask them if attractiveness was one of the requirements in their examination as nurses. But their dignity overruled my hazardous impulses, and I never so much as mentioned the fact that I took in agreeable doses of Miss S——'s eyelashes and Miss G——'s dimples, together with the contents of the glasses held to my lips. The trim figures in the blue and white striped gowns and white aprons, the intelligent faces under the round muslin caps are comforting sights for a man to open his eyes upon after a bad time. The nurses do not appear to know this. They seem as engrossed in critical cases and capital operations as are the medical students yonder, pouring out of the lecture-room, note-book in hand.

They do not prefer easier work. They would scorn the luxurious appointments of the New York and its dainty selection of subjects. It is old Bellevue, with the ambulances trundling off every hour, accidents in all shades of horror tossing up human débris to their doors, a thousand beds filled with a variety of patients, danger continually presenting a new face—it is Bellevue, with its broad and diversified experience, its hurry and rush, demanding swift wits and pliant fingers—Bellevue for them, every time!

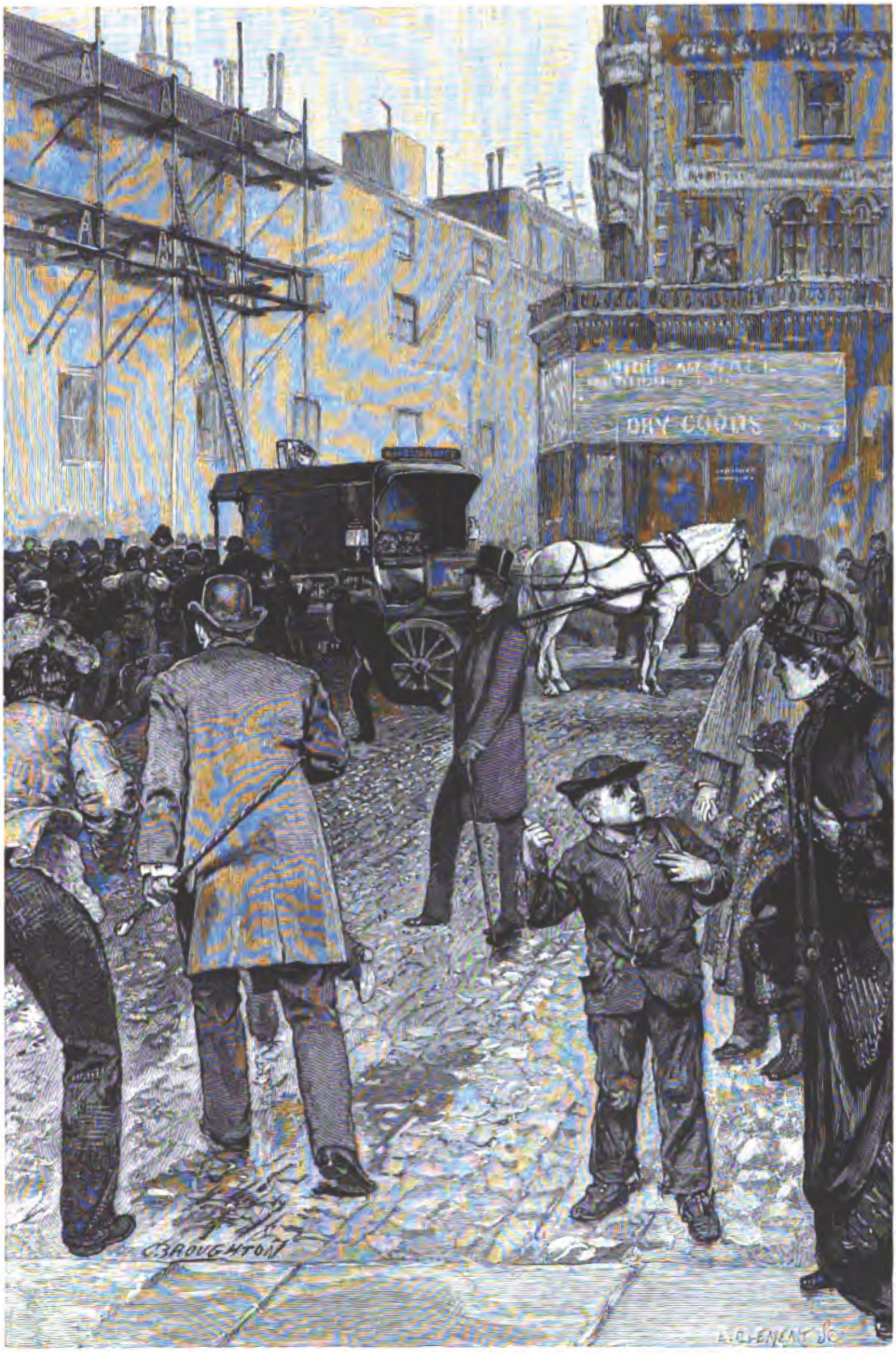
I didn't object to the boys, even when they wanted to learn their lessons off my bones, to sound my chest and listen to my bellows. But the young women, with equal zest for information, were more shrewd about it and asked fewer questions. They looked sharp and missed nothing. And the demure airs they gave themselves over their caps and their titles—Junior, Middle, and Senior—their interest in their charges and fondling ways with the children were an inexhaustible source of entertainment for at least one old fellow who watched. They were justly proud of their clean wards, too, and of their neatly arranged "*T. I. Ds.*"—the medicine-closets, so-called from the *Ter-in-die* (*thrice-a-day*) doses therein contained. In the New York Hospital these are elaborate affairs, with "Solutions," "Mixtures," and the other printed headings governing the different divisions; but they are no finer, on the point of nicety, than the rank and file of bottles here.

I cannot tell you of the huge amphitheatre in the topmost story of the main building. Mine was not a surgical case, then. But I remember how the children's wards looked, the day of my discharge, as I took a final peep into them. This side, toward the river, is composed altogether of windows, and the amount of sunlight which streams through is sufficient to explain the good tempers of the youngsters, who were laughing and talking as gayly as if they were not hung up by one leg, like spiders, or weighted with sand-bags tied to their heels, or bandaged, or plastered, or harnessed in one way and another.

The Old Lady is prominent here. She has served her time as a patient, and subsequently worked her way into the fabric of the "Establishment," as she calls it, until now no one thinks of her leaving. Aged Homes and Refuges have opened their doors to her, but she would feel like a recreant Casabianca if she left Bellevue. She "takes an interest" in the children, mends their clothes and their manners, picks up their play-things, makes their sand-bags, and lectures them mildly when they need it.

Little Mary, the lame girl, was another would-be life member. She was removed to a special Cripples' Hospital, but nearly cried her eyes out to be back in her old quarters. Verily, a liberal hospital course seems to produce emotions similar to those avowed by a college student for his Alma Mater—a mingling of the grateful and the proprietary.

Much the same sentiment prevails among the patients of the New York. Its nurses, too, are remarkably enthusiastic. They miss some of the Bellevue tragedies—their Chambers Street House of



"These are the heralds who shout 'Amberlanch! Amberlanch!' as it comes in sight."

Relief takes the blood-and-thunder cases —but they get a fair share of splinting and stitching, and plenty of use for the antiseptic dressings, so dear to the heart of the modern surgeon. There is generally a knock-kneed youth having his legs broken and reset—osteotomy they call it—or some other fascinating variation of the ordinary round of fevers and fractures. The appointments of the hospital are as fine as the architects, backed by a long purse, could make them—from the surgical wards, at the top of the house, to the children's ward at the bottom; from the convenient "theatre" to the stately "solarium," where convalescents walk about among tropical shrubs, under a glass roof. Here are aquaria, bird-cages, "happy families" of every sort, to beguile the languid interest of the patients.

"Mrs. Comfort."

The framework of a hospital system, not unlike that of less pretentious places, is to be detected; but it is in a high state of padding and gilding. The rank of the head-nurse is proclaimed by an illuminated badge. Her utensils are as imposing as a display of armor. Every basin glitters and every bandage is conspicuously soft and firm. I cannot say it was comforting to me to know that my blood would flow into polished receptacles, and that the basket which preceded me to the theatre was arranged as daintily as a *corbeille*, with ointments in ornamental boxes, dressings and disinfectants artistically grouped, and roll upon roll of snowy cotton crowning all. But to an æsthetic patient it must be a matter for thankfulness that his drama is so well put on the stage.

One thing which always interested me was my temperature-chart. I used to beg the nurse to take it down from its peg on the wall above my head that I might trace the zigzag line which marked my wanderings up and down the thermometer-scale. It looked like a coast-survey and was just mysterious enough to be amusing. The medical chart, registering pulse, respiration, and the like, was tame in comparison, though it had attractions as a bit of personality.

Luxurious surroundings appear to have no effect on the nurses, who are the same kindly, careful creatures that they are at homely Bellevue. And there is a good-humored winking at peccadilloes, which is a revelation to the new-comer. Through the open door of a female ward I once caught a glimpse of a patient fondling a baby, evidently her own, while all the women who could reach the spot were on hand offering assistance and admiration. "Isn't that against the rules?" I asked Mrs. R. "Ye-es," with the twinkle of a repressed smile in her eyes. "But we break through rules sometimes." That picture of the bantling, lying on his back and contentedly turning up his toes amidst the pride and satisfaction which attended him, was a shock to my belief in hospital austerities. And when I came to the children's ward, where their pretty

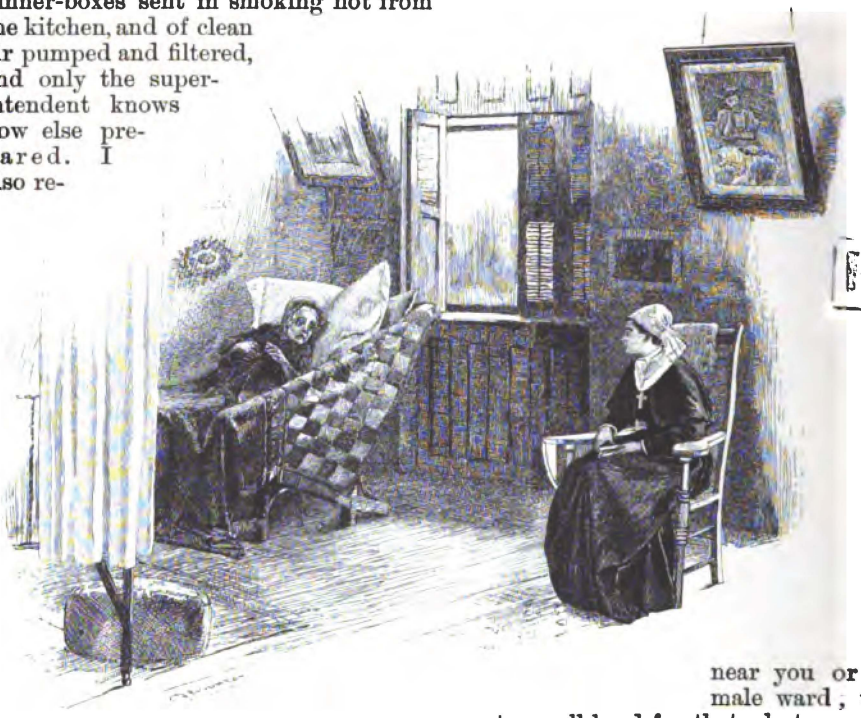
"Mrs. Comfort," as they call her, was binding up wounds of body and soul, from a doubter in applied humanities I became a disciple, a fanatic, a zealot for their cause. Children cast off and forgotten by their own mothers, children beaten and starved by their own fathers, children whose first idea of home develops in this kind nursery, nestle eager with confidence around the white-capped girl—for girl she is, in years, though a trained nurse. "It's the hardest and the dirtiest ward," says Mrs. Comfort, "but it's the pleasantest, too. I don't suppose the poor little things ever had any petting before. And I *do* like to clean them up when they come in from the street."

In the Children's Ward.

The children are scattered in among the grown people at the Roosevelt. The little, short figures look odd in the long beds. There is no army of young women, moreover; one female nurse to a ward is the proportion. I missed them, though I soon found what good fellows the orderlies were, and how well-trained. They occupy a higher position here than at Bellevue or the New York, but they deserve it.

Roosevelt is a quiet, old-fashioned place, with corridors leading this way and that to glass doors, which reveal glimpses of lawn and garden, but no sign of city walls. The air is like that of the country, too; but then, ventilation is a fine art at Roosevelt. So is eating. It encouraged me greatly, as I sat in the office waiting to make my application, to hear the orderlies giving their "special diet" orders at the desk. "Twelve beef-teas," read off one; "Six quarters of steak," called out another; "Ninety-six pints of milk," said a third. And I congratulated myself without waiting for more. The time bid fair to come when surgical skill would count for nothing, as far as my appreciation of it went, and when the effects of medicine would penetrate no farther than my mortal part. Then beef-tea and milk would be as pearls and gold-dust in my valuation. But three sources of enjoyment remain to the invalid in his unsophisticated state—the titillation of the palate by appetizing food, the expansion of the lungs with pure air, and the relief of pain by means of nar-

cotics, or the magnified and prolonged sensations of eating, breathing, and sleeping. These become actual luxuries, productive of thought, accompanied by visions. Their impressions remain after gratitude, for skilful treatment has faded into a principle. The signs and tokens of Roosevelt surgery which I bear about with me are shadowy and unreal beside the memory of dinner-boxes sent in smoking hot from the kitchen, and of clean air pumped and filtered, and only the superintendent knows how else prepared. I also remember vividly a few hours spent on a warm-water bed. All the time it was being filled I imagined what it would be like, but it was better than any imagination of it. All of which goes to prove what a material existence is that of the invalid.



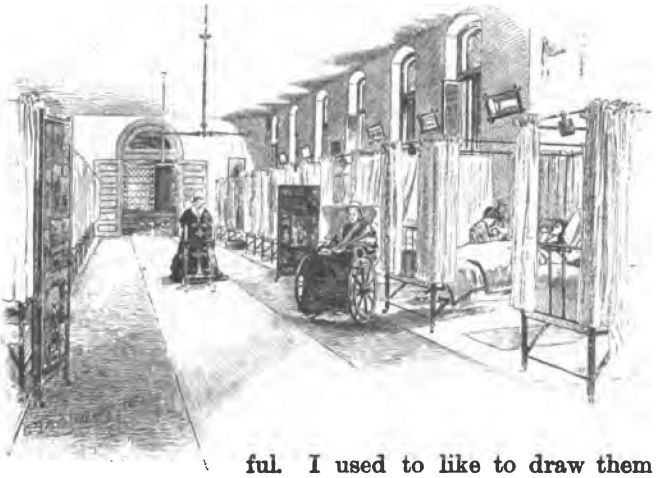
Much is made of skilled labor at Roosevelt. It is a favorite boast there that no nurse is taken in the process of development. The theory sounds well and works admirably, but—I would be willing to take the nurses, as they enter Bellevue or the New York, and grow up with them.

Still in the carriage, my Invalid? Going over the river to Brooklyn? Peradventure you are thinking of that paragon which deserves some other name than hospital, according to its admirers, a sort of beatific vision of what a hospital may be—St. John's. You will catch sight of the belles of the city going up to read aloud in the woman's ward, or you will hear their voices in the children's playroom. They won't come near you or the male ward, they are too well-bred for that—but you may have the delightful consciousness that they are on the premises somewhere. Then there are flower-missions, book-missions, donation-parties, all aimed straight at St. John's; and as it is a comparatively small institution, never containing more than a hundred patients, there is generally "enough to go around." Moreover, you can attend church services daily, or have them attend you by leaving your door open. Torpid religious instincts are sure to be aroused and stimulated. Nay, you are going there for skill, and you will find it, whatever else you gain from patrons or patients, Sisters or Staff.

Up on the hill, yonder, at Roman St. Mary's, they call these slight, girlish

women the Little Sisters. Their forms are a noticeable contrast to the ample figures of the former, and the contrast is heightened by the difference in their dress; trim, close-fitting gowns are the rule here, and full skirts and flowing sleeves dominate there. The difference is confined to exteriors; both orders represent a lofty type of womanhood, as Sisters of Mercy ever do, whether they pray with or without a rosary. In them the fineness of fibre, induced by seclusion from the world and communion with the supernatural, is saved from superfineness by daily contact with common lives and common suffering, and by the practical nature of their work. They have learned, too, that their religion is not the same engrossing topic to others that it is to themselves, and they do not thrust it into notice. As for admonitions, I had been at St. Mary's a month before I heard any of them. Then they were addressed to a young reporter on the ——, who had managed to get a fall. Possibly anyone else who had been picked up in his condition would have gotten what he did. "Is it not a shame for a young man like you!" Sister G. murmured in low tones colored by a faint French accent. "What would your mother have said if you had been taken to a station-house?" "But, really, Sister," answered the boy, looking mischievously up at her, "It's the very first time I ever got drunk in my old clothes." Her sense of humor responded to the appeal, as he knew it would.

We heretics and sinners, early in our stay, discovered what a tolerant spirit was to be found among the sisterhood; but the consequent increase of our confidence by no means displaced the reverence in which they were held. We gave them our story and they gave us good advice, better than their moderate experience of sin would lead one to expect. And their quaint maxims have lingered in many a poor fellow's brain to help him through subsequent trial. "We are the carpenters who make our own crosses," Sister G. used to say to the grumblers; and they invariably changed their tune to one more cheerful. I used to like to draw them into speaking of their religion, so eloquent were they in their enthusiasm of belief and unreserved devotion. To be in the neighborhood of such unhesitating and satisfied faith is to be influenced by it,—which may, in part, explain the charges of proselytism brought against this and similar communities.



Another great aid to their religious influence are the emblems which they put before their patients. Toward the pitiful, benevolent figure of the Saint, standing in the corner of each ward, all eyes turn involuntarily, whether their owners are Romanist or no. The meaning of the cross, too, they understand; does it not tell of the cruelty of Earth and the tenderness of Heaven? Who needs the Thirty-nine Articles to explain its significance?

St. Mary's is as busy, for its size, as Bellevue. The operating-table is always "set," and everything is in readiness for the doctors, even to their drink of ice-water. The staff is composed entirely of specialists, and tremendous surgical deeds are done daily, without stir or noise, and as a matter of course. Long lists of medicines are ordered

from the pharmacy, says the Sister in charge of that department, for specialists usually have their hobbies in medicine as well as surgery. You should see the pharmacy, with its important rows of bottles and jars; you should look into the pretty

children's ward and into the cosey private rooms—there are a hundred or more—but your eyes are fixed on St. John's, and thither we go forthwith.

Give of your substance to a Sister or to the doctors, or drop it into the contribution-boxes hanging in the hall, but do not take a private room—just yet. It is in the ward that you will find intermingled the light and shadow, the comedy and tragedy which go to make up hospital life. You may be as luxurious as you please in a private room, but in the ward there is something better than luxury.

The patients all look up as you enter; your arrival means much to them. You may prove a drug in an already dull market; you may reveal shining merits as a joker or a story-teller. They can tell in an instant which it will be. One young fellow has his arm in a sling. An old man, with hollow chest and sunken eyes, sits by him. But few patients are in bed, and they are partially concealed by the white curtains. There is also a group at the other end of the room. One of the Sisters met you down-stairs. Here are two more. One has dove's eyes, and a delicate color comes and goes in her cheeks. The other's face is of the frank, straightforward kind which men like, especially when they are to have every-day relations with its owner. There is also an orderly, only he is never called that, but usually Uncle Something-or-other. This is a touch of informality which aids in putting you at your ease. His protective, fatherly manner has a like effect. He may not say to you as one of his brothers did to me, "This is a chair for you to sit down on," or "This is a towel for you to wipe your face with;" but if he does, it will not be because he thinks you came from a planet where the uses of chair and towel are unknown. It is merely an indication of his willingness to explain whatever he can in this new, strange life of yours. He arranges your traps in your locker and leaves you, promising to send in your supper as soon as it is "up," meaning as soon as the dumb-waiter has brought it from the kitchen below. It comes—thin slices of bread and butter, a bit of preserve, and a cup of tea, plain but wholesome. You think of your first supper at boarding-school when you gulped down loneliness and dread with every mouthful. But the mood is transitory. You soon begin to listen for the convalescents to file out from the dining-room. You wonder what the lame boy is saying to make them laugh. The chaplain comes in and reads prayers; after he has gone the ward prepares to settle down for the night. The orderly turns out all the lights but one; it throws a long, shining reflection on the polished floor. The curtained beds look ghostly in the shadow. You try to sleep, but feel more like coughing with the consumptive, and groaning with the old fellow across the aisle who is having a fresh poultice put on his lame leg. You are ready to take an oath that misery does *not* love company, but longs to get as far away as possible from all of its kind. The cough stops, and the groan. A clock ticks in a distant corner. There is no other sound save regular breath-

makes fun for the rest, and he is often crippled or sadly deformed; just as there is always a pious patient, and a singer, tolerably certain to be an offshoot of Erin. There is also a prig, who finds fault with whatever is done for him, who judges the texts upon his quilt offensive, and asks if the "silent comforter" at the foot of the bed is "Catholic or Episcopal or anything, 'cos' I'm Methodist and I won't have it if it is." "What, the flopper?" asks Robbie, "Oh, no, that's a little of everything 'cep' Mormon."

There is also the patient who does too much and the patient who does too little. The former is meek and yielding when discovered at it; the latter laughs with lazy good humor, and is provokingly blind to his own shortcomings. The patient who is very ill is incessantly talking about "when I get well;" while the patient not ill at all is given to frequent last farewells. The patient without a ghost of an appetite is fond of representing himself as a gormandizer; he who "can't eat no eatables at all" munches candy and sweetmeats on the sly. So contradictory are the fancied and the actual in the invalid's life. I have known a man, with both legs ready for amputation, pity another with a hangnail; and the latter posed as a martyr and received the condolence as his due.

A chapter might be written on the responses to the doctor's morning question, "How do you feel?" One replies with alacrity, eagerly seizing the opportunity to describe his long-hoarded sensations. He is as voluble as a pedler telling over his wares.

Another answers savagely, resenting any allusion to his bruised and wounded sensibilities. Another, still, is peevish, for similar reasons. And many there are who reply mechanically; their lesson is too well learned. Cheerful and sad and jesting responses there are, and some which would indicate that the speakers never eat, never sleep, and ache incessantly. You hear from your corner the oft-repeated question, the varied answers, and, for interest in the dialogue, forgetting what you intended to say, only smile idiotically when the form is put to you. The temperatures have usually been taken when the doctor makes his rounds, but sometimes he attends to a new patient or one in a critical condition.

The importance attached to a clinical thermometer by those in ignorance of its office approaches a superstition. They close their lips tightly upon it. Their eyes roll wildly around the room. They believe that the tube contains some mighty gas or a metal of mysterious power. "There ain't much taste to it, docther," said one of these credulous fellows, "but I s'pose it's *turrible sthrong.*" Dr. ——, who is something of a wag, encouraged the man's faith in the occult virtues of the thing, and with remarkable results. After the first "dose," the fever abated. The "treatment" was continued, and the patient actually recovered, cured by thermometer, administered *ter in die*, without further drugging.

The genuine orthodox prescriptions are filled in the medicine-room and brought out on trays, at regular hours. To watch for the glasses is as much a

daily habit as to watch for meals or listen for the bells. These ring for breakfast, dinner, and tea, for morning-prayers and evening-prayers and for retiring. There is also a big, clanging bell outside, by which the orphans go to school. The day thus broken into pieces is so much the more easily taken. Occasionally, in place of the chaplain, a certain fair Sister comes in to read the prayers. Kneeling there by the little reading-desk, she looks like the effigy of a saint in black and ivory, with her black dress, white cap, and deep white collar, and with her face as white. Her voice is clear and sweet, lending unction to the words. He is a hardened reprobate indeed who will not say Amen to her supplications.

The Solarium.

Of an afternoon the chapel-door is often thrown open and the organ is heard. The orphan with the bird-like voice sings now and then; and now and then a fine soprano is heard, accompanied by a rich baritone. Not a day passes without some break in the routine, if it is nothing more than a cackle in the corridor when one of Sister ——'s hens is brought in to have its tongue cut for the pip. These hens are important members of St. John society. They are named with a curious disregard of sex, and on purely patriotic principles. Their eggs are carefully lettered and numbered. So if you have been puzzled by the cabalistic signs upon your breakfast dainty, learn the explanation! The origin and date of this particular *ovum* are here inscribed; it was laid by George Washington or Henry Clay or Daniel Webster on the day of the month thus noted.

Tuesday and Friday are Visitors' Days, and well patronized by all sorts and conditions of men and women. The tide sets in toward the ward at 2 P.M., and flows steadily until 5, when what Rob calls the "chucker-out bell" rings a warning. Rob has a regular Sunday-school picnic, with his teacher, a delegation from his class and a few church "pillars." For Rob is a good lad, in spite of his mischief, and "has eminently respectable connections." Dan generally has one visitor with whom he converses in loud whispers and in a pronounced brogue. Mr. Smith entertains two or more as pious as himself, to judge from their faces. The handsome young man with his arm in a sling is visited by his sister. The two are orphans and devoted to each other. The consump-

tive remains entirely alone, although it is said that he has two daughters living comfortably somewhere, a *Goneril* and a *Regan* to this forlorn *Lear*. A patient

In the Operating Room.

who came in yesterday, and who is to have a capital operation, is talking with a tall, shapely woman, evidently his wife. Her flushed cheeks and watery eyes tell a story not rare, alas, in our day. She leads by the hand a tiny pale-faced maiden, whom the father welcomes more warmly than he does the mother.

In pours the stream of guests, faster and faster. Greetings resound in bluff bass and shrill treble. Those who have many friends share with those who have few or none. Offerings of fruit, flowers, and dainties are displayed on every side. The room has a fête-day look, and a fête-day sound of voices fills it. A cheerful buzz of conversation follows the settling-down to the business of visiting. There is an universal exclamation of surprise and dismay when the bell rings.

After the lights are out you hear someone offering a cake to Rob. some grown-up bad boy transgressing the rule to relinquish all such treasure to the discretion of the nurse. "Why didn't I know before I over-ate myself at supper," replies the boy, with a whispered groan; and then, remembering how simple the supper was, "Wouldn't think, to hear me, 'twas an over-dose of bread, would you now?"

But Sunday is the day of all the week, the day of extra dinner and extra leisure, of best coats and company smiles. Both wings of the chapel door are thrown open. The little folks troop up from down-stairs, many of them swinging in on crutches, but all in a flutter with the excitement of being "dressed up" and the anticipation of sweetmeats at dessert.

Everyone who can is expected to take his place in church. The paralytic is pushed in, a half hour before service. Those who remain in their beds maintain a decorous silence and show as much devotion as is consistent with their attitudes. The patients from the woman's ward enter their gallery. The rumble of wheel-chairs is heard above and below. The orphans from the Home march in, two by two. The Sisters enter their pews. Friends from outside fill the unclaimed space. And the service begins. Never did clergyman look down upon a more interested congregation. The buoyancy of health and the distractions of the world come not between the shepherd and his sheep. They hear his voice and respond with an alacrity unknown to a flock who were up

The Surgical Ward.

late the night before with the opera or whist. The children sing. The orphan boy has the Offertory. "Blessed, blessed are the poor in spirit!" he carols. Humbled by pain and weakness, and by their own impotent struggles, the lame, the wounded, the sick, and the sore listen to the words, taking in their meaning through the vague sense of comfort they bring rather than by actual comprehension of them. The passivity of "worship" is increased by languor. There are hospital lessons, however, which one does not get off from learning so easily as from the Law of Sinai and Gospel of Galilee supposed to be proclaimed from the pulpit.

Leave the Rev. —— to the limitations of his text and return with me to the ward. Here is the paradox which is Immortality's most beautiful argument, a healthy soul in a diseased body. Here is Duty-to-God finding something to praise him for in the midst of cruel hurts. Here is Duty-to-Neighbor limping from bed to bed with a cup of cold water or a cheering word. How much this tells of the life which has bullied and hurried and pounded the morbidness out of them; of work that went on whatever the cost to aching head and weary limbs; of a ready will to assist others out of scanty and poor supplies!

No one here is exempt from helping himself, and all are expected to do their part toward lessening the sum total of wretchedness. Elsewhere invalids are conspicuous; here they are the rule. Specific miseries are absorbed into the general Law of Suffering. Humiliating as this is in one way, in another it is inspiriting. The consciousness that others are daring and enduring lends the stimulus of the army to the soldier. The openness of the conflict is, moreover, exhilarating. Life and Death confront each other, unmasked. Colors are flying and weapons are brandished in full view of the ranks. The patient talks of "our cases" and "our staff" as a private talks of the latest skirmish and his commanding officers. Carbolic acid and iodoform are as the smell of powder. Chloroform and ether are also material of war. Even the *chicken-bones* are cleaned by the very owners of the wounds they are to drain, when chemically prepared, and appetites do not suffer from ugly associations. I knew a man who wanted to save his antiseptic pad as a souvenir. The early

gone to New York, where she bought a shawl for Jane Lockwood and a bowl of oysters for herself. The psychological process by which the old lady arrived at the determination to take a holiday, her cunning reticence after reaching this conclusion, her emotions as a traveller, her enjoyment of the novelty of shopping, of the éclat of making a present,—and of the oysters, furnish a study worthy of someone's leisure.

The Children's Ward, St. John's Hospital.

Are there any smiles for an operation-day? I had a hearty laugh on one of them—not my own. A man with a bad leg went up for examination, possibly more. I had heard whispers of an amputation, and when, through the open windows, I heard the sound of a saw, I felt sure the poor wretch was losing his limb. A cold perspiration started on me as I listened to the harsh, rasping noise. I saw as in a vision the details of the ghastly performance. But when a workman, a carpenter, crept to the edge of a balcony over the windows, *saw in hand*, I divined the nature of the operation.

A few experiences like this dull the edge of nervous dread and almost reconcile the expectant subject to his own coming fate. If nothing thus far has been so formidable as his imagination would have it, why may not the rule hold good to the end of the chapter? He is reassured, too, by the observation of other subjects going up and coming down, to rally and gain. He is won to an ever-increasing confidence in the merciless mercy of surgery, the cruel kindness that stabs to heal. He is almost impatient for the day to come, and half inclined to welcome it. All will soon be over, now. The inmates of the ward are also gently agitated. They have not been told that he is "going up," but they feel the nerve, it is in the air. When nothing but a bowl of coffee is given him for breakfast, the fact is established. He hears the Staff enter and go upstairs. He hears the running to and fro which portends an operation here. At last, and it seems an age, someone says "Come," and he walks unsteadily or is pushed in a wheel-chair through the ward and toward the elevator, his mates looking pityingly or encouragingly after him. Once in the elevator with John, he says to himself, "Well, I'm in for it!" and tries to talk jestingly with his companion. A door opens above and the resident physician appears, with a smile. He conducts the patient into a large room lit by a skylight, and helps him up on the table. Some "spiritus frumenti," as the doctors like to call it, is offered him, a sort of *stirrup-cup*, and rarely refused. The pale fellow down-stairs, husband to the watery-eyed woman, refused it, but he had his reasons. "No, thank you," he said, turning away his head, "I've just kissed my wife good-by!"

"Chloroform or ether, doctor?" asks someone in the rear. "Start him with chloroform" is the response, if such a substitute for the smothering cone has been requested. A handkerchief moistened with the sickening-sweet fluid is placed to the patient's nostrils. "Long breaths!" calls the surgeon, and the patient tries to answer "All right!" but his voice seems to him to *step high*, like the legs of a drunken man. Now he hears an elevated train coming. It is run by electricity. Its roads are of white light. Every now and then it dashes past a station, when a bell rings. He is rushed aboard and on they go, faster and faster. The bells ring closer together. "Happy?" inquires the surgeon. "Ye-es," answers the patient, with an effort. "Happy?" the surgeon asks again, and there is no answer. . . . A blank, it may be of minutes, it may be of hours, then softness, warmth, comfort! He is in the little country graveyard which he knew when a boy. He is sitting by his own body there. It is a sunny, summer afternoon. The birds are singing. And he can smell the odor of the pines as they stir in the breeze. Is this death? Then death is a pleasant experience after all. But what is the nausea, the excruciating pain? "Spit it out!" urges someone in a friendly tone. Spit out what, death? Ah, the pain! and he is off into blankness once more. A moment of quivering and again the balance strikes. This time he half opens his eyes. "He's 'playing possum,'" whispers a doctor, and the patient resents the irreverence of the remark. He is too fresh from the graveyard vision to tolerate joking familiarity, and, there! he may be dead after all! The pain again, and the blank, not so blank as before! There are scattering thoughts striving to assert themselves. He recognizes them, slowly, as a child stammers when it reads. "Yes, —it is all right—it is all right!" he says to himself; and then, as if he saw it written in great capital letters, the thought confronts him, "*This must be* COMING TO!" How painful life is, and yet to be *alive*—that brings a thrill of joy. The clatter of the supper dishes, the friendly dialogue between the patients, even the undisciplined thrumming of a guitar in the street are all delightful, as sounds of life. The blank is

The Convalescent.

bridged by consciousness. It is over. He is safe in his own bed, among jugs of warm water, which, unromantic reason tells him, account for the pretty fancy of the warm, sunny graveyard. He is the hero of the hour. Whispered questions of his welfare he hears outside his curtains, and realizes that he has a place in the hearts of his companions. A snug, home-like feeling comes over him. He is among friends and where all that can be done for his recovery will be done. The unity of the institution, its organized strength, its applied skill recur to his mind again and again, inducing deep gratitude and a lively enthusiasm. The singing and the services soothe him. The talk in the ward amuses and diverts him. He thinks the place has come to meet him, but he has really advanced to a better understanding of the place and its workings. Time does not lag, and at last comes a holiday, celebrated by a visit to the children's ward.

(O you little folks of St. John! I dare not do more than mention you. For at thought of bonny Celia and winsome Johnny, of saucy "Brown Eyes" and quaint, sweet Lucy Ann; of tiny, author-

itative "Grandma," and of all the rest whose busy brains and eager tongues charmed away aches and transformed lonely hours into *bona fide* merry-makings for us restless fellows in the hospital cots, at the mere hint of you my pen gives an ambitious leap which promises folios at least. Some other time, children, you shall have a volume to yourselves, as you deserve.)

After the holiday the discharge! You look around upon the text-hung walls, upon the friendly faces of the patients, upon the white-curtained bed where you have suffered and rested and recovered strength. The place holds so many associations, dark and fair, that something very like a regret seizes you. The Sisters and nurses utter kind farewells. The fellows are all sympathizing with your "good luck" and wishing you better still. Rob is gathering up his few traps, also. "You going home, too, boy?" "No," says the youngster, whimsically, "I can't. I haven't got one. I'm going *out*." It dawns upon you, with a sudden rush of feeling, what an ark this must be for the homeless, and how sad their leave-taking must be. It does not seem so, however. The restless boy is eager for another plunge into the world, and even more gladly than you does he say good-by.

As for you, my invalid, you have lost your burden of pains and have gained the power to take your place in this give-and-take world, where whoever cannot pay for his lodging runs the risk of getting kicked out into the cold. And you have dismissed from your mind the repulsive picture of the Hospital which was formed there. You have learned how false it is, as false as to say that the benignant figure of Charity is repulsive, because the beggar who lies upon her knees is full of sores. Above him, the bending brows are holy with a watchful tenderness, and the mouth firm and true with silent blessings.

THE COMFORTER.

By Julia C. R. Dorr.

HOW dost thou come, O Comforter?
In heavenly glory dressed,
Down floating from the far off skies,
With lilies on thy breast?
With silver lilies on thy breast,
And in thy falling hair,
Bringing the bloom and balm of heaven
To this dim, earthly air?

How dost thou come, O Comforter?
With strange, unearthly light,
And mystic splendor aureoled,
In trances of the night?
In lone, mysterious silences,
In visions rapt and high,
And holy dreams, like pathways set
Betwixt the earth and sky?

Not thus alone, O Comforter!
Not thus, thou Guest Divine,
Whose presence turns our stones to bread,
Our water into wine!
Not always thus—for thou dost stoop
To our poor, common clay,
Too faint for saintly ecstasy,
Too impotent to pray.

How does God send the Comforter?
Ofttimes through byways dim;
Not always by the beaten path
Of sacrament and hymn;
Not always through the gates of prayer,
Or penitential psalm,
Or sacred rite, or holy day,
Or incense, breathing balm.

How does God send the Comforter?
Perchance through faith intense;
Perchance through humblest avenues
Of sight, or sound, or sense.
Haply in childhood's laughing voice
Shall breathe the voice divine,
And tender hands of earthly love
Pour for thee heavenly wine!

How will God send the Comforter?
Thou knowest not, nor I!
His ways are countless as the stars
His hand hath hung on high.
His roses bring their fragrant balm,
His twilight hush its peace,
Morning its splendor, night its calm,
To give thy pain surcease!

FIRST HARVESTS.

By F. J. Stimson.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A COACH AND FOUR COUPLES.

SEVERAL days passed by in much the same way; and truly a pleasant way enough it was. Arthur went now and then to town; but it was easy to get vacations in Townley & Tamms's office, and the inmates were mutually conceding upon this point, particularly when the absence was known to be connected with people likely to be valuable, as clients, to the firm. And perhaps Arthur had a secret notion that his visit at Mrs. Levison Gower's was an advancement more speedy and notable than anything that was likely to come to him in the office while he was away. For, after all, in her society he was getting the ultimate result of all labors, seeing what it was that people realized when they were successful here on earth.

Townley urged Arthur strongly to avail himself of Mrs. Gower's hospitality to its utmost limit. It was a principle of his philosophy of life that it was the part of a clever man to take things directly rather than attain to them gradually; to grasp the fruits, and not cultivate the tree. "Any country bumpkin, any ordinary mechanic, can do that," he would say. "But we in New York, in Wall Street, sit at the counter on which is poured the net earnings, the savings, the symbols of the title to all the creations of a mighty nation. Ten thousand men may work to build a railroad, for instance, and ten thousand more to run it; and the clean result of all their toil and trouble, free of all dross and surplusage, is turned into our hands, portable and convenient, in the shape of a few engraved certificates of stock, or bonds, or bank-notes. Presto! change! and some of them are in my pocket, and some in yours, and perhaps a new bit of paper issued by us for the balance." Arthur found Charlie a much more intellectual fellow than he had thought at first.

Guests came and went at Mrs. Gower's, all with some charm of person, or of fashion, or of successful mind; applied intellect, not perhaps the pure kind. Arthur spent a few days in town, to prepare for his longer absence on the coaching trip; Tamms was moving down to his summer quarters near Long Branch, and old Mr. Townley hardly ever came to the office now. He had a private room up-stairs, where he used to spend some two or three hours a week, looking after his trusts. Charlie was neglecting his business more than ever, but seemed to make up for it by his devotions to Mamie Livingstone, which were almost getting, for him, exclusive. That young lady was "coming out" the next autumn, and already making elaborate preparations for it. Arthur saw her when he went to call on Gracie Holyoke, who was going, with Miss Brevier, to the old place at Great Barrington for the summer.

Mrs. Malgam had gone away, and Haviland, and Miss Lenoir; and the party had gradually settled down to those who were invited for the drive. As their numbers were narrowed, a feeling of increased intimacy sprang up among the party, who were to go through so much together; and they were fond of talking of it and consulting maps as to roads and stopping-places; and they grew confidential about outsiders. "But I thought Mrs. Malgam was to go with us, too," said Mrs. Hay one day to Daisy; the two women were sitting on a new-mown hay-rick on the lawn, that had been cut for ornamental purposes, too soon to make good hay. Arthur was lying, with a volume of poetry, at their feet.

"Oh, dear, no," laughed innocent Miss Duval. "Flossie and Baby never could abide each other. You must know Mrs. Malgam is a very dangerous person, for all she looks like a pan of cream."

"Oh, indeed," said Mrs. Hay, compressing her rich lips. She had recognized in Mrs. Malgam her American counterpart, and was slightly afraid of the violet-eyed brune, to whose deeper beauty her own made but a tinsel foil.

"Yes, indeed," said Daisy. "You know, a man shot himself for Mrs. Malgam, once, they say. Isn't it exciting?"

"What, really?" put in Arthur. He had been forgotten for the moment; and Mrs. Hay drew up her red satin brodequins with a start. "Here comes Mrs. Gower," said she, "suppose we ask her?"

"Oh, don't," put in Daisy, rather frightened; but Mrs. Hay was not to be repressed. Flossie Gower barely raised her eyebrows at the question. "There was a man, a Mr. Vane, who shot himself," said she. "But it was from overwork, and not for Baby Malgam, I suspect. He was nothing but a money-making machine."

It was a glorious day, when it finally arrived. Nature seemed, as usual, to smile on Flossie Gower's plans. The party met at breakfast, all the women radiant in the neatest of dresses, with the gayest of coaching umbrellas; Caryl Wemyss and Van Kull in brown frock-coats with rosebuds in their silk lapels, and Derwent and Birmingham informally in knickerbockers. It was hard to say which woman was the handsomest; perhaps Mrs. Gower was the most fascinating, but the palm for beauty pure and simple lay certainly between Kitty Farnum and Mrs. Wilton Hay. Breakfast was a longer meal than usual; and the warm June air came in through the windows, laden with roses. Then the crisp and rapid sound of many horses' feet was heard upon the ground, and they all ran to the door to inspect the coach, which bore about the same relation to the one, familiar to Arthur, which met the quick train in his old home that a new dress-coat does to the quaint and dilapidated garment worn by an Irish peasant.

The women ran away to get ready, and the servants were busy packing every conceivable kind of a wrap, shawl, waterproof, mackintosh, rug, cloak, cape, ulster, or other similar garment yet devised, together with various little leather and silver travelling-bags, contents to Arthur as yet unknown. Of course, there was no room for real luggage in the coach; this went behind in the wagonette. But the inside of the coach was quite choked up, as it was, with some bales of these and similar trifles; so that when any lady had a headache and had to ride inside she had to lie upon the cargo, the seats being lost some two feet deep beneath it. Behind stood the wagonette, with four extra horses, in case of need, loaded with the luggage; and besides all this there was an extra servant, or postilion, riding a "cock-horse," or tow-horse, for the pulls uphill.

At last all was ready; on top of all inside was thrown a bundle of the morning's papers, which were to lie there unopened through many sunny days; the light steel ladder was brought out, and Miss Duval and Kitty Farnum were inducted with much ceremony to the highest seat, Derwent and Lord Birmingham their companions. Mrs. Hay went behind with Arthur and Caryl Wemyss, in front of the pair of servants—an old stout one and a thin young one, both well trussed up in their plum-colored broadcloth. But these were not there yet, and only their neatly folded coats, showing the two brass buttons with the well-known crest of Levison-Gower, betokened their future presence. Mrs. Gower herself climbed lightly into the box-seat, scorning a ladder; Van Kull took the reins beside her, and with a rapid leap the four horses took the road. As they passed out from the great *porte-cochère*, the coachman and groom came climbing up behind; the latter seized the horn, and a long and joyous peal of coaching music woke the echoes of the sleeping woods and lawn.

It seemed this gay *fanfare* had loosed their tongues, for at once a clatter of laughter and merry voices began. Van Kull, the horses being fresh, was busied with his driving; but Mrs. Gower turned to talk with the four behind her, and soon Miss Duval's flow of animal spirits was set off and exploded in shrieks of shrilly laughter. Miss Farnum, too, said something to make Birmingham roar his catastrophic bass guffaws, and Wemyss took up the cue with Mrs. Hay.

Only the two servants sitting facing them maintained the severe aspect which decorum of them demanded.

They were already sweeping down the dewy ravine in the forest, and in a minute more had come to the gate of Mrs. Gower's demesne; it flew open, the porter bared his head, the porter's wife and children bobbed up and down behind him; and between the armorial pillars they rolled out upon the common road. A dusty, sleepy road it was, giving no hint of its much use; for, early as it was for them, the people that travelled by the highways, the morning tradesmen's carts and factory operatives, had long since passed over it to their daily station in life. You would be surprised if you knew how busy this same road could be in the hour or two that followed sunrise.

But now it stretched away in silence through the broad green country, and its dust lay heaped in ridges undisturbed. The horses trotted smartly down its gentle slope; and then, breaking into a joyous gallop, rushed them up the other for a mile or more. Here was the factory village; and they swept through it triumphantly, but almost unseen, for all the world was now indoors. A few dogs barked; a few street-children, too young to work in the mills, cheered at them, or jeered, it were hard to say which. There was a great whirring of wheels from the mills, however; and the two free leaders took fright at them, and almost broke away from Van Kull, who held them hard, the big veins swelling in his throat. The coachman facing Arthur leaned far out and looked forward at them anxiously; but no one else minded. Such was the exhilaration of the air and motion, they might have run away and Daisy Duval have but sung her song the louder, while the others laughed the more. At last Van Kull pulled up his smoking team on the face of a big hill, the town a mile or so behind them. It was a very steep hill, or they would have carried it by assault; but now the groom on the cock-horse rode up and hooked his harness to the whiffletree, and the five horses set their necks into the collar, and took the summit slowly, as by siege. As they rose up, the country all behind them was unfolded, ridge by ridge, like a map; Arthur from his back seat faced full toward it. Gradually the chimneys of the factory village sank down into the bosom of the valley; the hills breasting it rose up behind them, until they overlooked their highest ridge; now the village was nearly hidden in the green floor of the valley, and all beyond were faint blue films of mountains; then, as they rose still higher, the rift of luminous air between the near hills and the distant mountains was seen to be paved with the blue flood of the river. The horses paused a moment to take breath; it was marvellously still; now and then the cackle of a hen came up from the valley; a train was crawling along its other side, but it moved as noiselessly as the white specks of sails upon the river.

The sunlight began to be hot, and Wemyss was sent within to fetch the larger sunshades from the "cabin," as Miss Duval pleased to call it.

"Now you men," said Flossie, "may go behind and smoke; and Mrs. Hay can take a place in front. You have none of you had your morning cigars, I am sure." They had not; and after due demurrage, the change was made. Four blue clouds arose to heaven from the after seat; the four fair women grouped together in front; and Van Kull looked now and then askance and backward, as if in envy. And surely if ever an approach to godlike Nirvana is realized on earth, it is when one is moving rapidly through a broad June morning, looking down upon the roundness of the world, and blowing clouds upon it dreamily.

When Lord Birmingham took Van Kull's place upon the box, giving the latter his seat in the smoke-room, as he termed it, most of the party felt, if they did not show, a delightful drowsiness, which was only dispelled by their arrival at a town and rumors of luncheon. A wild burst of the coaching horn electrified the main street, and they drove up before the principal "hotel," a vast and ill-aired wooden structure, quite inappropriate to a coaching party, or even to the more civilized usages of life, as Mr. Wemyss with much particularity pointed out. But a private room had been engaged for them, and in this, with

some local chickens and the resources of Mrs. Gower's cellar and grapery, they made out not so badly.

After luncheon the men smoked, and the women retired to their especial quarters, where, it is to be presumed, some took a nap, and others, having sent for the little travelling-bags before mentioned, performed mysterious rites therewith. Wemyss, Lord Birmingham, Miss Duval, Miss Farnum, and Arthur went to walk about the town, and became the subjects of considerable admiring comment. In the country, on the contrary, such had not been the case; *nil admirari* was a motto faithfully practised, and the old farmers would hardly hitch their trousers and turn about for the loudest horn or the most rattling pace. When they came back to the hotel and found the coach drawn up to the door there was assembled a considerable concourse of immature populace, who had already passed from the open-mouthed stage to the derisive one, and were making sarcastic and injurious comments upon the coach and its equipment, with that tendency so noteworthy in young America to deride or decry what it does not itself possess.

Off went the horses—the two wheelers were nearly fresh, having only been in the wagonette in the morning—the coachman wound a small and rapid symphony upon his horn, attended by an obligato of small boys, and they swayed and swung through the winding street of the hot little town, out into fields and hedgerows again. The hedges were in front of the lawns and villa residences that surrounded the town; and the road was well arched over with elms just breaking into leaf, under which the afternoon sun slanted.

It seemed to the party almost the perfection of life, as the little disconnected comments and the absence of any effort of conversation indicated. Simple being was enough; there was no sicklying over that day's air and sunlight with any pale cast of thought, as Derwent said. Again they were high up on the slope of the country side; but the great golden bay of the Hudson had become a river here, and close beyond it the blue mountains of the highlands loomed up bold and near.

Now they came down close by the shore of the river; its salted waters were lapping, lapping on the round, weedy shore-stones, and over against them, in the skirt of the hills, lurked already the night. The stream's broad bosom glowed motionless, bearing here and there a bark or boat; but no Sidney Sewall spoke of these to-night, or cared to trouble with intellectual speculation. Arthur remembered with unconcern that in the past there had been such things as the city, business, hour of duty; what mattered this to them, the chosen ones, bright beings in a world apart? And certainly everyone of the party had a charm our hero had not realized before; even Mrs. Hay, with her strong, sensuous beauty, lent a richness and a color to the grouping.

"It is lovely, after all," said Miss Farnum, dreamily, voicing his thoughts. Here they were entering a high hanging wood; on the lower side of the road a lofty hewn-stone wall, all overgrown with moss and ivy, surmounted with old-fashioned stone urns now chipped and crumbling away. Over it they could see the winding leaf-heaped walks of a forgotten garden, untended lawns, and old stone garden-seats swathed in moss and mould. "It must be the grounds of some gentleman's old country-seat," said Miss Farnum. "Everyone goes farther from the city nowadays." There was a something begetting thought in this suggestion; the warm sunlight sank sleepily down in the cup there between the woodlands, and the old garden looked like a place where one might take a nap for half a lifetime—say from youth to early old age. It was evidently a place of the old Idlewild, Ik Marvel, Porte-Crayon days, when people lived in their country, wrote of Dobb his ferry, and were as yet unacquainted with Englishmen and other foreigners. There must have been a strong home-fragrance in our life in the forties or thereabouts, before the few found out that we are provinces, or the many that we are all the world. . . . Now they came out by a little water-bay, or lagoon, reaching inland, where the water lay still and a salt crust was on the long plashed grasses. "I suppose the people who live here go to Mount Desert, nowa-

days," said Miss Farnum. "I wonder why they left here?"

"Malaria," suggested Wemyss.

"There always seems something unreal, impossible about malaria here," said Arthur. "Malaria is languid, tropical, unsuited to our bleak Northern, Puritan, hard-worked hillsides and meadow bottoms. Consumption, not malaria, is the typical disease."

"It is only lately creeping into New England," said Wemyss, dryly. Just then a merry burst of laughter was heard from the front; Arthur looked behind him, but there seemed to be no one speaking. The laugh had been from Miss Duval; she turned around at the same moment, her black eyes sparkling from her rosy face. "Isn't it delightful?" said she to Arthur. There seemed to be no other reason for her laughing than this; and Arthur laughed in accord with her. It was delightful.

Now they were up in the highlands again, bowling along a hard straight road between the rows of trees. Continually the merry horn was sounded to warn the slow teams ahead to turn aside, or wake the sleepy milkmen, or pedlars in their carts. The sun, across the river, had already set behind the purple mountains; but eastward, to the right, the hills were light.

They entered into a high wood, filled already with gray shadows; along the edge of the road still lay the last year's leaves, thick-matted, making the sound of the wheels soft. What light there was came from the violet sky above the tree-tops; and against it Kitty Farnum's profile shone pale and clear-cut. Arthur was humming a German song to himself, and looking at her and wondering about her: what she was, what was her secret of life.

So the night came on them, in the wood. It was evening when they came out of it and rolled along, low by the river-shore; opposite, the great black mass of the Storm King Mountain, and beyond it, farther to the north, the mountains sank into a long low line, and above the dark ridge the sky was saffron, and in it hung and trembled one large liquid star, reflected larger and softly in the calm river. And they all looked at these things and were silent.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CHARIOT OF THE CARELESS GODS.

THE coach drew up at the little wharf at Garrison's, and the party got into the ferryboat and were carried across the river. The great hotel at West Point had been opened; the waiters were spick and span; the wooden floors were varnished, and slippery like glass. In the hall were two or three pretty girls, overdressed in white tulle dresses, low-necked, with their cavaliers who served for the nonce and their noisy younger brothers. This bright company crowded to the porch, curious, when the carriages drove up; and Arthur heard one of the pretty girls say to another, "It's the coaching party—from New York."

They went out and wandered on the cliffs above the river; the beautiful moon-washed mountains stood about them, and below them slept the Hudson with its salt flood, deeper, nobler than any Rhine. But there were no castles here, nor Lorelei; and the sunken gold had long since been robbed from its depths and was circulating in the hands of men.

Arthur fell to Miss Duval's share, a position he always found a somewhat uncomfortable one; for how could he replace another man like Jimmy De Witt, and that one her acknowledged lover? But, had he known it, Miss Daisy, who was looking forward with intense and hungry anticipation for the joys of worldly pleasure and a fashionable marriage, and regarded this coaching party as an earnest of them, would have blushed at herself if she had been so out of the mode as to be unable to flirt with anyone but her future husband. It must be owned, therefore, that she found our hero slow; she tried to talk to him of hunting, and he to her of books, both things of which they were reciprocally ignorant. Then they walked up and down the great piazza, and amused themselves by looking through the windows into the great parlors, where the hotel girls (*puella tabernensis Americana*) were dancing with some tightly-buttoned cadets. Just then Lionel Derwent came up, alone with his cigar. "Let me join you," said he. "I went downhill and I came upon Birmingham, in an attitude

full of unconscious humor, addressing Miss Farnum; I came uphill and blundered full upon Van Kull and Mrs. Hay. From these I retreated in disorder only to make myself *de trop* with Mr. Caryl Wemyss and our charming hostess. Shall I be so here?"

Miss Duval laughed. "I was just going to bed, Mr. Derwent; so you and Mr. Holyoke can fight it out alone. Good-night—good-night, Mr. Holyoke." And she left them in the doorway and took her way up the great staircase. Arthur and Mr. Derwent looked at one another inquiringly. "Shall we go and smoke?" said the latter, at last. "By all means," answered Arthur. "Where shall we go—out upon the cliff?"

"I am afraid it is too densely populated there for such a wild man as myself, already," said Derwent, laughing. "Come down to the billiard-room." They went down there, and sat at a table, opposite a bar, where they were not, as Derwent expressed it, "troubled by the moon," and here they smoked their cigars and pondered.

"Mr. Van Kull seems rather devoted to Mrs. Hay," said Arthur, at a venture.

"And well he may be," said Derwent, gravely. "He prefers the flowers of evil; and she is a most glorious one."

"Evil?" said Arthur, incredulously. "She seems to me a kind-hearted creature, fond of show, no worse than thoughtless."

"So is a nightshade blossom fond of sunlight, and bright-colored and innocent of harm," said Derwent, with a smile. "Mrs. Hay is a luxuriant animal—a woman of the world, as other women are women of the town; and her life is one continual sermon unto these: 'Look ye; I am rich, happy, high-placed; I have all the opportunities and advantages, all the taste and teaching, that the best can give; and I have not one single taste, or thought, or aspiration that the worst of you have not; nor have I lost one that you have, except, perhaps, the fondness for domestic life which some of the best of you may once have had. I, too, still care for dress and show and the longing glance of many men; these things, that you are foolishly told have ruined you, are just what I, too, prize in life; I, Mrs. Wilton Hay, the great high-born beauty whose photograph you have seen in the shop-windows!' I tell you," ended Derwent, savagely, "but for a little poor fastidiousness, her soul resembles theirs as do two berries on one stem. But consciously, 'tis true she does no harm; possibly she has not even sinned; as well attach a moral guilt to some gaudy wayside weed, growing by mistake in a garden among the sesame and lilies!"

"But Mrs. Gower seems very fond of her——"

"Ah! Mrs. Gower!" answered Derwent, dropping his voice. "She is a different sort of person entirely. Fannie Hay is but a soldier of Apollyon; but Florence Gower is a general-of-division."

"I don't see why you live with them," said Arthur, boldly.

"Ah, Holyoke, I live everywhere; I see these, and others, too. That night when I came back from the factory village, I had been talking with the men, and with some of the young girls there. And I could fancy Mrs. Hay going there, good-naturedly as she might, and saying to them: 'Don't care for dresses, or to lure men's love or women's envy, or to dazzle your neighbor Jenny or break her Johnny's heart; read books, look at pictures, enjoy the beauties of nature, seek the beauty of holiness.'—'Does your ladyship?' say they.—'Well, at all events, be clean,' answers Fannie Hay, shocked.—'But cleanliness costs money, my fine lady.'—Christ solved the question once; but now Christ is forgotten; and the sphinx looks out unanswered over the desert sand."

"Surely you can say nothing against Miss Farnum, at least?"

"She is caught like the others, in their web," said he. "But come, it's late indeed to be troubling ourselves over these two or three. What are they to the million?"

Arthur thought much of Derwent's talk; but he seemed to him a morbid fellow, unpractical and vague. And still more morbid it all seemed in the morning, when he woke and saw the sunlight and blue sky above the mountains of the river. Dressing was a delight, with such an outlook and with such a day before him; and coming down he met Miss Farnum looking fresh as a rose with the dew on it. Caryl Wemyss was

standing talking to her with that air of distinction of which he was so proud; and just after, Mrs. Hay and Miss Duval came bouncing down the staircase, arm in arm. So they went in to breakfast, without waiting for Mrs. Gower, hungry, and in high glee for want of a chaperone. "Oh, I don't consider you a chaperone," said Daisy Duval to Mrs. Hay. "Nor do I," added Kill Van Kull, hastily.

Theirs was the central table in the dining-hall; and each lady found a dozen roses at her plate. These were from Lord Birmingham, who appeared late, and was duly thanked for them. Every man asked his neighbor for one rosebud as a boutonnière; and just then Flossie came in, dressed in the airiest of summer gowns; and there was a great arising and scraping of chairs among the gentlemen.

Soon they were down at the river, and crossing the river again. Such a wealth of purple sunlight as was in the air! The bold mountains rose up on either side, not soft and purple with heather, as in England, nor brown and sharp with rock, as in Italy, but green and shaggy, as in a new country, with a growth of timber; the deep, swirling waters, brown where you looked into them, shaded off to blue farther from the boat, where they gleamed smooth beneath the cloudless sky. And the sparkle and the stillness of the morning gave one the feeling of a truant schoolboy.

"There is something about an American landscape that reminds one of the pictures in omnibuses," said Wemyss. No one replied to this; for they were nearing the wharf, where the coach and four were standing, as if it were Fifth Avenue. Again there was the shifting of rugs and wraps in the body, and the courtesies of the steel ladder, and the pleasant twinkling of neat ankles as the ladies alertly mounted it. The four men hove themselves up anyhow, with Lord Birmingham and Miss Farnum on the box; and then with a swing the heavy drag was swaying under way, and the four shining chestnuts took the hill at a gallop. They were passing a row of square wooden houses where poor people lived, and Mrs. Hay turned about and called to Wemyss. "One thing I notice, Mr. Wemyss—in America you have tenements, not cottages."

"Yes," said he, "and 'elegant residences' for gentlemen's houses!"

"Now, in Devonshire," said Mrs. Hay, "those cottages would be smothered in roses and fuchsia vines. Don't you have any cottage improvement societies? My cousin, Lady St. Aubyn, at Hartland (near Clovelly, you know), has been most active in them; and one of her tenants took the prize for the county!"

"These people are nobody's tenants," said Wemyss; "and they decorate their houses as they damn please, American fashion; with goats and tomato-cans, if they prefer."

By this time they had entered the forest that clothes the slopes of Breakneck Mountain. The road was none of the best, and the top of the coach careened violently, almost shaking Derwent, who was idly smoking with his face in the sunlight and his eyes half closed, off the back seat. "Come, let's walk," said Daisy Duval; and as the coach halted a moment upon one of those ridges across the road imaginatively designated "thank-ye-marms," she nimbly dropped herself over the side and sprang back into the daisies and buttercups. Arthur, Mrs. Hay, Flossie, Van Kull, and Wemyss followed; Derwent Mrs. Gower ordered to remain upon the coach and play propriety; whereupon that gentleman stretched himself quite lengthwise upon the warm back seat, pulled his cloth hat over his eyes, and to all appearance went to sleep.

"We can cut off a mile," said Van Kull, "by cutting straight through the woods to where the road strikes the river again. Now then! each his own way, and the coach will wait for us there, if it gets in first." So they disappeared; Van Kull with Mrs. Hay making for a pine grove on the high land, Wemyss and Mrs. Gower going lower, where there seemed evidences of a path, and our hero with Miss Duval taking a middle course through a rocky pasture, sweet-scented with fern and heathery blossoms, and dotted with dwarfed and obsolete apple-trees. This gave Lord Birmingham a chance of devoting himself entirely to his driving and his companion upon the box. For an hour or more the coach lumbered on; its driver

talked incessantly, but drove very badly, and Lionel Derwent slumbered in the rear.

In the woods, the day was a very warm one. What breeze there was could not be felt. It would take too long to follow the devious ways of every party in all their wanderings; suffice it to say that shortly before noon Arthur, with Daisy Duval, came out upon the road close by the Hudson, where they sat upon a fence and waited. Arthur was getting every day more used to her society; and Mr. De Witt was no longer so continually upon his mind. Here they were met by the other two couples; and finally, when the coach came thundering down the hill with a wheel in a shoe, the whole six were sitting on the fence, *à la mode du pays;* and Wemyss was even whittling.

"Well, you *have* been long," said Van Kull.

"Ah, you can't make up for lost time with cracking of whips and horn-blowing!" laughed Mrs. Gower.

"What have they been doing all this time?—without prejudice, now, Mr. Derwent?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Hay—I've been asleep," said that gentleman.

"Come, now, I'd like to know how long all of you have been here—that's all," growled his lordship, blushing obviously. "Get aboard there—I'm hungry as a bear. Where do we stop for lunch, Mrs. Gower?"

"At Fishkill," said that lady. "It's only a few miles ahead." And in an hour or so they stopped before a sleepy old inn, low and rambling, with a Rip-Van-Winklish look about it. There is a lazy luxuriance, a sort of slatternly comfort, and a Southern coloring about these old New York villages, bespeaking material ease and an absence of moral nervousness; perhaps nervous morality would better express it. "I never look at a place like this," said Wemyss, "without thinking that the most vigorous-sounding word in the Dutchman's language was Schnapps!"

After luncheon the day was warm, and the ladies inclined to sleep. Only Derwent wished for a walk, and Arthur went with him, while the others smoked. They sauntered through the little town's unkempt, painted streets; and Derwent sent a telegram. Then at three they returned, and found the party for the most part wrapped in dreams.

They put to and were off, but the order was changed, as usual, and Daisy Duval rode with Derwent on the box. Caryl Wemyss would not drive, for he never did anything that he thought he did not well; so he and Mrs. Gower and Birmingham sat on the back seat, with Arthur, Van Kull, Mrs. Hay, and Kitty Farnum on in front. The drive to Poughkeepsie was straight and uneventful. The long hours were only diversified by Mrs. Wilton Hay's uncertain efforts on the coaching-horn.

Poughkeepsie is a brick-built city, with horse-car lines, an opera-house, and a court of justice all its own. Here they had a suite of rooms, with long lace curtains, black-walnut furniture, and Brussels carpets, equipped "before the dawn of taste, in poor imitation of a poorer thing," said Wemyss; "how different from an English inn!" The rest of the adornment consisted, in each room, of a steam-heater and a pitcher of ice-water. "I believe they even bathe in ice-water!" said he. "Dear me!" said Birmingham, simply. "I rang and could not get a tub at all."

They had dinner in Mrs. Gower's parlor, and a telegram was brought in to her during the dessert. "Oh, I am very glad," said she, as she laid it down. "It is from Mr. Haviland; and he says he can join us to-morrow." The others expressed a polite gratification, and then the question came up what they were to do in the evening. Already a great intimacy had sprung up among the party, and a certain feeling of youth, born of much outdoor air and freedom from care. Some proposed ghost-stories, others, games. "I bar kissing games," said Daisy Duval, with much aplomb, "in the absence of Mr. De Witt." Kisses were debarred, being, as Van Kull expressed it, too serious things to be made game of; but forfeits, twenty questions, even dancing, was indulged in. When all these failed to satisfy their souls, it was rumored that Mr. Derwent was "up" in palmistry. "Oh, do tell us our fortunes!" was the cry. "We must have a regular gypsy tent."

"Now," said Mrs. Hay, "it's no fun unless we all tell. Agree all of you to tell us what he says!"

"Girls, girls" (the women of Mrs. Gower's set had a way of still addressing each other joyously as "girls")—"suppose he reveals the secrets of your hearts?"

"'Pon my soul!" cried Mrs. Hay, "I've quite forgotten what they are! Who'll go in first?"

A shawl had been hung across an open door, behind which Derwent took up his position. No one seemed anxious to make the first try; and at last the voice of the company fell upon Arthur Holyoke, "as having," said Mrs. Gower, "the most future before him."

Arthur went in and came out laughing. "I have had," said he, "a very terrible horoscope, as Derwent says. Everything that I really wish for is to happen to me!"

"I don't see what there is so very terrible about that," said they all; and the others were emboldened. Mrs. Gower went in next. "Speak aloud, Mr. Derwent," cried Mrs. Hay, "so we all can hear—we can't trust the garbled statements of the culprits."

Derwent's voice was heard, in sepulchral tones, from behind the screen. "I see the hand of a woman who has done whatever she has meant to do——"

("Dear me," interjected Mrs. Hay, "how successful we all are!")

"She may come near doing more than she meant to do; but her will shall conquer everything."

"How delightfully enigmatic!" laughed Daisy Duval.

"You must go in next, Miss Daisy—you spoke," said Van Kull. But Daisy wouldn't; and the choice fell upon Kitty Farnum. She disappeared, and there was several moments' silence. At last—

"Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Die hat einen Andern erwählt;
Der Andre liebt eine Andre
Und hat sich mit Dieser vermählt.

"Das Mädchen heirathet aus Ärger
Den ersten besten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

"Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wem sie just passiret,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei——"

"Good heavens!" laughed Flossie. "Come, you go in, Mr. Van Kull."

"I can tell more of this man's past than his future," said the voice.

"There has been a voyage across the water—perhaps to Brighton, or to Cannes. And there is a fair maiden and a dark maiden; and both have had but little influence on his life. And there is to be another yet, I see——"

"There, there," interfered Flossie, "if you make poor Van such a Don Juan, we shall have to send him home again, in our own protection. Mrs. Hay, you go in."

But this the beauty flatly refused to do. And after much chaff at her expense, the party betook themselves to their several slumbers.

The next day was Sunday; but, as Wemyss said, to leave Poughkeepsie was a work of necessity and mercy; and they were early under way. Here they left the river, and they struck inland; the country grew more rural and primitive, and their spirits rose proportionately. Haviland appeared by the early train, and shared the back seat with Birmingham, Mrs. Gower, and Kitty Farnum. He brought the news of the day, which no one cared to hear; and some gossip of the town, which interested everybody. "How can you have the heart to bring him up?" Wemyss had said at breakfast; and Flossie had laughed, and said that she expected a very entertaining day. "He must go back Monday evening, you know," she added.

They had another perfect day, and by this time all of them, even to Caryl Wemyss, were charged with ozone and overflowing with animal spirits. Even practical joking was in order; and Arthur had caught an instantaneous photograph, which he exhibited with much applause, of Van Kull assisting Mrs. Hay over a stone wall. Conversation was unnecessary; it was quite enough to live and laugh. Much amusement was caused by a rustic, at a farm-house where they stopped for milk, who first insisted that they were the advance-guard of a circus, and then would have it that they were "travelling" for something—"jerseys" and men's clothing, he first suggested, and then parlor organs and patent medicines. And all the women

were so pretty, and so stylish, and so sweet-tempered, that Arthur began to feel a little bit in love with every one of them.

"But one gets tired of women, after a while," said Caryl Wemyss to Arthur, at Washington Hollow, where they lunched. The inn was an old roadside one, at the "four corners," smelling of dusty leather and the road, with a large bar-room, fit political centre of the surrounding district; but the country was robed in beautiful green forests, into which the others had plunged, and came back loaded with wild flowers, Mrs. Gower with Lord Birmingham, and Haviland and Kitty Farnum last of all. For a wonder, Derwent had done the polite, and wandered off with Mrs. Wilton Hay. Van Kull and Miss Duval came back laughing over some quaint epitaphs they had discovered in what he termed a "boneyard" opposite. "What a jolly place this must have been in the old days!" said Flossie. "Look at the splendid great chimney-places and the old ball-room!" And Arthur's memory suddenly went back to the ball-room at Lem Hitchcock's. But it was summer now, and the place was civilized; some stranded woman-boarder was playing, upon an old piano overhead, one of Beethoven's sonatas.

But, after all, no stops were like the rapid riding; the sense of freedom and delight of sweeping high over the rolling country, making a panorama of it, and being in a little republic of their own. Two small roans were leaders today, and the chestnuts, being a little used up, were in the lighter baggage-wagon, in "spike team" with the cock-horse; for no great hills were expected that afternoon.

Arthur settled himself again to the pure delight of life, gazing joyously from sky to forest and from forest to the wide green carpet of the fields, sweeping by them with the changing angles of the long Virginia fences. Arthur and Daisy Duval were the least *blasé* of the party; and both drank in the very moments with enthusiasm. And when he was tired of looking at the swelling hills and spaces of the sky, it was pleasant to look in her fair face—or, for that matter, at any other of the beautiful women about him. As for Miss Duval, the world was like an opening treasure-house to her; she saw before her all she wanted, and had only to grasp her fill with full hands. Ah! saints and cynics to the contrary, this world has happiness for some—thought Arthur. But what he said was, "How lovely that long edge of the forest is, Miss Duval! See how boldly the high trees rise out of the meadow; I suppose it's what the poets call a 'hanging wood.' *La lisière* they call it in French; I have always thought it was such a pretty name for Mrs. Gower's place."

"But you weren't really thinking of that, Mr. Holyoke," said she. "You weren't looking at it."

"I was looking at your eyes, Miss Duval, if you will have it," said Arthur. It will be seen that our hero was making progress.

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Hay, who overheard this speech, "I shall certainly write to Mr. De Witt. Why don't *you* say such intense things to me, Mr. Van Kull?"

"Because I daren't," said Van Kull, meaningly.

"Please—I'll promise not to write to Wilton," retorted she. "Poor Wilton! he must find it so hot in Washington."

How pleasant it is to feel ourselves moving above the world like gods! How pleasant it is, like gods, to make of our own rules of conduct our laws of good and evil! And what responsibility have we for the rest of humanity? They should not all attempt to be in fashion. Fashion is for us alone—us few, who transcend common laws.

Yet it is relying on the many abiding by the humdrum rules of gravity that the few can flutter and glitter freely on the surface. In the evening there was a moon (which shineth alike upon the just and on the unjust; particularly the latter, for moonlight has no conscience), and the warm night attracted them forth from the dreary hotel parlor. They wandered up the hill, through pastures, to where there was a cliff, above huge chasms of a quarry, carven deep into the living rock. Here they met some Italian laborers; they were living in little wooden huts about the quarry, with their womankind, richly, upon seventy cents a day. Their views of life were much the

same as their own, thought Derwent, looking at the merry party; with only, perhaps, a little less morality, a little more religion, these day laborers, than had they.

Caryl Wemyss conversed with them a little in their own language, at which they were greatly pleased. They were citizens, and had come over to make their portion of our great democracy; but they sighed for the sunny skies of Sicily as yet.

Wemyss was walking with Mrs. Gower, and as they turned back they found Haviland sitting with Kitty Farnum on a stone wall in the long grass; the moon lit up her fair face, and all about them lay the petals of a rose that she had pulled to pieces. "How like Faust and Marguerite!" said Mrs. Gower.

"Say, rather, Psyche with her Dipsychus," said Mr. Wemyss.

"Who is Dipsychus?" said Flossie Gower.

"Have you never met him, then?" said Wemyss. And coming back, she took his arm across the fields.

Wemyss pressed it gently, and began to analyze himself, whether he was in love with her or not. It rather flattered him to think he was.

CHAPTER XX.

ARTHUR GOES HOME.

The days were growing unnumbered by this time, measure of time being only necessary when one has daily petty duties, and existence is not a continuous, untroubled joy. Arthur positively bloomed; even Derwent seemed a shade less anxious for the souls of men, and Mr. Wemyss a point less analytic. And the morning was one to bring a bit of fresh color to the cheek of a very Tannhäuser who had been long years jaded with Venus's joys, his dull eyes dazzled with the lights of earth again, his ear soothed by notes of spring and human love. The land was beautiful with bud-promise, the air steeped with joyous light of life. And the girls came down to breakfast, looking each and all a Hebe.

How the will of the world comes out in this—that all that has to do with life, new life, charms and attracts us; that all that speaks of over-thought, of over-soul, if you will, is wan and weird—either positively uncanny, or laughable, like the chorus of old men in Faust! Instinctively, we all turn to the flower, to the fresh looks of the young girl, to the rosy lips, full of the promise of future life. No wrinkled wisdom, no sorrowful lines of character, can make up for this. The first thoughtless girl we meet shows her *beauté du diable* more than a match for all the crow's-feet of the intellect. And this is the magnetism of vitality; it is your full-blooded man that the masses of the world delight to follow. The unthinking are repelled by too much consciousness, as by disease.

We all have known such sunny mornings, when we that are living live, and the dead lie dead in their churchyards. Gayly the party mounted; and the strong horses galloped over the roads. They were still in the broad valley of the Hudson; far behind them lay the river, unseen, but farther still was visible yet the blue film of the Catskills. They crossed a broad intervale, and ahead of them was a gap in the hills, over which the road wound in a sort of pass. And now as they galloped up it in the shadow of the elms it was as if they had gone through a narrow door into a different country; the scene changed, the hills grew small, rugged, and broken; the vegetation was less rich; they were in New England. So marked was it that Wemyss pointed out the change; even the color of the houses was not the same, nor the look of the barns. They were small and neat, and painted sternly white; the very gates were better hung, and the sidewalks more neatly trimmed; the squalid, unkempt look was gone, and with it the greater luxuriance. One no longer felt the vastness of the Continent, but seemed to be in an older corner of it, the bars not yet let down, where elbow-room was less, and ideas and conventions artificially preserved. The hills were smaller, and the trees looked stunted; human habitations had a look like an old dress which the wearer in her penury still struggled to keep neat. Arthur was reminded at once of the look of the land about the hill-town to which he had driven on that day with Gracie. They

had crossed the line into Connecticut, and the boundary was more marked than is usual in political divisions. Even in New York there had been a suggestion of the Western prairies; here was none. But there was a greater vigor in the air, which had a sort of moorland sparkle in it; and the talk was livelier than ever. They had a long and breezy drive of it, and the cock-horse was used many times in pulling up the grassy old road, which led uncompromisingly up the barren, ferny hills. For lunch they stopped at a little place called Lakeville, nestling in the hills between two clear blue ponds; and here John Haviland had to leave them to take his train back to the city. In the afternoon Arthur was allowed to try his hand at driving, having professed to be a skilful whip; he sat on the box-seat with Miss Farnum, who was very silent, and Mrs. Gower and Wemyss had the rear seat to themselves. Kill Van Kull was allowed to get into the "cabin" and go to sleep, a refreshment which he averred the country air made most needful to him. Behind him on the middle seat the party were very noisy, and Arthur had much ado to keep his attention on the horses, who seemed also to feel the tang of the keen soft air. As they were going down a crooked hill, longer than he had expected, so that no shoe had been put on, the horses got almost beyond his control. He gathered the four reins together and pulled his best, and just managed to keep them in the road. The people behind were laughing and talking, unconscious of what was going on; and Arthur had already begun to congratulate himself upon his escape, when, as they were nearing the bottom, he got too far on the outer curve, and the heavy wheels sank deep in the gravel, still wet with the spring rains. One awful moment of suspense, and then the ponderous vehicle swayed heavily, rolled majestically over on its side. A shrill scream resounded behind him—it is not the custom for American girls to scream—and Mrs. Hay threw her arms wildly around Lord Birmingham, with the feminine instinct to embrace something in emergencies. But it was of no avail; and they all sailed gracefully off into the long grass, Arthur still devotedly hanging to the reins.

No one was hurt; and after a bare pause for reflection, everybody burst forth in a roar of laughter. Loudly and long they laughed, holding their sides; they were laughing too much to get up; one horse was down, and the others rearing and plunging. Van Kull put his head ruefully out of the window of the coach that was uppermost and contemplated the scene. His hat was crushed, he was nigh smothered with shawls and veils, and his hair hanging down over his eyes, and his head protruded slowly, like a disabled jack-in-the-box, amid the merriment of the company.

"Perhaps, when some of you damned fools get through laughing," said he, without undue emphasis, "you'll find time to attend to those leaders."

Van Kull's remark, though over-forcible, was undeniably just; and Derwent was already at their heads. The groom was also there; and in a few moments the horses were taken out, the coach set upright again, and all damage repaired. Everyone agreed that the accident was in nowise due to Arthur's driving, but entirely to the soft bit in the road.

"These things will happen, you know," said Birmingham, good-naturedly.

"It's half the fun, I think," said Daisy Duval.

"I thought you'd 'a dumped 'em, sir," said the groom, "when I see that ere soft bit in the road." And as a mark of special confidence, Arthur was allowed to drive the coach the rest of the way into Great Barrington, where they were to stop for the night.

The merriment consequent on their disaster did not cease during the afternoon, and Arthur was many times maliciously thanked for the diversion he had afforded the party. But Miss Farnum, who was still his companion on the box, seemed fortunately as much inclined to silence as he was himself. Indeed, she had been strangely silent all the day.

The country roads gradually drew themselves together and made themselves into the broad, straight avenue that is Great Barrington's main street; and up this they swept gayly, about an hour before sunset. They did not pass

the Judge's old place; but as Arthur heard Mrs. Gower's light laughter behind him, the old scene in the garden recurred to him at once. It was not yet a year ago; and he remembered now that the man she had been driving with was Wemyss.

They drew up merrily before the village hotel—it seemed so odd to Arthur to be there in his own town; he had never associated it with so gay a party—and after a few minutes of preparation they started out to see the place. Miss Farnum made pretext of a headache and did not go; but the others sauntered along beneath the overarching elms. To the left the setting sun lay across the intervale in broad gold bars. Arthur was walking with Lord Birmingham and Mrs. Hay.

Coming back, they met Mrs. Gower at the dinner-table. "I am sorry," said she, "Miss Farnum has to go home."

"Dear me, I'm so sorry," said Mrs. Hay, politely.

"What, you don't mean she's going to leave us?" said Lord Birmingham, blankly. He looked from one to the other of the party, as if asking an explanation. "She said nothing to me about it," he added, naïvely.

"I have telegraphed to Mrs. Malgam to ask her to join us," said Mrs. Flossie, hurriedly checking the general inclination to laugh that had succeeded his lordship's last speech. "You need not look so blank, you men—no Jack shall be left without a Jill."

"*A* Jill," said Wemyss, maliciously, accentuating the indefinite article, and looking at Mrs. Hay.

"'Pon my word, I think you're very insulting," broke in Mrs. Hay, savagely. No one could exactly see why; whereupon Van Kull, with much social dexterity, looked upon Mrs. Hay and sighed. Further comment was checked by the arrival of Miss Farnum herself, who bore her fine face quite as unconsciously, a shade more coldly, than usual. And then the finer emotions gave place to food.

Arthur was honored by a seat on Mrs. Gower's left; but he was silent through the meal, a fact which was maliciously attributed to the events of the afternoon. "Don't look upset, Mr. Holyoke, please!" cried Miss Duval. "We have quite regained our composure." Arthur had not been thinking of the accident at all; but he did color again, to be reminded of it. "It was a soft spot in the road, you know," said he.

"A soft spot in your heart, I much suspect," laughed Mrs. Gower. "Miss Farnum, you should not have sat with him."

"Who?" said the beauty, bringing her gaze to a focus. "Oh," she added, indifferently, "I?"

"'Pon my word," screamed Mrs. Wilton Hay. "You two are too delicious! But you're positively too absent-minded to be trusted together. Aren't they, Mrs. Gower? They might not have presence of mind enough not to elope, you know."

Soon after this Miss Farnum left the table; and when Arthur followed, he found her out upon the doorstep, talking with Lionel Derwent. The sun had gone down now, and its last radiance came down upon them from some scarlet clouds. Miss Farnum went in almost immediately, leaving him with Derwent alone.

"A lovely evening," said he. "Will you take a tramp?"

Arthur hesitated. Then he spoke with decision. "Yes. I have a call to make—won't you come with me? Miss Livingstone, you know, and my cousin, Miss Holyoke, are here—do you know them?"

"No," said the other; "but I shall like to."

"Come along, then," said Arthur. And they went up the long village street until the road began to twist among the apple-orchards and they got into the dusk that was already at the base of the wooded hills. Derwent pulled out a brierwood pipe and smoked it, and they walked in silence.

At last they came in front of the dignified old house, wearing, like a wig, its high pitched roof and white balustrade, with its terrace for silk stockings and its dressed front of quaint old flowers as a ruffle of old lace. The gate creaked in its wonted way; and they walked up the familiar gravel-walk. "The ladies were at home;" and the two went into the large living-room, and found Gracie

and Mamie Livingstone together. Arthur shook hands with Mamie, and then, after introducing Mr. Derwent, sat down by his cousin, leaving Mamie to his friend, a proceeding which the latter noticed. Derwent talked nearly all the time to Mamie, whose little self he read at once, but his eyes wandered more than once to Gracie and her cousin. Now, Gracie Mamie thought a character far simpler than herself. They all sat so near that when either pair was silent the other's conversation could be heard. Their call had lasted nearly an hour, when Miss Brevier came in, who was there matronizing the young people, for a few days only. Then the conversation became more general, save that Derwent talked some half an hour, at the end, with Miss Holyoke. It was after ten before they rose to go.

"So you are going to Lenox to-morrow," said Gracie. "And after that?"

"After that, I don't know; perhaps I shall come here?"

"I don't think you could bear being at the Barrington Hotel," said Gracie, with a laugh. Arthur bit his lip.

"Well, I suppose a fellow can go somewhere," said he. "I may have to go back to the shop. Where do you go, Derwent?"

"I am going out among the Rockies of British Columbia, hunting," said he. "I wish you'd come," he added, turning to Arthur suddenly, as if the thought had then first struck him.

"Thanks," said Arthur, ill-naturedly. "Unfortunately, *I*'m nothing but a broker's clerk." But his *amour propre* was soothed by the evident increased consideration that Miss Livingstone had shown him; and even to the last moment she pressed him with questions, and hung admiringly upon his history of the trip.

"Who did you say was with you on the box when you upset?" she said, as they lingered at the doorway. The moon was up by this time, bleaching all the colored roses of the terrace in its yellow light.

"Miss Farnum," said Arthur. "But I believe Mrs. Malgam takes her place to-morrow," he added, carelessly.

"Oh!" said Mamie. "I'm fearing you'll be quite too grand to speak to me when I'm a bud." And she gave him a look—one of her practised looks—out of her very pretty eyes, a look that Gracie never could have compassed. Arthur returned it, with the skill of a year's experience; meantime, Derwent was taking leave of the others, and they soon were walking home together—that is, to the Great Barrington Hotel.

"A charming girl," said Derwent.

"Who?" said Arthur, curtly.

"Miss Livingstone," said the other, after a pause. "Your young New York girls are such delicate flowers—and yet so hardy, too. And they can be trained to almost anything."

Arthur did not sleep well that night; but the morning was a lovely one again. They had to wait until the New York train arrived, which was not until the afternoon, for Mrs. Malgam. Kitty Farnum had started off quietly, early in the morning, and Derwent had gone with her, meaning to see her safely to New Haven, where her maid would meet her, and then take the return train back with Mrs. Malgam. Lord Birmingham had been too dull to think of this proceeding, and was in a vicious humor all the day in consequence. Arthur was in two minds about going to see Gracie in the morning. But as Birmingham sulked all day, there were not men enough without him; so he went to walk with Mrs. Hay instead. Mrs. Hay was one of those women whose flirting was less intellectual than the American type; she delighted chiefly in appealing to men's senses; and her company was not ennobling.

But in the afternoon appeared Mrs. Malgam, clothed in the loveliest of smiles and spring dresses. If she had any grudge against Flossie, she did not show it; but spoke to her caressingly, and with a certain deference, as from a giddy young girl to her chaperone. And then, as if her conscience were safely in Flossie's charge, she inaugurated a most audacious and ostentatious love-affair with the peer; that is, she caused him to inaugurate it. Baby Malgam never inaugurated anything; she only looked as if she understood it. A pan of cream, indeed; not milk and water; opaque, unfathomable to the eye, and yet, perhaps, not deep. Wemyss

talked with Arthur about it. "You are the only fellow left whom one can talk to," said he. "Birmingham's too dull, and Derwent's not a man of the world." Arthur's heart warmed to him at once. "Baby Malgam," said he, "means to beat Mrs. Gower on her own ground."

This was said on the way to Lenox. At five the horses were brought up to the door; the brilliant party were again in their familiar seats, and bowling briskly over the well-made roads. And our hero was himself again; and the exhilaration of the motion, and the bright eyes and pretty dresses, and the trained flattery of their most desirable owners, and the admiration of the populace—to him as to them, was the breath of his nostrils.

> "A woman's looks
> Are barbèd hooks,
> That catch by art
> The strongest heart,"

says the old Elizabethan poet; but they swallowed the hooks in those days.

So they came to Lenox; Lenox, which till lately was the Nirvana known only to the elect; Lenox, where alone (said Wemyss) of all American summer resorts did they recognize a gentleman; Lenox of the sleepy hills, and sweet wild roads, and shady green seclusion. Here were the first good roads they had seen since they left Mrs. Gower's home; and Van Kull "let out" the horses, and they galloped like a summer storm. And the gayety seemed redoubled since Mrs. Malgam's arrival; her merry laugh rang incessantly—a laugh which (even without a look from her dark eyes) was enough to shrivel up one's questionings and blow away the doubts and thoughts of solitude, or twilight musings, like cobwebs in a dark place now open to the summer wind. "After all," said Daisy Duval to Arthur, "Miss Farnum is a very pretty girl; but she is not one of us." And they all felt as if a certain constraint was removed by her departure—all, that is, except Lionel Derwent, and perhaps Lord Birmingham. But his lordship was evidently drinking in Mrs. Jack Malgam, like some new sort of wine; Derwent alone was silent and abstracted. So they were none of them sorry when he told them that he, too, must leave at Lenox. In the evening, he got a long walk with Arthur, and spoke most bitterly about them all. "As for Mrs. Hay," he said, "she's hardly worth considering; she only injures men, and men who are her mates. But Mrs. Gower is a woman who has successively sought and successively attained, or appeared to attain, every height, every good thing, and every great place in turn, in order that she might vulgarize it. She has mounted every summit but to make it hers. Do you see how Mrs. Malgam, and Miss Duval, and all the others ape her?"

Arthur thought him very ill-bred and rude to this most charming hostess, and almost dared to say so. Derwent pulled out his brierwood pipe, and they walked on in silence.

"Now," the other went on, "take another sort of girl—a girl like your friend Miss Holyoke, for instance——"

"I don't see what Miss Holyoke has to do with the case," said Arthur, goading himself into a passion. And the walk ended—purposely, so far as Arthur was concerned—in a sort of quarrel. Coming back, he found Mrs. Malgam walking in the lawn of Mrs. Gower's cottage, and joined her, and found solace after the Englishman's asperity.

Mrs. Malgam was dressed in a faultless summer gown, and her white neck shone through its lace covering like a snow-bank in the moonlight. Arthur revenged himself by repeating to her all Derwent's conversation.

"I am glad he's going," said she. "He's the most cynical person I ever met; and I hate cynicism."

"Who's that you're talking of?" said Wemyss, coming up.

"Derwent," said Arthur. "We're both glad he's going."

"Oh, Derwent is quite impossible," said Wemyss. "He's well enough at a dinner where they feed the lions, but quite out of his place in society. The fellow's a crank, too; just the sort of a man who ends by marrying a woman of the demi-monde."

"By way of reformation, I suppose," laughed Mrs. Malgam. Arthur walked with her some time, as Wemyss left upon this last *bon mot;* and the next day,

when they came together after breakfast, there was no trace of Derwent.

"Do you know he's a friend of Chinese Gordon?" said Lord Birmingham.

"I should think, quite possible," said Wemyss. "I hope we'll get a better fellow in his place—a gentleman, at least," he added, *sotto voce*.

"They say he belongs to one of the oldest families in Northumberland, do you know," said Mrs. Hay.

"All rot," said Wemyss; "I believe him to be a mere adventurer—nothing more."

"Well," said Flossie, "I've written to Tony Duval in his place."

"Oh, dear!" cried Daisy. "I hate to go about with Tony; or, rather, he says he hates to go about with me. He says he can't have any fun while I'm around."

"He hates to flirt before his little sister," laughed Mrs. Gower. "Never mind, dear—I think you'll soon be even with him." And when Tony Duval arrived, all his simple soul went out to Mrs. Hay. "She is the finest woman I ever saw," he would say to Arthur, almost with a sigh. And he sent to Long Island for his two best blooded horses; and the first day they rode out he spilled Mrs. Hay over a four-barred fence, just as they were returning, and brought the fair burden home in his brawny arms. Her eyes unclosed soon after she was in the house; and she was not seriously injured. And Arthur, who had indited a telegram to Wilton Hay at Washington, sensibly put the despatch in his pocket.

So the days went by delightfully. Arthur had fears that he was sometimes the odd man; but after all, they seemed to like him pretty well; and if even Daisy Duval failed him, there were other fair in Lenox with no cavaliers imported, like the fruit in the hampers, from the city. So June waned toward July, and everyone almost cheered at Flossie Gower's proposal that they should have one more drive—to Lake George—before they parted. This new excursion was duly chronicled in all the newspapers, where Mamie Livingstone, eager, and perhaps a little envious, saw it. "Mrs. Levison Gower's brilliant coaching party—the Earl of Birmingham—Arthur Holyoke, Esq." Arthur wrote and got his leave of absence extended at the office. They were easy-going people at the office.

Meantime, Derwent was "hunting big game" out in the Rockies, and Charlie Townley was sweltering in the city—"working like a dog, by Jove," he would say—at the affairs of Messrs. Townley & Tamms.

DESPONDENCY.

By A. Lampman.

Slow figures in some live remorseless frieze,
  The approaching days, escapeless and unguessed
  With mask and shroud impenetrably dressed;
Time whose inexorable destinies
Bear down upon us like impending seas;
  And all the presence of this world, at best
  A sightless giant wandering without rest,
Aged and mad with many miseries:

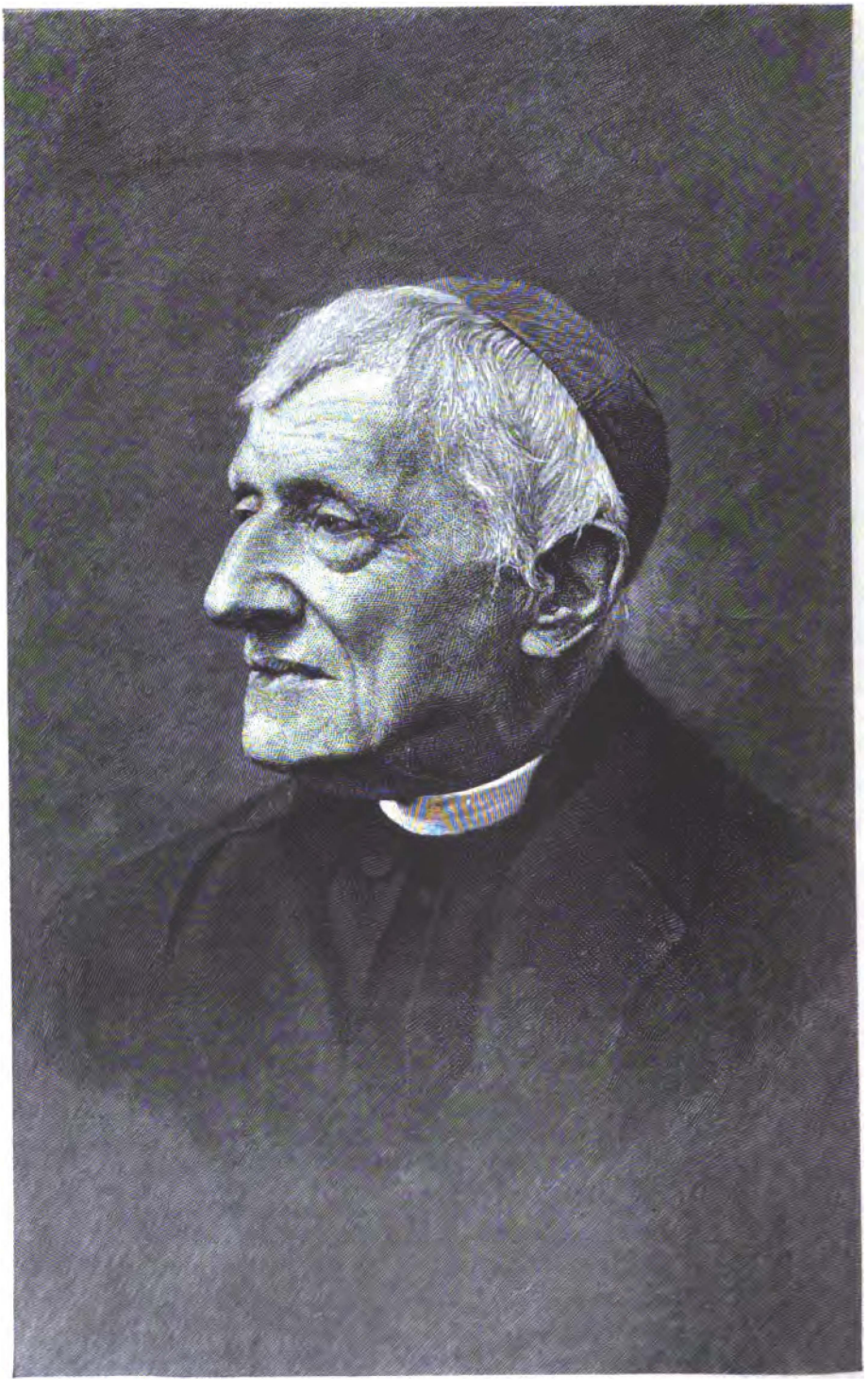
The weight and measure of these things who knows?
  Resting at times beside life's thought-swept stream,
Sobered and stunned with unexpected blows,
  We scarcely hear the uproar. Life doth seem,
Save for the certain nearness of its woes,
  Vain and phantasmal as a sick man's dream.

THE TORCH-RACE.

By Helen Gray Cone.

BRAVE racer, who hast sped the living light
With throat outstretched and every nerve a-strain,
Now on thy left hand labors gray-faced Pain,
And Death hangs close behind thee on the right.
Soon flag the flying feet, soon fails the sight,
With every pulse the gaunt pursuers gain;
And all thy splendor of strong life must wane
And set into the mystery of night.

Yet fear not, though in falling, blindness hide
The hand that snatches, ere it touch the sod,
The light thy lessening grasp no more controls:
Truth's rescuer, Truth shall instantly provide:
This is the torch-race game, that noblest souls
Play on through time beneath the eyes of God.



John Henry, Cardinal Newman.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

By Augustine Birrell.

HERE are some men whose names are inseparably and exclusively associated with Movements; there are others who are forever united in human memories with Places; it is the happy fortune of the distinguished man whose name is at the top of this page to be able to make good both titles to an estate in our minds and hearts; for whilst his fierce intellectual energy made him the leader of a great Movement, his rare and exquisite tenderness has married his name to a lovely Place. Whenever men's thoughts dwell upon the Revival of Church Authority in England and America during this century, they will recall the Vicar of S. Mary's, Oxford, who lived to become a Cardinal of Rome, and whenever the lover of all things that are quiet and gentle and true in life and literature visits Oxford he will find himself wondering whether snap-dragon still grows outside the windows of the rooms in Trinity where once lived the author of the "Apologia."

The Rev. John Wesley was a distinguished man, if ever there was one, and his name is associated with a movement certainly as remarkable as, and a great deal more useful than, the one connected with the name of Newman. Wesley's great missionary tours in Devon and Cornwall and the wild, remote parts of Lancashire lack no single element of sublimity. To this day the memories of those apostolic journeys are green and precious, and the source of strength and joy; the portrait of the eager preacher hangs up in almost every miner's cottage, whilst his name is pronounced with reverence by a hundred thousand lips. "You seem a very temperate people here," once observed a thirsty pedestrian (who was, indeed, none other than the present writer) to a Cornish miner, "how did it happen?" He replied solemnly, raising his cap, "There came a man amongst us once, and his name was John Wesley." Wesley was an Oxford man, but he is not much in men's thoughts as they visit that city of enchantment. Why is this? Surely because, great as he was, he lacked charm. As we read his Diaries and Letters, we are interested, we are moved, but we are not pleased. Now Oxford pleases, charms, and therefore it is that when we allow ourselves a day in her quadrangles we find ourselves thinking of Dr. Newman and his Trinity snap-dragon, and how the Rev. William James, "sometime in the year 1823," taught him the doctrine of Apostolical Succession in the course of a walk round Christchurch Meadow, rather than of Wesley and his prayer-meetings at Lincoln, which were proclaimed by the Authorities as savoring of sedition.

A strong personal attachment of the kind which springs up from reading an Author, which is distilled through his pages, and turns his foibles, even his follies, into pleasant things we would not for the world have altered, is apt to cause the reader, who is thus affected, to exaggerate the importance of any intellectual movement with which the Author happened to be associated. There are, I know, people who think this is notably so in Dr. Newman's case. Crusty men, are to be met who rudely say they have heard enough of the Oxford movement, and that the time for penning ecstatic paragraphs about Dr. Newman's personal appearance in the pulpit at S. Mary's is over. I think these crusty people are wrong. The movement was no doubt an odd one in some of its aspects—it wore a very academic air indeed, and to be academic is to be ridiculous, in the opinion of many. Our great Northern Towns lived their grimy lives amidst the whirl of their machinery quite indifferent to the movement. Our huge Non-conformist bodies knew no more of the University of Oxford in

Cardinal Newman. (From a recent photograph.)

those days than they did of the University of Tübingen. This movement sent no missionaries to the miners, and its Tracts were not of the kind that are served suddenly upon you in the streets like legal process—but were in fact bulky treatises stuffed full of the dead languages. London, of course, heard about the movement, and, so far as she was not tickled by the comicality of the notion of anything really important happening outside her cab-radius, was irritated by it. Mr. Henry Rogers poked heavy fun at it in the *Edinburgh Review*. Mr. Isaac Taylor wrote two volumes to prove that Ancient Christianity was a drivelling and childish superstition, and in the opinion of some pious Churchmen succeeded in doing so. But for the most part people left the Movement alone, unless they happened to be very clerically connected or Bishops. "The Bishops," says Dr. Newman, "began charging against us." But Bishops' charges are amongst the many seemingly important things that do not count in England. It is said to be the duty of an Archdeacon to read his Bishop's

Charge, but it is undoubted law that a *mandamus* will not be granted to compel him to do so.

But notwithstanding this aspect of the case, it was a genuine thought-movement in propagating which these long-coated parsons, with their dry jokes, strange smiles, and queer notions were engaged. They used to drive about the country in gigs from one parsonage to another, and leave their tracts behind them. They were not concerned with the flocks—their message was to the shepherds. As for the dissenters, they had nothing to say to them except that their very presence in a parish was a plenary argument for the necessity of the movement.

The Tractarians met with the usual fortune of those who peddle new ideas. Some Rectors did not want to be primitive—more did not know what it meant, but enough were found pathetically anxious to read a meaning into their services and offices, to make it plain that the Tracts really were "for" and not "against" the times.

The great plot, plan, or purpose, call it what you will, of the Tractarian movement was to make Churchmen believe with a personal conviction that the Church of England was not a mere National Institution, like the House of Commons or the Game of Cricket, but a living branch of that Catholic Church which God had from the beginning endowed with sacramental gifts and graces, with a Priesthood apostolically descended, with a Creed, precise and specific, which it was the Church's duty to teach and man's to believe, and with a ritual and discipline to be practised and maintained with daily piety and entire submission.

These were new ideas in 1833. When Dr. Newman was ordained in 1824 he has told us he did not look on ordination as a sacramental rite nor did he ascribe to baptism any supernatural virtue.

It cannot be denied that the Tractarians had their work before them. But they had forces on their side.

It is always pleasant to rediscover the meaning of words and forms which have been dulled by long usage. This is why etymology is so fascinating. By the natural bent of our minds we are lovers of whatever things are true and real. We hanker after facts. To get a grip of reality is a pleasure so keen—most of our faith is so desperate a "make-believe," that it is not to be wondered at that pious folk should have been found who rejoiced to be told that what they had been saying and doing all the years of their lives really had a meaning and a history of its own. One would have to be very unsympathetic not to perceive that the time we are speaking of must have been a very happy one for many a devout soul. The dry bones lived — formal devotions were turned into joyous acts of faith and piety. The Church became a Living Witness to the Truth. She could be interrogated—she could answer. The old Calendar was revived, and Saint's Day followed Saint's Day, and Season Season in the sweet procession of the Christian Year. Pretty girls got up early, made the sign of the Cross, and, unscared by devils, tripped across the dewy meadows to Communion. Grave men read the Fathers and found themselves at home in the Fourth Century.

A great writer had, so it appears, all unconsciously prepared the way for this Neo-Catholicism. Dr. Newman has never forgotten to pay tribute to Sir Walter Scott.

Sir Walter's work has proved to be of so permanent a character, his insight into all things Scotch so deep and true, and his human worth and excellence so rare and noble, that it has hardly been worth while to remember the froth and effervescence he at first occasioned; but that he did create a movement in the Oxford direction is certain. He made the old Catholic times interesting. He was not indeed, like the Tractarians, a man of "primitive" mind, but he was romantic, and it all told. For this we have the evidence not only of Dr. Newman (a very nice observer), but also of the delightful, the bewitching, the never sufficiently to be praised George Borrow —Borrow, the Friend of Man, at whose bidding Lassitude and Languor strike their tents and flee, and Health and Spirits, Adventure and Human Comradeship take up the reins of life, whistle to the horses, and away you go!

Borrow has indeed, in the Appendix to the "Romany Rye," written of Sir Walter after a fashion for which I hope he has been forgiven. A piece of invective more terrible, more ungenerous, more savagely and exultingly cruel, is nowhere to be found. I shudder when I think of it. Had another written it, I could easily have brought myself to spit upon his tomb. Nothing he ever wrote should be in the same room with the "Heart of Midlothian," "Redgauntlet," and "The Antiquary." But I am not going to get angry with George Borrow. I say at once—I cannot afford it. But neither am I going to quote from the Appendix. God forbid! I can find elsewhere what will suit my purpose just as well. Readers of "Lavengro" will remember the man in black. It is hard to forget him, the scandalous creature, or his story of the ironmonger's daughter at Birmingham "who screeches to the piano the Lady of the Lake's hymn to the Virgin Mary, always weeps when Mary Queen of Scots is mentioned, and fasts on the anniversary of the death of that very wise martyr, Charles I. Why, said the man in black, I would engage to convert such an idiot to popery in a week, were it worth my trouble. O Cavaliere Gualtereo, avete fatto molto in favore della Santa Sede."

Another precursor was Coleridge, who (amongst other things) called attention to the writings of the earlier Anglican divines—some of whom were men of primitive tempers and Catholic aspirations. Andrews and Laud, Jackson, Bull, Hammond and Thorndyke—sound divines to a man—found the dust brushed off them. The second-hand booksellers, a wily and observant race, became alive to the fact that though Paley and Warburton, Horsley and Hoadley, were not worth the brown paper they came wrapped up in, seventeenth-century theology would bear being marked high.

Thus was the long Polar Winter that had befallen Anglican theology broken up, and the icebergs began moving about after a hap-hazard and even dangerous fashion—but motion is always something.

What has come to the Movement? It is hard to say. Its great leader has written a book of fascinating interest to prove that it was not a genuine Anglican movement at all; that it was foreign to the National Church, and that neither was its life derived from, nor was its course in the direction of, the National Church. But this was after he himself had joined the Church of Rome. Nobody, however, ventured to contradict him, nor is this surprising when we remember the profusion of argument and imagery with which he supported his case.

A point was reached, and then things were allowed to drop. The Church of Rome received some distinguished converts with her usual well-bred composure and gave them little things to do in their new places. The Tracts for the Times, neatly bound, repose on many shelves. Tract No. 90, that fierce bomb-shell which once scattered confusion through clerical circles, is perhaps the only bit of Dr. Newman's writing one does not, on thinking of, wish to sit down at once to re-read. The fact is that the movement, as a movement with a terminus *ad quem*, was fairly beaten by a power fit to be matched with Rome herself—John Bullism. John Bull could not be got to assume a Catholic demeanor. When his judges denied that the grace of Baptism was a dogma of his faith, Bull, instead of behaving as did the people of Milan when Ambrose was persecuted by an Arian government, was hugely pleased, clapped his thigh and exclaimed, through the mouth of Lord John Russell, that the ruling was "sure to give general satisfaction," as indeed it did.

The work of the movement can still be seen in the new spirit that has descended upon the Church of England and in the general heightening of Church Principles—but the movement itself is no longer to be seen, or much of the temper or modes of thought of the Tractarians. The High Church Clergyman of to-day is no Theologian—he is an Opportunist. The Tractarian took his stand upon Antiquity—he labored his points, he was always ready to prove his Rule of Faith and to define his position. His successor, though he has appropriated the results of the struggle, does not trouble to go on waging it. He is as a rule no great reader—you

may often search his scanty library in vain for the works of Bishop Jackson. Were you to ask for them it is quite possible he would not know to what Bishop of that name you were referring. He is as hazy about the Hypostatic Union as are many laymen about the Pragmatic Sanction. He is all for the People and for filling his Church. The devouring claims of the Church of Rome do not disturb his peace of mind. He thinks it very rude of her to dispute the validity of his orders—but then foreigners are rude! And so he goes on his hard-working way, with his high doctrines and his early services, and has neither time nor inclination for those studies that lend support to his priestly pretensions.

This temper of mind has given us peace in our time and has undoubtedly promoted the cause of Temperance and other good works; but some day or another the old questions will have to be gone into again and the Anglican claim to be a Church, Visible, Continuous, Catholic, and Gifted, investigated—probably for the last time.

Cynics may declare that it will be but a storm in a teacup—a dispute in which none but "women, priests, and peers" will be called upon to take part—but it is not an obviously wise policy to be totally indifferent to what other people are thinking about — simply because your own thoughts are running in other directions.

But all this is really no concern of mine. My object is to call attention to Dr. Newman's writings from a purely literary point of view.

The charm of Dr. Newman's style necessarily baffles description: as well might one seek to analyze the fragrance of a flower, or to expound in words the jumping of one's heart when a beloved friend unexpectedly enters the room. It is hard to describe charm. Mr. Matthew Arnold, who is a poet, gets near it:

> "And what but gentleness untired,
> And what but noble feeling warm,
> Wherever seen, howe'er inspired,
> Is grace, is charm?"

One can of course heap on words. Dr. Newman's style is pellucid, it is animated, it is varied; at times icy cold, it oftener glows with a fervent heat; it employs as its obedient and well-trained servant a vast vocabulary, and it does so always with the ease of the educated gentleman, who by a sure instinct ever avoids alike the ugly pedantry of the bookworm, the forbidding accents of the lawyer, and the stiff conceit of the man of scientific theory. Dr. Newman's sentences sometimes fall upon the ear like well-considered and final judgments, each word being weighed and counted out with dignity and precision; but at other times the demeanor and language of the Judge are hastily abandoned, and substituted for them we encounter the impetuous torrent—the captivating rhetoric, the brilliant imagery, the frequent examples, the repetition of the same idea in different words, of the eager and accomplished advocate addressing men of like passions with himself.

Dr. Newman always aims at effect and never misses it. He writes as an orator speaks, straight at you. His object is to convince, and to convince by engaging your attention, exciting your interest, enlivening your fancy. It is not his general practice to address the pure reason. He knows (he well may) how little reason has to do with men's convictions. "I do not want," he says, "to be converted by a smart syllogism." In another place he observes "the heart is commonly reached not through the reason—but through the imagination by means of direct impressions, by the testimony of facts and events, by history and by description. Persons influence us, voices melt us, books subdue us, deeds inflame us." I have elsewhere ventured upon a comparison between Burke and Newman. Both men, despite their subtlety and learning and super-refinement, their love of fine points and their splendid capacity for stating them in language so apt as to make one's admiration breathless, took very broad, common-sense, matter-of-fact views of humanity, and ever had the ordinary man and woman in mind as they spoke and wrote. Politics and Religion existed in their opinion for the benefit of plain folk, for Richard and for Jane, or, in other words, for living bundles of hopes and fears, doubts and certainties,

prejudices and passions. Anarchy and Atheism are in their opinion the two great enemies of the Human Race. How are they to be frustrated and confounded, men and women being what they are? Dr. Newman, secluded as has been his life, has always got the world in his eye; its unceasing roar sounds in his ear as does the murmur of ocean in the far inland shell. In one of his Catholic Sermons, the sixth of his Discourses to Mixed Congregations, there is a gorgeous piece of rhetoric in which he describes the people looking in at the shop-windows and reading advertisements in the newspapers. Many of his pages positively glow with light and heat and color. One is at times reminded of Fielding. And all this comparing, and distinguishing, and illustrating, and appealing, and describing is done with the practised hand of a consummate writer and orator. He is as subtle as Gladstone, and as moving as Erskine; but whereas Gladstone is often clumsy and Erskine is sometimes crude, Newman is never clumsy, Newman is never crude, but always graceful, always mellowed.

Humor he possesses in a marked degree. A quiet humor, of course, as befits his sober profession and the gravity of the subjects on which he loves to discourse. It is not the humor that is founded on a lively sense of the Incongruous. This kind, though the most delightful of all, is apt, save in the hands of the great Masters, the men whom you can count upon your fingers, to get to wear a slightly professional aspect. It happens unexpectedly, but all the same we expect it to happen, and we have got our laughter ready. Newman's quiet humor always takes us unawares and is accepted gratefully, partly on account of its intrinsic excellence, and partly because we are glad to find that the

"Pilgrim pale with Paul's sad girdle bound"

has room for mirth in his heart.

In Sarcasm Dr. Newman is pre-eminent. Here his extraordinary powers of compression, which are little short of marvellous in one who has also such a talent for expansion, come to his aid and enable him to squeeze into a couple of sentences pleadings, argument, judgment, and execution. Had he led the secular life, and adopted a parliamentary career he would have been simply terrific, for his weapons of offence are both numerous and deadly. His sentences stab—his invective destroys. The pompous high-placed imbecile, mouthing his platitudes, the wordy sophister with his oven full of half-baked thoughts, the ill-bred rhetorician with his tawdry aphorisms, the heartless hate-producing satirist would have gone down before his sword and spear. But God was merciful to these sinners: Newman became a Priest, and they Privy Councillors.

And lastly, all these striking qualities and gifts float about in a pleasant atmosphere. As there are some days even in England when merely to go out and breathe the common air is joy, and when, in consequence, that grim tyrant, our bosom's lord

"Sits lightly in his throne,"

so, to take up almost any one of Dr. Newman's books, and they are happily numerous—between twenty and thirty volumes—is to be led away from "evil tongues," and the "sneers of selfish men," from the mud and the mire, the shoving and pushing that gather and grow round the pig-troughs of life, into a diviner ether, a purer air, and is to spend your time in the company of one who, though he may sometimes astonish, yet never fails to make you feel (to use Carlyle's words about a very different Author) "that you have passed your evening well and nobly, as in a temple of wisdom, not ill and disgracefully as in brawling tavern supper-rooms with fools and noisy persons."

The tendency to be egotistical noticeable in some persons who are free from the faintest taint of egotism is a tendency hard to account for—but delightful to watch.

"Anything," says glorious John Dryden, "though ever so little, which a man speaks of himself—in my opinion, is still too much." A sound opinion most surely, and yet how interesting are the personal touches we find scattered up and down Dryden's noble prefaces. So

with Newman — his dignity, his self-restraint, his taste, are all the greatest stickler for a stiff upper lip and the consumption of your own smoke could desire, and yet the personal note is frequently sounded. He is never afraid to strike it whenever the perfect harmony that exists between his character and his style demands its sound, and so it has come about that we love what he has written because he wrote it, and we love him who wrote it because of what he has written.

I now approach by far the pleasantest part of my task, namely, the selection of two or three passages from Dr. Newman's books by way of illustrating what I have taken the liberty to say are notable characteristics of his style.

Let me begin with a chance specimen of the precision of his language. The passage is from the prefatory Notice the Cardinal prefixed to the Rev. William Palmer's "Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church in the Years 1840, 1841." It is dated 1882, and is consequently the writing of a man over eighty years of age: "William Palmer was one of those earnest-minded and devout men, forty years since, who, deeply convinced of the great truth that our Lord had instituted, and still acknowledges and protects, a Visible Church—one, individual, and integral—Catholic, as spread over the Earth, Apostolic, as coeval with the Apostles of Christ, and Holy, as being the dispenser of His Word and Sacraments—considered it at present to exist in three main branches, or rather in a triple presence, the Latin, the Greek, and the Anglican, these three being one and the same Church, distinguishable from each other by secondary, fortuitous, and local, though important characteristics. And whereas the whole Church in its fulness was, as they believed, at once and severally Anglican, Greek, and Latin, so in turn each one of those three was the whole Church; whence it followed that, whenever any one of the three was present, the other two, by the nature of the case, was absent, and therefore the three could not have direct relations with each other, as if they were three substantive bodies, there being no real difference between them except the external accident of place. Moreover since, as has been said, on a given territory there could not be more than one of the three, it followed that Christians generally, wherever they were, were bound to recognize, and had a claim to be recognized by that one; ceasing to belong to the Anglican Church, as Anglican, when they were at Rome, and ignoring Rome, as Rome, when they found themselves at Moscow. Lastly, not to acknowledge this inevitable outcome of the initial idea of the Church, viz., that it was both everywhere and one, was bad logic, and to act in opposition to it was nothing short of setting up altar against altar, that is the hideous sin of schism, and a sacrilege. This I conceive to be the formal teaching of Anglicanism."

The most carefully considered judgments of Lord Westbury or Lord Cairns may be searched in vain for finer examples of stern accuracy and beautiful aptness of language.

For examples of what may be called Newman's oratorical rush, one has not far to look—though when torn from their context and deprived of their conclusion they are robbed of three-fourths of their power. Here is a passage from his Second Lecture addressed to the Anglican Party of 1833. It is on the Life of the National Church of England.

"Doubtless the national religion is alive. It is a great power in the midst of us, it wields an enormous influence; it represses a hundred foes; it conducts a hundred undertakings. It attracts men to it, uses them, rewards them; it has thousands of beautiful homes up and down the country where quiet men may do its work and benefit its people; it collects vast sums in the shape of voluntary offerings, and with them it builds churches, prints and distributes innumerable Bibles, books, and tracts, and sustains missionaries in all parts of the Earth. In all parts of the Earth it opposes the Catholic Church, denounces her as anti-christian, bribes the world against her, obstructs her influence, apes her authority, and confuses her evidence. In all parts of the world it is the religion of gentlemen, of scholars, of men of substance, and men of no personal faith at all. If this be life, if it be life to impart a tone to the court and

houses of Parliament, to ministers of state, to law and literature, to universities and schools, and to society,—if it be life to be a principle of order in the population, and an organ of benevolence and almsgiving towards the poor,—if it be life to make men decent, respectable, and sensible, to embellish and reform the family circle, to deprive vice of its grossness and to shed a glow over avarice and ambition,—if indeed it is the life of religion to be the first jewel in the Queen's crown, and the highest step of her throne, then doubtless the National Church is replete, it overflows with life; but the question has still to be answered, Life of what kind?"

For a delightful example of Dr. Newman's, humor, which is largely if not entirely a playful humor, I will remind the reader of the celebrated imaginary speech against the British Constitution attributed to "a member of the junior branch of the Potemkin family," and supposed to have been delivered at Moscow in the year 1850. It is too long for quotation, but will be found in the first of the "Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England." The whole book is one of the best humored books in the English language.

Of his sarcasm, the following example, well known as it is, must be given. It occurs in the Essay on the "Prospects of the Anglican Church," which is reprinted from the "British Critic" in the first volume of the "Essays Critical and Historical."

"In the present day mistiness is the mother of wisdom. A man who can set down half-a-dozen general propositions, which escape from destroying one another only by being diluted into truisms, who can hold the balance between opposites so skilfully as to do without fulcrum or beam, who never enunciates a truth without guarding himself from being supposed to exclude the contradictory, who holds that Scripture is the only authority—yet that the Church is to be deferred to, that faith only justifies, yet that it does not justify without works, that grace does not depend on the sacraments, yet is not given without them, that bishops are a divine ordinance—yet those who have them not are in the same religious condition as those who have—this is your safe man and the hope of the Church; this is what the Church is said to want, not party men, but sensible, temperate, sober, well-judging persons to guide it through the channel of No-meaning, between the Scylla and Charybdis of Aye and No. But, alas! reading sets men thinking. They will not keep standing in that very attitude, which you please to call sound Church-of-Englandism or orthodox Protestantism. It tires them, it is so very awkward, and for the life of them—they cannot continue in it long together, where there is neither article nor canon to lean against — they cannot go on forever standing on one leg, or sitting without a chair, or walking with their legs tied, or grazing like Tityrus's stags on the air. Promises imply conclusions—germs lead to developments; principles have issues; doctrines lead to action."

Of the personal note to which I have made reference—no examples need or should be given. Such things must not be transplanted from their own homes.

"The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearl to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam
And brought my sea-born treasures home:
But the poor, unsightly noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun and the sand and the wild
uproar."

If I may suppose that this paper may be read by someone who is not yet acquainted with Newman's writings I would advise him, unless he is bent on theology, to begin not with the "Sermons," not even with the "Apologia," but with the "Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England." Then let him take up the Lectures "On the Idea of an University" and on "University Subjects." These may be followed by "Discussions and Arguments," after which he will be well disposed to read the Lectures on the "Difficulties felt by Anglicans." If after he has despatched these volumes he is not infected with what one of those charging Bishops called "Newmania," he is possessed of a

devil of Obtuseness no wit of man can drive out.

Of the strength of Dr. Newman's philosophical position, which he has explained in his "Grammar of Assent," it would ill become me to speak. He there strikes the shield of John Locke. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.* But it is difficult even for the most ignorant of us not to have shy notions and lurking suspicions even about such big subjects and great men. Locke maintained that a man's belief in a proposition really depended upon and bore a relation to the weight of evidence forthcoming in its favor. Dr. Newman asserts that certainty is a quality of propositions and he has discovered in man "an illative sense" whereby conclusions are converted into dogmas and a measured concurrence into an unlimited and absolute assurance. This Illative Sense is hardly a thing (if I may use an expression for ever associated with Lord Macaulay) to be cocksure about. Wedges, said the mediæval mechanic to his pupils, split wood by virtue of a wood-splitting quality in wedges—but now we are indisposed to endow wedges with qualities, and if not wedges—why propositions? But the "Grammar of Assent" is a beautiful book, and with a quotation from it I will close my quotations: "Thus it is that Christianity is the fulfilment of the promise made to Abraham and of the Mosaic revelations; this is how it has been able from the first to occupy the world and gain a hold on every class of human society to which its preachers reached; this is why the Roman power and the multitude of religions which it embraced could not stand against it; this is the secret of its sustained energy, and its never-flagging martyrdoms; this is how at present it is so mysteriously potent, in spite of the new and fearful adversaries which beset its path. It has with it that gift of stanching and healing the one deep wound of human nature, which avails more for its success than a full encyclopædia of scientific knowledge and a whole library of controversy, and therefore it must last while human nature lasts."

It is fitting that our last quotation should be one which leaves the Cardinal face to face with his Faith.

Dr. Newman's poetry cannot be passed over without a word—though I am ill-fitted to do justice to it. "Lead, kindly Light" has forced its way into every hymn-book and heart. Those who go, and those who do not go to church, the fervent believer and the tired-out sceptic here meet on common ground. The language of the Verses in their intense sincerity seems to reduce all human feelings, whether fed on dogmas and holy rites or on man's own sad heart, to a common denominator.

"The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on."

The Believer can often say no more. The Unbeliever will never willingly say less.

Amongst Dr. Newman's "Verses on Various Occasions" (though in some cases the earlier Versions to be met with in the "Lyra Apostolica" are to be preferred to the later) poems will be found by those who look, conveying sure and certain evidence of the possession by the poet of the true lyrical gift—though almost cruelly controlled by the course of the poet's thoughts and the nature of his subjects. One is sometimes constrained to cry "Oh, if he could only get out into the wild blowing airs, how his pinions would sweep the skies," but such thoughts are unlicensed and unseemly. That we have two such religious poets as Cardinal Newman and Miss Christina Rossetti is or ought to be matter for sincere rejoicing.

AN EVENING FANTASY.

By William A. Leahy.

I THINK my spirit is in the wild sea-bird
That o'er the wave flies foraging. I bathe
My bosom in the surf. Strange phantoms gird
My phantom flight. Strange forms my forehead swathe.
Amid the waters in the everglooms
Dim, dim below, dwelleth the race of man,
Poor coral-builders in the sea of time,
Whom wrathful doom, or that ancestral ban
The moss-hid legends say, amid this slime
With death in hideous revelry entombs.

In vain, O Death! they cease not. They bequeath
Themselves, insculptured in eternal stone,
To be the pillars of new lives that breathe
And flourish o'er them. Thus from zone to zone
The godlike temple of their race they rear.
Oh, Atlas on his heavy shoulders held
No grander burden than a man inwrought
Into that tower the generations build
Skyward to their hoped heaven, where Death, outfought,
Shall vanish, and Pain break his wounding spear.

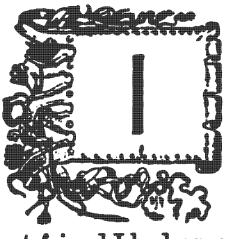
The day is near. The winds' invisible hands
O'erstrew the ledge with soil. Sweet showers and spray,
Descending, do enrich the barren sands
To banks thick-grown and floral with the May.
Now hillsides and the wavy-bosomed lea
Pour forth a magic bloom. Nor lack clear lakes,
Nor woodlands green, nor arches for the bower
Of virgin love, nor songsters in the brakes,
To make most fair this odorous ocean flower,
That blossomed from the bottom of the sea;—

This island-garden of the sweet to-morrow,
(Who are the cowards that gaze ahead with fears?)
Whose only sorrow is the dearth of sorrow,
That Love no more can melt away its tears;
Where, never older than the roses are
That through the green their ripeness just unfold,
Men dwell with Good and Beauty, and still chase
The flying woodland footfall to behold
Amid the glooms, at last, Truth's heavenly face
Revealëd, like the bursting of a star.

LALOR ABBOO SINGH.

By George H. Jessop.

I.



HAD snatched a fortnight's vacation, a few days before Christmas, and was on my way to spend it with Tom Kavanagh, perhaps the oldest and dearest friend I had on earth. We had been school-boys together, and had kept up our intimacy to more purpose than is usual in such friendships. When I was at Oxford, Tom's regiment was quartered at Aldershot, and we saw a good deal of each other, visited Epsom together and lost more money than either of us could afford. As boys, we had both made up our minds to go into the army; Tom carried out his programme, but circumstances forced me to the University and afterward to the bar. The army, as my father was never tired of informing me, was no provision, and I could not afford it. To tell the truth neither could Tom; but he had only a widowed mother to deal with—dear old lady, it must be eight years since she died;—besides Tom had expectations, and I had none. I have often acknowledged since that my governor was right. I have not the figure for a cavalry officer, and I had rather face the Lord Chancellor any day than an Afghan or a Zulu; but at the time I thought myself hardly used. Nevertheless I ate my dinners at the Inner Temple with very fair appetite, got through my work at a conveyancer's office, and contrived to see a good deal of Tom Kavanagh in the meanwhile. He kept a spicy little trap, I remember, however he managed it, and we never missed a pigeon day at Hurlingham.

Then Tom's regiment was ordered to India, and I saw nothing of him for—let me see—ten years, every day of it. How the time slips away when a man has passed five and thirty! In all those years I never met my old pal, and I heard of him but seldom. His name was in orders once or twice, but he did not return to England. I followed his career with interest, however, and was as much pleased the day he got his troop as if I had taken silk myself. Then his ship came home—metaphorically, actually—in every sense of the word. The "expectations" which had been used as an argument in favor of his superior fitness for a military life took shape at last, and characteristically enough, Captain Kavanagh thereupon promptly left the service. He came home, settled down, and married. He looked me up in London every day during his brief stay in town, was sincerely and unaffectedly glad to see me, and insisted on my stealing a week to visit him at Christmas.

I should have mentioned that the "expectations" which had done so much to shape my friend's career came from a misanthropic and eccentric uncle whom Tom had never seen. This old gentleman had lived a life of celibacy and strictest retirement in the wilds of Galway, and had announced his intention of leaving Master Tom everything if that young officer should make no attempt to see him during his life—an obviously easy condition which the heir-expectant implicitly observed. "I wouldn't worry my dear uncle for the world, Ned," he has often said to me with a grin; "the old gentleman objects to legacy-hunters; I'll take him at his word; this is a match that plays itself; and the only kind of game that's worth bagging without stalking it, is a fortune."

Old Peter Kavanagh was as good as his word, and his death the year before had left Tom master of some six thousand pounds a year, a house in London, and an estate in Connemara.

And that is how I, Edward Leslie, Esq., of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, came to be crossing the Irish Channel on that extremely disagreeable December night.

A fine, misty rain was blotting out the

vaunted prospect of the Wicklow hills as we steamed up the Liffey. I have heard Dublin Bay described as one of the most beautiful in the world, but though I have entered it three times, I cannot say I have ever seen it. Poor Erin has her woes, as she is fond of telling the world, and no doubt that is the reason why she generally welcomes her visitor with tears.

I was not inclined to be captious, however. The Violet moved along on an even keel, and I ventured to creep out on deck with my fellow sufferers. But my patience was subjected to a severe trial on landing. The boat was unusually crowded, and the facilities for handling luggage struck me as entirely inadequate. Before I could rescue my modest belongings from the general confusion, and bestow them on a cab, my watch told me that I had already missed the train I had intended to take. There was nothing for it but to drive to a hotel and wait for the next with such patience as I could command.

A few minutes later I was sheltered from the rain that had never ceased falling since we had sighted the Irish coast, and my ill-humor was rapidly thawing out under the influence of a good breakfast.

A consultation of time-tables showed that the first train available for my purpose left at one P.M., so I had a long forenoon on my hands. I sent a telegram to Tom Kavanagh, stating that I had been delayed and would come on by the one o'clock express. I wandered to the door of the hotel every half-hour or so and searched the sky in vain for some prospect of clearing; I anathematized my travelled friend who had suggested the North Wall route, as often as I reflected that the mail boat would have landed me in time, and that was not seldom; and, on the whole, passed as dreary a morning as any I remember. It was with no small feeling of relief that I climbed into my vehicle and resumed my interrupted journey to the Broadstone.

Irish trains, as a rule, are not rapid travellers, and the country was flat, dull, and uninteresting. I afterward learned that the first half of my journey lay through the bog of Allen—a monotonous district at best, and not rendered livelier by the prevailing hue of the overcast skies, and the incessantly falling rain. It was not till we approached the Shannon at Athlone that the dead level gave place to rolling hills and the scenery began to take on a pleasantly diversified aspect. By that time it had grown too dark for sight-seeing, and I leaned back in the corner of the carriage discontentedly enough. Still, I was nearing my journey's end, and the thought of the hearty welcome that was awaiting me was enough to dissipate a legion of even bluer devils than my mismanaged trip had conjured up. Tom Kavanagh would be there—jolly, hearty, and handsome, and his wife—I wondered what she would be like. To one thing I had made up my mind. I would take the utmost possible enjoyment out of my fortnight's vacation; I would leave all thoughts of briefs and latitats in my locked-up chambers; I would have a hot corner at the cover-shooting to-morrow, and see if my hand had lost all its former cunning. Of late, I had had little practice, but ten or a dozen years ago I was considered more than a fair shot. Never to be compared to Tom Kavanagh, to be sure, who was one of the deadliest marksmen with any species of fire-arm I have ever seen; but then Tom was accustomed to be king of his company where sporting matters were concerned. I had no doubt but that I should acquit myself at least respectably, for I was thoroughly fond of a good day with the beaters. As I quitted the train at the little rural station to which I had been directed to take my ticket, life looked far rosier than it had seemed to me in Dublin.

A smart-looking groom touched his hat to me as I stepped on the platform.

"Gentleman for Tullybeg, sir?"

I answered in the affirmative and saw my light luggage transferred to a handsomely appointed dog-cart which stood, with lighted lamps, in the miry road behind the station. A tall, rakish-looking bay horse was between the shafts, and as he tossed his head and rattled the silver-mounted harness, I thought to myself that ten years of Indian tats had not vitiated my friend's judgment of horse-flesh.

"Beg pardon, sir; I'll see if there's anything for Captain Kavanagh," and the groom crossed over to where the station-master was standing. I saw the latter hand him a telegram in its reddish-brown envelope. Then the servant swung himself up to his seat.

"Like to drive, sir?" he said.

"No," I answered, "I'd rather keep my hands warm; and besides I don't know the way."

He gave the horse his head and we bowled along at a slashing pace into the darkness, for the light of the lamps only extended a few feet, and beyond their influence the night stood like a wall. I had a misgiving that the telegram I had seen the groom receive was the same I had sent in the morning.

"When was that telegram received here?" I asked.

"Some time this forenoon, sir," he answered; "you see it's twelve miles out to Tullybeg and no way of sending them, so they just lie there till somebody happens to call for them."

I laughed inwardly. I was beginning to realize how far I was from London.

"Have you been waiting long?" I resumed; "I expected to have come down by an earlier train, but missed it."

"Oh, no, sir; I only came for this train. Captain Kavanagh, he said, sir, when you wrote you was a comin' by North Wall, that you'd never make the nine o'clock and there was no use a thinkin' of it."

Here was an opportunity to breathe another blessing on the friend who had laid out my itinerary, and I availed myself of it.

"Ga-a-ate!" sang out the groom, and the tall bay was checked, restless and pawing, till the broad iron gate swung back, and we dashed forward into the dark avenue. The wheels crunched on the gravel of the drive; the horse, recognizing the vicinity of his stable, strained at the bit. I drew a long breath of relief. The twelve miles were passed, and they had been nothing like as bad as I had expected. If people will live a dozen miles from the nearest station, the least they can do is to keep good horses, and Tom was never likely to fail in his duty in that respect.

A sort of portico, with pillars, projected from the front door, and under that shelter we pulled up. It struck me as a particularly good arrangement for driving parties in a moist climate. I had been able to see but little of the house as I approached, but that little impressed me favorably. It was large, and apparently well filled, to judge by the number of lighted windows, and it had a substantial, comfortable, hospitable air as it confronted the tired traveller, outlined against the blackness of a rainy winter night.

And a perfect glow of greeting poured from the broad hall door, which was flung open the instant we drew up. Tom was standing on the upper step, framed and backed in the light behind him. Very handsome and soldierly he looked, with his tall, erect figure, his frank Irish blue eyes, and clearly-cut face, with the heavy, dark cavalry mustache shading the upper lip.

"Welcome to Tullybeg, old man!" he said, running down and almost lifting me from the dog-cart. "You're froze entirely I suppose, but we'll soon set that right. Jones, you'd better give Faugh-a-Ballagh a bran mash after you rub him down, and when you've done come round and I'll send you a glass of punch. You all must have got a cruel wetting; this way, Ned—" by this time I was in the hall and divesting myself of my outer garments, while a footman carried in my luggage. Tom went on without giving me a chance to speak. "Take that portmanteau up to Mr. Leslie's room. You brought your gun, I see. You needn't; I could have let you have your pick of a dozen—leave it here. McTaggart will look it over for you in the morning. Well, old man," with another grasp of the hand—"and how's every inch of you?"

"Fair to middling," I answered, "a little wet and a trifle tired, that's all. I missed the first train——"

"Of course you did; come along and I'll show you your room. We're old-fashioned here, but we try to be comfortable. What's this, anyhow?" he added, opening the telegram the groom had handed him as we were moving toward the broad, shallow-stepped oaken stairs.

He read the message with a laugh.

"It's your own, Ned; you might have brought it yourself and saved your sixpence—no one ever wires down here. It's waste of time. The post is quicker."

"So I perceive," I answered; "and now, how is Mrs. Kavanagh?"

"Eva? She's just— Oh, come now, none of your Old Bailey tricks on me. That's not a fair question to ask a man and he less than a year married. Now, here's your room, jump into dry togs and come down and judge for yourself."

What a picture to put before a man fresh from the miseries of the Irish Channel, fresh from a rainy forenoon in Dublin; fresh from six hours of the bog of Allen, fresh from twelve long miles of Galway hill and hollow—a good-sized room with two curtained windows facing the door as you entered; a bed that seemed, like an innocent defendant, to crave an immediate trial; some half a dozen chairs of various patterns, all comfortable; a soft thick carpet on the floor, and several well-chosen engravings and etchings on the walls. Last but not least, a pair of lighted candles on the dressing-table and another pair on the broad mantlepiece, beneath which blazed and roared and cracked and sputtered one of the most glorious wood-fires it has ever been my good fortune to keep company with. Breathing a sigh of ineffable content, I kicked off my boots, sank into an easy chair and extended my chilled extremities toward the comforting blaze.

"Like it, eh?" said my host after contemplating me for a moment. I could only signify my acquiescence by a nod. "Well, thaw out," he went on, "and then get into your duds. It's only twenty minutes to dinner, and everyone's dressing I suppose by this time."

The footman had unstrapped my portmanteau and was now laying out my evening clothes. I cast a very wistful look at the brightness and comfort around me, and rose to my feet, stifling a sigh. Tom's quick eye noticed and interpreted my reluctance.

"Now, I'll tell you what, Ned," he began cheerily, "you're tired and done up and all that, you know; you're not as young as you used to be—oh, yes, we're both the same age, of course," he pursued, anticipating my unspoken protest, "but you lawyers age faster among your sheepskins than we Indians do among our tigerskins. By the way, I'll show you some beauties to-morrow; but what I mean now is this: We're rather a houseful, and if you don't feel equal to meeting them all to-night after your journey, don't come down at all. Get into dressing-gown and slippers, throw a log on the fire, and I'll send you up a bit of dinner."

"Tom, you've saved my life," I exclaimed enthusiastically. "The picture you draw is Elysium itself."

"What a lazy beggar you are," he said with a laugh, as I proceeded to don the garments he had suggested and settle myself once more before the fire. "Well, I can't be with you always; I'll try to steal half an hour somehow before bed-time and come up and have a cigar with you." The door closed and he was gone.

I threw another log on the fire and, blessing Tom for his hospitable consideration, I lay back with, I do not doubt, much the same feelings that inspire a cat to purr herself to sleep in the sunshine. Presently the "bit of dinner" promised by my host appeared—some clear soup, a slice of the hard side of a noble salmon, a cutlet, the wing of a pheasant, cheese and celery. Tom remembered my tastes and had consulted them. It was just such a dinner as I should have chosen, and I was exactly in the frame of mind to enjoy it. The claret was good too, but the Madeira—I don't know where the rogue could have come by it. Perhaps old Peter Kavanagh had laid in a stock in his youthful days, but, certain it is, we never get such wine now. I made a capital meal and then, pouring out a third glass of that unparalleled Madeira, I pushed the tray aside, lighted a cigar, and gave myself up to the pleasant thoughts inspired by a good digestion and an easy conscience.

II.

I MIGHT have been smoking and ruminating five minutes or more when the door opened and Tom Kavanagh put

his head into the room. After looking round to see that I was alone, he beckoned me to follow him. I rose in some bewilderment, but, before I could ask him what was the matter, he laid his finger on his lips, commanding silence with a most impressive gesture. When I reached the door he grasped my right wrist in his left hand, holding it in a vice-like grip, and drew me after him, out of the room and along the passage that ran past it, walking rapidly but with elaborate caution. Involuntarily I imitated him. Whatever this mysterious conduct of Tom's might mean, it was evident that he did not wish us to be overheard.

Another passage led at right angles out of the one we were traversing. The turning was to the left and we followed it. After a few paces we came to a descent of two steps. The corridor was dimly lighted, and Tom held my arm tighter as if to assist me, but he did not utter a word. A few feet beyond the steps was a door. This my conductor opened and pushed me forward into the room. Whether he accompanied me or not I could not say, for all my attention was enchained and my senses held spell-bound by the scene before me.

The apartment was large and handsome, and furnished like a drawing-room, in solid, substantial style, but relieved by an abundance of those little feminine knick-knacks which testify to a lady's care. To the left of the door were three tall windows draped in some dark stuff, and despite the wintry weather, the grate at the further end was innocent of fire ; it was almost hidden by a mass of flowers. Abundant light came from a large, old-fashioned chandelier which hung in the centre, and reflected the blaze of scores of wax candles from the facets of its cut-glass ornaments.

This was all I noticed about the room, and I wonder that my observation went even so far, in view of the terrible tableau which at once riveted my attention as I entered. A lady, in fashionable evening dress, had sunk on one knee near the centre of the floor. The myriad lights from the chandelier threw her beautiful figure out in bold relief ; her hair was unbound—magnificent auburn hair that swept in a generous volume over her shoulders and touched the ground as she knelt. Her hands were raised as if in terror, and her whole attitude expressed the extremity of horror. Her head was thrown back and she was gazing upward, but her face was turned from me. With his left hand clutching her shoulder and his right hand raised, stood a young man—his age I might guess to be four or five and twenty. His face, which in repose would probably be strikingly handsome, was drawn and disfigured by an expression of the most devilish passion. It looked to me like the face of a madman. Though clad in the ordinary evening dress of a gentleman of the day, he seemed to be a foreigner and nearly akin to those races which we are accustomed to consider semi-barbarous. His swarthy complexion, black eyes, and serpent-like configuration of head led me to set him down as an East Indian. Glittering in the right hand was a long, extremely thin dagger. The hilt, as it showed above his grasp, sparkled with precious stones, and I distinctly caught the green light reflected from a large emerald. The blade, toward the point polished, blue, and murderous-looking, was arabesqued toward the haft with a strange, intricate pattern which I easily traced as I looked at it, but which I would try in vain to describe. This was the tableau that met my eyes as I passed the door, and the strange weirdness of it, coming in such a place, its unexpected horror, froze the blood in my veins and turned my limbs to stone. I strove to cry out, but I could not articulate ; my voice would go no further than my throat, where it died away in a hoarse murmur. For a moment I was as helpless as a statue, frozen into silence and inaction by the sight.

A moment was enough ! I do not believe I was a second in the room. All the details of the picture burned themselves into my brain as if stamped by a brand. Then, and it was at the instant of my entrance, I saw the man's features contract ; I closed my eyes involuntarily, for I felt that the blow was coming, and at the instant, with a frantic effort, I mastered the horror that had chained me silent. I sprang forward

into the room, shrieking "Help, help!" at the top of my voice.

With the first step I was conscious of a change. I stopped and rubbed my eyes. I was in my own well-lighted apartment, the fire blazing away merrily in front of me, and the arm-chair in which I had been sitting overturned at my feet. Was it possible that it was only a dream? I was not conscious of having slept, or even of having felt drowsy, and the cigar I had been smoking was still alight between my fingers, though crushed and broken in my spasmodic grasp. If I had dozed at all, my slumbers must have been of the shortest, and I was conscious of none of the sensations which usually herald our return from dreamland. All the scene that I had witnessed and have attempted to describe was as vividly before my eyes, and present in my mind to its minutest detail, as if I had actually seen it. I would have known that young Oriental, with his serpentine head and handsome, passionate face, among a thousand. I would have sworn to the lady's hair and the curve of her shoulders, though I had not seen her face. I would even have recognized the jewelled dagger, and as for the room—it had as much reality and distinctness and character as the room I stood in. This being so, how could I have dreamed it all? and yet it was impossible to fancy that a young Indian should have stabbed a lovely lady in Tom Kavanagh's Galway house; and stranger yet that Kavanagh should have known of the crime and brought me upon the scene just in time to witness it. But at any rate, here I was in my own room and I had no consciousness of how I got there. Realistic as the whole vision had been, this fact was enough to stamp it what it was—rather horrible, and a good deal out of the common, but only a night-mare after all, bred of a fatiguing day and Irish salmon and Madeira.

Now, all my life I have been unusually free from those torments of the darker hours—indeed, if I have ever dreamed at all, the impression made upon me has been so evanescent that my waking has retained no memory of the unsubstantial fancies of my sleep. This made it the more difficult for me to believe that the whole of that murderous, fantastic scene had been merely the figment of a drowsy imagination; yet what was I to think? At all events, even granting that the tragedy was only an unusually substantial piece of "the stuff that dreams are made of," I was fully persuaded that my agonized cry for help had been uttered aloud and I wondered if I had disturbed anybody. I opened the door and listened. Not a sound. No doubt everyone was at dinner, and the servants most likely were in the lower regions. As I looked out I could not but notice that the passage ran past my room exactly as it had done in my dream. I was not conscious of having observed this when I first came up-stairs with Tom, but no doubt I had noticed it; now, as everything was quiet, it seemed a good opportunity to prove the fallacy of my strange vision by discrediting it at the very outset. I had never been in Tullybeg House before, therefore it was clear that the various corridors I had seemed to traverse under my host's guidance must be as much figments of my distempered fancy as the Indian, the lady, or the dagger. I remembered every inch of the ground I had passed over on my way to the chamber of horrors; now I would see what this part of the house was like in reality.

Tullybeg had no gas and the passages were not lighted. I remembered that, as I had imagined them, they were not altogether dark, though far from brilliantly illuminated. This reassured me, and returning to my room, I took one of the candles from the mantlepiece and started on my tour of inspection. Strange! The very passage I had traversed intersected the other at the identical spot as I remembered it. I turned to the left and kept on. Two steps, placed just as those were which I had descended. These strange confirmations threw my mind into disorder again. I advanced. There was the door—the very door that Tom had thrown open for me—the door behind which I had seen that terrible tragedy enacted. I caught my breath. There was certainly something very curious about all this—something uncanny, it seemed to me. I tried the door; it was fastened. I knocked, but there was no response. Shading the light I stooped down and

peeped through the keyhole. Only darkness. If this chamber had a ghastly secret, it shrouded its secret well. I returned to my own room, set the candle on the mantlepiece, and threw a fresh log on the fire. Then I lit a cigar and smoked myself into a condition of quieter nerves. A night-mare it must be; it could be nothing else; and as for the strange identity of the corridors—it was easier to assume that I had walked in my sleep and actually traversed them, than that a murder had been committed in the house under such extraordinary circumstances.

Tom came in presently with a hearty greeting and a particular cigar which he insisted on my trying. He was full of his arrangements for to-morrow's cover-shooting. We were to try Altedioul—that is the best attempt I can make at spelling the name he told me—and I was to have a particularly hot corner, where, as he said, if I didn't shoot more woodcocks and pheasants than I ever saw together before, I need never look McTaggart in the face again. Passing on from this to more general conversation, Tom, who was in love if ever a man was, told me how he had met his wife. She had been the belle of Simla it seemed, the summer he was there, and run after by every man in the place from the governor-general's aides-de-camp to the best of the Baboos themselves. "How she ever came to think twice about a fellow like me, I'll never tell you," he said, but I thought I could hazard a guess as I looked at his tanned, manly face lighted up by the big, blue-gray eyes—I have always told Tom his eyes were much too handsome for a man. However, it seemed, to use his own phraseology, when he took up the running, he cut down the field in no time, and they would have been engaged in three months only her father wouldn't hear of it. "You see, I hadn't a shilling," said Tom, "and the old boy naturally thought a girl like Eva should make a good match. However, just in the nick of time, dear old Uncle Peter died and then it was all plain sailing, and here we are."

I congratulated him heartily and promised myself a great deal of pleasure in making his wife's acquaintance; and before we said good-night—for my dream still weighed on me a good deal, I took occasion to ask my host who was the occupant of the room at the foot of the steps on the corridor.

"Hullo, have you been out foraging? Now, what have you been looking for, I'd like to know?"

I parried his badinage and brought him back to the question as soon as possible.

"The room at the foot of the two steps," he repeated. "Confound those two steps; I nearly broke my neck down them the first time I went over the house. That's the red room, as we call it. It's not occupied just now, and it's kept locked up, or it ought to be."

"It isn't furnished as a drawing-room, is it?" I asked.

"As a drawing-room, no, of course not. It's a bedroom, like this, only not quite as good. I'll show you over the whole house on Sunday—no shooting Sunday you know, and you can pick out a Bluebeard's Chamber to suit yourself, if you can't live without romance."

And with a hearty good-night he left me.

So the room was not as I had seen it. There was a sensible consolation in that, and the fact that my impressions had been correct only as far as the outside of the locked door seemed to confirm my idea that the whole thing was a simple case of somnambulism. Still I could not help acknowledging to myself that it was a very remarkable dream.

There is not much in the record of a week's cover-shooting, varied by two days' hunting, and that was the history of my vacation at Tullybeg. I acquitted myself fairly well, and if I did not win golden opinions from the game-keeper, McTaggart, that functionary admitted that I "shot vara weel for a Lunnoner." But in truth it would have required a Carver or a Bogardus to show to advantage beside Captain Kavanagh at the cover side. Literally every cartridge told, and he confessed to me one evening, at the close of a long day, that he would have to invent some other kind of sport, for woodcocks were too easy. This to me, who accounted myself lucky if I could bag one in three in the thick cover! Another day, my last at Tully-

beg, I came upon him seated at the back of a ditch, in company with the under-keeper who was manipulating a pair of ferrets. Tom had a revolver in his hand, and was actually shooting at the rabbits with it as the ferrets bolted them—and not only shooting at them, but killing them three times out of five. He hailed me with his usual cordiality.

"Come along, Ned; I've hit on a sport at last that gives the game half a chance. I'll send Pat up to the house for another revolver for you if you'd like to join me."

I declined with thanks. Shooting bolting rabbits with a breech-loader has always appeared to me difficult enough to satisfy a man of moderate ambition, and I did not believe I could put a pistol-bullet in the same field with one of the nimble little creatures.

Tom did not press me. He went on with his sport, and the results filled me with awe and admiration. Commenting on his offer to lend me a second revolver, I asked how many he had.

"Oh, I don't know. Quite some. I always had a fancy for guns and things you know," he answered.

Then we drifted over our old lives; I told a few of the adventures and good stories which every barrister picks up on circuit. Tom told Indian stories—mostly Shikar, and presently our talk went back to old school-days and old school-mates; how poor Fred. Vernon went under at Candahar, how Neil Ferguson had gone to the bad altogether—something about a woman—"how men can be such fools!" Benedict Tom interjected—and was living a shady sort of existence on the Continent. Jack Prentiss had gone to America; he was on a cattle-ranch out West somewhere, and was the only one who had given any sign of life, having written to Tom congratulating him on his inheritance. "I've answered the letter," my host remarked, laughing, "and told him I was married. I wonder what he'll say to that?" And so the conversation came round, as it often did between us, to Mrs. Kavanagh. Tom was anxious to know how I liked her now I had met her. "You two seem to get on uncommonly well together," he said. "She always vowed that she was going to hate my bachelor friends; I told her she'd better not, if she wanted me to be civil to hers."

"To her bachelor friends?" I asked, thinking that Tom had made a slip of the tongue, and I would trip him up, like the clever lawyer I believed myself.

"Certainly," he answered with the utmost coolness. "Do you suppose I was first in the field? Not I! I started late, though I did get the cup. She had scores of adorers before ever she saw me."

"Indeed," I said. A good non-committal answer I have always found that same "indeed."

"Girls in India are different from here, you know," he went on. "There are comparatively few of them, and they're made much of accordingly. They're on dress parade, too, most of the time, what with the band and the tiffin and the gup-gatherings. Oh, I tell you, an attractive girl gets a great deal of attention in India."

"From the Baboos I suppose," said I, laughing.

"Some of them do, and let me tell you a good, rich, high-caste young Hindoo isn't a fellow to be sneezed at. Lots of English girls would snap up a chap like that if they got the chance."

"I should think the chance would hardly be wanting," I said.

"That shows all you know about it. You hardly ever hear of one of those real high castes taking notice. Why, there was one at Simla, Lalor Abboo Singh, and his devotion to my wife was a nine days' wonder at the garrison. Everybody said it was an isolated case."

"You don't seem to mind?"

"Why should I—especially as she wasn't my wife; she was Miss Dundas then."

"What was this Lalor, etc., like? Young and handsome?"

"Quite a young man, I believe, and good-looking I dare say. That kind are apt to be."

"Oh, you don't know him then?"

"No, I never saw him. I tell you I took up the running late, but better late than never—look out!" and the sharp crack of the revolver rang out as a bunny rolled over dead in his tracks.

"Well, I'll never make love to your

wife after witnessing that sample of your shooting," said I, rising, with a laugh. "Have you committed rabbicide enough for one day, do you think?"

"Yes, I'm with you," replied Tom, drawing the cartridges from his revolver, "especially as that brown ferret seems to have sulked again and Pat will have half an hour's work getting him out."

And we strolled toward the house arm in arm.

Mrs. Kavanagh was a very pretty woman, not beautiful, not handsome—but most undeniably pretty. She had violet eyes—at least I think she had; I never saw the color before, and it came nearer to the purple-blue shade of the violet than anything else I can liken it to. She had a petite figure, but it was perfection in miniature, and the most lovely neck and arms that ever a modern dinner dress afforded a glimpse of. Then she had bright auburn hair, and plenty of it; dainty little hands and feet—in fact, she was perfectly pretty on a small scale. Her husband used to look her over patronizingly—he was a very tall man—and remark that her points were all good, but that it did not pay to breed ponies. Then she would pretend to pout and sometimes pull his mustache—standing on his foot to reach it. There was not much depth to her, but she had a quick wit and abundance of rather shallow repartee. That accomplishment would have been inevitably acquired by General Dundas's daughter, with her Indian breeding and military training. For the rest, she was fond of admiration, and if I had met her anywhere else than at dear old Kavanagh's fireside, I am afraid I should have set her down as a flirt. She was fond and proud of her husband, though; anyone could see that; and if she was a little partial to admiration and attention, they were only what she had been used to all her life. Such as she was, it would be difficult to imagine a more charming hostess for a big country house.

I need scarcely say I had told her nothing of my dream—neither to her nor to Tom nor to anyone in the house had I breathed a syllable of the strange experience that I had encountered during my first evening at Tullybeg. It was only a night-mare, I told myself, and I was unwilling to give it even the importance of a circumstantial narration; but it weighed upon me nevertheless with a persistence which I could neither resist nor explain.

It was weighing upon me now as we walked up the broad gravel sweep before the door. Mrs. Kavanagh, looking bewitching as usual, stood on the steps swinging a pair of skates. The weather had changed the day before, and a hard, black frost had succeeded the weeping skies and November weather that had welcomed me to Ireland. To skate or not to skate was evidently the question of the moment in the little lady's mind.

"How's the ice, Tom?" she began, as soon as we were within hearing.

"Slippery, I fancy," replied her husband, without moving a muscle of his face.

"Oh, what a tease you are!" she said impatiently. "Mr. Leslie, you have some sense; will the ice bear to-day?"

"Really, I am so ignorant where country matters are concerned"—I began, but Tom broke in.

"Give it another day, Eva, and there'll be no doubt about it. You needn't be in a fidget, for this frost's going to hold," he added with an upward glance at the sky.

"Well, to-morrow, then," she assented, with ready acquiescence; "I'm going to take lessons, Mr. Leslie. I don't know how to skate. That's the one thing we can't do in India. Tom's going to teach me."

"I expect I'm pretty rusty; I've been in India too. Better put yourself under Ned Leslie's instruction," said Kavanagh, maliciously; "he cuts figures of eight and spread eagles on the Serpentine, you know."

"Oh, Mr. Leslie, if you only will," and the wonderful eyes shot down a wonderful glance at me from the temporary elevation of the door-step.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Kavanagh, but as I was telling your husband yesterday, my happy visit here is drawing to a close. I shall have to leave you to-morrow."

"Not really?" She spoke as if I had hinted at some horrible and vague impending calamity, and she was hanging

on my lips in the hopes that my next words would dispel the dread I had created. But that was only a trick of manner.

"Yes, really," I repeated laughing; "but I can assure you that no business has ever seemed so distasteful to me as that which compels me to cut short my pleasant visit."

"Now that's very prettily said," she replied, with a little nod of approval, "and since you have found your way into the wilds of Connemara, I hope you will run over and see us whenever you have a few days to spare."

With an inward shudder at the thought of the channel, I made a suitable reply to this gracious invitation.

"We'll see you sooner than that, though," broke in Kavanagh; "Eva insists on a London season as a compensation for all this rusticity."

"London seasons are vague," I answered. "Some people begin them in February; some wait till May. Under which category am I to include you?"

"We shall be early this year," said Mrs. Kavanagh; "oh, you needn't look like that, Tom," she pursued, in answer to a despairing gesture of her husband; "we must get to town in good time this year at any rate. I know that old house in Portman Square will want everything done to it before we can ask a soul to enter the doors. Portman Square! Did anyone ever hear of such a locality?" she asked, with a glance at me.

"Our grandfathers considered it ultra fashionable," I replied, unable to repress a smile, "and I am sure the houses there are as roomy and well built as any in London."

"It's all the house we have at any rate," said Tom, "and I suppose it has the respectable traditions of a family mansion. Other people live there too, no doubt. I can't be the only man in the world who has inherited a town and country house from an antediluvian like old Peter Kavanagh."

So it was settled that I was to call on my friends when they came to town—"in a month or so," Tom said vaguely; "in three weeks at most," his bride said decisively, and I had little doubt which would carry the point. At Tullybeg, if nowhere else in Ireland, Home Rule was evidently an established fact.

Tom drove me to the station next day and beguiled the way pleasantly with his abundant flow of anecdote and unflagging spirits. The vitality of that man was amazing. I never could realize that we were contemporaries till I had been in his company for an hour; by that time I generally felt at least ten years younger than my age.

He parted from me as the train moved off, with a hearty hand-shake and a recommendation to go back by way of Kingstown. This I had long since determined to do. The very recollection of that odious little "Violet" made me ill.

III.

The journey back to Dublin was pleasant enough; it was daylight, for one thing, and the landscape was bathed in a cold wintry sunshine which sparkled back brightly from the hoar frost on tree and hedge-row—all in marked contrast to the lowering skies and misty rain that had greeted my arrival. Still my spirits were below par—lower even than they had been amid the disheartening conditions that had attended my journey down. I was leaving a pleasant country-house and returning to foggy, smoky London. I was turning my back on a thoroughly enjoyed vacation, and facing the wearisome grind of a busy lawyer's daily life. Good-by to rocketing pheasants, wily woodcocks, and tantalizing snipe. In their places I had to confront the vision of briefs, opinions, and consultations—not by any means so exhilarating a prospect. And there was another thought which, though I did not acknowledge it, contributed to dampen my spirits. Ever and anon, like a spectre that would not down, the memory of my extraordinary vision would pass like a shadow across the wintry sunshine, and I would catch my thoughts going over its details, still as fresh as ever, despite the lapse of days, in all their curious exactitude. The handsome face of the young Oriental, all drawn and distorted by vindictive passion—the hopeless, dishevelled attitude of the victim—I went over the whole scene repeatedly, rousing myself at intervals and forcibly wresting my mind from the subject; but all in vain; it invariably returned.

Nevertheless the journey, as a journey, was enjoyable. I arrived in Dublin in good season, dined comfortably, and then, eschewing the persistent "jarvey," drove in a cab to Westland Row, where I took the train for Kingstown. The crossing was most successful; the channel, for once in its existence, was as smooth as a mill-pond; and I stepped ashore at Holyhead with a feeling of wondering gratitude that I had not been sick—I, who had never before crossed a body of water more considerable than the Thames without suffering.

I slept fairly well on the train, and it was with a feeling of considerable refreshment both of body and mind that I entered a hansom at Euston and gave the address of my chambers. Since I left Ireland my dream had not once risen up to torment me. Nothing, at the moment, was further from my thoughts, which were occupied, as a busy man's ought to be, in running over the list of my appointments and engagements and apportioning the work of the day. Nothing, I repeat, could have been further from my thoughts than my first evening at Tullybeg and all its weird accessories, when they were suddenly brought up in a manner as vivid as it was unexpected. Just as my cab turned out of the Euston Road, which was tolerably crowded with vehicles, early as was the hour, another hansom, going in the opposite direction, dashed past. I had but a momentary glimpse of the occupant, but that glimpse was enough to change the whole current of my meditations and to bring me to my feet panting, wondering, horrified. Framed in the opening above the door of the passing hansom, I saw, as plainly as I ever have seen anything in my life, the face of my dream—the face of the young Oriental. The same olive complexion, the same dark, lustrous eyes, the same serpent-like configuration of brow—the same man in short. I could not be mistaken. The features were in repose as I saw them—no trace of the passion that had animated them in my dream was there—but it was the face I had seen. There could not be two such in the world. The cabs passed very close, and our eyes met. Whether he read the startled expression in mine or not I cannot say, but in his I saw only the calm indifference of a well-bred stranger. But beneath the dreamy, sensuous languor of those dark eyes I fancied I could detect the possibilities of a passion which would fire them with the lurid light I had once seen there. For that they were the same eyes, and that this was the same man who had been so mysteriously revealed to me at Tullybeg, I was as certain as I was of my own identity.

It was all over in a moment. The two cabs, rapidly driven, dashed past each other. The shock of the surprise had brought me to my feet, and I pushed open the trap above my head. The hansom stopped and I sprang out and looked back. There were a dozen cabs in view along the Euston Road, and any of them might have contained the man I was interested in. Speedily recognizing the futility of pursuit, I climbed back into my seat, and bade the man drive on. I could hear his muttered comment before the trap was closed, "Seems a suddint sort o' a gent; wonder if 'e's often took so," but I paid no attention to the impertinence. The dream was back in my mind with tenfold intensity, and this time I found it had come to stay.

It was about a fortnight after my return to London that business took me to the offices of Buller, Kickham & Cleary in the Gray's Inn Road. They were a firm of solicitors with whom I had been associated a good deal in the past, and through Mr. Cleary a large amount of Irish business found its way into the office. Indeed, it was some affair of my friend Tom Kavanagh's—something about cancelling a mortgage on the Tullybeg estate, that took me there that morning. The clerk, who knew me well, asked me to step directly into Mr. Cleary's private office. I entered, and found the solicitor in friendly conversation with the man of all others who had occupied my thoughts for many days and nights, the mysterious East Indian.

To say that I was astonished at this meeting but faintly expresses my state of mind. I was thunderstruck, and if it had not been for the chance circumstance of having seen the man in a cab

a couple of weeks before—if this were the first time I had met him in the flesh, I feel convinced that I should have said or done something which would have raised in Mr. Cleary a permanent doubt of my sanity. As it was, I believe I managed to control myself indifferently well; at any rate, my behavior excited no comment.

Mr. Cleary introduced the stranger to me as "Mr. Lawler." I was surprised at the commonplace English name, for now, on close and leisurely inspection, the man was more Oriental-looking than ever. His appearance I need not describe. Point for point, feature for feature, he was as I had seen him in my dream, save that he wore a frock coat instead of evening dress, and the look of murderous passion in his face was replaced by one of languid indifference.

Very speedily, however, this expression gave place to one of eager interest. We were speaking of Captain Kavanagh. Mr. Cleary, who knew Tom well, was aware that I had been visiting Tullybeg, and had not seen me since my return. He had many questions to ask about Tom—about the place, and above all about Mrs. Kavanagh, whom he had never met. I could not help observing that Mr. Lawler's face evinced extreme interest in these questions and answers, although he took no part in the conversation. Indeed, he had spoken very little since I entered the room, but the few words he had used were well chosen and uttered without a trace of foreign accent. Presently he took his leave with a courteous excuse. He knew we were two busy men, and had business to talk over; he would not interrupt us longer; and so he bowed himself out.

"Who is that man, Cleary?" I asked eagerly as the door closed behind him.

"Who is he?" repeated Cleary; "well, he's a young Indian Rajah, or something of that sort. He is immensely wealthy at any rate, and he was recommended to us by a firm in Calcutta. He intends to settle in England, and is transferring his property to English securities under our advice."

"I thought he must be an Oriental," I answered. "How, then, does he come to have such an everyday name as Lawler?"

"Lawler isn't his name," said Mr. Cleary, "but it sounds something like it, so he has adopted it for convenience sake. He wants to Anglicize himself as much as possible, and I think he is pretty successful. You found him orthodox enough, I have no doubt, in dress, in manner, in conversation—in short, in everything but his face."

I assented briefly, but I thought to myself that the passions that belong to such a face cannot be so readily denationalized. The tamed tiger may seem as gentlé as the house cat; but sooner or later something will occur to arouse its savage nature, and then the jungle-bred instinct to slay and rend will declare itself. I thought of that evening at Tullybeg and shuddered.

"Now, with reference to that mortgage," said Mr. Cleary, in a sharp, business-like voice, "the points on which I desire your opinion are these."

I recalled my wandering thoughts with an effort, and we were soon deep in the knotty questions which had arisen out of old Peter Kavanagh's eccentric business methods.

As may easily be imagined, my unexpected meeting with Mr. Lawler had been a severe shock to me. First I had seen the man in a dream—if dream it were—then I had met him accidentally face to face. Now, I had been introduced to him. Events were evidently marching on and dragging me with them. I had procured the young gentleman's address from Mr. Cleary, with no intention of calling, but simply that I might know where to find him if anything happened; though what was to occur, and how I was to act if anything did occur, were problems beyond my power of solution.

It was about a week after I had encountered him at the solicitor's that, to my unbounded astonishment, I received a visit at my chambers from Mr. Lawler. The young fellow was very polite and very apologetic. He was an idle man himself, he said, but he knew the value of the time of busy people, and he would not have presumed to trouble me, if he had known where else to turn. For he had come to ask me a favor; a great favor. He had spoken to Mr. Cleary on the subject, and that gentle-

man had said he was sure I would be happy to oblige him—and much more in the same strain, which puzzled me wofully. I cut him short.

"Anything I can do to oblige any friend of Mr. Cleary's," I said with rather ill-natured emphasis, "I shall, of course, do with pleasure; but I am at a loss to understand how you can stand in need of my services."

This was honestly true; I had a vague notion that he might wish for my advice on some legal point; since I had heard of his wealth, it was absurd to suppose he had come to borrow money. Despite his elaborate preparation I was sure the whole thing was a mere trifle, so, when he propounded his request, I was silent at first from sheer amazement.

"Mr. Leslie, you are an intimate friend of Captain Kavanagh's. He is coming to London next week. I want you to introduce me at his house."

Before he had finished I had collected myself sufficiently to make up my mind to refuse. What! Introduce this man, the principal in that hideous tragedy, to my friend's family circle. I would as soon have introduced a rattlesnake; yet I was conscious that I must assign some reason for my refusal, and I certainly could not assign a dream.

Lawler went on. "I am a stranger in London, you see, Mr. Leslie, and that must be my excuse for presuming to trouble you with a request upon so short an acquaintance——"

"Might I ask why you are so anxious to meet Captain Kavanagh?" I asked, recovering my speech with an effort.

"Certainly," replied Lawler without a moment's hesitation. "I am a Hindoo, you know. My real name is Lalor Abboo Singh. Captain Kavanagh, who has been a distinguished Indian officer, as his intimate friend must be aware"—this with a bow to me—"rendered an inestimable service to my family some years ago. Now that I am in England, I am most anxious to know him and express my gratitude."

An unexceptionable reason certainly, but I was hardly listening to him. He had given my mind a new problem. "Lalor Abboo Singh." Where had I heard that name before? Was it a part of the dream?

Lawler paused a moment, but seeing my answer slow in coming, he went on. "Some years ago I had the pleasure of meeting in India the lady who is now Mrs. Kavanagh," he said. "I should be pleased to renew an acquaintance which I once valued deeply."

I was watching him as he spoke, and I fancied his lips tightened and his color changed as he mentioned Mrs. Kavanagh's name, but my own embarrassment was too great to admit of accurate observation. I was fully determined that I would not be in any way instrumental in bringing this man and the Kavanaghs together. That he would obtain the introduction he sought from some other quarter I did not doubt; but at least my conscience would acquit me.

"Captain Kavanagh is not in town yet," I said, "and he is not expected for some time, I believe."

"I beg your pardon," said the young man, eagerly. "He will arrive on Tuesday."

So he was better acquainted with my friend's movements than I was myself. There was something very strange about the whole affair. I determined to cut the interview as short as possible, for I was not greatly concerned to be polite to him, and my determination was immovable.

"I regret very much, Mr. Lawler," I began, "that reasons, which it will not profit to enter into, forbid my having the pleasure of bringing you and my friend together. I have no doubt, however, that you can easily obtain the introduction you seek from others, less hampered than I am; and, indeed, considering the circumstances, I should think you would be justified in waiving formality and calling yourself."

Mr. Lawler did not seem much put out by my refusal.

"Thank you, Mr. Leslie," he said. "I would prefer to be properly introduced. I am sorry you cannot grant me this favor, but no doubt you have good reasons. I will wish you good-morning, with many apologies for having trespassed on your time. I am sure Mr. Cleary will present me to Captain Kavanagh. He only referred me to you as being a more intimate friend of the Captain's, and—and—don't rise, I beg.

Good-morning," and Mr. Lawler was gone.

"On Cleary's head be it, not mine," I said to myself as I resumed my seat. At that moment the office boy entered with some letters. It was the hour for the distribution of the Irish mail, and I found a note from Tom Kavanagh—short as his letters always were, for he disliked a pen as much as he liked a gun.

Tullybeg, Jan. 24th.

DEAR NED:

The Missis has her own way as usual, and we clear out of here bag and baggage to-morrow. I made a fight for it, but my resistance gave out last night after dinner. We'll spend a day or so in Dublin and cross Monday night, so we'll be in Lunnon town bright and early Tuesday. Look us up as soon as you can. Yours,

TOM KAVANAGH.

P.S. You're not to come *too* soon, the missis says, for she's going to the house at once, and expects to find it rather at sixes and sevens. As soon as we're shipshape I'll let you know.

So this East Indian had been apprised of Tom's movements so accurately that a plan, made only two days since at Tullybeg, was already known to him. Strange, very strange; and, coupling the circumstance with the locality of my dream, I was tempted to add, "horribly strange!"

Consideration for Mrs. Kavanagh's household arrangements at first, and a pressure of business afterward, combined to force me to give a very liberal interpretation to Tom's hint against too early a call. The Kavanaghs had been in town nearly a fortnight before I found my way to Portman Square. Tom met me in the hall and nearly wrung my arm off in the exuberance of his welcome, and then conducted me to the back of the house, where he had fitted up a little snuggery, the walls of which were garnished with all kinds of weapons, modern and antique, and the atmosphere of which was redolent of tobacco. Here we found a bright fire and comfortable chairs, and after I had undergone a scolding for my tardy appearance, we settled down for a good chat over old times—a faculty for which made Tom, in my eyes, one of the most gifted conversationalists that ever lived. By and bye, I inquired for Mrs. Kavanagh, with an apology for not having done so sooner.

"Oh, she's all right," said Tom with a laugh, "she's having her innings now, and I'm bowled out. Down in the country I had things all my own way, and I often felt sorry for the poor little woman at home while I was off at the cover side. But bless your heart, it's her turn now, and don't she make the feathers fly, that's all. Dinners, balls, what not; and she says London is very dull too, and will be for a month to come. I'm holding on my hair with both hands, waiting to see what it'll be like when it turns lively."

"Is she at home now?" I asked.

"I expect so. She often is at this hour! She generally has tea on draught about five o'clock and then her friends drop in and see her. You can make your apologies and get absolution over a cup of tea. By Jove," he added looking at his watch. "How the time flies. It's after five now. Suppose we adjourn."

And following Tom's lead I entered the drawing room. At first I supposed the room was empty, and I had a moment's leisure to recover myself, and in truth I needed some such respite. As my host opened the door and half ushered, half pushed me into the apartment, he recalled vividly his similar action in my dream when he had introduced me to the scene of the murder, and what I saw as I passed the door was not calculated to dissipate the impression. The same long, lofty room stretched before me with its three tall, draped windows, with its solid antique furniture, diversified and relieved by such trifles as a lady's work basket, a half finished crayon head lying on a table, and various other little articles testifying that the place was used by a woman of refinement and culture. But it was absolutely the same room as I had seen in my strange, half waking vision at Tullybeg. The heavy cut glass chandelier hung from the centre of the ceiling, not lighted, it is true, but in every other

respect identical. The apartment was somewhat faintly illuminated by two lamps, each with a modern shade of colored paper. A Japanese screen at the further end shut out the view of the fireplace; with these exceptions the room was exactly as I had seen it.

I drew a long breath, but somehow I was not so much startled as I might have been—I even wondered at my self-possession when I came to think the matter over in solitude afterwards, but the truth was I had expected something of the sort. Ever since I had met the young Hindoo I had been prepared to see the other details of my vision meet me in real life—when and where I did not know, but I felt that they were all in existence somewhere. So, when Tom laid his hand on my shoulder and pushed me forward into the room with a half friendly, half reassuring gesture, I was in a measure ready for what I was going to see—and I saw it.

As the door closed, Mrs. Kavanagh came forward with outstretched hand and cordial greeting. Her movement displaced the screen, and I saw a bright fire was burning in the grate. Chilly, like many of our Indian exotics, she was fond of drawing this screen in front of the blaze, so as to shut off every possible draught, and basking behind it. She welcomed me warmly and scolded me prettily for my delay in calling. Then she ensconced herself once more near the fire and offered me a cup of tea. "You are the second man who has called on me to-day!" she remarked, busying herself daintily with the pretty tea equipage, that stood on a little table within easy reach. "I have just been administering the cup that cheers, etc., to —— Do you take sugar?" she broke off suddenly.

"If you please; one lump."

"And cream—of course; I've just dismissed an old admirer of mine—Lalor Abboo Singh!"

"Mr. Lawler, do you mean," I asked. "He has found his way here then?"

"Oh, certainly; he is one of my most assiduous tea-drinkers," she answered with a light laugh. "Do you know him?"

I muttered something about having met him, but my thoughts were busy. So Lawler had renewed the acquaintance he once valued so deeply. I looked at Tom. He was busily engaged with a little skye terrier that had followed us into the room, lifting it up by the ears and otherwise caressing it after a fashion that the most good tempered of dogs will only tolerate from intimates. I determined to hazard a question.

"You know this Lawler pretty well, I suppose, Tom?"

Tom desisted from his amusement to answer me. "So, so," he replied, "Eva knew him in India; I've met him here. I think it was Cleary introduced him to me. Seems a decentish sort of a fellow."

"Didn't you save the lives of his father and mother—or maybe some of his aunts, years ago in India?" I inquired, with a desperate attempt to frame the question lightly and jocularly.

"No, what put that idea into your head?" said Tom, laughing; "I never saved anybody's life in India but my own, and that was no trifling feat, with brandy pawnee as plenty as it used to be."

"Tom, you're horrid," interjected his wife, petulantly, apropos of nothing particular that I could see. I stood, silent and pensive, stirring my tea. "Is it sweet enough, Mr. Leslie?"

"It's a downright lie," I said aloud—an answer which so startled the little lady that she gave vent to a miniature scream, while Tom exploded with laughter.

I apologized for my blunder as best I could, and submitted to Tom's raillery in silence. My thoughts were busy with the falsehood that Mr. Lawler had told me to secure his introduction into this house. With what object? I could guess but one.

Presently I shook hands and took my leave, promising to be a more frequent visitor in the future. And as I walked to my club through the lamp-lit streets, the sense of impending evil, as foreshadowed and personified in that terrible vision, weighed on me like a physical burden. As I crossed Piccadilly a hansom drove by. Framed above its doors I saw the same dark, beautiful face that I had by this time learned to detest. Mr. Lawler recognized me and waved his hand and bowed politely. I carried

the memory of that smile and bow home with my other worries to disturb my night's rest.

IV.

The season wore along and the days began to lengthen before anything further occurred which I could at all associate with that evil dream which had begun to be the torment of my life. I was a pretty constant visitor at Portman Square, and saw a great deal of the Kavanaghs. I also saw a great deal more than I liked of Mr. Lawler. He was always very civil to me, but I avoided him as much as I could. Just about this time I fear I must have been anything but pleasant company, for by incessant dwelling on the same subject I was becoming a monomaniac. A hundred times I was on the point of telling the whole story to Kavanagh, and a hundred times I checked myself. How absurd! A dream; he could not realize the coincidences as I did, and he would only laugh at me. So the weeks wore away; I spent many an hour with Tom in his snuggery; and Mrs. Kavanagh poured out many a cup of tea for Mr. Lawler in the drawing room.

The fourth of April was Mrs. Kavanagh's birthday. The fact had come to my knowledge casually in one of my sociable chats with Tom, and I made a mental note of it. That morning I went round by Covent Garden and selected some flowers to be sent to the house in Portman Square, and in the afternoon I called.

Mrs. Kavanagh was greatly pleased at my remembering her and the day. "Of all our friends," she said, "you and Mr. Lawler are the only two who have been rude enough to remember how I am getting along in years."

"Indeed," said I, with some curiosity. "Did Mr. Lawler send you an offering? An Indian Nabob ought to do that kind of thing handsomely."

"That's just it," she said, speaking in a low voice, as if awe-stricken. "He's done it altogether too handsomely. What do you think of this?"

She took something from the table and placed it in my hands. I looked at it. A vertigo seized me; the room seemed to spin round with me. The object Mrs. Kavanagh had handed to me was a very curious dagger of Indian workmanship. The upper half of the blade was damascened with an intricate arabesque pattern. The point was blue, polished, glittering steel. The haft was one mass of precious stones, conspicuous among which gleamed an immense emerald.

"Isn't it beautiful," she said. "I intend to use it for a paper knife, but it's a real Dacoit dagger. I've seen plenty of them, but never one anything like this."

At the very first glance I had recognized the dagger as the murderous weapon that I had seen poised in menace above a fair woman's soft white neck. I could not repress a shudder as I handed it back to her.

"You intend to keep it, then?" I said.

She colored a little, and I feared she might resent my question as an impertinence. However, she answered me pleasantly enough.

"It is so difficult to return a present without seeming ungracious. I spoke to Tom about it, and after he had hummed and hawed a while, he said he supposed I'd better keep it—of course, we'd both of us have much preferred some simpler thing—like your flowers, for instance; this is so dreadfully handsome, and—and costly. I did try to refuse it on the ground that a knife or dagger or anything sharp was an unlucky present, but Mr. Lawler declined to be superstitious, and—and here it is, you see," she wound up with a little hard laugh which sounded as if it might be meant as a defiance to her own conscience.

"Yes, here it is, I see," I answered. "Do you mean to keep it here—to leave it lying about like this, I mean."

"Certainly I do," she answered with some surprise. "The servants are honest, I believe, and I have no intention of locking it up among my particular treasures. I don't want to make Tom jealous."

After this, of course, there was no more to be said, and there, for many a day after, I saw that glittering blade set in its bed of gems, lying on the centre table among uncut magazines and the latest contribution from Mudie's.

On picture Sunday I was accustomed to accompany an artist friend of mine on a tour of the studios, and it was on the easel of a somewhat eminent R.A. that I found the last link which bound my strange dream into a sequent chain. Since my return to London I had encountered first the villain, then the scene of the tragedy, and lastly the implement of the crime. Only the identity of the victim was hidden from me, and on this Sunday even that doubt was cleared away. I had never really troubled myself to seek an original for the murdered woman, sure that the story would unfold itself in the future as it had done in the past; nor was I very certain that I would recognize her if I were to see her. Her face had been turned from me, and beyond the impression of a fair-haired girlish form, with an extremely beautiful neck and shoulders, I had no very distinct features to guide my memory. She had all along been the only obscure figure in the vision, and yet I recognized her—not face to face, but on the artist's canvas. It was a picture of "Titania" with flowing auburn hair, and head half turned away from the spectator; and every line and curve of the half-length portrait, the arms, the neck, the poise of the head, were familiar to me. I saw on the canvas the woman of my dream.

And this was not the worst of the shock. I had no need to ask the painter who had sat as the model for his beautiful picture. Of course, I had never seen Mrs. Kavanagh with her hair unbound, or in the studied negligence of Titania's costume, but I recognized her easily. Indeed, I remembered that I had heard something said of her picture; she was being painted in character; I had not asked what character, nor had I paid much attention to the conversation. But I saw it all now. The original of the "Titania" was Mrs. Kavanagh, and Mrs. Kavanagh was the lady of the Tullybeg vision.

The chain was complete now and I determined to lose no more time in telling Tom the whole story. He might laugh at me if he wished; but if evil were to arise from my reticence I could never cease to blame myself.

I called at Portman Square early the following morning, but both Mr. and Mrs. Kavanagh were out. However, I was to dine there that evening—a small party, I understood—so the delay was unimportant. I had waited so long that surely no harm could happen from my waiting a little longer.

The dinner was solid and good, and not dull. Dulness was a vice from which both Tom and his wife were singularly free. We were a party of eight, including the host and hostess, and all were strangers to me with the exception of Mr. Lawler. I fancied, before dinner, that he was manœuvering to take down Mrs. Kavanagh, but he was too young a man for that honor. He was duly paired off with one of the Miss O'Malleys, and sat silent and sullen all through the meal in consequence; he hardly took his eyes from his hostess's face.

After the ladies had retired Tom pushed the decanters briskly for a few minutes, but we were none of us drinking men, except Sir Matthew O'Malley, a country neighbor of the master of the house. He religiously "took his whack" as he would have said himself, as the bottle passed him, and prosed on to Lawler about turnips and sub-soil drainage and other topics equally uninteresting to the East Indian. Tom's eyes were twinkling with amusement as he watched the young fellow grow sullener and more silent, without in the least interrupting the flow of Sir Matthew's eloquence. Meanwhile we chatted together. Tom had that morning received a letter from our old school-mate, Jack Prentiss, who had settled down in one of the Western Territories of North America and had gone into the business of cattle raising.

"He calls himself a cow-boy," said Tom with a chuckle, "and he has sent me a regular cow-boy derringer. I have it down in the snuggery. Slip away with me a minute. Oh, they're enjoying themselves first-rate," he added, in reply to my glance at his guests; and as it really did not seem that our presence was essential to the hilarity of the occasion, I rose with Tom, and, excusing ourselves for a moment, we made our escape.

The fact was, I was really anxious to have a quiet moment with my friend to

unburden my mind, but when I was alone with him, the task did not grow easy. I thought over several openings, but none of them satisfied me, and the first that suggested itself, "I had a curious dream a few months ago," somehow did not seem to rise to the dignity of the occasion. I tried it, however, in default of anything better, but was abruptly cut short by Tom.

"Oh, bother your dream. Keep that till morning. I want to read you Jack's letter," and read it he did, interspersing the text with queer comments of his own, till twenty odd years seemed to be annihilated, and I fancied we were all boys at school together again.

"Jolly little pistol, this, isn't it?" he asked, showing me the accompanying present. "Good sort is Jack to remember I have such a weakness for this kind of thing. I wonder if I have a cartridge to fit it—" and he rummaged in a drawer; "yes, this is just the ticket. I'll go down to a shooting gallery to-morrow and try the thing. That's the worst of living in London; if I was at home I'd have a pot shot at an owl out of the window."

I had been very merry a few minutes before, but even as Tom was speaking, an unaccountable weight seemed to fall on my spirits. The influence of my prevailing idea had full sway over me; I had never felt it more strongly than at that moment. The impression grew upon me, and would not be shaken off. I sprang to my feet.

"What's the matter, old boy," he asked, looking up from the pistol which he was turning over and over and examining in every possible light, as if it were a gem. "What's up?"

"Where's Mrs. Kavanagh," I asked. "Is she alone in the drawing-room?"

"I suppose so; unless the O'Malley girls are with her. No, they're sure to be in the billiard-room. Those girls are regular whales for billiards! Very likely Eva's alone, but why?"

"Because I'm afraid she's in some difficulty—in some danger perhaps—don't ask me any questions. It's—it's that dream you wouldn't let me tell you—come."

"Ned, my dear fellow, are you out of your senses? What dream? What could happen to Eva? Aren't we here within call, almost; aren't O'Malley and Lawler just across the hall in the dining-room——"

"How do we know that Lawler is in the dining-room still?" I interrupted. "He may have left O'Malley and gone into the drawing-room. It is Lawler I fear."

I had carried my point, though it was evident that Kavanagh attached a different meaning to my words from that which I intended; but this did not matter, if I could only induce him to act. During the last few minutes an access of unreasoning terror had seized me. I had only to close my eyes to see every circumstance of my vision reproduced before me. I was wild to move—anything to end this suspense.

"Come," said Tom. He rose to his feet. His face had grown hard and set at my last words. He did not look like a man whose anger it would be good to face. "Come," he repeated; and gripping my arm, he led me to the door.

The snuggery was reached by two steps from the level of the hall. How forcibly Tom's action, as he almost lifted me over this impediment, recalled his action in my dream.

We traversed the hall rapidly. "This way," said Tom, dragging me aside into the library, so called—a room which in reality was little more than an alcove of the drawing-room, without windows of its own, and only separated from the larger apartment by heavy hangings.

Kavanagh drew the curtain aside, and side by side we stood and looked upon an exact reproduction of the scene I had witnessed at Tullybeg.

There stood the Oriental—his handsome face disfigured by passion, and raising aloft the jewelled dagger in act to strike. At his feet crouched Eva Kavanagh, her beautiful hair, which had become unfastened in the struggle, streaming over her neck and shoulders and resting on the ground as she knelt. Over their heads, the massive chandelier reflected the lustre of the wax lights. Every detail of the scene was complete, and no human power could avert the awful dénouement, for the muscles of the young savage were strained to strike; we had chanced upon the moment when the blow was

poised—the very instant of the murder, and even as I looked the change passed upon his face which I had before noticed as the herald of the impending doom. Before a man could cover a single step of the half dozen that separated us, it would be too late.

The sharp report of a pistol ringing out at my side shattered the silence and awakened my dazed senses. A blue smoke, mixed with a sulphurous odor, curled up around me. The jewelled dagger flew from Lawler's grasp with a convulsive jerk. The ball from Kavanagh's derringer had passed through the murderer's hand, shattering the fingers, and tearing, as we afterward discovered, several of the gems from their setting in the dagger-haft.

Tom never looked at him. He was beside his wife in a moment, and raising her half-fainting form in his arms. "Water, Ned, water!" he cried. I turned to look for some; at the same moment I heard the street door close. I never saw Lawler again.

From the little that Kavanagh told me afterward I gathered that the young Hindoo, presuming upon Eva's kindness, and misunderstanding her freedom, had followed her that night from the dining-room and attempted to induce her to fly with him. Meeting with an indignant refusal and a threat of exposure, he had snatched the murderous weapon that lay on the table ready to his hand, and threatened to stab her to the heart if she did not obey him. From my own opinion of the young Oriental's vindictive nature and violent passions, I have little doubt he meant what he said. Mrs. Kavanagh believes it was only a threat intended to terrify her.

I think, however, the lady feels that she was a little indiscreet in this case, and she will for the future indulge her natural love of admiration within less dangerous limits.

Why I should have been selected as the prophet of this domestic drama, why I should have dreamed of such a strange and improbable event which nevertheless was destined to occur, I know not, and am never likely to know. As a psychological study it is interesting; as a personal experience it is uncomfortable. At Tom Kavanagh's request I have written down the whole thing as it occurred, beginning with my journey to Ireland, including the vision, and ending with the scene in the Portman Square drawing-room, and with what Tom not unjustly boasts of as "a very fair snap shot with a strange pistol."

Captain Kavanagh made no inquiries after Mr. Lawler, and Mr. Lawler made none after Captain Kavanagh. Cleary subsequently informed me that the young gentleman had relinquished his intention of settling in England, had resumed his ancestral name of Lalor Abboo Singh, and had returned to India.

I have not had a dream since.

SOME GENTLEMEN IN FICTION.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

O make a character at all—so to select, so to describe a few acts, a few speeches, perhaps (though this is quite superfluous) a few details of physical appearance, as that these shall all cohere and strike in the reader's mind a common note of personality—there is no more delicate enterprise, success is nowhere less comprehensible than here. We meet a man, we find his talk to have been racy; and yet if every word were taken down by short-hand, we should stand amazed at its essential insignificance. Physical presence, the speaking eye, the inimitable commentary of the voice, it was in these the spell resided; and these are all excluded from the pages of the novel. There is one writer of fiction whom I have the advantage of knowing; and he confesses to me that his success in this matter (small though it be) is quite surprising to himself. "In one of my books," he writes, "and in one only, the characters took the bit in their mouth; all at once, they became detached from the flat paper, they turned their backs on me and walked off bodily; and from that time, my task was stenographic—it was they who spoke, it was they who wrote the remainder of the story. When this miracle of genesis occurred, I was thrilled with joyous surprise; I felt a certain awe—shall we call it superstitious? And yet how small a miracle it was; with what a partial life were my characters endowed; and when all was said, how little did I know of them! It was a form of words that they supplied me with; it was in a form of words that they consisted; beyond and behind was nothing." The limitation, which this writer felt and which he seems to have deplored, can be remarked in the work of even literary princes. I think it was Hazlitt who declared that, if the names were dropped at press, he could restore any speech in Shakespeare to the proper speaker; and I dare say we could all pick out the words of Nym or Pistol, Caius or Evans; but not even Hazlitt could do the like for the great leading characters, who yet are cast in a more delicate mould, and appear before us far more subtly and far more fully differentiated, than these easy-going ventriloquial puppets. It is just when the obvious expedients of the barrel-organ vocabulary, the droll mispronunciation or the racy dialect, are laid aside, that the true masterpieces are wrought (it would seem) from nothing. Hamlet speaks in character, I potently believe it, and yet I see not how. He speaks at least as no man ever spoke in life, and very much as many other heroes do in the same volume; now uttering the noblest verse, now prose of the most cunning workmanship; clothing his opinions throughout in that amazing dialect, Shakespearese. The opinions themselves, again, though they are true and forcible and re-enforced with excellent images, are not peculiar either to Hamlet, or to any man or class or period; in their admirable generality of appeal resides their merit; they might figure, and they would be applauded, in almost any play and in the mouth of almost any noble and considerate character. The only hint that is given as to his physical man—I speak for myself—is merely shocking, seems merely erroneous, and is perhaps best explained away upon the theory that Shakespeare had Burbadge more directly in his eye than Hamlet. As for what the Prince does and what he refrains from doing, all acts and passions are strangely impersonal. A thousand characters, as different among themselves as night from day, should yet, under the like stress of circumstance, have trodden punctually in the footprints of Hamlet and each other. Have you read *André Cornélis?* in which M. Bourget handled over again but yesterday the theme of *Hamlet*, even as

Godwin had already rehandled part of it in *Caleb Williams*. You can see the character M. Bourget means with quite sufficient clearness; it is not a masterpiece, but it is adequately indicated; and the character is proper to the part, these acts and passions fit him like a glove, he carries the tale, not with so good a grace as Hamlet, but with equal nature. Well, the two personalities are fundamentally distinct: they breathe upon us out of different worlds; in face, in touch, in the subtile atmosphere by which we recognize an individual, in all that goes to build up a character—or at least that shadowy thing, a character in a book—they are even opposed: the same fate involves them, they behave on the same lines, and they have not one hair in common. What, then, remains of Hamlet? and by what magic does he stand forth in our brains, *teres atque rotundus*, solid to the touch, a man to praise, to blame, to pity, ay, and to love?

At bottom, what we hate or love is doubtless some projection of the author; the personal atmosphere is doubtless his; and when we think we know Hamlet, we know but a side of his creator. It is a good old comfortable doctrine, which our fathers have taken for a pillow, which has served as a cradle for ourselves; and yet, in some of its applications, it brings us face to face with difficulties. I said last month that we could tell a gentleman in a novel. Let us continue to take Hamlet. Manners vary, they invert themselves, from age to age; Shakespeare's gentlemen are not quite ours, there is no doubt their talk would raise a flutter in a modern tea-party; but in the old pious phrase, they have the root of the matter. All the most beautiful traits of the gentleman adorn this character of Hamlet: it was the side on which Salvini seized, which he so attractively displayed, with which he led theatres captive; it is the side, I think, by which the Prince endears himself to readers. It is true there is one staggering scene, the great scene with his mother. But we must regard this as the author's lost battle; here it was that Shakespeare failed: what to do with the Queen, how to depict her, how to make Hamlet use her, these (as we know) were his miserable problem; it beat him; he faced it with an indecision worthy of his hero; he shifted, he shuffled with it; in the end, he may be said to have left his paper blank. One reason why we do not more generally recognize this failure of Shakespeare's is because we have most of us seen the play performed; and managers, by what seems a stroke of art, by what is really (I dare say) a fortunate necessity, smuggle the problem out of sight—the play, too, for the matter of that; but the glamour of the footlights and the charm of that little strip of fiddlers' heads and elbows, conceal the conjuring. This stroke of art (let me call it so) consists in casting the Queen as an old woman. Thanks to the footlights and the fiddlers' heads, we never pause to inquire why the King should have pawned his soul for this college-bedmaker in masquerade; and thanks to the absurdity of the whole position, and that unconscious unchivalry of audiences (ay, and of authors also) to old women, Hamlet's monstrous conduct passes unobserved or unresented. Were the Queen cast as she should be, a woman still young and beautiful, had she been coherently written by Shakespeare, and were she played with any spirit, even an audience would rise.

But the scene is simply false, effective on the stage, untrue of any son or any mother; in judging the character of Hamlet, it must be left upon one side; and in all other relations we recognize the Prince for a gentleman.

Now, if the personal charm of any verbal puppet be indeed only an emanation from its author, may we conclude, since we feel Hamlet to be a gentleman, that Shakespeare was one too? An instructive parallel occurs. There were in England two writers of fiction, contemporaries, rivals in fame, opposites in character; one descended from a great house, easy, generous, witty, debauched, a favorite in the tap-room and the hunting field, yet withal a man of a high practical intelligence, a distinguished public servant, an ornament of the bench: the other, sprung from I know not whence—but not from kings—buzzed about by second-rate women, and their fit companion, a tea-bibber in parlors, a man of painful propriety, with all the narrowness and much of the animosity of the backshop and the dissenting chapel.

Take the pair, they seem like types: Fielding, with all his faults, was undeniably a gentleman; Richardson, with all his genius and his virtues, as undeniably was not. And now turn to their works. In *Tom Jones*, a novel of which the respectable profess that they could stand the dulness if it were not so blackguardly, and the more honest admit they could forgive the blackguardism if it were not so dull—in *Tom Jones*, with its voluminous bulk and troops of characters, there is no shadow of a gentleman, for Allworthy is only ink and paper. In *Joseph Andrews*, I fear I have always confined my reading to the parson; and Mr. Adams, delightful as he is, has no pretension "to the genteel." In *Amelia*, things get better; all things get better; it is one of the curiosities of literature that Fielding, who wrote one book that was engaging, truthful, kind, and clean, and another book that was dirty, dull, and false, should be spoken of, the world over, as the author of the second and not the first, as the author of *Tom Jones*, not of *Amelia*. And in *Amelia*, sure enough, we find some gentlefolk; Booth and Dr. Harrison will pass in a crowd, I dare not say they will do more. It is very differently that one must speak of Richardson's creations. With Sir Charles Grandison I am unacquainted—there are many impediments in this brief life of man; I have more than once, indeed, reconnoitred the first volume with a flying party, but always decided not to break ground before the place till my siege guns came up; and it's an odd thing—I have been all these years in the field, and that powerful artillery is still miles in the rear. The day it overtakes me, Baron Gibbon's fortress shall be beat about his ears, and my flag be planted on the formidable ramparts of the second part of *Faust*. Clarendon, too— But why should I continue this confession? Let the reader take up the wondrous tale himself, and run over the books that he has tried, and failed withal, and vowed to try again, and now beholds, as he goes about a library, with secret compunction. As to Sir Charles at least, I have the report of spies; and by the papers in the office of my Intelligence Department, it would seem he was a most accomplished baronet. I am the more ready to credit these reports, because the spies are persons thoroughly accustomed to the business; and because my own investigation of a kindred quarter of the globe (*Clarissa Harlowe*) has led me to set a high value on the Richardsonians. Lovelace—in spite of his abominable misbehavior—Colonel Morden and my Lord M—— are all gentlemen of undisputed quality. They more than pass muster, they excel; they have a gallant, a conspicuous carriage; they roll into the book, four in hand, in gracious attitudes. The best of Fielding's gentlemen had scarce been at their ease in M—— Hall; Dr. Harrison had seemed a plain, honest man, a trifle below his company; and poor Booth (supposing him to have served in Colonel Morden's corps and to have travelled in the post-chaise along with his commandant) had been glad to slink away with Mowbray and crack a bottle in the butler's room.

So that here, on the terms of our theory, we have an odd inversion, tempting to the cynic.

II.

Just the other day, there were again two rival novelists in England: Thackeray and Dickens; and the case of the last is, in this connection, full of interest. Here was a man and an artist, the most strenuous, one of the most endowed; and for how many years he labored in vain to create a gentleman! With all his watchfulness of men and manners, with all his fiery industry, with his exquisite native gift of characterization, with his clear knowledge of what he meant to do, there was yet something lacking. In part after part, novel after novel, a whole menagerie of characters, the good, the bad, the droll and the tragic, came at his beck like slaves about an oriental despot; there was only one who stayed away: the gentleman. If this ill fortune had persisted it might have shaken man's belief in art and industry. But years were given and courage was continued to the indefatigable artist; and at length, after so many and such lamentable failures, success began to attend upon his arms. David Copperfield scrambled

through on hands and knees; it was at least a negative success; and Dickens, keenly alive to all he did, must have heaved a sigh of infinite relief. Then came the evil days, the days of *Dombey* and *Dorrit*, from which the lover of Dickens willingly averts his eyes; and when that temporary blight had passed away, and the artist began with a more resolute arm to reap the aftermath of his genius, we find him able to create a Carton, a Wrayburn, a Twemlow. No mistake about these three; they are all gentlemen: the sottish Carton, the effete Twemlow, the insolent Wrayburn, all have doubled the cape.

There were never in any book three perfect sentences on end; there was never a character in any volume but it somewhere tripped. We are like dancing dogs and preaching women: the wonder is not that we should do it well, but that we should do it at all. And Wrayburn, I am free to admit, comes on one occasion to the dust. I mean, of course, the scene with the old Jew. I will make you a present of the Jew for a card-board figure; but that is neither here nor there: the ineffectuality of the one presentment does not mitigate the grossness, the baseness, the inhumanity of the other. In this scene, and in one other (if I remember aright) where it is echoed, Wrayburn combines the wit of the omnibus-cad with the good feeling of the Andaman Islander: in all the remainder of the book, throughout a thousand perils, playing (you would say) with difficulty, the author swimmingly steers his hero on the true course. The error stands by itself, and it is striking to observe the moment of its introduction. It follows immediately upon one of the most dramatic passages in fiction, that in which Bradley Headstone barks his knuckles on the church-yard wall. To handle Bradley (one of Dickens's superlative achievements) were a thing impossible to almost any man but his creator; and even to him, we may be sure, the effort was exhausting. Dickens was a weary man when he had barked the school-master's knuckles, a weary man and an excited; but the tale of bricks had to be finished, the monthly number waited; and under the false inspiration of irritated nerves, the scene of Wrayburn and the Jew was written and sent forth; and there it is, a blot upon the book and a buffet to the reader.

I make no more account of this passage than of that other in *Hamlet:* a scene that has broken down, the judicious reader cancels for himself. And the general tenor of Wrayburn, and the whole of Carton and Twemlow, are beyond exception. Here, then, we have a man who found it for years an enterprise beyond his art to draw a gentleman, and who in the end succeeded. Is it because Dickens was not a gentleman himself that he so often failed? and if so, then how did he succeed at last? Is it because he was a gentleman that he succeeded? and if so, what made him fail? I feel inclined to stop this paper here, after the manner of conundrums, and offer a moderate reward for a solution. But the true answer lies probably deeper than did ever plummet sound. And mine (such as it is) will hardly appear to the reader to disturb the surface.

These verbal puppets (so to call them once again) are things of a divided parentage: the breath of life may be an emanation from their maker, but they themselves are only strings of words and parts of books; they dwell in, they belong to, literature; convention, technical artifice, technical gusto, the mechanical necessities of the art, these are the flesh and blood with which they are invested. If we look only at Carton and Wrayburn, both leading parts, it must strike us at once that both are most ambitiously attempted; that Dickens was not content to draw a hero and a gentleman plainly and quietly; that, after all his ill-success, he must still handicap himself upon these fresh adventures, and make Carton a sot, and sometimes a cantankerous sot, and Wrayburn insolent to the verge, and sometimes beyond the verge, of what is pardonable. A moment's thought will show us this was in the nature of his genius, and a part of his literary method. His fierce intensity of design was not to be slaked with any academic portraiture; not all the arts of individualization could perfectly content him; he must still seek something more definite and more express than nature. All artists, it may be properly argued, do the like; it is

their method to discard the middling and the insignificant, to disengage the chartered and the precise. But it is only a class of artists that pursue so singly the note of personality; and is it not possible that such a preoccupation may disable men from representing gentlefolk? The gentleman passes in the stream of the day's manners, inconspicuous. The lover of the individual may find him scarce worth drawing. And even if he draw him, on what will his attention centre but just upon those points in which his model exceeds or falls short of his subdued ideal—but just upon those points in which the gentleman is not genteel? Dickens, in an hour of irritated nerves, and under the pressure of the monthly number, defaced his Wrayburn. Observe what he sacrifices. The ruling passion strong in his hour of weakness, he sacrifices dignity, decency, the essential human beauties of his hero, he still preserves the dialect, the shrill note of personality, the mark of identification. Thackeray, under the strain of the same villanous system, would have fallen upon the other side; his gentleman would still have been a gentleman, he would have only ceased to be an individual figure.

There are incompatible ambitions. You cannot paint a Vandyke and keep it a Franz Hals.

III.

I HAVE preferred to conclude my inconclusive argument before I touched on Thackeray. Personally, he scarce appeals to us as the ideal gentleman; if there were nothing else, perpetual nosing after snobbery at least suggests the snob; but about the men he made, there can be no such question of reserve. And whether because he was himself a gentleman in a very high degree, or because his methods were in a very high degree suited to this class of work, or from the common operation of both causes, a gentleman came from his pen by the gift of nature. He could draw him as a character part, full of pettiness, tainted with vulgarity, and yet still a gentleman, in the inimitable Major Pendennis. He could draw him as the full-blown hero in Colonel Esmond. He could draw him—the next thing to the work of God—human and true and noble and frail, in Colonel Newcome. If the art of being a gentleman were forgotten, like the art of staining glass, it might be learned anew from that one character. It is learned there, I dare to say, daily. Mr. Andrew Lang, in a graceful attitude of melancholy, denies the influence of books. I think he forgets his philosophy; for surely there go two elements to the determination of conduct: heredity, and experience—that which is given to us at birth, that which is added and cancelled in the course of life; and what experience is more formative, what step of life is more efficient, than to know and weep for Colonel Newcome? And surely he forgets himself; for I call to mind other pages, beautiful pages, from which it may be gathered that the language of the *Newcomes* sings still in his memory, and its gospel is sometimes not forgotten. I call it a gospel: it is the best I know. Error and suffering and failure and death, those calamities that our contemporaries paint upon so vast a scale—they are all depicted here, but in a more true proportion. We may return, before this picture, to the simple and ancient faith. We may be sure (although we know not why) that we give our lives, like coral insects, to build up insensibly, in the twilight of the seas of time, the reef of righteousness. And we may be sure (although we see not how) it is a thing worth doing.

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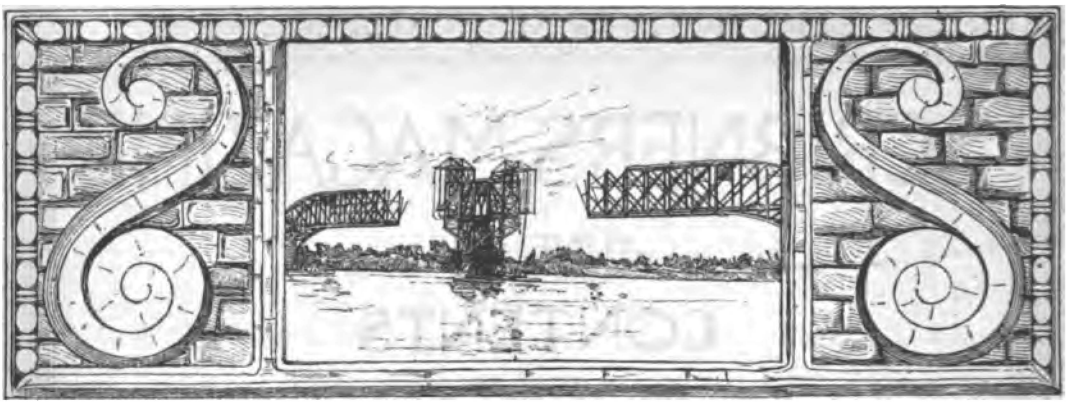

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This paper requires and has received the most elaborate and careful illustration, *more than forty pictures* accompanying it, among them drawings by Twachtman, Walter Shirlaw, and many other artists, besides reproductions from drawings and photographs furnished to Mr. Bogart and the publishers by many engineers.

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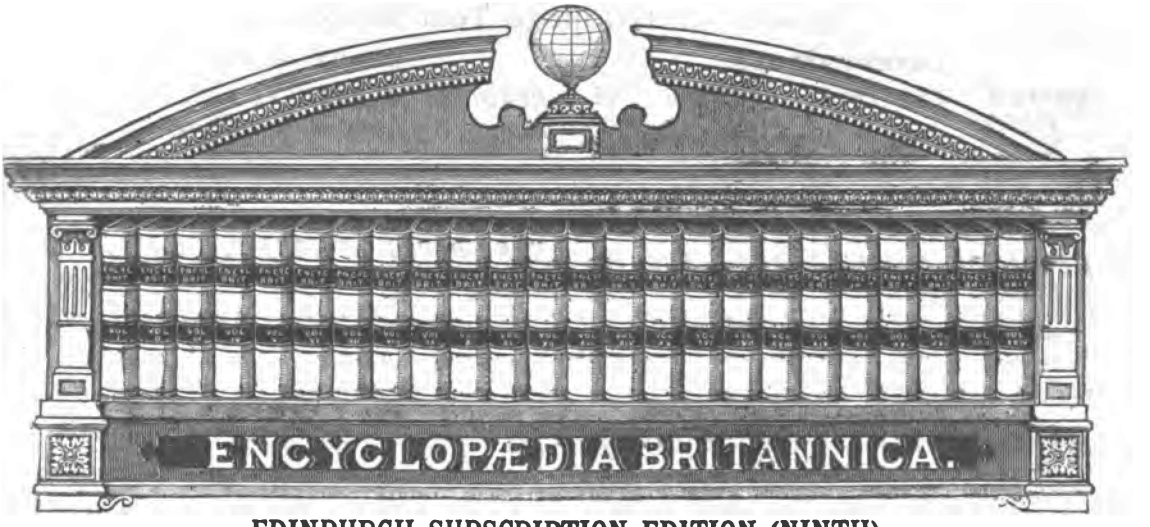

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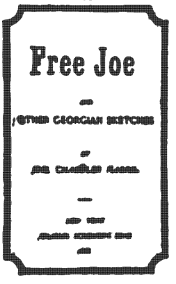

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THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

TWO years have now elapsed since the Canadian Pacific Railway first invited tourists to cross the continent by its picturesque line through Canada, and opened to foreign travellers a new, short, and advantageous route between Europe and the Orient. During these two years thousands of American and English travellers have been pleasantly carried back and forth between the eastern and western coasts of the continent: and all have united in praise of the comfort they have enjoyed and the magnificence and novelty of the scenes through which they passed. Every day has added to the efficiency and comfort of the transportation service and of the hotel system, and in some respects to the interest of what is to be seen along the road: and season by season the popularity of the journey increases.

One may begin a tour westward most enjoyably at storied old Quebec, whose matchless river-views, antique fortresses and monuments of many wars, interspersed with ancient churches and surrounded by the quaintest suburbs, form an epitome of old French Canada. Montreal, on the other hand, is a picture of what the progressive English race has done and is doing for the St. Lawrence valley, to which comes the trade of the forested middle districts and of the prairie-provinces beyond, just as the Western States focus commercially upon New York. At Ottawa, a hundred miles west of Montreal, the student of political economy will enjoy seeing how vigorously and well the young Dominion puts into practice the Anglo-Saxon theory of self-government.

Then, as the traveller moves on through a rapid succession of flourishing farming towns, gradually lessening in size and frequency, he gets a fine notion of one of Canada's great natural resources—her forests. All the way to Lake Superior he is in the midst of valuable timber, where glimpses of mills among the trees and rafts upon the rivers manifest how well it is being utilized. Mines, too, are encountered—iron, copper, gold, and, further west, silver in astonishing plenty. Broken by lakes and hills and cut by dashing trout-streams, where game and fish tempt the sportsman to launch his canoe or build his summer camp, this region is full of charms and is never uninteresting.

Then follows the never-to-be-forgotten ride along the north shore of Lake Superior. Out at the left, the shining plain of water stretches to the horizon. Here blue and unbroken save by spectral ships: there interrupted by groups of islands that seem to float upon its bosom and circle about one another as we rapidly change our position. Landward are rocky eminences—bold hills, separated by sharp ravines and indented by quiet coves, ridges of green forest, mighty walls of richly colored and vine-draped rock, along whose face we pass upon galleries hewn in the cliff, and lofty promontories penetrated by tunnels. Surely the eye cannot grow weary here! Some new wonder of engineering constantly excites admiration—some unexpected beauty of landscape awakens the mind with fresh delight at nature's daring composition of water and rock and brilliant sky. "I am not sure," more than one traveller has said, "but that morning along the cliffs of Lake Superior was the best of the whole trip."

Upon the shore of Thunder Bay stand Port Arthur and Fort William—lake-ports for the great wheat-regions beyond: and here, during all the season of navigation, vessels are bringing in coal and taking away grain. Between here and Owen Sound, on Georgian Bay, ply the splendid steamers of the Canadian Pacific Line, furnishing an alternative route (in summer) between the east and the west, affording a delightful variation from the all-rail journey. This course is especially commended to those who desire to visit Niagara or Toronto, both of which lie upon the direct route from New York; while one day's halt at Toronto enables the passenger from Montreal to make a side-trip to the Falls. The steamships of this line are

View of the Great Glacier, from Glacier House.

Clyde-built (of steel) and furnished and managed in a manner equal to the trans-Atlantic ships they so closely resemble. Leaving Owen Sound, Ontario, in the early evening, the next morning is spent in the beautiful defiles of St. Mary's River, the outlet of Lake Superior, and at noon Sault Ste Marie is reached. This is one of the most romantically historical spots on the continent, and lately has become newly interesting and important by the accession of three railways, connected by a great bridge across the famous rapids, and forming a new through line between Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Montreal. The pleasant old village has thus sprung, at a bound, into a large and active commercial centre. The neighborhood of Sault Ste Marie abounds in opportunities for recreation and sport, and many delightful side-trips (to Mackinac, etc.) may easily be made.

Passing through the gigantic locks to the level of Lake Superior, the steamer shapes its course directly across that inland sea, and in the morning floats underneath the purple headlands of Thunder Cape. Silver Islet, Isle Royale, and the rugged coast of Thunder Bay enhance the singular grandeur of this approach to Port Arthur, which is reached in time to connect with the west-bound train of the same afternoon.

Beyond Lake Superior the line traverses a lake-and-forest country whence silver ore and immense quantities of timber are produced. Then, just where the forests fringe out into the prairies of Manitoba, comes Winnipeg, a handsomely built city which has gathered together 30,000 energetic people in less than fifteen years, and from which radiate seven lines of railway. Here the business and social life of the Northwest converges. Substantially all the vast Canadian area between the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains has a soil of exceeding fertility, is well watered, provided with inexhaustible stores of coal and timber, possesses a climate healthful for mankind and most favorable to all kinds of agriculture. Not only Manitoba, but the more westerly districts are being settled with great rapidity, and the beginnings of this vigorous young civilization are most interesting to an Eastern man. Scores of thriving towns have sprung up along the railway where five years ago not a hut was to be seen. Along the foot-hills of the mountains the raising of beef-cattle, horses and sheep has attained to enormous proportions, and Calgary, its headquarters, is already an important city—a Canadian Denver. The observation of these facts of human progress, diversified by the pristine beauty of wide spaces of wild prairie far at the West, where lakes, haunted by wild fowl, glimpses of antelope and smaller game, and the wallows and trails of the once abundant buffalo, arouse new interest at every stage; while the luxurious sleeping-car (in which the traveller rides without changing from coast to coast), and the excellence of the dining-car service, prevent either annoyance or fatigue.

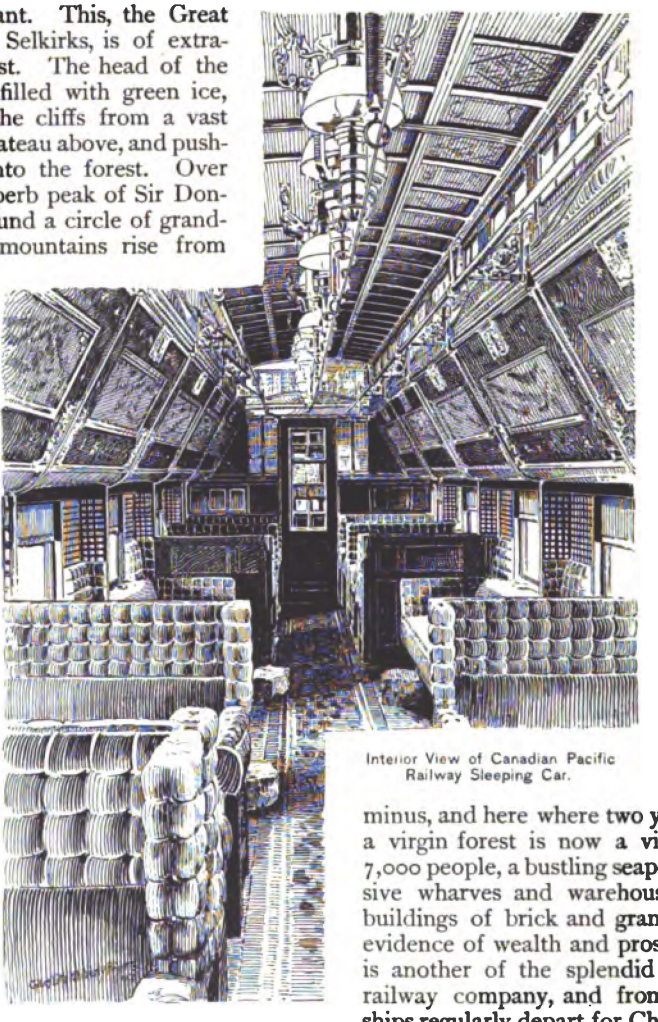
A hundred miles away from their base the Rocky Mountains begin to be visible, and the morning of the fifth day from Montreal finds the train entering their portals.

To visit Banff might well be the sole object of one's journey. Occupying an irregularly star-shaped opening among the most beautiful of the ranges on the eastern flank of the Great Divide, it shows some of the highest and noblest of the Rockies to the very best advantage. Here is a crowd of mountains, five and six thousand feet above the valley, each unlike the other in shape and color, yet all majestic and beautiful: and between them are lovely dales, cliff-girt lakes, sunny streams, and a thousand resources for pleasure. Upon a commanding site the railway company has provided a really magnificent hotel, managed in modern style and fulfilling every requirement of comfort and luxury. Connected with it are arrangements for baths in hot sulphur water from the curious medicinal springs that have given Banff its wide repute: while carriages, saddle-horses, and boats are at hand.

The mountains once entered, they are ever present until the Pacific is reached—a panorama of six hundred miles of peaks and glaciers, cañons and precipices, in endless variety. The Rockies, the Selkirks, and the Columbian range are all crossed in one day between dawn and dark, and the constant succession of scenes of grandeur and sublimity exceeds beyond comparison anything of the kind that can be brought within one day's journey elsewhere in the world. Winding up the Bow River, which cuts its way among superb, snow-laden crags, the road is led through the Kickinghorse Pass, where stately peaks, glistening with snow and cradling glaciers, fill the whole landscape, "like an army with banners." Down among them the train follows the dashing Wapta or Kickinghorse River, finding its unforeseen way past range after range that seems to bar the course, and disclosing some new surprise of scenery at every turn. Plunging through a deep, dark cañon the valley of the Columbia River is reached and the Selkirks are grandly displayed ahead. The river is crossed, and again the vast acclivities rise

from our narrow footing to unmeasured heights on either hand. Cloud-cutting peaks allure the eye, in advance, and through a gap, whose toppling walls rise straight up for a mile to the pinnacles of Mt. Macdonald and The Hermit, Roger's Pass—the very arcana of the Selkirks—is entered.

Dozens of glaciers have already been seen: but at the western end of this pass one confronts you beside which all others seem insignificant. This, the Great Glacier of the Selkirks, is of extraordinary interest. The head of the huge ravine is filled with green ice, bending over the cliffs from a vast snow-and-ice plateau above, and pushing far down into the forest. Over it towers the superb peak of Sir Donald, and all around a circle of grandly sculptured mountains rise from the green forest into cloudland. From the Company's hotel at the station it is but a short walk, by a pleasant and easy path, to the glacier, upon whose wrinkled surface the adventurous may easily climb, and into whose water-worn caves one may penetrate and think himself in grottoes carved in emerald or sapphire.



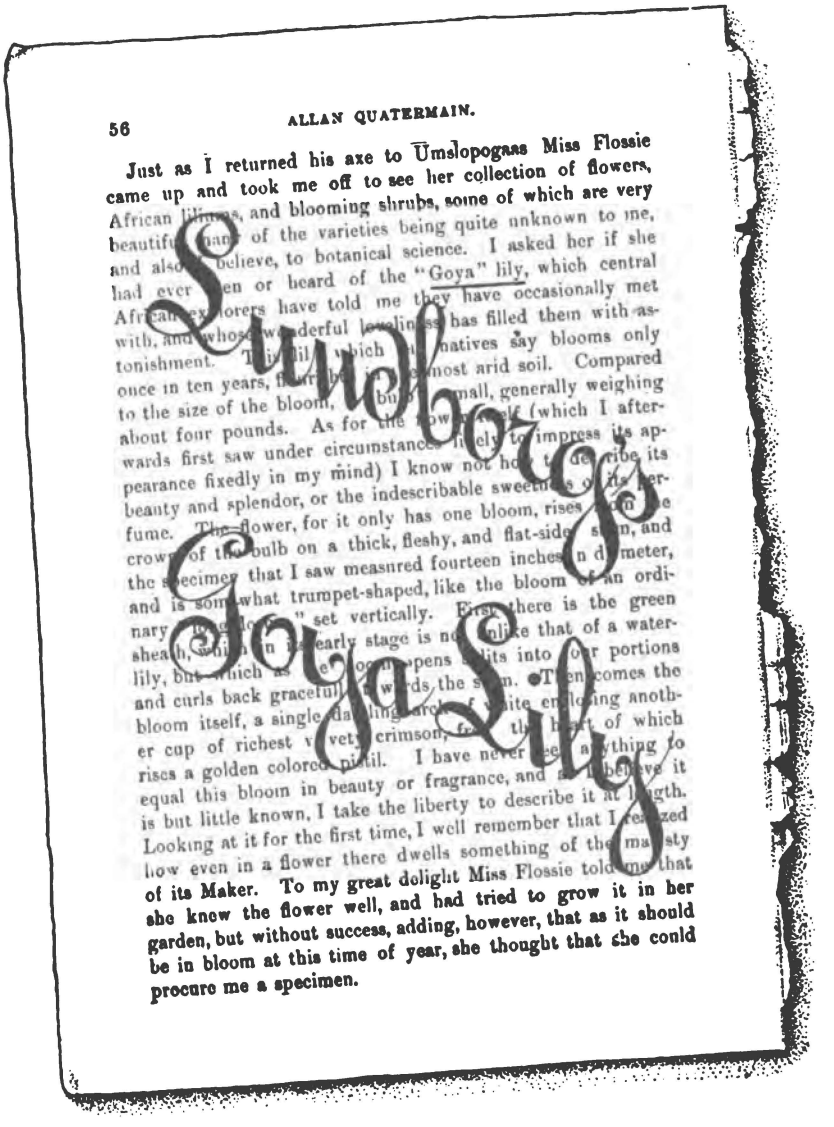
Interior View of Canadian Pacific Railway Sleeping Car.

Then come more mountains, resembling those gone before only in their sublimity; then again deep cañons with vertical echoing walls, and then a descent to the hill-girt, forest-framed Shuswap Lakes—the undisturbed home of deer and trout. Then come the more rounded Okanagan Mountains, the beautiful valley of the South Thompson River, broad Kamloops Lake reflecting its basaltic cliffs, and finally the silvery summits of the Cascade range, through which the Thompson River forces its way to the Fraser, and the Fraser down to the sea, in clefts that reach to the very base of the mountains. Words convey but a poor idea of these cañons, where cliffs of dizzy height literally overhang the current; and strangely sculptured rocks adorn the precipitous slopes of the gorge, or, hurled to the bottom, vex the turbulent flood that madly surges over and among them in the depths of the shadowy chasm.

With masterly engineering the railway makes its way through these cañons for a hundred miles; then it emerges into the wide valley of the lower Fraser with its gigantic trees, and soon, running along the south shore of Burrard Inlet, reaches the young city of Vancouver.

This is the Pacific terminus, and here where two years ago stood a virgin forest is now a vigorous city of 7,000 people, a bustling seaport with extensive wharves and warehouses, handsome buildings of brick and granite, and every evidence of wealth and prosperity. Here is another of the splendid hotels of the railway company, and from here steamships regularly depart for China and Japan, for San Francisco, Puget Sound, and Alaska, and daily boats ply to Victoria, the beautiful capital of British Columbia, 80 miles away.

NOTE.—Excursion tickets to the Pacific Coast, going and returning by way of the Canadian Pacific Railway, or going by any of the American trans-continental lines and returning by the Canadian Pacific Railway, or vice versa, may be procured at the principal ticket offices in the United States and Canada. Fuller information can be had by addressing the Passenger Traffic Manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Montreal, or the company's agents at London, Eng. (88 Cannon Street); Liverpool, Eng. (17 James Street); New York (337 Broadway); Boston (211 Washington Street); Chicago (332 Clark Street), or San Francisco (222 Montgomery Street).



56 ALLAN QUATERMAIN.

Just as I returned his axe to Umslopogaas Miss Flossie came up and took me off to see her collection of flowers, African lilies, and blooming shrubs, some of which are very beautiful, many of the varieties being quite unknown to me, and also, I believe, to botanical science. I asked her if she had ever seen or heard of the "Goya" lily, which central African explorers have told me they have occasionally met with, and whose wonderful loveliness has filled them with astonishment. This lily, which the natives say blooms only once in ten years, flourishes in the most arid soil. Compared to the size of the bloom, the bulb is small, generally weighing about four pounds. As for the flower itself (which I afterwards first saw under circumstances likely to impress its appearance fixedly in my mind) I know not how adequately to describe its beauty and splendor, or the indescribable sweetness of its perfume. The flower, for it only has one bloom, rises from the crown of the bulb on a thick, fleshy, and flat-sided stem, and the specimen that I saw measured fourteen inches in diameter, and is somewhat trumpet-shaped, like the bloom of an ordinary "Guernsey" set vertically. First there is the green sheath, which in its early stage is not unlike that of a water-lily, but which as it opens splits into four portions and curls back gracefully towards the stem. Then comes the bloom itself, a single dazzling circle of white enclosing another cup of richest velvety crimson, from the heart of which rises a golden colored pistil. I have never seen anything to equal this bloom in beauty or fragrance, and as I believe it is but little known, I take the liberty to describe it at length. Looking at it for the first time, I well remember that I realized how even in a flower there dwells something of the majesty of its Maker. To my great delight Miss Flossie told me that she knew the flower well, and had tried to grow it in her garden, but without success, adding, however, that as it should be in bloom at this time of year, she thought that she could procure me a specimen.

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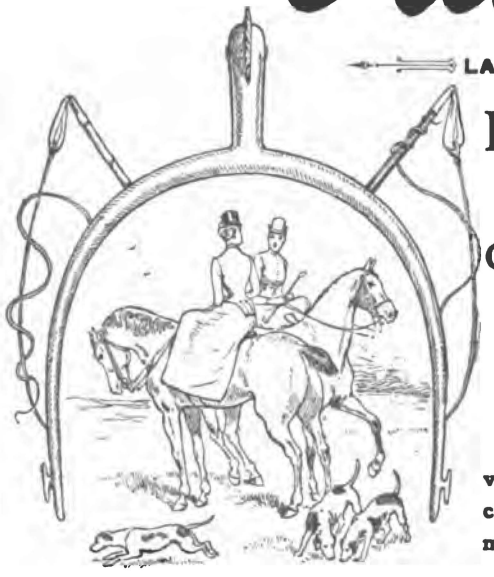

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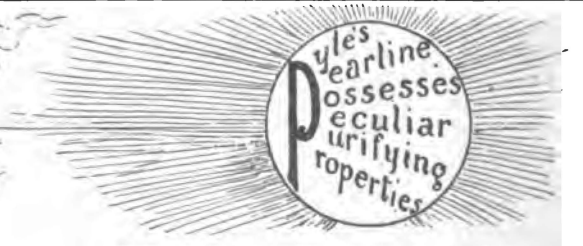

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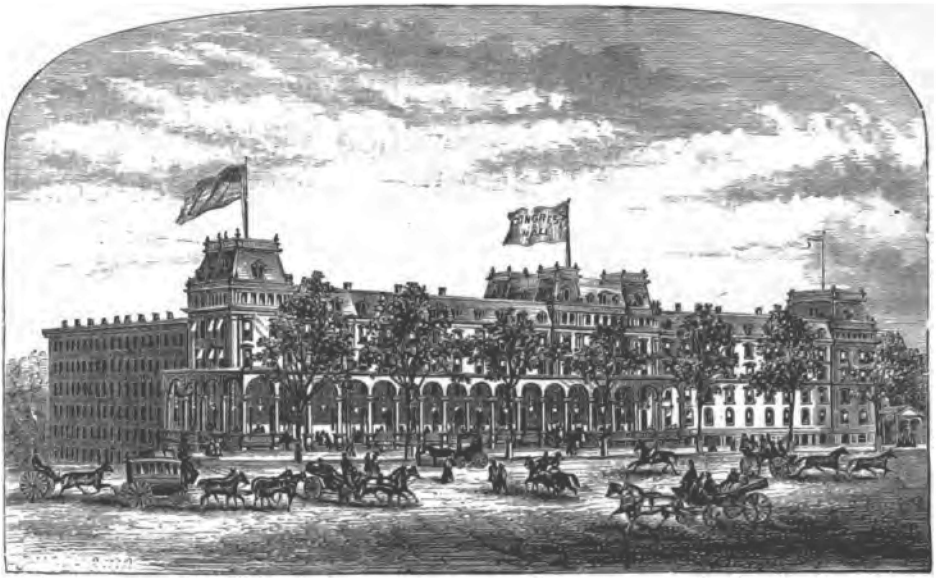

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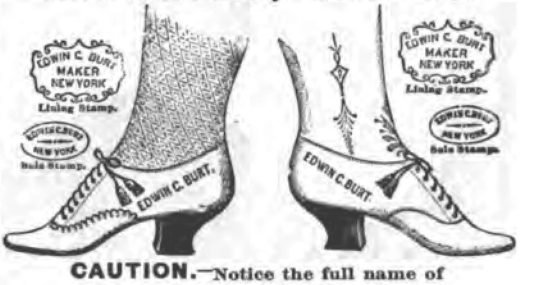

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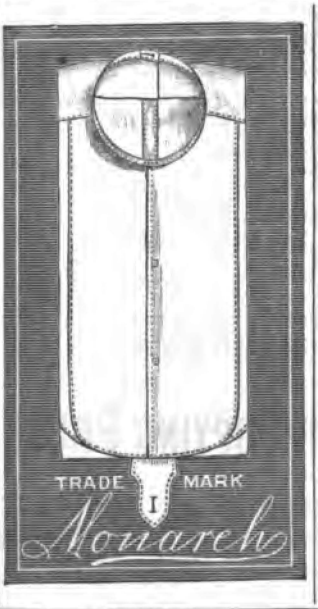

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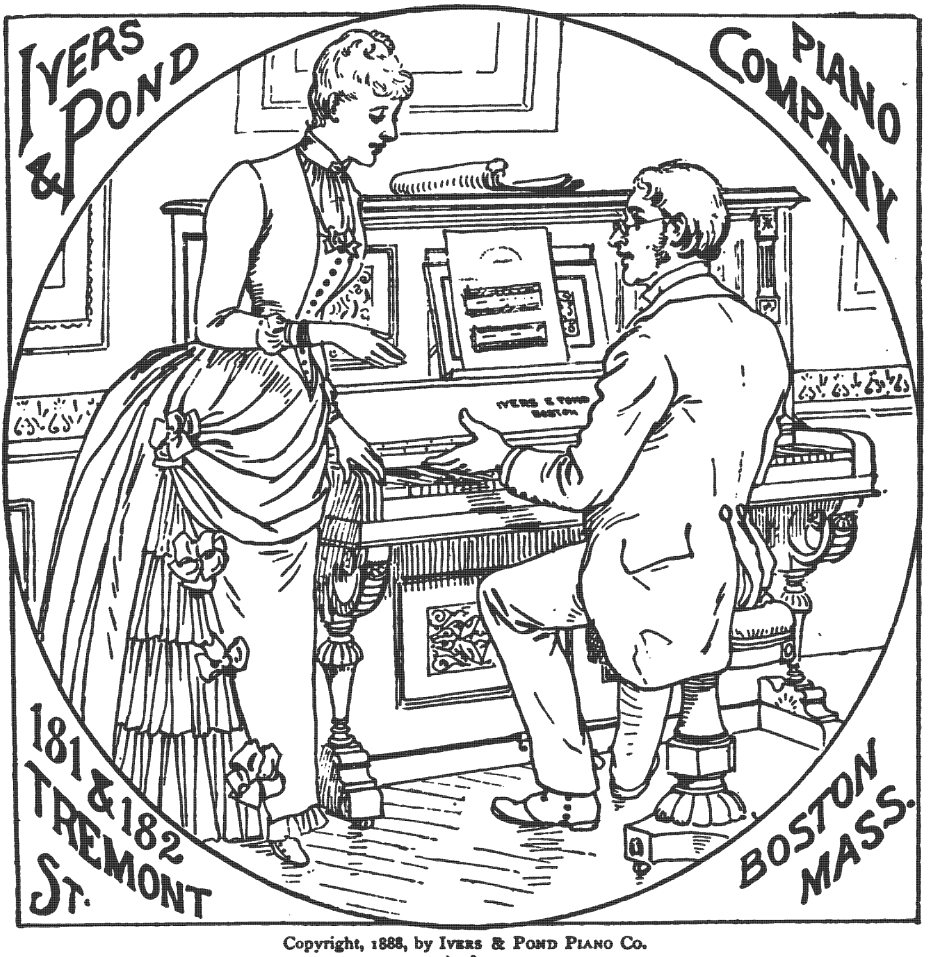

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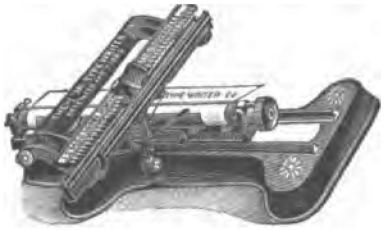

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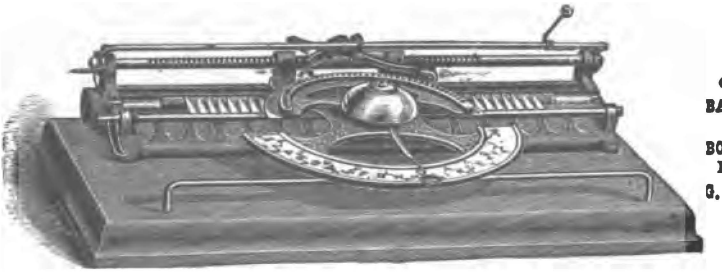

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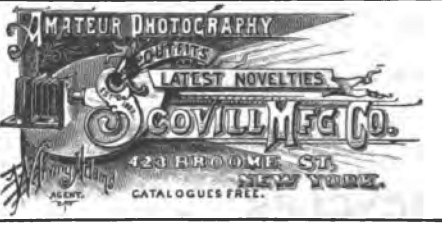

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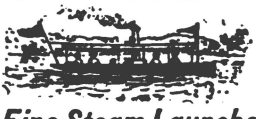

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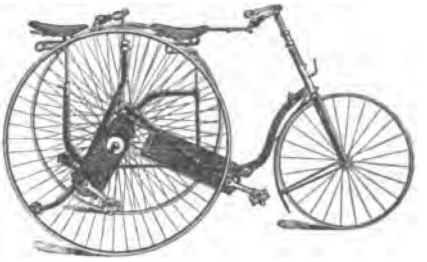

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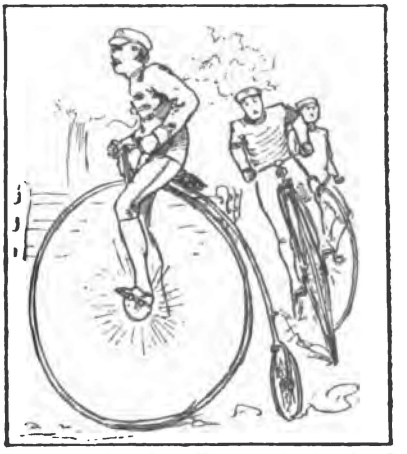

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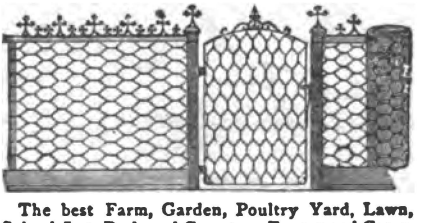

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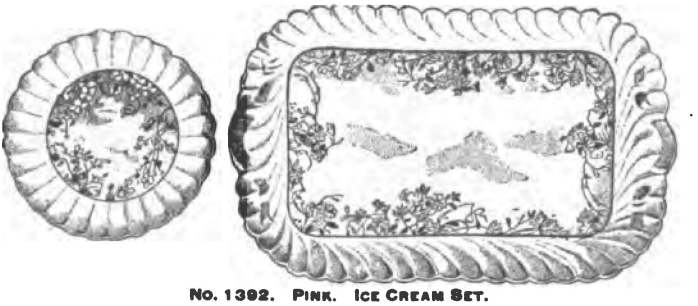

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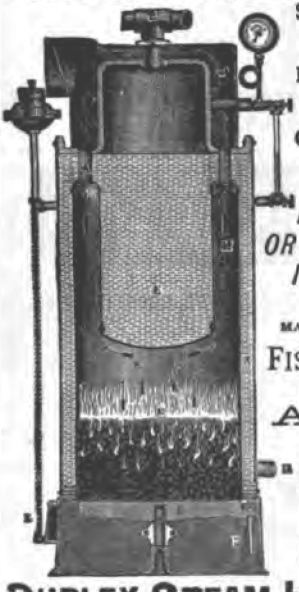

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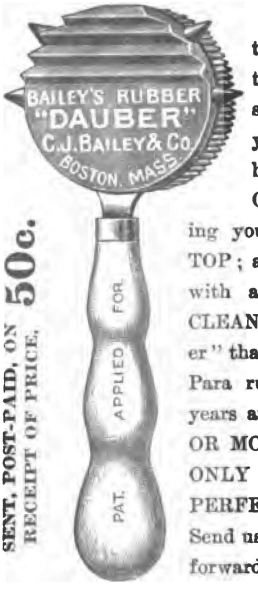

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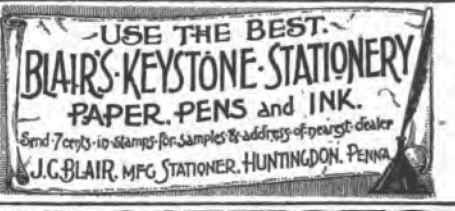

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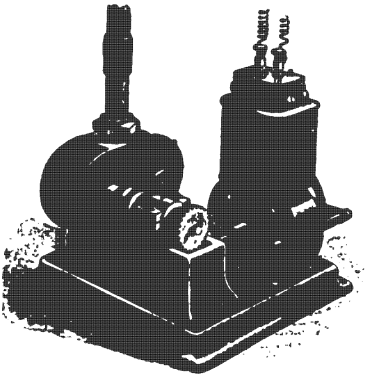

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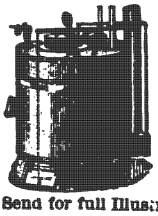

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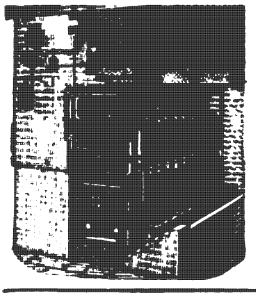

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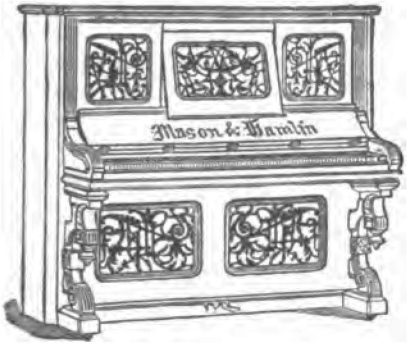

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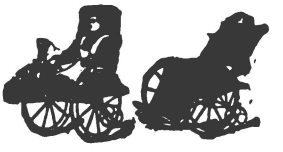

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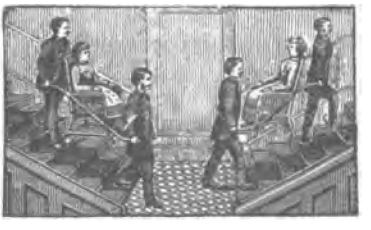

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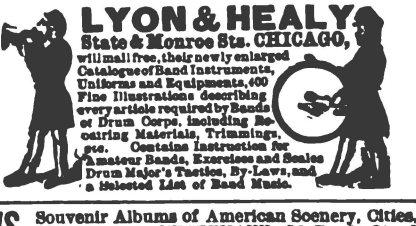

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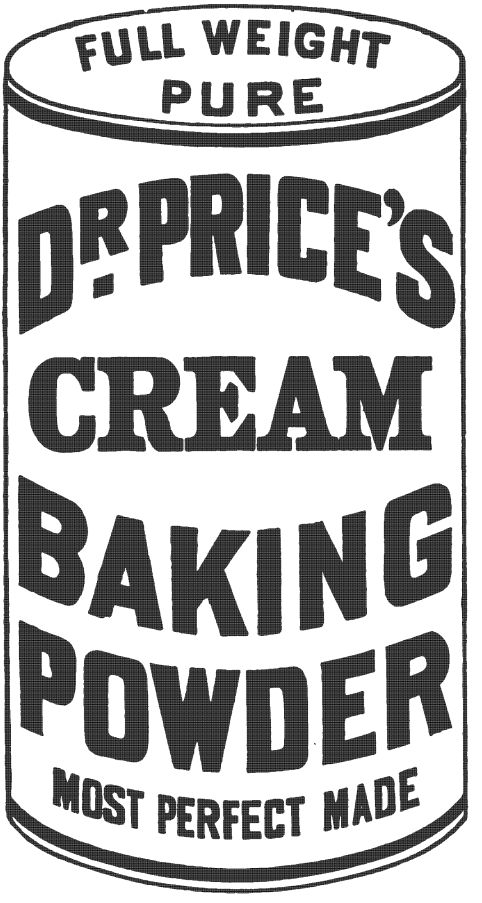

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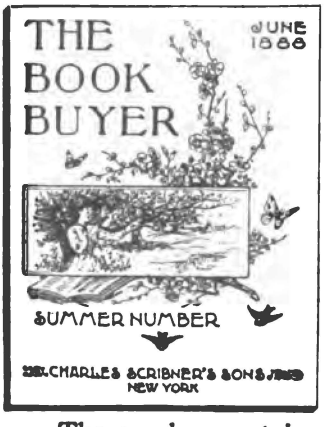

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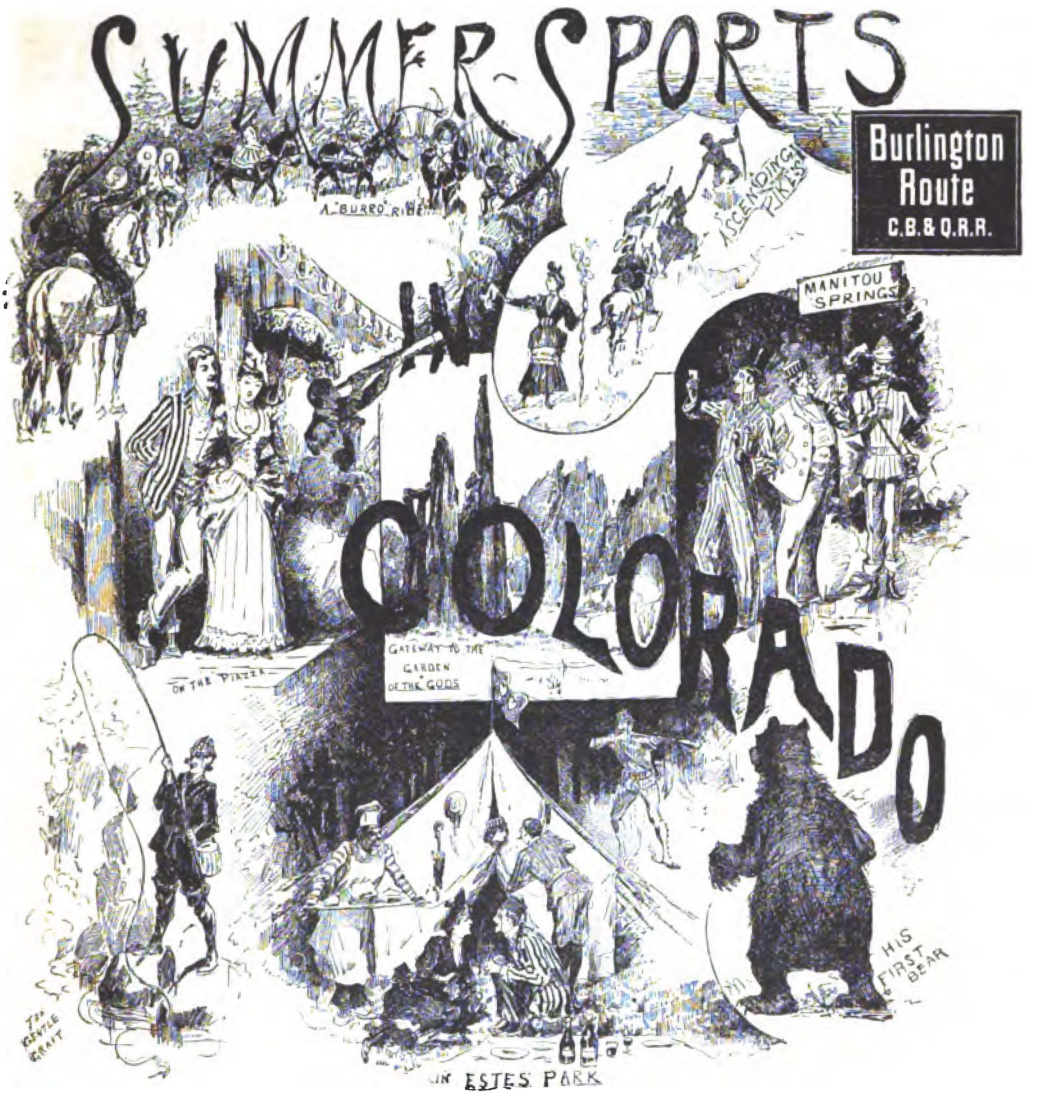

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I enclose one dollar for which please send me pocket packages of your most excellent Medicated Paper. DEMOPOLIS, ALA.

I find your Medicated Paper better than any I have ever used. Send me one dollar's worth in small packages, as I carry it with me.

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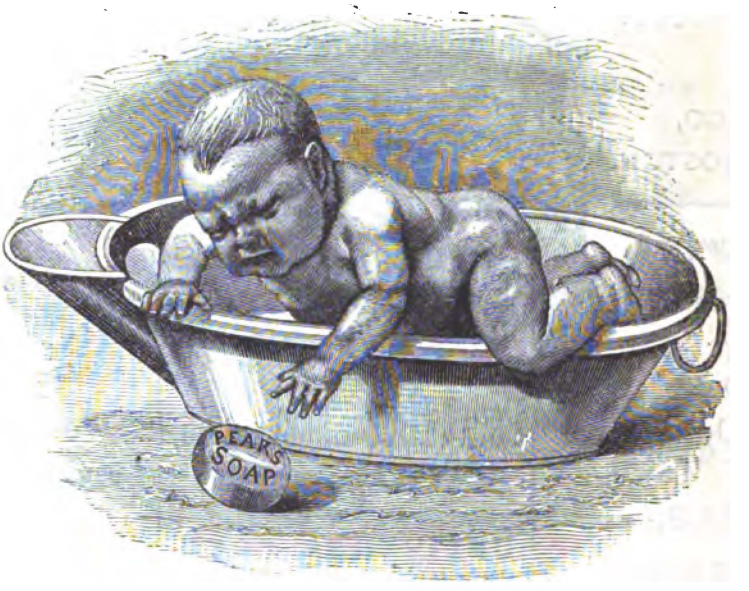

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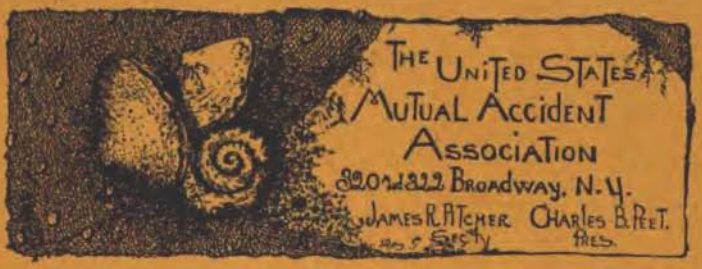

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